

Geoff had a tough life. As children we moved many times - homes, schools, even continents. He struggled to stay in high school and even grade school, no college, couldn't hold a job, fought mental illness, always lonely. Yet he perhaps knew more about the history of jazz than anyone else on the planet. He knew every zip code in the USA (once worked for a junk-mailer), and what he did (plus the world headlines) every day of his life since age 15. He kept records - some diaries and journals, but mostly just LISTS piled to the ceiling. He was a "Collyer brother" (look it up).

Geoff started school two years before me, and soon learned to read. I was jealous, and demanded that he teach me. Which apparently he did, thus triggering my first (remembered) crisis in life: being marched into that scary first-grade classroom, after spending just one day in kindergarten.

Between age 17 and 24 he was a counselor at a summer camp in the Catskill Mountains; I think he even became head counselor. I worked there one summer, and saw that he was the most admired counselor there - athletic, handsome, extroverted, always tremendously committed to the kids. This was no big surprise to me; he WAS all those things (except extroverted!). But for 9 months a year, he mostly just stayed in his room and played records. A few attempts at a job or college fizzled after a few days.

As an adult, his one job of duration was ~12 years shelving books in a public library. This triggered a fanatical interest in English and American literature. These seemed to be the best years of his adult life. He was very well-liked by his co-workers - would regularly get birthday, Xmas, get-well cards, etc. He spent all his \$\$ on used books, and spent all his hours really absorbed in the novels and bios of the authors. I'm sure that he found much solace in reading about their personal struggles. We thought he might perish in a Boston earthquake, as all the piled-up books and CDs descended on him in his tiny 11th-floor apartment. After losing that job, I'm not sure he ever read another book. I remember him saying "I would only want to read it if it were about me ... and there are no books about me". That was the damage inflicted by the job loss. (Although that dangerous INWARDNESS was manifest many other times, too.)

As kids just one year apart, we competed in everything, especially sports and memory feats. By age 11 we knew all the world's capitals, major cities, rivers, heights of tallest buildings, baseball statistics, professional sumo wrestlers, the names of all 68 legal ways to win a sumo match, and specs for all USA military aircraft (we grew up around military bases in Japan). We argued vociferously about the relative merits of the B-52 and the B-47 (he turned out to be right), Taiho versus Kashiwado (he was right there too), and Stan Musial versus Ted Williams (still unsettled). At the dinner table we found that our diplomat dad would sometimes get his geography or history

facts wrong; we corrected him. Good preparation for a career in astronomy – especially variable stars! Or not.

He had an anger gene within, which we never understood. At age 5 our dad would take us to the backyard to play ball. It always (I think) ended with Geoff swinging and missing, then slamming the ground and breaking the bat. He would routinely beat me up. We were always close in strength, but he was always angry, and I was mainly just... baffled. But it was great preparation for when I got back to the USA at age 14, with parents 12000 miles away. At boarding school I had to quickly learn how to be an American teenager. Unlike me, the other prep kids knew all about the proper clothes to wear (everyone had a derogatory nickname - I was "the Australian cowboy"); but none of them knew how to fight!

I loved Geoff every day of my life.

The circumstances of his death are still somewhat murky. He went into the hospital for hip surgery, which was pronounced "successful"... then had a major stroke, and was judged to have no chance of ever walking or speaking again ... and died ten days later, having never awakened post-surgery. On the other hand, this was considered mandatory surgery (elective surgeries are disallowed now), and he went in very frail and malnourished (5 foot six, 102 pounds), with many recent health problems. Those must have added up to a risk factor or two. It's unclear whether Covid played a role (the hospital says no, but after my visit, I have some doubts).