

NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS



האיגוד הקרדיולוגי בישראל
ISRAEL HEART SOCIETY



OF THE ISRAEL HEART SOCIETY



Editor's Note: Welcome to the Winter 2017-8 FIHS Newsletter. We wish all of our readers and members a Happy Chanukah and Happy Purim!

This issue will include its usual features- a message from our President, Jeff Goldberger, announcements of Cardiology Meetings, Heart Beats section with an excerpt from a new novel by Doug Zipes, and recently published research from Israel. The last page of this

issue also has a special thank you for our 2017 Sponsors!

In addition, we include other Israeli cardiology news of interest to our members. We have follow-up on an effort in which our Society participated 2 years ago to combat the worldwide attempt to boycott and defame our brothers and sisters in Israel.

Finally, the Friends of the Israel Heart Society would like to begin a project to raise money to fund Israeli cardiology fellowships in the USA/Canada. To this end, we are linking an excellent video created by the Israel Heart Society to explain the scope of their problem and how we can help.

Please note- the description of new technology in our

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Newsletter does not constitute an endorsement. We just want to give our readership a sense of the vast scope of Israeli ingenuity in the fields of Cardiology.

Remember, this Newsletter and Society belong to you, the membership. We look forward to enhancing this Society and the connections that we hope to foster between Israeli and non-Israeli cardiologists and their institutions. Please feel free to email us with questions, answers, comments, criticisms, or just to tell us to keep working harder!

Our immediate goal is to try to grow our membership and participation to include any and all cardiologists and fellows from around the

world who would be interested in supporting this bridging relationship. If you know of any cardiologists or cardiology fellows who we can contact, please email me (my email is jackstroh@usa.net) and feel free to forward this Newsletter.



Message from the President

FIHS is on the web at <http://friendsihs.org/index.html>.

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Thank you to all our Friends for your support for the Friends of the Israel Heart Society in 2017 and your upcoming support in 2018. Your help, support, and friendship are truly felt and appreciated by the Israel Heart Society.

As usual, the newsletter is packed with interesting information – we owe tremendous appreciation to Dr. Jack Stroh for his efforts. There is one particular item that everyone should read and highlights the importance of our Friends of the Israel Heart Society organization. In 2014, the Lancet published a letter entitled “An open letter for the

people in Gaza”, an outrageous and biased presentation. We, at the Friends of the Israel Heart Society, came together with many groups to address this. Our letter was published in the Lancet, but more importantly, our colleagues in Israel opened a dialogue with Dr. Horton and the story of this relationship is fascinating (published in this newsletter) and provides important lessons to us all. What is critical for us to

appreciate is the magnitude of the pressures our colleagues in Israel are under and how helpful and meaningful our support is for them. It is also amazing what an individual can accomplish in this struggle.

So, what can we do? The answer is simple – come to Israel for a scientific meeting, help recruit more members to the Friends of the Israel Heart Society, and help us raise funds to support Israeli cardiology fellows get advanced training. If you are not yet a sponsor, please join the many sponsors for the Friends of the Israel Heart Society.

In the coming year, consider attending one of the truly outstanding cardiology conferences. I have had the opportunity to attend several of these meetings and they are of high quality and truly rewarding. Consider combining a visit to Israel with any one of the cardiology meetings that offer a world class faculty and congenial learning environment. The feedback I continually receive

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from those attending is outstanding.

In order to enhance opportunities for Israeli cardiology fellows to obtain advanced training in the US and Canada, there are two major needs – funding for these positions and institutions that can provide training slots. If you can help toward any of these goals, please reach out to me. I am confident that our membership has a broad network that can help us move toward accomplishing these goals. The Israel Heart Society has put together an outstanding promotional video that can be used to develop this.

We are continuing to support our fellow exchange programs with travel grants for Israeli fellows to attend the American College of Cardiology meeting and for American fellows to attend Israeli meetings.

We are extremely grateful to our Silver, Gold, and Platinum sponsors for 2017 who are listed on page 59 (as of the publication date of this newsletter – a final list will appear in our next newsletter).

We still need your help reaching out to the large number of cardiac care specialists who are (or might be) interested in the activities of the Friends of the Israel Heart Society, but who we have NOT YET reached. Please forward this newsletter to ten colleagues who you feel might be interested – new members can get on our mailing list either by signing up via our website <http://www.friendsihs.org/index.html> or by emailing me at j-goldberger@miami.edu.

FIHS Heart Beats! If you have personal and/or academic milestones you would like to share with the FIHS membership, please submit these to Jack Stroh at jackstroh@usa.net. This is a wonderful opportunity for our members to share news.

Finally, a few notes of gratitude. I want to thank Josh Hartman for all his efforts on the FIHS website, Jack Stroh for his efforts at maintaining the high quality and informativeness of the FIHS newsletter, and Janice and Larry Brown for their organizational support.

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With best wishes for a great 2018,

Jeff Goldberger, M.D., M.B.A.
President, Friends of the Israel
Heart Society



New Project to raise funds for Israeli Cardiology Fellows overseas

The Friends of the Israel Heart Society (FIHS) is an association of health care professionals from around the world dedicated to support the delivery of cardiovascular healthcare, training, and research in Israel. This is our Mission.

Recently, our President Jeff Goldberger spoke with Drs. Glikson and Kornowski (the

former President and current President of IHS) about how our Society could best help Israeli Cardiology. Both agreed that they really need help supporting more Israeli cardiology fellows to do their subspecialty training in the USA or Canada so they can bring back to Israel advanced expertise and capabilities. The Israel Health System currently does not have the resources to provide this advanced training at home, and these opportunities are costly to support. We estimate each fellow position would require raising \$60,000.

We learned of a currently successful program at Lenkenau Institute for Medical Research funded by the Lankenau-Israel Strategic Alliance (LISA)

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under the leadership of our Board Member Dr. Charles Antzelevitch, Executive Director of Cardiovascular Research at Lankenau Institute for Medical Research. This group raised enough for more than 2 fellowships with local fundraising dinners at donor homes, physicians and civilians.

Our hope is to expand on this excellent start in Philadelphia to the rest of North America. This video was produced by the HIS explaining the need for the program. If any of our readers have any ideas on how to raise funding or would like to spearhead the continental effort, please contact me at jackstroh@usa.net.



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I00vxjoRAaQ&feature=youtu.be>



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OF THE ISRAEL HEART SOCIETY

Meetings



The 65th Annual
Conference of the Israel
Heart Society in
Association with the Israel
Society of Cardiothoracic
Surgery, under the
Auspices of the Israel
Cardiology Association

David Intercontinental
Hotel, Tel Aviv

April 24-25, 2018

Topics:



Adult Congenital Heart
Disease / Pediatric
Cardiology



Basic Science



Cardiac Imaging



Echocardiography and
Valvular Diseases



Heart Failure



Intensive Care /
Myocardial/Pericardial
Diseases



Interventional Cardiology



Pacing and
Electrophysiology



Rehabilitation/Epidemiolo
gy / Prevention and Risk
Factors

/Pharmacotherapy and
Cardiac Pharmacology

Joint Sessions:

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OF THE ISRAEL HEART SOCIETY



EUROPEAN
SOCIETY OF
CARDIOLOGY®

JOINT SESSION: EUROPEAN
SOCIETY OF CARDIOLOGY (ESC)
& ISRAEL HEART SOCIETY



AMERICAN
COLLEGE of
CARDIOLOGY

JOINT SESSION: AMERICAN
COLLEGE OF CARDIOLOGY
(ACC) & ISRAEL HEART SOCIETY



JOINT SESSION:
AMERICAN HEART ASSOCIATION
(AHA) & ISRAEL HEART SOCIETY



JOINT SESSION: L'ASSOCIATION
FRANCO-ISRAÉLIENNE DE
CARDIOLOGIE (AFICARDIO) &
ISRAEL HEART SOCIETY



JOINT SESSION: SOCIETY OF
CARDIOVASCULAR COMPUTED
TOMOGRAPHY (SCCT) & ISRAEL
HEART SOCIETY

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OF THE ISRAEL HEART SOCIETY



Anglo Israel Cardiovascular Symposium

ane Marelli, Canada

phan Windecker,
itzerland

it Segev, Israel

1 Waksman, USA



JOINT SESSION:

BRAZILIAN SOCIETY OF
CARDIOLOGY (SBC) & ISRAEL

HEART SOCIETY

FACULTY

Stephan Achenbach,
Germany

Valentin Fuster, USA

Jeroen Bax, Netherland

Tali Porter, Israel

Ronen Durst, Israel

Nir Uriel, USA

Richard Kovacs, ACC
President-elect, USA

Mary Walsh, USA

John Warner, President AHA,
USA

Marc Gillinov, USA

David Taggart, UK

Dear Friends and
Colleagues,

The 65th Annual conference
of the Israel Heart Society in
association with the Israel
Society of Cardiothoracic
Surgery will take place at the

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Convention Center of the David Inter-Continental Hotel in Tel Aviv, Israel on April 24-25, 2018.

The upcoming meeting will combine original scientific contributions and invited talks divided into plenary and parallel sessions in the various subspecialties of cardiovascular medicine. We are also proud to host large number of distinguished, world-renowned international guest speakers and leaders from the European Society of Cardiology (ESC), the American College of Cardiology (ACC), the American Heart Association (AHA), the Society of Cardiovascular CT (SCCT), AFICARDIO (French-Israeli Association in Cardiology) and UK-Israeli joint session. According to the attendees' request, we will supplement the 2018 meeting with additional educational

sessions, some novel collaborative sessions and we will continue the tradition of conducting a unique session of women in cardiology and dedicated sessions for the trainees.

While oral presentations may be presented in English or Hebrew, the plenary joint sessions of the Israel Heart Society with the joint international sessions will be spoken in English and will include cutting-edge lectures on the latest advances in cardiology. Poster will be presented in English. A detailed program including both invited and local speakers is available, for details click here. An interesting exhibition of innovative devices and pharmaceutical companies will be presented in the exhibit hall within the convention site.

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The meeting will take place in Tel-Aviv, a lively city combining modern facilities in a Mediterranean style. The meeting venue is located at David Intercontinental Hotel, facing the wonderful promenade of the Tel Aviv beach.

We therefore welcome you to submit your abstracts by December 31, 2017 and to join us at this exciting conference combining high quality basic and clinical research, innovative technologies in a unique and friendly scientific atmosphere.

