Good evening. Thank you for inviting me here to the Institute to talk in memory of my father.

I thought I would give you some background to how this came about. I was originally contacted last year by Marco Conci, an Italian psychoanalyst working in Munich. The German Institute of Psychoanalysis planned to hold a conference to commemorate my father in his birthplace, Nuremberg, and wanted to invite me to be present.

I was quite overwhelmed with the thought that my father’s work is still of such interest and importance.
This is the conference invitation.

Having agreed to attend, I was then persuaded to speak about my father. It was not something I had ever thought of doing, nor did I feel I had enough information to put together a comprehensive presentation for a professional audience. I am not like my father in that respect – he really enjoyed the challenge of speaking at conferences.
Here he is addressing the 26th International Psycho-Analytical Congress in Rome in 1969.

So it was a challenge for me to be in this situation but an even greater challenge to try and present a picture of my father. There are many gaps in the story and I could only present my personal experience, which I will do again here with the help of family photographs. I would like at this point to acknowledge the help and loving support of my husband Paul, who is here with me this evening. I could not have done this without his help. He has worked on the photographs to produce a beautiful collection of pictures, as we shall see.

My father was born in Nuremberg in 1910.
It is a beautifully restored, historic German city.

I was immediately struck by the fact that I was seeing the old town centre as my father would have seen it before the war. Being there was a profoundly moving and important time for me. Nuremberg does have of course a complex and disturbing history – the headquarters and stronghold for Hitler and his army – some of which we explored later at the Documentation Centre on the outskirts of the city.
This is a poster of Hitler saluting one of the notorious Nazi rallies there.

Back to the conference...
...which was held in the Wagner room of the Grand Hotel.

My acceptance of their invitation to return to Germany and participate in this event in Nuremberg seemed very important to the analysts. It felt that this day was the beginning of some of the work German colleagues needed to do in addressing their history. I am delighted that Claudia Frank has agreed to be here, as she was also at the conference in Nuremberg and may continue with this theme and link that to my father’s work.

Moving on to my father’s life, I will present my talk in four sections.
My father, Herbert Rosenfeld

- The early years: life in Germany
- Moving to England
- Our family life
- The end and beyond

Starting with the early years, his life in Germany; then moving to England; our family life there; and finally the end of his life, and beyond. Though the story will be largely chronological, please forgive me if I deviate in time with an anecdote or two.

When I started looking for photographs, I realised that I really knew very little about my father’s life in Germany. My Swiss cousin, Andy has a little more information on the family, and with his help I pieced together our history as best I could.

My father was very close to his elder sister Edith, Andy’s mother, and although they had hardly any contact between 1938 and 1947 due to the war, there was a deep love and closeness between them.
In the earliest photograph we have, here is Herbert aged 2 with his sister Edith in 1912.
I hadn’t known that the Rosenfeld family had a country house in Mögeldorf, close to Nuremberg. A beautiful house with a tennis court, apparently, and lovely grounds. It was here that my father developed his love of the open air and especially of tennis.

Leaping forward for a moment to my own childhood, I have early memories of being his ball girl on a Sunday. It was one of the highlights of the week as he was busy so much of the time. It meant that I could go with him to the tennis court. I understand now that it must have been great for him not to have to run after the balls! He would get me an ice-cream on the way home as a reward.
Here is a better view of the house in Mögeldorf itself.

My father’s interest in tennis lasted many years. For example, during the famous Wimbledon tennis tournament every year he would leave the television on all through the afternoon, he would emerge from his patients every 50 minutes and sit and watch the games for ten minutes, and then disappear again.

Back to the early days, Herbert’s parents were Lily and Arthur.
Arthur Rosenfeld had been a highly decorated officer in the first World War. Before that, the Rosenfeld family can be traced back to 1560. One of our ancestors became chief lieutenant of the national guard of Bavaria by personal order of the king in 1815, and another, Samson Rosenfeld, was elected Rabbi of Bamberg in 1826, the first Reform rabbi in Bavaria.

