

productive past age sixty-five, he continued to increase in productivity. If one measures creativity by the number of discoveries which are directly applicable to patients, Carl was one of the most productive. A single major discovery in medicine has sometimes won scientists the Nobel Prize. Carl was my colleague and my friend.

He remained alert, ever curious. He continued to send me scientific notes and items which drew my attention to recent findings. I was pleased to review his valuable books for the *Journal of Orthomolecular Medicine*. I will surely miss Carl's continuing collegiality and support.

Years	Age	Number of Publications	Publications Per Year
1935 - 1947	27-39	44	3.4
1948 - 1960	40-52	82	6.3
1961 - 1973	53-65	121	9.2
1974 - 1988	66-80	174	11.6

Memories of Carl C. Pfeiffer, Ph.D., M.D. Physician, Scientist, Teacher and Philanthropist

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For over fifty years of medical practice, Carl Pfeiffer was a physician healing the sick. He authored over 300 research articles beginning in the 1930's and nearly a half dozen books, spent decades teaching as a professor and head of a department in medical schools, years as a navy officer, Director of Research departments in pharmaceutical companies, and as a CIA researcher. He directed New Jersey Neuro Psychiatric Hospital for the state and founded the Princeton Brain Bio Center and Schizophrenia Foundation.

I met Dr. Pfeiffer when I was eighteen. He was age sixty-eight which would have been during the ebb of most men's careers. For him it was a new beginning of what he later told me (at the age of seventy-eight) were his ten most productive years. I started working for Dr. Pfeiffer after completing my sophomore year at Brandeis. A

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close relative had been a successful patient of his. I asked him for a job since I knew that working with a physician would help me get into medical school. I did not know anything of his work except that it was on the biochemistry of the mind. In that first meeting he said to me, "Show me an A grade in Organic Chemistry and the job is yours." I got an A in that first semester and got the job. The day classes ended I packed up for Princeton. The day before classes began I returned to Brandeis. For five straight summers I worked with him.

When I arrived at work I was promptly placed in a windowless corner of the office next to a xerox machine. The word was that Dr. Pfeiffer had had a heart attack. All he told me was that he had a deadline to finish on an update of mental and elemental nutrients. He promptly gave me his folders and reprints on trace elements and I began what was the most exciting intellectual experience of my life. It was as if I

articles with Dr. Pfeiffer and he would direct the writing. He was tremendously accepting and appreciative of all I did. I even convinced him about the problems of fluoridation. I learned about lithium, rubidium, zinc, silver, bismuth, lead and other elements. I learned an approach to medicine that encompassed not just health of body and mind, but health of soils, water, and air. He was a doctor and healer of the world. What a genius I had met who could see the connectedness of all biological science!

I gave my *Zinc and Other Micronutrients* book to friends at the university and, later, at medical schools. They thought my work so esoteric that I was even called "Molybdenum Man" by the basketball team at medical school. Now trace element biochemistry and biological psychiatry are recognized to be of major importance in medicine. Lead is out of the gasolines, the world thinks zinc and thinks Pfeiffer's way. Those same friends who thought his work was esoteric now see Dr. Pfeiffer's work as pioneering and central.

My science exploration with Dr. Pfeiffer knew no bounds. There was nothing in scientific chemistry that did not interest us. He had a nonstop flow of creative ideas. We worked on Deanol and the biochemistry of Alzheimer's disease, on the biochemistry of evolution, on the pharmacology of nutrient loading, on pyroluria and porphyria, zinc, enzymes, and immunology, a fiction book about genetics, ecological health, bio-types of schizophrenia and dozens of things that have never been finished and never published. I worked weekends with him, ate lunches of cod roe (high in Deanol) which he called "poor man's caviar". I worked five summers. I slept on the floor at work, lived in his house, lived in his office, lived in the house next to the office. I lived and ate his vision of medical conquest. I even got yelled at once when he found me sitting in his chair lounging backward chewing on a few new scientific papers. Yet he quickly apologized to me saying, "You're welcome to look at anything in my office when I am not there but don't sit in my chair!" Yet he and his closest associate, Betty Jenney, sold me the house next to the Center and let me sit in his intellectual chair. And so

virtually every day I was under his guidance, working with him off and on for ten years. At the end of the day I would go into his office and see the latest things he was up to. His office was always an intellectual gold mine of scientific papers, new magazines and new books, like a holy place to me, and it is no surprise that he died upon the altar of his desk.