We do hope that you will take the opportunity to participate in this esteemed scientific meeting and look forward to welcoming you on a wonderful visit to Israel in 2018.

Ran Kornowski, President

Ronen Rubinshtein,
Secretary General &
Treasurer

Israel Heart Society

Ehud Raanani, Chairman

Erez Kachel, Secretary

Amit Korach, Treasurer

**Israel Society of
Cardiothoracic Surgery**

For information:

<http://2018.en.israelheart.com/>

For abstracts:

<http://2018.en.israelheart.com/745-2/>



**11th International
Conference Acute Cardiac
Care**

June 11-12, 2018

Tel Aviv, Israel

FIHS is on the web at <http://friendsihs.org/index.html>.

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The **11th International Conference on Acute Cardiac Care** will be held in Tel Aviv on June 11-12, 2018. The Cardiology Conference will feature three parallel medical streams, with over 100 presentations, including: satellite symposia, keynote and plenary lectures, debates, clinical interactive case presentations and poster presentations over two days. In addition to the medical streams, there will be a parallel nursing stream. The program is diverse and includes content that will satisfy all participants interested in acute cardiac care.

The Cardiology Conference will be held under the auspices of the Israel Heart Society (IHS), and in collaboration with the ESC Acute Cardiovascular Care Association, the ERC European Resuscitation Council, the Israel Working Group on Acute Cardiac Care of the IHS, the Israeli Association for the

Advancement of Cardiac and Intensive Care Nursing and the Israel Society of Anesthesiologists.

Steering Committee

Joseph S. Alpert, USA,
Co-Chair

Yonathan Hasin, Israel,
Co-Chair

Doron Zahger, Israel,
Co-Chair

Maddalena

Lettino, President, ESC Acute Cardiovascular Care Association

Zaza Iakobishvili, Israel,
Secretary General

Shlomi Matetzky, Israel,
Scientific Secretary

Ofra Raanan, Israel, Nursing Coordinator

Yaron Bar-Lavie, Israel,
Critical Care

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**Giora Landesberg, Israel,
Anesthesiology**

For information contact:

<https://cardiology-2018.isas.co.il/>

Special Offer- 1 free night's accommodation to FIHS members registering for the conference. Please identify yourself as a member of FIHS and enjoy this meeting! Contact Aryeh Lewis, Conference Secretariat at meetings@isas.co.il.



**14th International Dead
Sea Symposium**

**David Intercontinental
Hotel, Tel Aviv**

October 28-31, 2018

<http://2018.idss-ep.com/>

TOPICS

MAIN TOPICS

Innovations in Cardiac Implantable Devices*
Innovations in Ablation Techniques*
Innovations in Imaging and Navigation Techniques*
Innovations in Non-Invasive Electrophysiology*
Heart & Brain: Newest Approaches in Brain Protection
Wireless Device Diagnostics and Therapeutics
New Implanted Devices (leadless, epicardial, subQ, etc)
Remote Monitoring of Implanted Devices
Cell-Based and Stem Cell Therapy
Sudden Cardiac Death
Atrial Fibrillation
CHF
Clinical Trials

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Controversy
Entrepreneurship in
Electrophysiology

SPECIAL TOPICS

Cardiac Pacing
ICD
Out-of-Hospital Cardiac
Arrest
Genetic Aspects of
Arrhythmia
Arrhythmias in Childhood
Arrhythmias in Athletes
Syncope
Ablation of AF-various
Techniques
LAA Occluders
Lead Extraction
Robotics in Electrophysiology
TAVI and Pacing
Basic Aspects of Defibrillation
Arrhythmias in Out-patient
Clinic
Management of Recalls:
Legal, Emotional & Ethical
Considerations
Pacing & ICDs Registry
Healthcare Economics of
Pacing and ICD

ORGANIZERS:

I. Eli Ovsyshcher
MD, PhD, FESC, FACC,
FHRs, MAHA
Professor of
Medicine/Cardiology
President of the IDSS

Michael Eldar
MD, FESC, FACC, FHRs
Professor of Cardiology
President of the IDSS

Michael Glikson
MD, FESC, FACC
Professor of Cardiology
President of the IDSS



הנרשם הוא זמין באתר <http://friendsihs.org/index.html>

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Original Research

The Prognostic Effects of Coronary Disease Severity and Completeness of Revascularization on Mortality in Patients Undergoing Transcatheter Aortic Valve Replacement

Guy Witberg, MD,^{a,b} Ehud Regev, MD,^{b,c}
Shmuel Chen, MD,^d Abbid Assali, MD,^{a,b}
Israel M. Barbash, MD,^{b,c} David Planer,
MD,^d Hana Vaknin-Assa, MD,^{a,b} Victor
Guetta, MD,^{b,c} Vojislav Vukasinovic,
MD,^d Katia Orvin, MD,^{a,b} Haim D.
Danenberg, MD,^d Amit Segev, MD,^{b,c} Ran
Kornowski, MD^{a,b}

From the ^aDepartment of Cardiology, Rabin
Medical Center, Petach Tikva, Israel;

^bSackler Faculty of Medicine, Tel Aviv
University, Tel Aviv, Israel; ^cLeviev Heart

Center, Chaim Sheba Medical Center, Tel
HaShomer Hospital, Ramat Gan, Israel; and
the ^dDepartment of Cardiology, Hadassah
Medical Center, Hebrew University of
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Israel.

JACC Cardiovasc Interv. 2017 Jul 24;10(14):1428-
1435.

<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/28728656>

OBJECTIVES: The study sought
to examine the effect of coronary
artery disease (CAD) on mortality
in patients undergoing
transcatheter aortic valve
replacement (TAVR).

BACKGROUND: CAD is
common in the TAVR population.
However, there are conflicting data
on the prognostic significance of
CAD and its treatment in this
population.

METHODS: The authors
analyzed 1,270 consecutive
patients with severe aortic stenosis
(AS) undergoing TAVR at 3
Israeli centers. They investigated
the association of CAD severity
(no CAD, nonsevere CAD [i.e.,
SYNTAX score (SS) <22], severe
CAD [SS >22]) and
revascularization completeness

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(“reasonable” incomplete revascularization [ICR] [i.e., residual SS <8]; ICR [residual SS >8]) with all-cause mortality following TAVR using a Cox proportional hazards ratio model adjusted for multiple prognostic variables.

RESULTS: Of the 1,270 patients, 817 (64%) had no CAD, 331 (26%) had nonsevere CAD, and 122 (10%) had severe CAD. Over a median follow-up of 1.9 years, 311 (24.5%) patients died. Mortality was higher in the severe CAD and the ICR groups, but not in the nonsevere CAD or “reasonable” ICR groups, versus no CAD. After multivariate adjustment, both severe CAD (hazard ratio: 2.091; p 1/4 0.017) and ICR (hazard ratio: 1.720; p 1/4 0.031) were associated with increased mortality.

CONCLUSIONS: Only severe CAD was associated with increased mortality post-TAVR. More complete revascularization pre-TAVR may attenuate the association of severe CAD and mortality.

TABLE 1 Patient Characteristics According to CAD Severity

	Overall (N = 1,270)	No CAD (n = 817)	Nonsevere CAD (n = 331)	Severe CAD (n = 122)	p Value
Age, yrs	81.3 ± 7.01	81.3 ± 7.14	81.1 ± 6.53	81 ± 8.31	0.169
Female	53.8	60.4	43.7	29.8	<0.001
Aspirin	64.5	57.4	76	87.5	<0.001
ACE-I	75.1	71.9	78.1	96.7	0.004
Statin	81.4	75.9	91.2	93.3	<0.001
Beta-blockers	68.4	67.6	67.5	84.4	0.332
OAC	24.2	27	19.3	20	0.145
Previous CABG	19.9	—	36.7	41.8	<0.001
Previous PCI	27.8	—	49.1	55.9	<0.001
Previous MI	14.6	—	23.4	23.6	<0.001
Frailty	17.6	19.3	14	26.7	0.216
Atrial fibrillation	26.9	29.5	22.2	23.3	0.026
DM	37.9	33.8	45.8	40.4	<0.001
Dyslipidemia	77.4	71.2	88.6	86	<0.001
HTN	87	84.4	91.1	94.7	0.001
Current smoker	13	11.8	14.4	25	0.037
Previous CVA	17.3	18	15.6	19.4	0.624
PVD	13.7	10.8	19.3	20	0.001
COPD	21.5	20.4	23.5	23.3	0.444
Femoral access	82.9	81.6	84.1	75.4	0.271
Sapien valve	36.1	36.4	34.2	38.6	0.349
NYHA functional class III-IV	84.2	85.1	83.8	86.9	0.331
eGFR, mL/min/1.73 m ²	59.9 ± 24.54	62.3 ± 24.73	57.7 ± 23.84	49.8 ± 23.90	0.370
STS score	6.29 ± 4.34	5.96 ± 4.24	6.92 ± 4.48	6.12 ± 4.18	0.140
AVA, cm ²	0.64 ± 0.19	0.63 ± 0.19	0.63 ± 0.20	0.74 ± 0.29	0.509
AVG max, mm Hg	73.04 ± 23.63	75.76 ± 24.50	69.31 ± 21.11	62.63 ± 22.39	0.001
AVG mean, mm Hg	45.91 ± 16.69	47.86 ± 17.51	43.04 ± 14.53	39.68 ± 15.32	0.012
EF, %	56.0 ± 22.0	57.0 ± 25.0	56.0 ± 13.0	49.0 ± 16.0	0.658
Staged PCI	—	—	88.6	94.3	0.453
SS	—	—	7.0 ± 5.8	29.0 ± 7.5	<0.001
LM	—	—	13.0	50.0	<0.001
LAD	—	—	57.8	90.9	<0.001
LCx	—	—	43.0	78.2	<0.001
RCA	—	—	58.7	67.3	0.642
VG	—	—	3.4	12.6	<0.001
1-vessel disease	—	—	38.8	2.0	<0.001
2-vessel disease	—	—	26.0	43.1	0.12
3-vessel disease	—	—	25.6	54.9	<0.001

Values are mean ± SD or %. Overall patient characteristics and stratification according to coronary artery disease (CAD) severity: no CAD, nonsevere CAD (SYNTAX score [SS] ≤22), severe CAD (SS >22).
ACE-I = angiotensin-converting enzyme inhibitor; AVA = aortic valve area; AVG = aortic valve gradient;
CABG = coronary artery bypass graft; COPD = chronic obstructive pulmonary disease; CVA = cerebrovascular accident; DM = diabetes mellitus; EF = ejection fraction; eGFR = estimated glomerular filtration rate; HTN = hypertension; LAD = left anterior descending artery; LCx = left circumflex coronary artery; LM = left main coronary artery; MI = myocardial infarction; NYHA = New York Heart Association; OAC = oral anticoagulant; PCI = percutaneous coronary intervention; PVD = peripheral vascular disease; RCA = right coronary artery; STS = Society of Thoracic Surgeons; VG = vein graft.