Herbert’s father owned a successful hop business, Rosenfeld & Company, one of many in Nuremberg in 1930, of which I understand 70% were Jewish enterprises. With the subsequent expulsion of the Jews, this once blossoming Nuremberg branch of the trade was severely affected.
As I mentioned previously, my father was the second of four children. He had three sisters: Edith, Marion and Inge. Edith is on the left.
And here is the whole family. My father is standing on the left, his father and mother in the centre, Edith on the far right with two other women whom I’m afraid I don’t know, and his other sisters Marion and Inge sitting in front of him.

The family home in Nuremberg was just round the corner from the Grand Hotel where last year’s conference took place.
This plaque in the hotel lobby commemorates the first conference of the International Psychoanalytic Association which was held in the same place in 1910 (coincidentally the year of my father’s birth). I’m sorry you can’t read it, but it cites Freud, Jung, Adler and others.
In the holidays, the family often went to Schloss Elmau in the Bavarian Alps. My grandmother was intrigued by mysticism, and Schloss Elmau at that time was a retreat founded by a priest turned philosopher. Now it is a luxury hotel, the location you may recall chosen for the G8 Summit of world leaders earlier this year.

From what I know, Schloss Elmau sounded an exciting and creative place to be. I am sure it sowed the seeds of some of my father’s love of culture, opera, ballet, theatre, literature, and art. I remember him taking me as a child somewhat reluctantly to Covent Garden. Such a grand place, watching the ballet and opera. Now I feel very grateful for my father introducing me to the arts at an early age.
In addition to those interests, he also enjoyed walking, swimming, and ski-ing.
Discovering this old photo gave me a flavour of the fun times he had in his early years – a part of my father’s character that I rarely saw.
Some of my father’s history may be known to you, but I feel it important to re-iterate it here as it describes some of the very hard decisions he had to make.
He studied medicine at Munich University, having decided not to continue in the family’s hop business, much to his father’s dismay. I don’t know how this affected their relationship but I can only imagine that my father felt that he had to work extra hard to prove that he could make a success of his decision.
Although as a Jew he was not allowed to practice medicine, he still managed to continue to study and work with the support of one of his professors. He completed his degree at the Kindersheim Hospital near Munich, in 1935. His MD thesis was entitled “Multiple Absences in Childhood”.
This is my father’s medical degree. After he graduated, it became clear that he could no longer pursue his medical career in Germany. This must have been a very difficult time for him, being forbidden to practice in his chosen profession. One can only imagine the feelings he had. My father never spoke to me about them.

He therefore made the decision to emigrate to England in 1936. He was 26 years old.
He worked in medicine for a probationary year in London, and then re-took his medical examinations in Glasgow in order to qualify as a doctor in the UK. Somehow he managed to learn the English language well enough to pass his exams.

However, his wish to practice medicine was once again thwarted. Due to British restrictions, few foreign doctors were allowed to practice unless they were experienced, or specialists. His residence permit was cancelled and he was offered work in either Australia or India.

But while that door closed, there were openings for foreign psychotherapists wishing to work in England. Fortunately for psychoanalysis, he seized the opportunity to apply to the Tavistock Clinic in London to train as a psychotherapist.

By this time he had also met my mother, Lottie, another German emigrée living in the city.
In 1941, a year after he had completed his Tavistock training, Herbert and Lottie married. His father had by then also emigrated to England, followed by his mother. His sisters had remained in Nuremberg until 1938. The family home was invaded during Kristallnacht. After that they hurriedly applied to leave Germany and managed to escape three days before the borders closed. All went to different countries: Edith to Switzerland, Inge to Sweden and Marion to the USA – a rupturing of the family that was to be permanent.
This photo is from happier, earlier days. It is hard to imagine what my father felt about his now dispersed family. It must have been both traumatic and devastating. I don’t know who, if anyone, he spoke to about his experiences or how he and my mother dealt with them. Maybe the fact that they shared a similar history meant that there was an understanding that did not require words. It was never spoken about in our family. We know of course that dislocation and genocide have profound effects on those who suffer them. And yet many of my father’s generation rarely talked about their trauma until more recently.
My father once showed me the hospital he had worked in near Oxford, before going to the Maudsley Hospital and then back to the Tavistock Clinic. At the time I don’t think I recognised the enormity of what he had given up, what he had lost, and the hurdles he had to cross to achieve what he did achieve.

