

My Unexpected Challenge

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Sitting here in the quiet comfort of my Colorado home, at my usual working hour of 2:00 a.m., I am confronted with one of the most unique and painful personal challenges of my 57 years of life—namely, trying to convey to the undoubtedly broad spectrum of readers, the enormity of the loss of my dear, dear friend and colleague Eugene Franklin Mallove.

It is most unfair that I am faced with this challenge. I resent this task. I despise those responsible for depriving me of one of the most authentic joys in my life—embodied in the personage of Gene, our camaraderie, the mental stimulation of our interactions, and the brotherly love and mutual respect that had taken the largest part of a lifetime to nurture and to build.

Among all of the persons that I have had the privilege to know or, yes, even to know of during my entire life, the wrenching of Gene from the living is probably and personally, without question, the most unfair. I make this assertion, considering all factors, namely, his youth, his closeness to his family and friends, and his *importance* to the world and the community of mankind. The first two factors are often operative in situations like this tragedy. It is foreseeable and expected for any of us to cherish those close to us who die young. This last factor, however—his universal importance—is reserved for only a handful of persons and, certainly, has never applied to anyone that I have ever known in my life, thus far, under even remotely similar circumstances.

So, given the above, how can I meet this outrageous challenge? I can spend some lines (and I will) persuading my fellow readers of the magnitude of this personal loss to me—the loss of a very close friend and colleague, the kind that, if you are lucky in life, you can count among those numbered on one hand, or less. To persuade you regarding the universality of this loss may be more difficult, unless you are knowledgeable in matters related to the course of human technical evolution. Here, I am confident that whatever I have to say will be bolstered significantly by the statements and the testimonies of many others, possessing far greater expertise than I.

Since 1968, I have shared virtually every important event in my life, both good and bad, with Gene—weddings, births of children, scholastic training and achievements, illnesses and demise of parents. Gene and I met in our sophomore years at MIT. We majored in the same subject, Aeronautical and Astronautical Engineering, took mostly the same classes, and endured the same challenges through both our bachelor's and master's degrees at the "Tute." We even enjoyed the punishment of the same lab during our graduate work, both winning NASA Research Fellowships in those days of "Apollo." We even wrote our first technical paper together, flipping a coin to see who would be first author. Gene and I were both invited to accompany our professors to witness the launch of Apollo 10 in May 1969, that dress rehearsal for the lunar landing in July of the same year. On that trip, I

recall an event that brightened Gene's smile almost as much as the lift-off itself. In a free moment, while beach-combing, Gene rushed up to me declaring, "Look what I found!" Carefully, brushing off the wet sand, he held high a perfectly fine watch in mint condition. Little did I think that I would spend the next two hours trailing behind Gene, as he located a police officer, filed a report, and stood in line at two nearby hotels trying to locate the watch's legitimate owner. Lucky Gene, after four weeks, while back in Cambridge, he was awarded full custody of the watch by the local police jurisdiction. Gene was particularly taken by the "Twist-O-Flex" band on this treasure. Absent this effort, Gene would not have been able to enjoy this watch. Now, Gene didn't fool me in the slightest. Yes, when one combines character and honesty with a complete mastery of the mathematics of probability, you have Dr. Eugene F. Mallove, who knew that the probability of easing one's conscience and keeping the watch were each, nearly, 1.0 (100% certainty) on that day in May, 1969.

Gene and I both left MIT to pursue our doctorates at that "easier" school down Massachusetts Avenue, Harvard University. We both ended up in the Environmental Health Sciences and Engineering Department in Harvard's School of Public Health in Boston. Gene and I worked in related fields for a few years and, then, our careers started to diverge. I, insanely, went on to medical school and Gene stayed true to the course of science and engineering. He would never let the spark of pure science dwindle in his thoughts and action. Forever challenging the status quo, Gene applied his monumental mind and training to everything he touched for the next, nearly, 30 years. Gene combined an outstanding ability as a writer to develop his skills as a science journalist. From top positions at the Voice of America (where he once up-linked me by satellite from Denver to discuss the carcinogenicity of Russian "spy dust") to his faculty and Chief Science Writer positions at MIT (where Nobel Laureates were at his beck and call), Gene performed brilliantly.

His life and career turned on a dime with the advent of cold fusion. This story is way too long to tell here, but suffice it to say that after Gene completed his Pulitzer Prize-nominated book, *Fire from Ice: Searching for the Truth Behind the Cold Fusion Furor*, he became a believer. Gene left MIT, partly because he concluded that our old alma mater had not treated this new subject in a manner consistent with the dignity of the institution or, for that matter, in a manner befitting honest scientific investigation.

By now, I think that it should not surprise you to conclude that whether entirely right or partially wrong, Dr. Mallove was a man of exceptional scientific training and intuition, who would not have thrown away his career for nothing. Gene's embarking upon the establishment of *Infinite Energy Magazine*, in conjunction with his other endeavors, was one of the most profound acts of self-sacrifice for one's beliefs and principles that I have ever even read about, much less witnessed first hand, up close. I predict that

the history of science will someday recognize this act of brilliance and bravery and that Gene will take his place among the giants of science.

For over a decade and at an increasingly faster pace over the last five years, Gene, more than facilitating the creation of a literary cross-road for new energy investigation, became the human manifestation of this goal. No single person had a more complete understanding of the "field," its strengths, weaknesses and limitations than did Gene. His enthusiasm was legendary and according to some, blinded his objectivity. Nothing could be further from the truth. I personally witnessed Gene's defusing and rejecting of bad science, bad instruments, bad ideas, and, yes, even bad people. His adherence to the scientific method can be seen again and again in his editing of and contributing to *Infinite Energy Magazine*.

Gene will never be replaced. Our only hope is that the New Energy Foundation (NEF), which Gene helped to establish and for which he served as President, will find one or more persons who, collectively, will be able to maintain the momentum of Gene's ideas and goals. This objective will take some time, patience, and continuing commitment by all of NEF's supporters.

My personal loss, as significant as it is, pales in comparison to the pain suffered by Gene's wife Joanne and his wonderful children, Kim and Ethan, and their wonderful families. They have lost a husband, a father and, yes, even recently, a grandfather. I witnessed solidarity and love before, during, and following Gene's funeral. His family will survive and will gain strength; but they will never, nor should they

ever, fully recover from this hideous loss. I will never recover from this hideous loss. It will haunt me for the rest of my life.

I trust that I have established the foundation for my assertion that the murder of Dr. Eugene F. Mallove is a crime against humanity. It is not clear whether or when this scientific field will recover from his loss. Gene's articulate persistence in trying to obtain major funding for new energy research had not yet paid off—but, if anyone had a better chance of success, it is not clear who that person may be or may have been. The long-term payoff, as Gene often said, will be the end of the "Fossil Fuel Age," a goal universally desired by persons of reason. No one, including Gene, will or would have expected to see a "cold fusion-powered car" or home heating system operated by a cold fusion heating unit within the short term. What Gene desired, instead, was a meaningful financial commitment to study these new phenomena, to dissect them and to identify the physical principles upon which they are based. Achieving these goals will lead to the reproducibility demanded by all. Bench-scale devices lead to pilot plant machinery which, in turn, will lead to the production of commercially viable products. These products will not require fossil fuels. Our political and economic enslavement to undemocratic and wicked regimes will end. Gene's dream of "infinite energy" will be realized. Would that he had lived to see it come to pass. We all have a shot at witnessing "Gene's Dream." If we collectively try to push as hard together as Gene could push alone, we may witness it for him.