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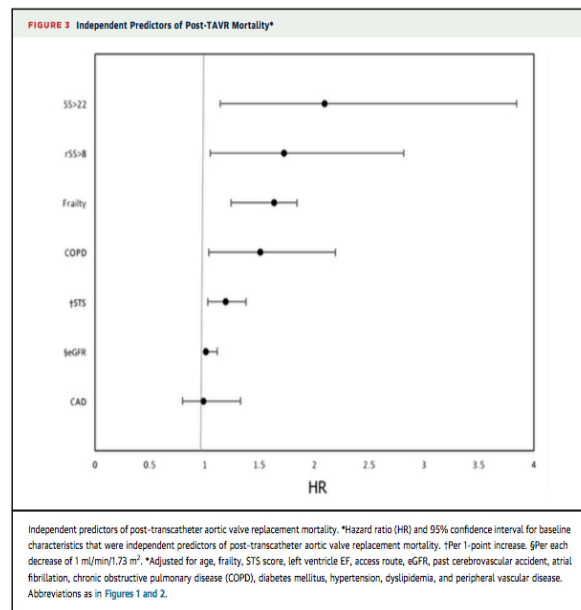
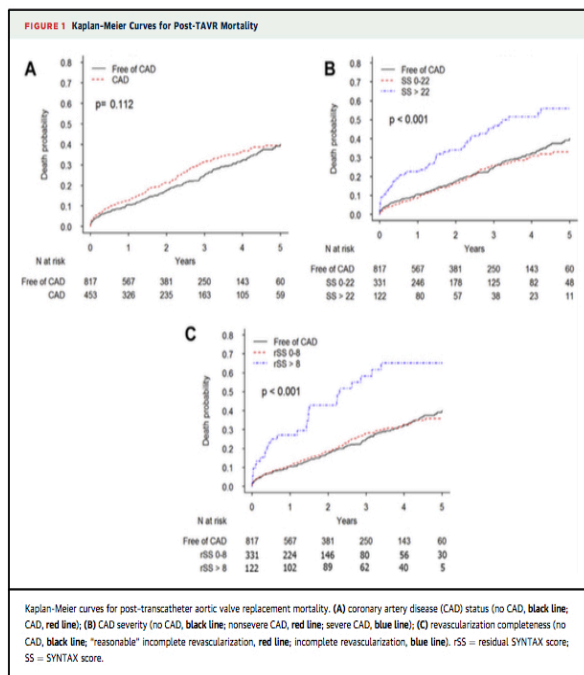


TABLE 2 Hazard Ratios for Mortality Post-TAVR

	Hazard Ratio	95% CI	p Value
No CAD	Reference	—	—
CAD	0.988	0.736-1.326	0.937
Nonsevere CAD	0.832	0.591-1.170	0.290
Severe CAD	2.092	1.140-3.841	0.017
"Reasonable" ICR	0.749	0.492-1.141	0.178
ICR	1.720	1.051-2.814	0.031

Hazard ratios for post-transcatheter aortic valve replacement (TAVR) mortality according to CAD status, CAD severity (nonsevere: SYNTAX score [SS] ≤22; severe: SS >22), and revascularization completeness ("reasonable" incomplete revascularization [ICR]: residual SS ≤8; ICR: residual SS >8). Hazard ratios were adjusted for age, frailty, STS score, left ventricular EF, access route, eGFR, past CVA, atrial fibrillation, COPD, DM, HTN, dyslipidemia, and PVD.
CAD = coronary artery disease; CI = confidence interval.

Research #2

Anemia and the Risk of
Life-threatening
Ventricular
Tachyarrhythmias from
the Israeli Implantable
Cardioverter Defibrillator
Registry.

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Am J Cardiol 2017;120:2187–2192)

<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/29100590>

Goldenberg I¹, Barsheshet A², Laish-Farkash A³, Swissa M⁴, Schliamser JE⁵, Michowitz Y⁶, Glikson M⁷, Suleiman M⁸; Israeli Working Group on Pacing and Electrophysiology.

^aCardiology Department, Rambam Medical Center, Haifa, Israel; ^bRappaport Faculty of Medicine, Technion, Haifa, Israel; ^cCardiology Department, Rabin Medical Center, Petah Tikva, Israel; ^dCardiology Department, Kaplan Medical Center, Rehovot, Israel; ^eCardiology Department, Carmel Medical Center, Haifa, Israel; ^fCardiology Department, Tel-Aviv Medical Center, Tel Aviv, Israel; and ^gLeviv Heart Center, Sheba Medical Center, Tel Hashomer, Israel. Manuscript received July 5, 2017; revised manuscript received and accepted August 17, 2017.

*Corresponding author: Tel: +972 50 2061385, +972 4 7773478; fax: +972 4 7773875.

E-mail address: m_suleiman@rmc.gov.il (M. Suleiman).

Abstract: Anemia was shown to be associated with increased risk for adverse events in patients with heart failure (HF). However, there are limited data on the association

between anemia and the risk for ventricular arrhythmias (VAs) in patients with an implantable cardioverter defibrillator (ICD). The present study population comprised 2,352 patients who were enrolled and prospectively followed up in the Israeli ICD Registry. The risk for a first appropriate ICD shock for VA was assessed by the presence of anemia, categorized at the lower tertile of hemoglobin distribution (≤ 12 g/dL [n = 753]). Patients who had anemia displayed higher risk clinical characteristics including older age, more advanced HF symptoms, and atrial fibrillation (p < 0.01 for all). Kaplan-Meier survival analysis showed that at 2.5 years of follow-up the rate of appropriate shocks was significantly higher in patients with low (11%) versus high (6%) hemoglobin (log-rank p < 0.005). Multivariate analysis showed that anemia was independently associated with a significant 56% increased risk for first appropriate ICD shock (p < 0.026). When hemoglobin was assessed as a continuous measure, each 1 g/dL reduction in hemoglobin was independently associated with a significant 8% increased risk for first appropriate shock (p < 0.03). Anemia was also associated with increased

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risk for all-cause mortality (hazard ratio [HR] 1.78, 95% confidence interval [CI] 1.4 to 2.27, $p < 0.001$), HF hospitalizations or death (HR 1.78, 95% CI 1.48 to 2.13, $p < 0.001$), but not with inappropriate ICD shocks (HR 1.24, 95% CI 0.70 to 2.21, $p = 0.47$).

In conclusion, our findings suggest that the presence of anemia in patients with ICD is associated with increased risk for VA during long-term follow-up.

Table 2

Cox multivariate regression analysis: risk of primary and secondary end points by hemoglobin level* (hazard ratio (HR) refers to the comparison of the low hemoglobin group vs the high hemoglobin group)

End point	HR	95% CI	p-value
PRIMARY END POINT			
Appropriate shocks for VT/VF	1.56	1.05 - 2.30	0.026
SECONDARY END POINTS			
All-cause mortality	1.78	1.4 - 2.27	<0.001
First HF Hospitalization or Death	1.78	1.48 - 2.13	<0.001
Inappropriate shocks	1.24	0.70 - 2.21	0.47

* Model was adjusted for age at presentation, atrial fibrillation, ischemic heart disease, ICD indication, and NYHA Class.

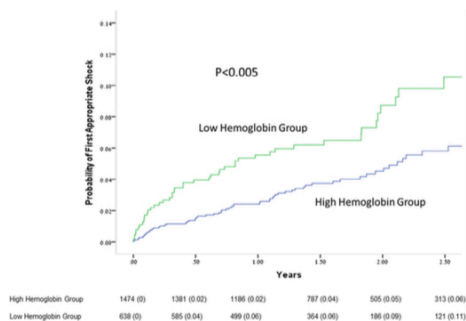


Figure 2. Rates of appropriate shock therapy by hemoglobin level.

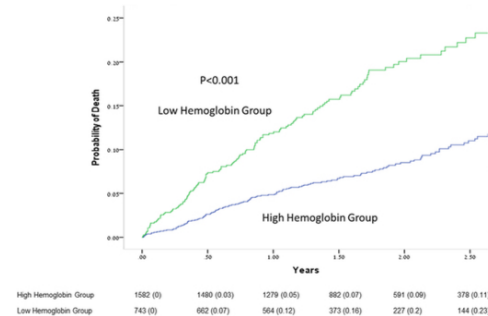


Figure 3. All-cause mortality by hemoglobin level.

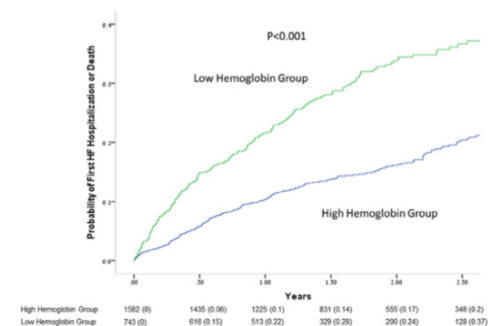


Figure 4. HF hospitalization or death by hemoglobin level.

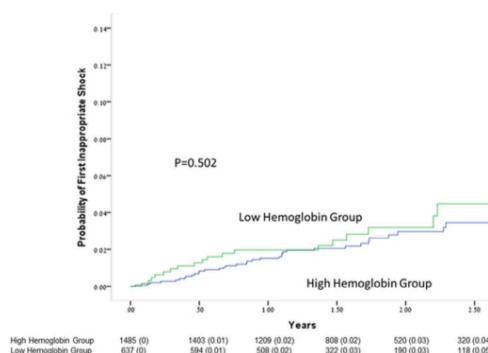


Figure 5. Rates of inappropriate shock therapy by hemoglobin level.

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Israel Cardiology News

Three years ago, our Society was asked by the Israel Heart Society to help mount a response to an article which was published in The Lancet.

