

I thought: Ice prince Bäumler is the love of Sür's life

He always looked at me. He hypnotized me. I couldn't read my lines. I got butterflies inside. This Christian Doermer, with whom I shot the TV game "Das Cello" in Saarbrücken, excited me terribly.

I went weak at the knees when we drove back to the hotel together. We climbed the stairs to the 1st floor. There was my room. Suddenly he took me in his arms, kissed me for a long time and then said coolly:

"Don't be surprised. I'll do that more often!"

Christian Doermer was an amazing guy. All thoughts of my long-time boyfriend Ulli were wiped away here in Saarbrücken. It was as if Doermer had bewitched me.

**Written by
ROBERT MENKE**

Every afternoon he came to my room. We drank tea, he read me visionary texts by Nietzsche, the philosopher who went mad.

Sometimes I had the impression that everything was not quite right with Christian either. For example, he said: "I absolutely have to read Nietzsche backwards!" And finally he did.

It was a love story like in a difficult dream: oppressive, compulsive. And without fulfillment.

We went for a walk on the Saar, in the rain. There was a houseboat on which you could drink coffee. We went there; Christian Doermer suddenly: "I will call you Katharina!"

I started writing letters to myself

"What's with that?" "It suits you better.

Basta. From now on, my name was Katharina. And felt like the rabbit in front of the snake.

It was a strange state — half reality, half nightmare. In addition, I played a girl in "Cello" who is the only heiress and is systematically driven crazy by her family.

I stepped into the role, lived the creeping madness of the girl. Suddenly, at one of our teas, Christian Doermer said: "You are not good."

Of all people, the fascinating Mr Doermer — whom I loved so much — thought I was bad!

I took Christian's accusation bitterly seriously: "Where is the nearest psychiatric hospital here?" Telephoned the head doctor. Explained the situation to him: "I am an actress, I have to play a schizophrenic — and know too little about the disease! Can I

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Hans-Jürgen Bäumler and Helga Anders with black short hair wig in the film "00 Sex am Wolfgangsee". She was fascinated by Bäumler from the first moment, forgot Christian Doermer.

visit you?"

I drove cross country by taxi for hours. . . I saw the single cells, walked through the large halls full of mentally ill people. I heard the constant, ghostly music. Seeing these mentally disturbed people rocked me. For a long time, I could not talk to anyone about the experience.

Of course, I did not suspect that I would later — albeit for other reasons —

be a patient in mental hospitals, tortured by horror images, held down by psychotropic drugs.

At that time, in Saarbrücken, I lived on as if in a trance: tea time with Christian, Nietzsche, the role. ■ I started writing letters to myself.

I was in a very unstable state. That's why my director found me particularly good.

On the last day of shooting, I went to bed with him in his room. He stroked me and said: "You feel like a cat."

That's it. Nothing happened. We fell asleep together — and broke up the next morning.

There was another film, another affair.