Moving on now to more domestic matters...
...my parents met via mutual friends, all German or Austrian refugees, and would often converse in German assuming perhaps that the children would not understand. I soon picked up enough of the language of course to get the gist of what they were talking about.
Herbert and Lottie made their family home at 36 Woronzow Road in St John’s Wood. I always thought that this house looked like a Swiss chalet, stuck in the middle of London, and the name Woronzow Road, the name of a Russian general, all seem to reflect our European roots.

Then with the birth of their first child, my brother Robbie, followed many years of our family life.
From here onwards, I’m afraid there is rather less photographic record of my father. According to my cousin, he was always the one taking the photos. So I will occasionally show some of the lovely older photos while I continue with my story.

When I was six months old my mother contracted tuberculosis and only recovered when I was three. This must have been a worrying time for my father. We had mother’s helps in the house and grandparents were around. My maternal grandparents came from Frankfurt to London. Co-incidentally they lived in a refugee house in Maresfield Gardens, opposite what is now the Freud Museum.

I remember trips to the zoo with my father on a Sunday. I have a memory of us taking a wooden spoon and some golden syrup and offering it to the bears. Inevitably the bears were stronger than my father and instantly walked off with the spoon, leaving us holding the tin. What was in my father’s mind? How could he imagine he could compete with a bear?!
In the early 50s my grandparents received a letter from Schloss Elmau apologising for events that had happened there during the Nazi regime and inviting us back to celebrate my grandfather’s 80th birthday. I have vague memories of the event and know that this was a turning point for the family to be welcomed back to Germany and to a place they loved. This photograph, like some of the others in this presentation, was taken by my father.
He enjoyed dancing, a strong tradition at Elmau. He would encourage me to join in...
...and sometimes I did.
Much of our growing up revolved around various analysts and their families. We would spend days out or weekends with people like Donald Meltzer, Susanna Issacs, Betty Joseph, Esther Bick, the Thorners. Donald Winnicott, to name just a few, some of whom are pictured here with my mother (standing third from the left).

From those times I have a vague recollection of going in the car every day after our midday meal, with my mother, driving my father to an unknown destination. I now know that this was to Melanie Klein for his daily session. Then the car rides stopped, to be replaced by a walk with the dog and a quick siesta before starting with patients again.
Analysts would of course also meet on many occasions without their families, such as here at Melanie Klein’s 70th birthday dinner. There is my father, standing in the middle. You may recognise this picture, taken from Phyllis Grosskurth’s book on Klein.

I remember visiting Paula Heimann, seated here in front of my father. She lived quite near us and I loved riding my bike to her house. She was always very friendly and welcoming. We would have a brief chat, she’d give me a biscuit and I would ride home. I discovered many years later that my mother had had an analysis with Heimann. To me she was a grandmotherly, wise woman. So there I was, a daughter of her analysand, eating her biscuits and chatting. How times have changed.
The analytic family was very important to my father and also to us. I think he re-created some of the large family feeling of the Schloss Elmau community through his contacts in the analytic world. Many of his colleagues felt like family. My memory was that there was closeness between them all. Maybe for many of them the analytic family made up for the loss of their own networks and what they had left behind.
My father loved the house in Woronzow Road, where he also worked. It had a large, abundant garden, in which he took great pride. I have many happy memories of helping him water the plants and swinging on the swing in the garden underneath the pear tree. I remember him sometimes sitting there in the sunshine doing supervision. He would grab any opportunity to be outside. He left his seat in the sun to take this photograph, our little dog Mitzi following.

Working in the family home must have been a challenge for him on occasions. We had a curtained glass door that separated his consulting room from the downstairs area. The waiting room doubled up as our dining room, so at 1pm there was an instant transformation from waiting room to dining room.