[http://www.thelancet.com/journals/lanct/article/PIIS0140-6736\(14\)61044-8/abstract](http://www.thelancet.com/journals/lanct/article/PIIS0140-6736(14)61044-8/abstract)

We responded with a letter published by The Lancet and drafted by Jeffrey Goldberger, Richard Popp, and Doug Zipes:

[http://www.thelancet.com/journals/lanct/article/PIIS0140-6736\(14\)61303-9/fulltext](http://www.thelancet.com/journals/lanct/article/PIIS0140-6736(14)61303-9/fulltext)

Three years after the original article, The Lancet and its editor Professor Richard Horton finally admitted its error. Here is a description of the changes that have occurred.

The Lancet Admits Its Error

by [Dr. Yvette Alt Miller](#)

<http://www.aish.com/jw/me/The-Lancet-Admits-Its-Error.html>

Three years after its libel against Israel, the medical journal sets things right.

The Lancet, one of the world's most prestigious medical journals, is currently featuring a special edition devoted to Israel's world-class medical establishment. As well as being informative, this latest issue is also a remarkable act of atonement for a terrible wrong the journal did to the Jewish state three years ago.

This unusual story starts in July 2014 when, after enduring near-constant rocket attacks from Gaza, Israel's army (the IDF) fought back, destroying missile launchers and other military targets in several weeks of fierce fighting that were dubbed Operation

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Protective Edge. During the conflict, nearly 5,000 missiles rained down on Israeli towns. 66 Israeli soldiers were killed, as were six Israeli civilians, including children. Israeli forces also discovered a network of terror tunnels leading from Gaza into the Jewish state. Hamas positioned its rocket launchers in civilian areas, including Al-Shifa Hospital. When Israeli forces dropped leaflets warning civilians to flee areas that were identified as military targets, Hamas ordered them to stay. Gazans, unsurprisingly, suffered large numbers of casualties: about 2,127, among both Hamas fighters and civilians.

During the fighting, *The Lancet*, Britain's premier medical journal, decided to take the highly unusual step of entering the fray. In their July 30, 2014 edition, they published an "Open letter for the people in Gaza." The letter, written by five prominent physicians and signed by 19 more, shocked

many with its vicious tone and biased perspective.

Dr. Karl Skorecki, a senior staff member at Rambam Hospital in Haifa, was one of many physicians in Israel and across the world who was appalled by the letter's hateful tone. In an Aish.com exclusive interview, Dr. Skorecki recalls it as a "one-sided, mean-spirited, ill-based attack that came from a place of hatred... It accused medical professionals in Israel of complicity in inhumane activity. It was demonizing."

Making no mention of Hamas' use of human shields, deliberate targeting of civilians, and practice of hiding missile launchers and weapons in schools and medical centers, the letter accused Israel of lying to creating an emergency, of "massacre", and of harboring the bloodthirsty aim "to terrorize, wound the soul and the body". The letter bizarrely glorified Hamas, describing it as committed to resolving political conflicts "without arms

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and harm". Israel's Ministry of Health described the letter as "bordering on blood libel".

In the weeks after *The Lancet* published this screed, NGO Monitor, a Jerusalem-based watchdog group, revealed that the letter's authors had links to anti-Semitic groups. Two had shared a video of David Duke, the former Ku Klux Klan Grand Wizard, railing against Jews and Israel. One author had forwarded a message claiming that Jews and Zionists were behind the Boston marathon bombings; another author travelled to Gaza in a sign of solidarity during the fighting.



Prof. Richard Horton

The Lancet's editor, Prof. Richard Horton, announced that while he "deeply regretted" the "completely unnecessary polarisation" the letter caused, he stopped short of condemning the letter itself, and kept it up on *The Lancet's* website.

Invitation to Israel

Jewish doctors across Britain wrote to *The Lancet*. In Israel, medical school professors resigned from advisory boards associated with the journal. At Israel's prestigious Rambam Hospital in Haifa, the staff, too, were outraged, and sent a letter of their own to *The Lancet*, which went unpublished. Instead of resigning themselves to anger, however, Rambam's doctors and staff decided to take a different approach.

"Let's invite him," suggested Prof. Karl Skorecki, Rambam's Director of Medical and Research Development, speaking of the editor responsible for publishing the

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letter. As Prof Rafael Beyar, the Director General of the hospital recalled, the staff liked Prof. Skorecki's idea. "It seems like he doesn't know many facts about this region," the doctors noted. "He needs to see the reality of medical life in Israel."

Dr. Skorecki, a native of Canada, moved to Israel with his wife because of his deep love for the Jewish people and the Jewish state. With relatives, friends and colleagues working in medical settings throughout Israel, including in the IDF, he understood that the complexity of Israel isn't always understood by people abroad. "My experience has always been that the best way for people to understand Israel's predicament is to see it with their own eyes," he explains..



Dr. Karl Skorecki

He drafted a short letter to *The Lancet* editor Richard Horton, suggesting he see the situation in Israel with his own eyes before drawing any conclusions, and inviting him to visit the Jewish state. Dr. Horton, who had visited Gaza and the West Bank many times, but had never been invited to Israel before, accepted.

Eyes Wide Open

When Prof. Horton arrived at Haifa in September 2014, revelation after revelation awaited him. Rambam is the biggest hospital in northern Israel. As David Ratner, a

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hospital spokesman, told Aish.com, the hospital's location in the north of Israel means that it treats many injured Syrians who cross over the border into Israel for medical care. Rambam also serves many Palestinians from the West Bank. Over a quarter of Rambam's staff are Israeli Arabs. Over three days, Prof. Horton got to know the community in Rambam, and also met with Arab communities in the Israeli cities of Haifa, Acre and Tel Aviv, as well as with the Chief Rabbi of Acre.

One of the most moving moments came in the northern Israeli town of Nahariya, where Dr. Horton visited the Western Galilee Medical Center and met its director, Dr. Masad Barhoum, an Israeli Arab who was proud to call himself Israeli. Dr. Horton was present at the moment a Syrian patient, who'd been brought into Israel to receive life-saving medical treatment, was having his bandages removed. The first person the Syrian patient saw

was Dr. Horton, and he told him how grateful he was to Israel, how he'd been treated so lovingly in the Jewish state, and how happy he was to be in that hospital.

As he toured Israel's north, Dr. Horton and Dr. Skorecki became close. The visit took place between Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. Dr. Skorecki explained that this is a time of introspection when the Jewish people review their shortcomings and resolve to do better in the future. He also explained the significance of Rambam Hospital's namesake: the great 12th Century Jewish sage who wrote, among other topics, about the Jewish process of *teshuvah*, repentance. The first step to overcoming a past mistake, the Rambam wrote, is acknowledging our error.

"Admit, apologize, undertake steps to correct that wrong, undertake steps not to repeat that, and to rectify the wrong - I think that's a much more

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Jewish way” of addressing mistakes, explained Dr. Skorecki.

Dr. Horton took it to heart.

Dr. Horton was invited to address all the staff at Rambam Hospital during Grand Rounds. He marveled at the “undeservedly” warm reception he received in the Jewish state and thanked Dr. Beyar and Dr. Skorecki for their incredible “courage, openness, and generosity of spirit” they displayed in reaching out to him, “in such circumstances”. During his visit, as an act of conciliation, Dr. Horton suggested having an issue of *The Lancet* to focus on Israel, sharing the complexity and beauty of the Jewish state he’d witnessed with readers around the world.

After his visit, Prof. Horton wrote he “deeply, deeply regrets” his journal’s attack on the Jewish state. “At Rambam, I saw an inspiring model of partnership between Jews and

Arabs....I saw Rambam offering an open hand, gladly grasped by families from Gaza, the West Bank and Syria who were living with life-threatening healthcare needs. I saw Rambam as one example of a vision for a peaceful and productive future between peoples, which I learned exists throughout Israel’s hospitals.” The open letter “did not convey the level of complexity that is the reality in Israel, and it’s that level of complexity which I saw last week, which having seen it, I want to build something...so that we never publish a letter like that again....What I saw (in Israel) directly contradicted that letter.” (Disappointingly, the letter remains on *The Lancet’s* website.)

Dr. Skorecki and his colleagues at Rambam Hospital and beyond continued to invite Dr. Horton to Israel, and he accepted their invitations, making numerous visits to the Jewish state and forging close professional bonds and personal friendships. After

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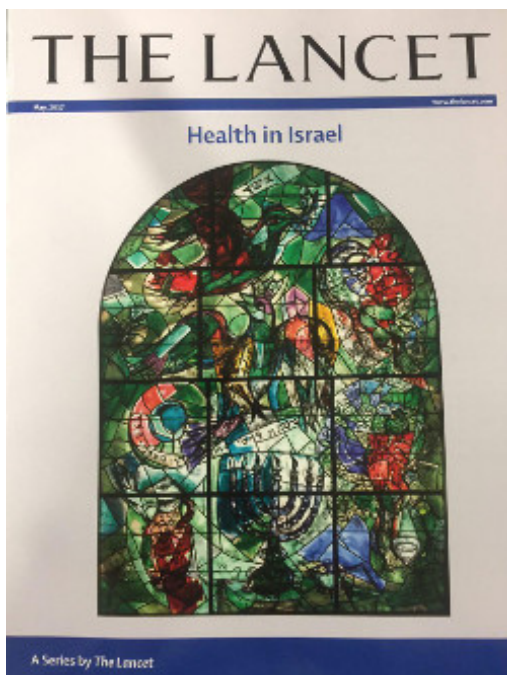


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years of hard work and collaboration, the world was stunned on May 8, 2017, when *The Lancet* devoted an entire issue the Israeli healthcare system. Titled "Health in Israel", the current edition contains ten articles written by Israeli doctors and medical school professors. Prof. Horton proudly termed it the most comprehensive independent survey of Israel's healthcare system ever published.



The edition highlights some

remarkable achievements of Israeli healthcare, including the steady rise in life expectancy (Israel now ranks fourth in the world for male life expectancy and 11th for women) and the fact that Israel has the lowest infant mortality rate in the OECD, a collection of 35 rich nations. Articles include "Digital health nation: Israel's global big data innovation hub", "Israel: a start-up life science nation", and "Helping hands across a war-torn border: the Israeli medical effort treating casualties of the Syrian Civil War".

Prof. Horton admitted his mistake and he's not done yet. "The special issue on Israel will not be a one-time project," Prof. Horton has promised. "It is the beginning of a close partnership."