We were considered the ideal couple

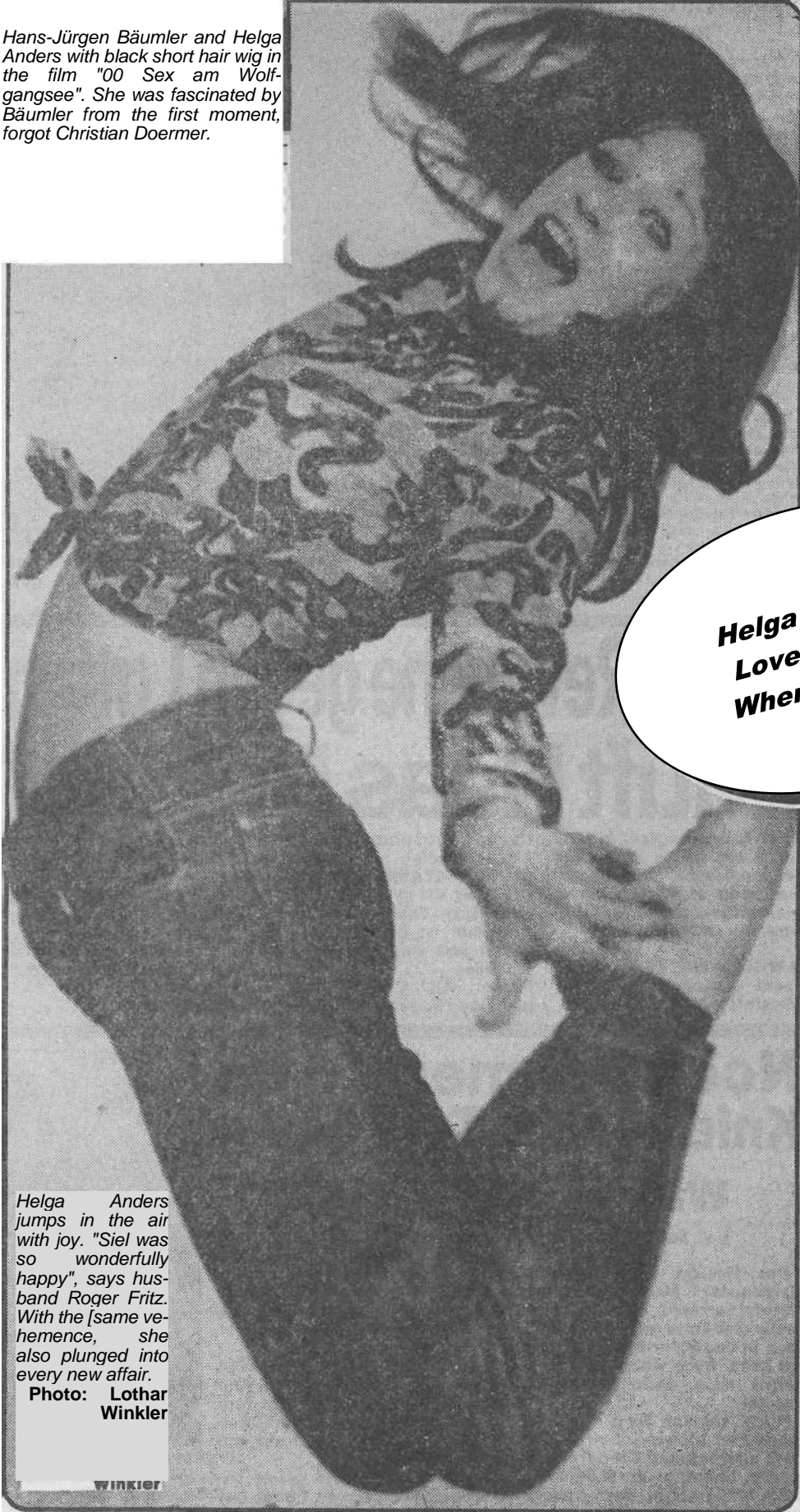
The Wolfgangsee. I'm shooting a silly comedy, directed by Franz Antel, with the mischievous title "006 am Wolfgangsee". We are sitting in a hotel in St. Gilgen.

Appearance of the ice prince Hans-Jürgen Bäumler. He has the talent to set the tone in a society immediately. He is incredibly funny, can tell a wonderful story. Everyone looks up to him, admires him. He is introduced to me.

I admire him greatly.

And we stay in the same hotel. We ac in the same film. In the evening, we dance cheek to cheek to Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night" — this is the world hit of that time.

**Helga Anders:
Love-tell me:
Where you are**



Helga Anders jumps in the air with joy. "Siel was so wonderfully happy", says husband Roger Fritz. With the [same vehemence, she also plunged into every new affair.

Photo: Lothar Winkler

WINKLER

At some point, it became a proper relationship. With visits to Hans-Jürgen's mother in Garmisch. Again, I believed: this is love for life. My worst mistake — that I have always believed so absolutely in great love. And then I crashed all the more horribly.

Hans-Jürgen Bäumler spoiled me like hardly anyone else.

We would drive to the Mondsee in the Salzkammergut, to an old castle. There were wonderful crepes, the wafer-thin French omelettes with chocolate filling, and to finish we always drank a peppermint liqueur.

We were considered the ideal couple. But I ruined everything.

Tomorrow you will read:

Helga Anders meets the man who will turn her life upside down: Roger Fritz.

In the beginning it was really not love. He found her "horrible", she just thought he was exotic..