If we happened to be upstairs between patients arriving and leaving, we had to wait quietly at the top of the stairs until it was all clear to descend. Of course, us being nosy children we would see how far down the stairs we could go without being noticed. I am sure that it must have been food for thought in the consulting room.
Eventually a red leather door appeared, to divide the consulting room from the rest of the house. They built a waiting room and suddenly we were free to roam. No more games on the stairs or peeping through curtains. However, my curious nature and wish to know what my father did all day got the better of me and I just occasionally listened outside the grate near my father’s room, only to hear his voice, another, and then a silence. I couldn’t make head or tail of it at all. What were they talking about? Why the silence?

From time to time I was allowed into the sanctuary. My father wasn’t a very tidy man. His papers and all sorts of books would accumulate on his desk and around the room. Some Sundays he would ask me to help him tidy his room, look for things he had lost and try and sort out his mess. I loved it. I could try out his couch, ask him where he sat and help him make some sort of order out of chaos. I am not sure what we talked about but I recall loving the time together and how good it was to help him and to be allowed into his secret place.
It was fashionable for analysts to send their children for analysis. I like to think that I had no problems and it was just for fashion reasons alone. I had some years of child analysis with Esther Bick, pictured here in the middle with my mother on the left. I remember going up to her flat every day in the lift with some anxiety. What was this strange woman going to talk to me about today? She had a familiar sort of accent, as I was used to continental speakers and a gruff not very warm voice. Quite stern and purposeful. We played with sand, water and a doll’s house.

The daily routine of coming out of school for two hours was hard. Such that on one occasion I returned expecting to go to my favourite band session and found out that the time of the lesson had changed. The school made me walk around the garden for the rest of the lesson, on my own. I was six years old. This was a punishment usually for naughty children. I hadn’t done anything wrong and decided to walk home alone, much to my parent’s horror. They decided to move me from this school. I wonder how much this affected my relationship to psychoanalysis.

All three of us had analysis as children. My brother with Isabel Menzies, and my sister with Hannah Segal.
There were other sides to my father that I recall. He would have a private stash of Swiss or German chocolates that my mother carefully chose and bought for him from Ackerman near Finchley Road. He would sneak one into his mouth, thinking we didn’t notice. The times when I did notice, I would have to enter into a careful negotiation with him to convince him to part with his special chocolate. Very occasionally I won.

He also had a drawer full of lovely little brown homeopathic medicine bottles. To us of course these were sweets but it was a serious diagnostic interrogation if we were ill. He would read from his homeopathic textbook: do you feel the cold when you go outside? Are your feet hot? Is your throat dry? – amusing questions for a little girl with a runny nose.

I now recognize the holistic aspect of this and have myself sought homeopathy on occasions. We children always had arnica when we fell over and this still continues now with Herbert’s grandchildren.
My father held some things close to himself, like the chocolates. I expect that some of you will know aspects of this or other parts of him better than me. You will of course have experienced a very different side of Herbert Rosenfeld from the father I knew.

Life at home mostly worked like clockwork. Meals interspersed by the 50 minute sessions. Breakfast at 7.00-ish, lunch at 1.00pm then my father always had a siesta. It was a very continental way of life. He had a hot meal at lunchtime and then in the evening he would enjoy his supper of salami and Emmentaler cheese washed down by a small lager. Then off to a meeting, seminar, or the opera.
In the early seventies, my parents bought a house on the south coast in Angmering, West Sussex. This picture reminds me of Mögeldorf, and perhaps that’s no coincidence. In Angmering I enjoyed many hours of walking and talking with my father along the sand when the tide was low. It was a very special time to be with him. As I grew older he talked about his work which to be honest at the time I didn’t really understand, but he spoke with such enthusiasm and intensity that it was a joy to listen.
This is the back of the house and garden, facing the sea. From the sun room upstairs we would all sit and watch the beautiful vista of the ocean, the dramatic skies, and the very changeable coastal weather.

Walking along the beach I remember talking with my dad about my early work as a music therapist with a young, very withdrawn, schizophrenic woman who loved playing the piano. I played the cello and she would accompany me, or should I say I tried desperately hard to try and keep up with her very erratic rhythm. I remember my father saying that she needed to be in control and I needed to follow her and gently help her find a more stable rhythm and pace, and then for us to find a meeting place in the middle. In other words, to enter into her world and to slowly help her come into a reality, He taught me this way of working with patients, which has stayed with me.
Here are my parents enjoying a drink at a pub near Angmering in the late 1970s.