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I would also encourage Israeli programs to let our membership know about happenings and offers for training in Israel: Please email these to me at jackstroh@usa.net.



FIHS Heart Beats



(Editor's note: I was reading the Saturday Evening Post

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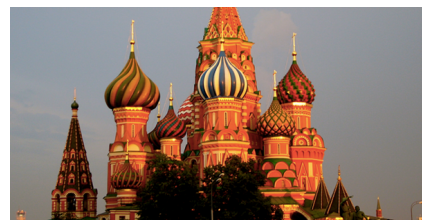
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when I came across the following article, which is an excerpt from Doug Zipes' upcoming memoir "Damn the Naysayers." As someone who was active of the Student Struggle for Soviet Jewry who is currently active in charities helping immigrants from the former Soviet Union, I thought it appropriate to share this gem with our readership. Enjoy!)

http://www.saturdayeveningpost.com/2017/11/09/in-the-magazine/the-refuseniks.html?utm_source=SilverpopMarketing&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=2017_11_11_Newsletter_NonSubs%20%281%29&utm_content

I Was a Target of the KGB

By: [Douglas P. Zipes, M.D.](#)



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Are you Douglas Zipes, the heart specialist from Indiana?" the deep voice over the phone asked, setting in motion the most terrifying yet rewarding series of events in my life.

I sat down on the bed in my tiny room in the Rossiya Hotel in Moscow. I had just checked in after a long flight from the States. Who could know I was here already? Were all the stories I had heard about being spied on in the USSR true?

It was Sunday morning, June 20, 1982, and I had arrived for the World Congress of Cardiology hosted by my friend Evgeny Chazov. I had met Chazov, head of Moscow's All-Union Scientific Center of Cardiology and personal physician to heads of state, including Brezhnev and Yeltsin, five years earlier. In addition to being a leading clinician, he was the first to show that a clot-buster drug could interrupt a patient's heart attack.

The Rossiya Hotel was huge, the largest in the world at that time, with more than 3,000 rooms. It sat adjacent to Red Square, a stone's throw from the Kremlin, and even housed a secret police station with unmarked jail cells.

Little old ladies sat on each hotel floor 24 hours a day. They had a clear view of who walked into and out of each hotel room. When a guest left his room, he handed the LOL his hotel key, which she returned when he came back. She logged each entry and exit on a sheet of paper locked in a desk drawer.

"Are you Douglas Zipes?" the caller asked again.

"Who wants to know?" I responded.

"My name does not matter," he replied. "Just that I am a *refusenik*. You know what that is?"

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“Yes, a Jew who has tried to get an exit visa to leave the USSR and has been refused.”

“More than that — much more,” he said and went on to explain how they lost their jobs and could not do research or publish papers. “If we don’t get some sort of job,” he said, “the government labels us parasites or hooligans, and then they can do almost anything they want to us, like make us leave Moscow or put us in prison. So, we work in any position, cleaning toilets, sweeping streets, whatever.”

“I’m sorry for that. But why are you calling me?”

“How brave are you?”

I gulped. I didn’t like the way this conversation was going. This was the Soviet Union, and the phone line was likely tapped. The caller seemed to realize that also.

“I am calling from a pay station outside your hotel. I cannot enter the Rossiya — it is strictly forbidden for Russians without special permission papers. If you come down to the sidewalk now, we can talk more. I will approach you holding a folded magazine under my right arm so you will know it is me. Moscow’s Jewish scientists are depending on you. Please come.”

I knew there was a chance the caller would be caught, but he had to have known that and was still taking the risk. If he was willing to accept that, so was I.

The sidewalk around the Rossiya was busy with pedestrian traffic. *Beryozka* stores reserved for tourists had tables piled high with Russian fur hats, stacks of painted nesting dolls, and silver spoons bearing a Moscow city emblem. Lacquered boxes, pendants, and trays portrayed brightly colored figures on a black background, illustrating Russian fairy tales.

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Street food kiosks sold stuffed potatoes and *blinchiki*, a toasted Russian crepe, and filled the air with delicious scents. The longest lines queued in front of the ice cream booths hawking rich, creamy scoops of vanilla or chocolate. They were flanked by stalls that peddled *kvass*, a fermented low-alcohol drink made from rye bread, out of large wooden barrels sitting on the sidewalk. The proprietor poured the sweet red liquid into a squat glass secured by a short chain to the kiosk. After each use, he rinsed the glass with water from a pitcher, wiped the rim with a rag that once was white, and refilled it with *kvass* for the next customer. I stood in front of the *kvass* booth thinking how that would play with sanitation officials in the United States. A man with a hat low over his eyes bumped into me. He held a magazine under his right arm.

"Excuse me," he said in Russian-accented English. "You are Dr. Zipes, yes?"

I nodded.

"I am Viktor. Please to walk alongside me so we can talk."

I stood there, hesitant, studying his face. He was slim, clean-shaven, with brown eyes that seemed intelligent and kind. His lined face and wisps of gray hair beneath the brown cap put him in his mid-50s, although Russians often looked a lot older than their age.

As we walked, Viktor cast a wary look around and threw the magazine into a trashcan. He led the way with a nod. When the strollers thinned out, he said, "Here it is more quiet and we can talk. It is forbidden to talk to foreigners." We walked along in silence for several minutes. Viktor glanced around a half-dozen times until we were totally alone on the street, away from all the hubbub.

He held out his hand and formally introduced himself. "I know you are a cardiologist, but you don't know

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me. I am a mathematician — or was. I was chairman of my department at the university. *A refusenik.*

“I applied for an exit visa, but the government said I knew state secrets and could not be trusted to leave. So, they took away my job, and now I sweep city streets. They said I must wait 10 years until the secrets are no longer useful. Then I can reapply.”

“That’s awful,” I said.

He shrugged. “It happened to all of us.” He swept a hand around.

“All of whom?” I didn’t know what I was getting into and had to find out before this went any further. I was in Moscow to lecture at the World Congress of Cardiology, not to be involved in some sort of clandestine activity.

“I will explain,” he said. “Two years ago, we started the Sunday seminars.”

He looked at me to see if that registered. He continued when he saw my blank look.

“About 30 of us, all scientists of various kinds, all *refuseniks* denied access to our jobs and laboratories. Some of us were even members of the Russian Academy of Science. We could read no journals or newspapers. We could not attend scientific meetings of any kind.”

“Like this World Congress?”

“Exactly. So, when a major scientific meeting was going to be held in Moscow, one of us would invite a visiting scientist to give us a private lecture. We usually did this on Sundays. The subject didn’t matter — we’re all so starved for science, anything new would do. We did this in the apartment of my friend —”

He stopped short. His eyes were fixed, staring straight ahead.

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A man approached from the opposite direction. He was tall and broad-shouldered, wearing a suit, tie, and hat despite the warm day. The man advanced, then stopped in front of us. He squinted at my friend and then me — long, penetrating stares. I could almost hear a camera clicking on and off in his head. He continued slowly, passing between us. He craned his head around for another look before he turned the corner.

I felt my heart race.

“What was that about?” I asked, a tremor in my voice.

My friend shook his head. “I don’t know, but there are KGB agents all around, and you have to be alert every minute. Like I said, we are not supposed to talk to foreigners. I could be arrested.”

Viktor was silent until we were well out of the man’s hearing.

“So, we held these Sunday seminars and learned all kinds of new things happening all over the world. It was wonderful.”

He paused. “And?” I prompted.

“The apartment was in the outskirts of Moscow, and we thought we were safe. But one evening during the lecture, the KGB burst in. They arrested us and kept us in jail overnight. But the owner of the apartment — a well-known physicist — was sent to Siberia. He has not been seen since. That ended the Sunday seminars.”

“I’m so sorry. That must’ve been difficult for all of you.”

“Yes. We lost a colleague and have had no seminars for two years. We feel so out of touch with the world. We’re starved for what is happening. That is why I wanted to talk with you.”

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I could feel the adrenaline flow. He was sucking me in like quicksand, way over my head. I didn't know this man from Adam, didn't know if I could trust him, didn't know if I was being set up.

I drew a deep breath to calm down and took another look at Viktor. He seemed honest and sincere.

He must've seen the initial panic on my face and patted my shoulder. "I know about you from your last visit," he said. "One of our doctors met you in 1977 and said you could be trusted."

"Trusted? To do what?" I asked, my voice tremulous.

"To be our first scientist to restart our Sunday seminars."

I heard the words with a mixture of elation at being chosen by these scientists and fright at the risk it entailed.

"Come," he said, taking my elbow and then linking his arm in mine. He guided me to a café buried among a small nest of trees. A green awning over its entrance blended with the foliage.

Viktor nodded in its direction. "A friend runs this. We can have a nice tea and talk without strangers to listen."

We entered the tiny shop where the proprietor, a short, stout man with a long gray beard and bald head, stood behind a small counter. He glanced up from polishing glasses, inspecting each in the window's light.

The proprietor came forward and greeted Viktor in Russian. Viktor replied and nodded at me. The man smiled, shook my hand, and led us to a table tucked in a secluded corner. Half a dozen empty tables filled the rest of the floor space.

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In two minutes, steaming cups of very dark tea appeared on the table, along with a loaf of black bread and a large bottle without a label that looked like water. I knew better. Neither of us reached for the vodka at 11 in the morning.

Viktor ripped off a chunk of bread, dipped it in his tea, and began chewing. "Eat," he said, nodding at the bread. "It is almost lunch time.

"Let me explain," Viktor said, swallowing another chunk of bread. "I have a friend with an apartment on the outskirts of Moscow, a real quiet neighborhood where it is likely we would be left alone."

"Likely? What about the story you just told me?"

He nodded with a sheepish smile.

"What's different this time?" I asked.

He made circles with his tea cup. "Maybe nothing, maybe everything. It is two years later and maybe the KGB does not care anymore. I cannot give you a guarantee, but if the KGB comes, they will probably leave you alone. At most, you would get a gentle interrogation."

"What's gentle?"

"Just a little talking."

"What happened to the visiting scientist two years ago when the KGB raided?" I asked.

"He was questioned for a few hours and released."

"And what could happen to you?"

He blew on his tea and sipped. "There is no prediction. They could arrest us or just give us a warning and close down the apartment."

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“The owner two years ago has never been seen again?”

“No.”

“Who would come to this Sunday seminar?” I asked.

