Army physician in Europe, he discovered when he crossed into Israel from Jordan that he was profoundly pro-Israeli and that he had a Jewish identity despite his prior efforts to deny it. In recent years he would discuss European Jewish history, Israel, and Darwin with David Kohn, who is editor of the Darwin Digital Library of Evolution of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Ralph's younger daughter, Judith Colp Rubin, lives in Israel with her American-born husband and children. Like her father and paternal grandmother, she is devoted to the life of the mind, writing books with her husband.

Ralph Colp had extensive psychiatric training and was enormously influenced by psychoanalysis, but never formally went through a psychoanalytic training program with personal analysis, years of course work, and supervision. His ten years of psychoanalysis four and five times a week with Freud's personal physician, Max Schur, was terminated abruptly on his birthday in 1969 by the sudden death of his analyst. Though he never took the formal course work, he did have extensive psychoanalytic supervision from 1956-1965 at Massachusetts Mental Health, St. Luke's Hospital, and Hillside Hospital. Analytic principles guided his own work with patients and it was from a psychoanalytic perspective that he supervised residents at Columbia University. These same principles guided the direction of his careful scholarship. Dr. Colp generously shared his psychiatric and medical knowledge with his friends and associates.

Ralph Colp was a very private man who related through the world of ideas, the lives of the historical people he knew so well, and his patients. He did not like talking about his own feelings or problems, though he would express great concern for those of his patients and the few people to whom he felt closely connected. In terms of his own illness he was very quiet about the prostate cancer he was diagnosed with five years ago and which he thought was under control for a long period. About two years ago he spoke of having his schedule modified by the aftereffects of treatments, limiting his ability to attend or host Forum meetings. The last year was spent primarily in the Dewitt Nursing and Rehabilitation Home close to his East 79th Street home in Manhattan. He maintained a stoical attitude about his situation. In his final weeks and days, he struggled with pneumonia and difficulty swallowing. In a typical act of generosity, he donated his body to the Columbia University Medical Center to assist the work of a new generation of physicians and scientists.

On November 16th family members, friends, and colleagues gathered at the Ethical Culture Society in New York City for a moving memorial to Ralph Colp. There were about seventy people from three continents in attendance. We wish to extend our condolences to his widow Charlotte Colp; his daughters Ruth and Judith; his sons-in-law Barry Rubin and Eric Haber; grandchildren Daniel, Gabriella, and Carla; Darwin scholar James Moore (with whom he had a father-son relationship); former patients; and all others who held him close to their hearts.

Paul H. Elovitz, PhD, *the editor of this publication, worked closely with Dr. Colp since this Darwin scholar became one of the earliest members of the Psychohistory Forum in 1983. Together they had planned to write an article on Darwin's marriage. Dr. Elovitz may be contacted at pelovitz@aol.com.*❑

My Friendship with Ralph Colp

Jim Moore
Open University (Milton Keynes, UK)

Head in hands, I hardly know where to begin. I had wanted Ralph to go on meeting me once or twice a year for breakfast on the Upper East Side, catching up, Darwinizing over bacon and eggs and endless coffee as we did for decades. Ralph was more than a colleague and more than a friend. He was like a father, growing old with me as I belatedly grew up. We watched each other age. Once in my thirties, I thought I was undergoing a mid-life crisis and I despaired of being old. Ralph might have smiled to himself, but he urged me to read *The Seasons of a Man's Life* by Daniel Levinson. I didn't do that; now I must. I'd just been reading Stuart Miller's *Men and Friendship* and I thought of sending Ralph a copy to thank him for being in my life. I wish I'd done that too.

Our letters were legion. Ralph's first arrived in 1977, by coincidence months after my father's death at age fifty-four in Chicago following

a long fight with cancer. Ralph's first book on Darwin's illness, *To Be an Invalid*, had just come out, and he knew that I studied Darwin. My first article, about Darwin's sons, was being published. Years later Ralph told me that Darwin had been his "client" since 1959. Ralph would rise early in the morning to "commune with Darwin" reclining on the analytic couch. In 1977, Ralph was fifty-three years old.

For years I kept Ralph's first letter in my copy of his book. When I turned the pages, I would be reminded of one who believed in me, shared and approved my interest in Darwin, which my own father never did. A copy of my reply to Ralph's first letter is filed away. It must have been ingenuous because 1977 was full of loss: soon after my father died I turned thirty and then my marriage ended. I was in England, in a new job, bewildered and alone. Ralph understood my need to restart my life because, even before we met, I was able to be as open with him about myself as about Darwin. Ralph valued everything I ever told him, never criticizing, never pulling back or fostering dependence. I never forgot—but nor did he ever have to tell me—that I was communing with one who understood the complexity of attachment. Within a few years Ralph's neatly typed letters would come every few months, or as often as I wrote to him; some ran to a page or more. He commented generously about my research on the history of hysteria, about my love for my daughter born in 1984, and about my stints of counselling. (He even remembered my therapists' names.) When heartache and separation floored me again, Ralph sent his most memorable advice: "Therapy will help you understand what holds you back from commitment." He was on target as usual.

Always we would Darwinize together. Ralph would have a list of questions or a problem he couldn't solve; he needed my help and would say so frankly. Never his client, I was ever his colleague—but somehow more. Over breakfast in New York, or dinner in London, or at a student bar in England, his agenda began with me; then we moved on to Darwin who had brought us together. I felt he cared as much for us both.

Ralph's care for my daughter was touching. He had watched and listened to me become a father; he knew of my love for Jessica and of our joys and pains. In June 2000, she and I met Ralph for breakfast. It was Jess's first trip to New York and she was thrilled with the city. He asked open questions about her life, her ambitions and opinions. She replied with wonted verve and glowed with pleasure as Ralph talked about the New York he grew up in. They both liked the same classic movies. Jess and I went down to one of Ralph's old haunts, Radio City Music Hall, where the Art Deco interiors astonished her. "Ralph has been like a dad to me. I wish you could see him again," I told Jess a few years later. "I know he is interested in you." But they met only the once, and Jess will never know a grandfather—both of hers died before she was born. I will never know whether she and my father might have got along better than he and I did. But the memory of our first and last breakfast with Ralph will never fail. Afterwards I grasped his hand warmly as always, and then Jessie threw her arms around Ralph and kissed him on the cheek. He beamed; I beamed. It was purely spontaneous. At fifteen, she was still the girl I had watched growing up, untroubled by how to treat a grown-up she admired, even a New York psychiatrist standing by a busy thoroughfare. She had warmed to Ralph because she had felt *his* warmth, because they both loved New York, because Jess realized, if only vaguely, how important Ralph was to her dad. If I could today, I would embrace him myself. Even standing at the corner of East 79th and 2nd Avenue outside of his home.

James (Jim) Moore, *a native of Chicago, has degrees in science, divinity and history, with a PhD from Manchester University. His books include The Post-Darwinian Controversies (1979), The Darwin Legend (1994), and with Adrian Desmond, the best-selling biography Darwin (1991). Their book for the 2009 Darwin bicentenary is Darwin's Sacred Cause: Race, Slavery and the Quest for Human Origins. Prof. Moore teaches the history of science at the Open University and may be contacted at J.R.Moore@open.ac.uk.* ❑

The forthcoming **Psychohistory Forum Work-In-Progress Saturday Seminar** is on **January 31** when **Irene Javors** and **Cassandra Langer** will present **"A Psychobiography of the Expatriate American Painter Romaine Brooks."** Papers will be sent to Forum members.