Talking about the family and religion for a moment, religion was not part of my growing up. Neither my mother or father came from a practicing Jewish household. I think as children that this was quite confusing. I felt different from many of the other children at school and I often yearned for a community where I could feel comfortable or share similar histories.

I have over the years found my own places to explore the effect my parents’ history may have had, as a 2nd generation survivor of the Holocaust.
In 1979 Herbert became a grandfather and my first child Tom was born. Here he is with Tom in London. There are now 7 grandchildren, and 7 great-grandchildren.
And here is my father six years later with my daughter Katy, on a rare visit to my home after we had moved from London to Sheffield. This was in 1985 on the occasion of the birth of my younger daughter Rebecca. Note his index finger. I remember that finger well.
Here it is again, playfully, with my mother – one of the photos I discovered on the last film in his camera after my father’s death.

We had visited my parents around Rebecca’s first birthday on 1st November 1986, the day before the sudden illness from which he would subsequently die. And now my story approaches its end.
On this, our last visit, my father had talked with me about beginning to reduce his work. He wanted to enjoy more opera and theatre and travel to India and other far away places. He was excited and I felt a sense of potential to get to know my father better and in a different way. Tragically, the next day I received a phone call just after 8pm from one of his colleagues. They had been waiting for him in his newly decorated seminar room.
He hadn’t appeared. They found him slumped over a book. He had had a stroke. In hospital my father typically tried hard to recover. His zest for life and wish to communicate was present for a while even though he had lost the power of speech. His eyes said a lot, and for someone who had spent so much of his life talking it felt unfair.

The various elements of his life collided for the first time. I found myself sharing his hospital bedside with one of his patients. Supervisees appeared; colleagues; more patients. Whose loss was the greatest? Do we talk to each other? We were sizing each other up. Fantasy was now a reality.

He died on November 29th 1986, at the age of 76.
As written in his obituary in the International Journal of Psycho-Analysis, his death came too soon – he had so much he wanted to do. He was described as a bit shy and distant at times, very warm and had a friendly nature, a soft and subtle sense of humour.

I think there was so much more to my father that we didn’t see or know. His look was always caring and loving and you’d know if he disapproved. He would look sternly at you and await a response. Often he had to wait a long time to get the response he was waiting for.

His funeral was very well attended. So many people, many of whom I had never met.

His second book, Impasse and Interpretation, was published just after his death. I am his literary executor and am constantly proud that the book is still of such interest and translated into many languages.

It was only after his death that I felt able to think about my own career pathway. Analysis has always been so much part of my life and although I had tried to turn away from it, I succumbed and trained as a group analyst.
One of my father’s legacies is that both my son and daughter Rebecca have qualified as medical doctors, following in their father and grandfather’s footsteps, and Katy has become a speech and language therapist specialising in children with autism. Here we are at this Institute in 2008, proudly standing under my father’s bust at the launch of John Steiner’s book “Herbert Rosenfeld in Retrospect”.

In many ways I feel that my father lives on in them. He would I am sure be so proud to see his growing family. I see aspects of him in all my three children, and now in my grandchildren. My youngest grandson was born a year ago. Katy rang us the day after he was born to tell us that they were calling him Samuel Herbert.

I was very moved. Although Katy didn’t really know her grandfather as she was only five years old when he died, she feels proud of him and wanted him remembered and for her son to ask about his great-grandfather.
Let me introduce you to Samuel Herbert. His concentration and eye contact are very familiar.

It has been hard to find the words to describe my father. He was so present yet so unavailable. I suspect that that is the nature of being an analyst’s child. As I said earlier, he never spoke to me about leaving Germany and the effect it had on him. There remain many gaps in the story which I guess we will never know. Many questions that I too would have liked to ask him.

I am grateful to you for offering me this opportunity to share these memories of my father. Preparing this presentation has been a voyage of discovery for me, both emotional and joyous. It seems fitting to be here again at the Institute of Psychoanalysis. He would be so pleased to know that he is still being celebrated almost 30 years after his death.
My father, Herbert Rosenfeld

Thank you

Thank you.