“All *refusenik* scientists with no jobs, phones disconnected, mail intercepted, and no scientific meetings. We are hungry for new science of any kind.”

I thought about that. Why would they want a lecture from me? I was a clinical cardiologist who took care of patients. In college, I had had a difficult time getting an acceptable grade in physics, and now I was to lecture world-class Russian mathematicians and physicists? That gave me as much a chill as anticipating a KGB raid.

“I’m a cardiologist.”

“We know. We also know you have published basic research on the

heart. That’s what we would like to hear about.”

I sat, took a sip of tea, and pushed the cup away. The tea had grown cold.

My thoughts were on my family, my wife and three children in Indiana. Here I was in Moscow, sitting in a tiny café on a side street near Red Square with a man I’d known for less than an hour asking me to do something my wife — and I guess I as well — would consider crazy.

I also had a responsibility to the World Congress organizers who had invited me to lecture. I could envision the KGB arresting me and the newspapers publishing a picture of me being led off in handcuffs. Delusions or a picture of reality?

The proprietor interrupted my thoughts with a fresh, hot cup of tea.

“Do you have enough courage to do this for us, Dr. Zipes?”

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It was as if Viktor had read my mind.
How terribly unjust for these
scientists to be denied their life's
work simply because they were
Jews and wanted to leave the
USSR. I could bring them a bit of
nourishment, some daylight from the
outside world.

I took a moment to answer. "If I do,
do you have enough courage to
show up?"

He didn't blink.

"I and 29 others will be there."

"Where and when?"

"Tomorrow at 2:00."

"Tomorrow's Monday," I said.

He smiled. "For you, we'll rename
them the Monday meetings."

"Thanks."

"The apartment is hard to find, and I
would like to introduce you to a
friend who will take you there."

"Who is this?" I asked, suspicion
surfacing again.

"You still don't trust me, do you?"

"I'm sorry, it's just —"

He interrupted with a wave of his
hand. "I understand. The man I will
take you to now will show you we
are all friends you can trust."

"Who is he?"

"Naum Meiman. Naum was awarded
the Stalin Prize for his work in
theoretical and experimental
physics. Almost like the Nobel Prize.
He lost all when he and his wife,
Inna, applied for exit visas. He
became a *refusenik* and a member of
the Helsinki Watch Group."

I shook my head.

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“A human rights group in Moscow, formed after the Helsinki Accords in 1975. Naum wrote many documents for them — letters of protest that he published in the West. He smuggled them out somehow.”

My mind was ablaze. What in God’s name was I getting into? This was all moving too fast.

“Come,” Viktor said, gripping my arm. “It is a short ride on the underground to his apartment.”

Viktor put some rubles on the table and pushed his chair back. That brought the proprietor running over. He swept up the money and jammed it into Viktor’s pocket, saying something loud in Russian with a shake of his head and a waggled finger. Viktor shrugged, smiled his thanks, and they shook hands.

The open sincerity and trust reassured me. Even so, how dangerous would it be? I stood and

shook hands with the proprietor. He held my hand a long time, then covered it with his other hand. The gesture spoke volumes.

I knew Viktor could not guarantee my safety, but whatever happened, I felt good, deep in my gut, that this was the right decision. I had to make my contribution, however tiny, to help these scientists.

Naum Meiman was several inches shorter than I, with a slight paunch and a big smile. Bushy gray eyebrows held almost more hair than his head, which showed a shiny forehead and a halo of gray. I guessed he was in his early 70s.

He and Viktor began speaking Russian in low tones when a stocky woman with an even larger smile interrupted them. Specks of gray flecked her full head of auburn hair. She looked younger than Naum.

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"I'm Inna Meiman," she said with no trace of a Russian accent. She put a hand on each of my shoulders. "I don't know you yet, but I'm sure I'm going to like you," she said, pulling me down to kiss each cheek.

I felt my awkwardness melt in the face of such genuine warmth and hospitality.

"Hi," I said. "Where did you learn such impeccable English?"

"I'm an English teacher," she replied. "Or was. I've written a textbook on advanced English for Russians. I've never been out of Russia, but I've listened to a lot of American tapes.

"Please sit down," Inna said, motioning me to a sofa.

Naum sat beside me. Viktor pulled up a chair in front of us while Inna went off to the kitchen, returning with a tray of tea and cookies. Naum handed me a cup of tea and turned up the volume on the radio. I could

barely hear him. But no one else could either.

"You have agreed to help us?" he asked.

"I have, but I must tell you, Naum, I have concerns for my safety and yours," I said.

"As you should," Naum replied. "But we cannot just sit and let the government prevent us from learning new science. Besides, if the KGB does come, they will be more interested in me than you. They watch me pretty closely these days, and I'm sure they have planted a bug in my apartment, so they may know already what we are planning."

"Really?" I asked, my heart doing a flip-flop.

"What is your lecture for the World Congress?"

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“Our latest studies on the calcium current.”

“That will be perfect,” Naum said. “I will meet you in front of your hotel tomorrow at 12:30.”

Inna came over, sat down beside me, and patted my hand. “It will be fine,” she said. “The authorities won’t want a big blow-up during the World Congress. You’re too important for something like that to happen.”

I raised one eyebrow, a bit skeptical about my own importance. “Will you be there?” I asked.

She shook her head. “I’m an English teacher and wouldn’t have any idea what you were talking about. But I will meet you after your lecture and will have a surprise waiting.”

“Inna, not now,” Naum said, a warning tone in his voice.

“Just a little bit of encouragement,” Inna said, smiling.

Frankly, I thought, if I came out of this okay, that would be surprise enough for me.

That evening, sleep wouldn’t come, despite a sleeping pill. I lay staring at the ceiling, asking myself if what I was doing was sane — not just for me, but for my family. Was I doing it for my ego, playing to the elusive Walter Mitty in me? I was sure that if the KGB did come and I was arrested — no matter how trivial the charges — there would be hell to pay at home, with my university, and with the exchange program, perhaps even with my cardiology practice.

But how could I turn my back on such courageous people who risked so much for a bit of scientific knowledge from the outside world? The question hung unanswered as I fell asleep at about 2:00 in the morning.

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I spent the morning attending lectures at the World Congress, but it was hard to concentrate. I couldn't stop thinking about the *refuseniks* not being allowed into these halls.

I met Naum at 12:30 outside the Rossiya, as planned. The metro took about 45 minutes, and we exited on the fringe of a small town and walked down a hill to an apartment building, where we started up the stairs. Naum paused at each landing to catch his breath. "Angina," he said between huffs. He pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "I ran out of nitroglycerin. It is hard to get."

On the third floor, he led the way and knocked three sharp raps. The peephole in the door flashed and the door swung wide and we walked into a crowd of people crammed into a tiny living room. Conversation halted as all eyes swung toward us. Then they applauded, I think for themselves as much as for me. Emotional tension showed on each

face. I was sure they were remembering what had happened two years earlier.

As I scanned the room, the full significance of what I was doing hit me. *This is the elite of the Jewish Russian scientific intelligentsia in Moscow. How incredibly brave they are, and how driven to take this chance for the sake of science. And I am playing a part of that history.*

My heart beat like a trip hammer banging my ribs. I tried to slow my breathing, but I was so keyed up, I was almost panting.

Naum walked to the center of the room, his hand gripping my arm to pull me along. He introduced me to the group and said, "Let's hold off individual introductions until the end of the lecture since we don't know how much time we will have." He looked meaningfully at me. "If all goes well, there'll be plenty of opportunity later to meet Dr. Zipes and to chat.

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“Remember, if we get interrupted, be courteous but courageous. We are doing nothing wrong, just meeting to talk about science. And finally, no political discussions. There could be ears all over.”

A small white screen was already set up at one end of the room, alongside a blackboard. At the other end, a slide projector sat on a small table. I loaded my slides, walked to the front of the room, said hello to the group, and began my lecture about cardiac electrophysiology. I started by explaining some fundamental physiology terms that I would ordinarily present to clinicians. Then I laughed, realizing who was in the audience. These scientists could explain those terms to me.

After about 10 minutes, a loud knock on the door interrupted my lecture. I froze in midsentence, and all heads swiveled toward the door. I think we all held our breaths.

Naum stood, patted the air with his hands to reassure everybody, and then put a finger to his lips. He went to the door and looked out the peephole. Then he laughed with a sigh of relief.

“It’s Igor,” he said, opening the door. “Why are you never on time?” he asked the new arrival, slapping him on the back.

The man shrugged with an embarrassed look and walked in. Two people made a space for him on the floor and I resumed my lecture.

Once I got immersed in the topic, the vastness of what I was doing diminished. I went on for almost an hour, came to the end of my first set of slides, and stopped. “Naum, I think this would be a good time for a break.”

“Good idea,” Naum said. Everyone stood. Some stretched, and others

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made their way to the bathroom in the hall.

A middle-aged woman emerged from the kitchen — I assumed it was the apartment owner's wife — with a tray of glasses and cups and a cold pitcher of *kvass*. Beads of moisture had collected on its surface, coalescing into rivulets running down the side. It made me realize how hot the apartment was. More than 30 of us were jammed into a tiny space. Heavy blue drapes covered the one window.

The woman left everything on the coffee table and returned a moment later with a pot of hot tea and a tray of cookies. People helped themselves to the refreshments, but voices were subdued. We knew we weren't out of the woods yet.

After about 10 minutes, Naum asked me, "Ready to go again?" I nodded. "How much longer?" he asked.

"Maybe 15 or 20 minutes," I said. "I want to leave time for questions."

Naum clapped his hands to get everyone's attention. "Let's reconvene," he said. "Dr. Zipes has about 20 minutes left of his formal presentation. Then we can open it up for questions."

When I finished, the questions came. They were sharp and demonstrated the grasp these scientists had of the subject matter — even though it was only peripherally related to their own fields. After the last question, they applauded again. Naum shushed them, nodding at the door, and the handclapping changed to pantomime. Then, one by one, they drifted toward me, introduced themselves, and began to talk — interestingly, no longer about science but about relatives they had in the States. Some asked me to deliver messages. By the time I left, my pocket bulged with messages I'd promised to deliver.

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Naum advised everyone to leave in staggered groups of no more than two or three. We were the last to go.

Walking down the stairs was a lot easier than ascending, but we now faced hiking up the steep hill to the metro.