I won two prizes for two thousand dollars for papers written under his tutelage. I searched out a colleague of his who worked on folic acid metabolism which resulted in my research project at Massachusetts General Hospital and Harvard Medical School. This research helped me graduate Summa Cum Laude and helped me into medical school ... all because of the research I started with Dr. Pfeiffer. I survived financially at medical school because Dr. Pfeiffer gave me a \$4,000 scholarship which occurred just when my father died. I reviewed journal articles for him, wrote editorials and lived like an Assistant Professor of Medicine, all before I even graduated from medical school. All this work prepared me for research at New York University Medical School where I graduated with honors because I did my work on brain chemistry. Either directly or indirectly, every aspect of my academic and medical success is owed to my association with Dr. Pfeiffer.

His research accomplishments are too many to enumerate. Some of the lasting ones will likely be pharmacological uses of B₆, uses of methionine in depression, and many clinical uses of trace elements. Both his concept of medicine and alternative diagnostic testing for nutrients problems i.e., spermine, kryptopyrrole, and histamine, are techniques of the future. Every year his legacy is revealed in the "Current Contents" indexes where dozens of scientists around the world reference his research papers.

I did my year of internal medicine internship and then joined the Brain Bio Center as Dr. Pfeiffer suggested. When I was in trouble at the hospital where I interned because of my unconventional ideas on nutrition, I told the Chief of Staff that I got them from Dr. Carl Pfeiffer. He promptly told me that Dr. Pfeiffer was an instructor of his at Emory Medical School

and that he was the greatest teacher he ever had. (Dr. Pfeiffer was capable of great entertainment and wit as a teacher.) And the Chief of Staff and head of medical education at this Yale affiliate hospital said, "I don't understand anything about this nutritional stuff but if you're doing it with Carl Pfeiffer, it's got to be great work."

During my years on the staff of the Brain Bio Center, I wrote a book on amino acids called *The Healing Nutrients Within* from Dr. Pfeiffer's files, with his editing, as an addition to his book *Mental and Elemental Nutrients* which had covered vitamins and trace elements but left out amino acids. The amino acid research which cost tens of thousands was financed by Dr. Pfeiffer and has brought me scientific inquiries from all over the world plus opportunities to hold editorial positions and write two more books. Thanks to a radio show I did with Dr. Pfeiffer, I met Carlton Federicks. This association led to a radio show of my own. The last article Dr. Pfeiffer and I wrote was on cesium and radiation toxicity and brought in dozens of reprint requests from the eastern block and departments of radiation and radiology in Russia.

Every aspect of medicine was open to Dr. Pfeiffer's mind, yet most dear to him

was the conquest of schizophrenia. His last book was *Schizophrenia: Ours to Conquer*. Schizophrenia, which Dr. Pfeiffer called "The Waste basket Diagnosis", has been called the plague of mental disease, demon possession, insanity and dozens of other names. Dr. Pfeiffer conquered the stigma biochemically dividing and biochemically conquering. The most difficult of all illnesses that a doctor faces is schizophrenia. It can be said that he who conquers schizophrenia conquers death. He who conquers schizophrenia conquers the devil. Carl Pfeiffer probably healed more schizophrenics than any other doctor since Jesus Christ. A man is known by his fruits. Dr. Pfeiffer's fruits are still flourishing because he healed the sick, clothed the emotionally naked and visited the biochemically imprisoned. I, like so many others, can never repay him fully but I will carry that torch of light that he gave to me as promised and do his work until schizophrenia and even death itself are killed by God's scientific sword. And Carl Pfeiffer will rejoice in heaven with all of God's angels singing, "Schizophrenia is conquered at last, schizophrenia is conquered at last. Thank God Almighty, schizophrenia is conquered at last!"