

**JOHN TOOBY'S MEMORIAL
Remembrance**

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I met John 25 years ago, under somewhat awkward circumstances. I was trying to pursue my then recently acquired interest in evolutionary psychology, and John Tooby seemed a pivotal figure.

In 1998, accompanying my wife Ximena to a doctors meeting in Palm Springs, I decided to make a side trip to Santa Barbara and try to meet him. Before the trip and still in Santiago, I sent him various emails, to no avail. I made several phone calls, on different days to different numbers at different hours of the day, but no one answered. One night, driving back home, I allowed myself a last chance. To my surprise, and to John's much bigger surprise, we found ourselves speaking to each other. I somehow managed to extract an appointment with him – almost like a dentist extracts a patient's molar – overruling John's initial feeble protestations.

The meeting was set up at 2 pm at the CEP some days later. John showed up wearing his traditional khaki pants, white shirt (or was it the light blue one?), and his well-known suspenders. He was carrying a bowl, from which, after sitting down, he began eating. "This is my breakfast", he apologized, giving me an initial glimpse into his special sleeping habits.

It was a strange conversation. I had no special goal besides wanting to meet him and timidly tried to convey where my intellectual interests stood. He struggled finding ways to be nice. And so, we soldiered on. That awkward initial moment vastly changed over time. Since then, we managed to have great conversations on many subjects on different occasions. I specially recall two defining moments in Chile. In 2009, in the uttermost end of the world, sailing the Beagle Channel for Darwin's 200th anniversary, and in 2015 in Santiago, when we held the superb Morality Conference which Leda helped organize, during which we celebrated his 63rd birthday.

The breadth of his knowledge, the sharpness of his mind, and his need to anchor everything on basic principles, scientifically consistent from the Big Bang

onwards, still resonate with my own intellectual instincts. However, the best John I recall, enlarging his persona even further, was the one giving Margo Wilson's eulogy at the 2010 HBES meeting in Eugene, Oregon. It was so exquisite, so profound and beautiful, so humane, that even his powerful mind and scientific genius, admired by everyone, dwarfed under the subtle flow of emotions he was triggering in all of us.

Dear Leda and Nike, you know how Ximena and I love you, and how we also loved John. Our hearts and thoughts are with both of you right now. We hope the appreciation and admiration John generated in so many people, expressed in so many ways, will somehow alleviate the sadness and the struggles ahead, and enable you to make amends with entropy's victory this time.

Thank you.