As if on cue, a taxi pulled up and the driver shouted something in Russian. Naum put a restraining hand on my arm as we walked toward the cab and mouthed, "KGB. Keep quiet."

We were silent in the back of the cab. I was exhausted. I didn't realize how much those two hours had taken out of me. But I felt good inside.

After about 30 minutes, Naum nudged me from my reverie and we exited the cab.

"What was that all about?" I asked.

"KGB tracking me," Naum said.

"They must have known about the

seminar but for some reason did nothing. We were lucky. They wanted to find out where I was going next. We'll walk a bit before we meet our friend. Not that it will do much good. They're bound to find out."

"What friend?" I asked. "Where are we going?"

"You're about to meet one of the bravest women I know."

Ida Nudel was a short, slender woman with chestnut hair, gray streaks, and intelligent eyes set off by round eyeglass frames. Inna Meiman was with her in the apartment Naum took me to.

"Thank you for what you just did for our friends," Inna said. "That was very daring of you."

My little deed was paltry compared to what Ida had accomplished. She had been released several months earlier after serving four years in

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Siberia for hanging a banner from her Moscow apartment window in 1978 that said, “KGB, give me my visa to Israel.” The government charges against her were “malicious hooliganism.” She had been a known activist since she was refused an exit visa in 1972, campaigning constantly for the other “prisoners of Zion.” They called her “Mama” and “the Angel of Mercy.”

Inna enveloped me in her arms. “I told you I had a surprise,” she said. Inna put her arm across Ida’s shoulder. “This lady is the personification of courage.”

Inna took me by the hand. “Come have some tea. I have sandwiches also. I expect you’re hungry after your lecture.”

Though I had missed lunch, that was the first time I had thought about food.

While we ate, Ida talked about her four years in Siberia. She’d lived

alone in a frigid log hut and worked as a night guard at a truck yard. All village residents were warned not to associate with her. “It was hard,” she said. “Very cold and very lonely.” She shuddered at the memory and her eyes moistened.

“And now, I live a nomad’s life, wandering from friend to friend. The KGB will not let me return to my own flat or associate with other *refuseniks* or foreigners. If they knew I was here talking to you, I could be arrested again and sent back to Siberia. All I want is to join my sister, Elena, in Israel. She got an exit visa in 1972, but the authorities wouldn’t let me go. They said I knew state secrets while working for the Moscow Institute of Planning and Production.”

“I’m so sorry,” I said. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

Naum took a letter from his coat pocket. He unfolded it and smoothed it out on the table. “You

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can help me get this letter published in an American journal,” he said. “It describes what we are living through, not just the scientists, but all of the *refuseniks*.”

“No problem,” I said, retrieving a camera from my briefcase. “I’ll take a picture of it to bring back to the States.”

Naum’s face paled. He looked about frantically, spied a radio on a table, flipped it on, and cranked up the volume.

He leaned close to my ear. “The KGB has certain limits,” he said. “Obviously, they must know we are all here, including our friend Ida.” He glanced at Ida, who smiled. “But I think they will leave her alone because of the international interest in what happened to her and that she just came back from Siberia. But they draw the line on some things.” He pointed to the ceiling. “My mistake.”

Directly overhead I saw a tiny metallic protuberance in the ceiling. “A microphone,” he mouthed. Then he said in a loud voice, “No, we don’t want you to take any pictures or to be involved in any way. I will handle this.”

I nodded and started to put my camera away.

He reached over and stopped my hand. “Take the picture,” he mouthed. “And get it published.”

It was almost 7 when I arrived back in Red Square. It had been an incredibly exhausting afternoon, and it felt good to stroll aimlessly past St. Basil’s Cathedral, stare at its flamboyant splendor, and then walk in front of Lenin’s mausoleum. The inevitable line of 40 or 50 people waited their turn to get in.

I continued north past the State Historical Museum, turned the corner to the right, and entered

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GUM, Moscow's department store showcase of luxury items for the tourist trade. Rubles were worthless; only hard currency accepted.

I had a late dinner and went to the hotel around 10:00. When I asked for my key, the LOL on my floor gave me a strange look and then handed it to me. When I opened the door, I gasped.

The room had been trashed!

Drawers were pulled out and my clothes scattered about, pockets turned inside out. The mattress lay askew on the bedframe.

I was stunned. I sat down hard on the bed, my head in my hands.

I opened my briefcase and took out the camera. That was why. Someone obviously thought I had come back to the room after leaving Naum and was looking for the film.

What had I gotten myself into? It had all seemed like an exciting adventure — a bit scary to be sure, but still just an adventure. I didn't think I'd come to any harm, though that was always a possibility — remote, but still a possibility. I was a U.S. citizen. They didn't imprison U.S. citizens, did they? Of course they did.

I tried to calm down, but my hands shook and I was sweating. I had to get myself together for my lecture in the morning. Fortunately, I would be using the same slides I showed the *refuseniks*, so that much was done. But I needed some sleep. I took off my jacket and felt a bulge. The messages from all the *refuseniks*, with phone numbers and names of relatives! What was I going to do with them?

I made sure the door was locked and propped a chair against the doorknob. I undressed and got into bed. I put the film from my camera into the breast pocket of my pajama

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top. Finally, after much tossing and turning and two sleeping pills, I fell asleep.

The ring of the phone woke me. It seemed like I had just fallen asleep. I looked at the clock on the night table: 4:30 a.m. Who the hell could be calling?

I picked up the receiver and heard ... nothing!

Nothing except heavy breathing on the other end — in and out, in and out, like someone straining to catch his breath, a sucked in *innhhhhah* and a drawn out *agghhhah*. Over and over.

“Hello? Hello.” No answer, just the deep, labored breaths.

I hung up. Now I was in a total state of panic. Obviously, someone was trying to frighten me — and they had succeeded. I was terrified.

I tried to think straight. What should I do? Call my wife? What good would that do? “Hello, Joan. The KGB just ransacked my room and woke me up early to frighten me. Can you help?” Not likely.

Call Chazov? No, I’d have to tell him where I’d been, what I’d done.

Call the police? *Ha*, I thought. They were the police — the instrument of supreme power. They imprisoned people. They tortured people. They killed them or had them killed. And here I was meeting with *refuseniks* — and not just any *refuseniks*. One who had just been released from Siberian exile and was warned not to meet with foreigners. Another who was under constant surveillance.

Oh, and don’t forget trying to smuggle a letter out to the West. I must have been out of my mind. What could I have been thinking? And what if I were caught with all the notes?

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What in God's name should I do? I had no coherent thought, just mental chaos.

I glanced at the clock. It was almost 5:00 a.m. Forget sleep. I was wound so tight I could explode. My heart was racing, I was in a cold sweat, and I was breathing so fast I was seeing spots in my peripheral vision. My lecture was at 9:00 a.m. I was the third speaker, but I had to be in the hall by 7:30 to give the projectionist my slides. Would I be able to concentrate and lecture? Suppose the KGB came in the middle to get me?

A shower. That's what I needed to relax, a hot shower. I stayed in the spray for as long as the hot water lasted. That helped, and I began to think a little more rationally.

I would keep the film with me. If I were stopped, I would say they were tourist pictures, and if someone demanded I give up the film, I would try to expose the roll before handing

it over. But, what about the *refuseniks'* notes, what could I do with them?

I had been in the middle of writing a scientific manuscript in longhand on a yellow legal pad for my secretary to type when I returned to my office. I planned to finish it on the plane ride home. Suppose I incorporated their notes as part of the manuscript and then ripped their papers to bits?

Calmer, I set about incorporating the names, messages and phone numbers into my manuscript. My handwriting was terrible to begin with, and I made a conscious effort to make it even more illegible. When I finished, I pushed the sheets of manuscript into one of the folders in my briefcase. I doubted anyone would discover them. I tore the *refuseniks'* notes into tiny fragments and put them in my pocket for later disposal.

I glanced at the clock: 6:30. I had better get dressed and leave for the lecture hall. It was a 20-minute walk.

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I finished dressing, grabbed my slides and the film, and left. I crossed Red Square, but this time I paid no attention to the landmarks. I was looking for garbage receptacles. At each one, I deposited a little handful of paper shreds. Anyone watching me — were they? — would have thought I was crazy, zigzagging through Red Square from trash can to trash can. But I did it until my pocket was empty.

I finally reached the lecture hall, gave my slides to the projectionist. I couldn't concentrate, thinking about the film in my pocket and how incriminating it would be if I were caught with it.

Just then a colleague sat down next to me.

Frank Marcus from Tucson was a fellow cardiologist I'd known for ages. A friend I could trust.

The film was burning a hole in my pocket. I could almost feel heat emanating from it. I blurted everything to Frank.

"Look," he said. "I've been a model tourist. I'm leaving for home later today. When the lights dim for the next speaker, pass me the film. No one will suspect me of anything, so I won't have any problem getting through customs. Once I get home, I'll mail it to you. How's that?"

I felt the weight of an elephant lift off my chest, and I wanted to hug him. "Thank you so much, Frank. You've saved my life."

"I don't know if it's that dramatic, but I'm glad to help," Frank said.

The lights went down for the first speaker and I slipped him the film. He put it in his inside coat pocket. "One other thing, Frank, if it's not too much trouble."

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“Sure, no problem. What is it?”
Frank asked.

“July first is my wife’s birthday. I’m scheduled to go to Saint Petersburg tomorrow sightseeing with some of our colleagues for a few days, but I told Joan I would be back in the West by July first and would call her on her birthday. Would you call her, say, on July second or third, and make sure I have been in contact? If I haven’t, that would mean I’m in deep trouble with the KGB and will need some big-time help.”

“Happy to,” Frank said.

I could have kissed him, I was so relieved.

When it was my turn to present, I gave one of the most animated talks I’d ever given. I felt like a guy sentenced to death who’d been pardoned.

The morning session ended, I thanked Frank again and bolted for

open space. I wanted to jump up, kick my heels, and shout, I felt so relieved. The sun was shining, the air was fresh, the grass was green — and I was free!

Or was I?

I left for the airport early the next morning. I was anxious to explore beautiful Saint Petersburg, especially to visit the Hermitage Museum.

When I checked in, the airline agent at the counter said, “Oh, yes, Dr. Zipes, we were expecting you.”

My heart sank. What had they found out?

My mind raced. Maybe Frank got stopped with the film. Unlikely, I thought. There was no reason to suspect him of anything.

It was also unlikely that the KGB had found my shredded notes. They

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would have had to retrieve them from five or six receptacles and then piece them together.

They must have proof of my lecturing to the *refuseniks*, I thought, and meeting with Ida Nudel. I hoped she was okay. Returning to Siberia would be horrible.

The young lady asked me to follow her to a VIP lounge. Would the KGB be waiting for me there?

We entered an empty room.

"Please have a seat," she said.

"We'll come and get you. Help yourself to the refreshments." She waved her hand toward the bar.

She was so pleasant, I relaxed a little. But maybe that was what the KGB wanted me to do. Have a few drinks and be ready to talk.

I sat stiffly on the edge of my seat and watched the door, waiting for some big guys to come rushing in.

When nothing happened, I got up and started pacing. I searched the ceiling for microphones but couldn't see any.

The ticking clock didn't help. I was getting nervous I'd miss my flight. Maybe that's what they intended.

Finally, with only 10 minutes left before takeoff, the young lady entered again, this time with a porter. He tied a large VIP tag to my suitcase and hefted the bag onto a trolley. The young lady said, "Please follow him to the car. Have a good trip." She smiled and left.

I had no idea what was going on, so I followed the porter. He led me outside to a waiting van and put my bag inside. I had no choice but to get in. As soon as I did, we sped off onto the tarmac toward an Aeroflot plane. The driver stopped at the staircase leading up into the front of the plane. He got out, started up the stairs with my bag, and nodded for me to follow.

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The flight attendant met me as I entered the plane. "Good morning, Dr. Zipes," she said. "It's a pleasure to have you join us on our flight to Saint Petersburg." She nodded to the first seat in first class. "Please sit down. We're ready to take off."

I was speechless, astonished. Instead of being arrested by the KGB, I was being treated like royalty. I collapsed into the seat. In moments, I heard the roar of the engines.

I closed my eyes and tried to piece together an explanation. It had to have been Chazov. He must have saved me. Maybe he had bargained with the KGB, agreeing they could scare me but nothing more. Maybe the KGB had acted independently. Maybe... maybe... I could guess all I wanted, but I would never know.

Peter the Great founded Saint Petersburg, USSR's second largest city, in the early 1700s. Situated on

the Neva River with a Baltic Sea port, the beautiful city is the most westernized in Russia and is its cultural capital.

City officials had arranged a tour of the Hermitage Museum the afternoon we arrived. There were about 40 sightseers, mainly scientists from Europe and the U.S. Our "guide" was reputed to be a KGB agent, so I was particularly attentive to her directions.

"You will have three hours to tour the museum," she said as we pulled to a stop. "The bus will remain parked in this lot until you return. Please be prompt." She checked her watch. "It is precisely 2:00, so everyone must be back by 5."

The Hermitage was mind blowing, with over 3 million objects (not all on display) housed in six historic buildings. The Winter Palace was one of the six, a spectacular baroque green-and-white edifice built in 1708 on a monumental scale

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האיגוד הקרדיולוגי בישראל
ISRAEL HEART SOCIETY



OF THE ISRAEL HEART SOCIETY

to reflect the imperial power of Russia.

I could have spent days or even weeks at the Hermitage. The three hours evaporated in a flash, and I returned to the bus by 5:00 along with my colleagues — all but one.

Thirty-nine of us waited and waited on the bus until he returned 20 minutes late.

“I’m sorry,” he said, panting and sweating from his run to the bus. “I got lost and went to the wrong parking lot.”

Our guide, revealing her identity or at least her training, responded, “I hope you all see how the freedom of one imprisons many.”

All conversations in the bus halted as the intent of her statement struck home. After a few stunned moments, a guy on my left booed and someone across the aisle hissed. Then we all did. Our guide

scrunched up her face, turned her back on the group, and plunked down in her seat in the front of the bus.

The following morning we toured more of the city with a different guide, and in the afternoon, I packed my things and boarded a bus to the airport. That’s when my troubles began — again.

The customs agent wore a face that fit his demeanor: anger. Slits for eyes, unshaven beard, creased forehead, and pockmarked cheeks — he also smelled of a dribbled lunch and body odor.

He started with my gold wedding band. When I had arrived in Moscow days before, I had to declare any valuables I brought with me. The Soviets kept tabs on what expensive items, like jewelry, came in and what when out. I had forgotten to list the ring.

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“Where did you buy this ring?” he asked, his tone challenging.

“In the U.S., when I got married.”

“No, you didn’t. You didn’t write it on the entry form, so you didn’t have it when you entered the USSR.”

“I just forgot to write it down.”

“What else did you forget to write down?”

“I think that’s all.” “We’ll see,” he said. His eyes glittered in anticipation as they locked onto mine. “Empty your pockets.”

A colleague who had waltzed through customs just before me and was waiting a few steps away asked the agent, “Why are you doing this? He’s a VIP. Can’t you see the label on his bag?”

The agent angrily spit on the ground as he answered. “VIP Moscow, not Saint Petersburg! Open everything!”

I had to empty the contents of my suitcase, then my wallet, and finally my briefcase. He had me turn my pockets inside out and then patted me down to be sure they were empty. The line behind me lengthened and the waiting passengers grew fidgety, but he ignored them. He fingered each item, held it to the overhead light for study, and carelessly flipped it back into my suitcase. I had a few rubles left in my wallet and I thought he would steal them, but he didn’t.

I had nothing to hide, but after Moscow, it was enough to make me break out in a cold sweat. I didn’t know whether he knew anything about what I had done, or whether he was just angry at the VIP luggage tag. There was no Chazov here to save me.

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Finally, after an agonizing 10 minutes that seemed an eternity, he let me go. I didn't stop shaking until we had cleared USSR airspace.

I called Joan right after we landed. It was a good thing I did. Frank Marcus had called her as soon as he landed, several days *before* her birthday. He told her he made it out safely with the film and that when he left Moscow, I was still okay — as far as he knew — and I would try to call her July 1. She had been waiting four days for me to call, frantic, imagining all sorts of horrors, until she heard my voice.

When I finally got home, Frank mailed me the film. Unfortunately, the letter was so blurred — I had taken the photo hurriedly — it was illegible and could not be salvaged. All that worry for nothing. However, I followed through on all the messages the *refuseniks* had given me. One call was very special — to Olga Plam, Naum's daughter living in Boulder, Colorado. She had been

allowed to emigrate to the U.S. with her husband and son in 1976. Naum had been refused because he knew "state secrets" from nuclear work 25 years earlier. Olga was very concerned about her father's health, and I was able to reassure her he was doing well.

Around that time, I became chairman of a committee in our temple focused on the plight of the *refuseniks*. The problem was not generally known to the Indianapolis Jewish community. To highlight the issue, I suggested we call Naum in Moscow and have him address the congregation via a loudspeaker hooked to the phone so they could hear firsthand what he and other *refuseniks* were living through.

I wrote Naum and asked whether he would be able to accept a call from us in his apartment. He thought it might be possible since his phone was working again, though the "authorities" would certainly listen in and he couldn't predict what would follow. We arranged a time and a date several weeks hence.

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I contacted Olga and invited her to spend a weekend with us in Indianapolis. I would pay her expenses. She eagerly accepted a chance to surprise her father on the phone.

Excitement was palpable as we prepared for the call. We had filled the temple, and everyone was buzzing about whether the call would go through. Naum picked up, and I could hear the happiness in his voice as we said hello. Then I put Olga on. Oh, my goodness! We couldn't understand a word because they were speaking Russian, but we could hear the joy in their voices.

After three or four minutes, the line suddenly went dead!

Olga's face turned ashen and she held the receiver out to me with a helpless look, a silent plea to fix it.

With a constriction in my gut, I dialed again and again, but the connection would not go through. We imagined

the worst, but found out later the KGB disconnected their phone but had left Naum and Inna alone.

Russian cardiologists invited me back to Moscow to lecture a few years after my 1982 trip, but the Soviet authorities refused to give me a visa. I checked with our local FBI for an explanation. They told me my name was on a black list.

"This is very bad," they said. "Don't even consider going. You'll end up dead in a car accident or mugged in a dark alley."

Naum contacted me in late 1985 to tell me that Inna had a tumor in her neck, which had been inadequately treated after four surgeries by Moscow physicians. Could I help get her a visa to receive treatment in the U.S.?

Through the efforts of many people — I was a minor player — including the press, prominent rabbis, senators (Ted Kennedy, among

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others), representatives, and a hunger strike by Inna's close American friend Lisa Paul, Inna got her visa in January 1987. She was admitted to Georgetown University Hospital for chemotherapy. I spoke with her by phone after she arrived. The travel and the initial medical evaluation had left her exhausted. Before I had a chance to visit, she died.

In 1989, Naum was finally permitted to leave the Soviet Union and moved to Israel. He came to the States for a series of university lectures, and for a medical checkup I performed at Indiana University Medical Center. He died in Tel Aviv in March 2001.

In May 1999, after the collapse of the Soviet Union, I was again invited to Moscow to lecture. The Russians — no longer the USSR — granted me a visa and let me back in. Virtually all the *refuseniks* who had wanted to leave had departed by

then, and the trip was pleasant but uneventful.

My last Russian encounter was an unexpected but happy reunion with my friend Evgeny Chazov. In 1985, he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, shared with Bernard Lown, for forming the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War.

In 2013, the European Society of Cardiology bestowed its highest award, a gold medal, on both Chazov and me at their annual scientific meeting in Amsterdam for our contributions to cardiology. We shared the stage in a wonderful ceremony that highlighted our work in front of several thousand people.

Evgeny was as warm and friendly as he had been when we first met almost 40 years before, and we were both thrilled to receive the honor and to share it with each other. Though tempted, I did not bring up the *refusenik* incident. Neither did he.

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Are you a member of FIHS and have major news you would like to share with our readers? Have you published a book or been honored by your Society? Share it with us all! Please email these to me at jackstroh@usa.net.



Special thanks in America to our Society Administrators-
Janice and Larry Brown!

Have any ideas to make this a better tool for our Society? Share them with us!

Tell your friends that we want them to join our mission to be a bridge between Israeli Cardiology and the world. If you have any questions, comment, criticisms (my favorites!) please email me at jackstroh@usa.net.



That's it for this issue of the newsletter of the Friends of Israel Heart Society. Special thanks as always to **Batia Ziv** for being our "eyes and ears on the ground" in Israel.



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