

# Three Months of Nervous Clinic- What Did I Do

Since I left the sanatorium in Furth im Wald in the spring of 1979, I have not drunk a drop of alcohol. But the ghosts of my past life continued to haunt me.

In the summer of 1982, I filmed the 13-part television series "The Leaning Tower of Herbert Korn" in Italy.

Heat, stress, friction in the team gradually brought me into a state of emergency.

I suddenly had the feeling of living in the Nazi era — I only knew what it was like from hearsay (I arrived three years after the end of the war).

## About the Dark Power Hunt

There were Jewish colleagues in our team. Then old mental injuries broke out in me, caused by photos and films from concentration camps, which I saw as a young girl.

Since this torture, I've had a downright obsessive aversion to all racism, violence and war.

Recorded  
by Robert Menke

In Rome in 1982, all of this mysteriously condensed into a kind of persecution delusion.

**I felt monitored, spied on, hunted by secret powers.** I sprinkled salt on my diary entries to see if anyone was reading them. I stretched threads through my room in the apartment hotel "Palazzo Velabro" to expose intruders.

## I did something totally crazy

**I was really scared of being poisoned.** My handwriting changed drastically, became very small.

I still don't know where this insane guilt complex comes from.

I know that my mother, as a young girl, together with Eva Braun — the later lover of Adolf Hitler — completed a photo apprenticeship at "Foto Hoffmann" in Munich and was friends with her. That Himmler, Goebbels and Göring appeared there. That the

girls from "Foto Hoffmann" also made lunch with Hitler — meatloaf and bread rolls, completely harmless. And in the afternoon they went to Dante-Bad.

Perhaps it is the combination of these details with the horror images of the concentration camps that created an abysmal sense of guilt in me.

**I suffered a total nervous breakdown in Rome. I shouted: "I am Hitler's daughter!" and similar nonsense.**

The filming had to be stopped. There were damages of more than one million marks. I came to the Max Planck Institute for Psychiatry in Munich. For a week, I was "calmed down". Then I returned to my beautiful apartment near the Isar.

I lived relatively normally over the next few weeks, albeit

I sold my old furniture, my antiques, to enter my new life in the high-rise building with as little "burdens" as possible.

In "Arabella-Haus" I had the feeling of being pushed into a huge container. And the apartment there was also 300 marks a month more expensive than my old one.

## The fear of going to the door

**In the "Arabella-Haus" my depression became worse again.** Soon all I did was lie in bed and take tranquilisers and sleeping pills.

I didn't leave the apartment, I didn't go shopping anymore.

Only once did I venture out: for two days of filming for the

He told me not to do that. I talked to my doctor on the phone. He also begged me not to take any tablets. I swallowed a whole box of "narcotics".

After two hours, I became more and more gloomy and worse. I got scared and alerted the emergency doctor.

When he came, my home was filled with smoke: I had dropped burning cigarettes, they were smouldering in front of me. Delusions, cramps all over the body. Tongue and maxillofacial paralysis due to heavy medication — so began three months in the Munich University Neurology Clinic.

**The doctors said my condition had nothing to do with alcoholism. There**



Photo: Roger Fritz

White dress, white furniture, white walls, a few potted plants and a black and white antique mirror: Helga Anders in the Schwabing three-room apartment, where she has been living since February with her daughter Les???" "I lay my whole life ahead of me again, hopefully I'll be more fortunate", she said.

## Helga Anders: Love-tell me, Where you are

under strong anti-depressant Uschi-Glas series "Our beautiful life".

**Then I did something completely crazy: I gave up the apartment I loved so much and moved into the large-scale housing complex "Arabella-Haus". I had the fixed idea that I had to live in a high-rise — like in New York.**

I somehow got through it. But on the evening of the second day, when I came home, I was completely at the end of my tether. A friend from Berlin called. I said: "I am now taking tablets — many tablets."

I've started a new life, in a new apartment. I'm doing the therapy. I try to be clear about my person, my mistakes — this picture series is also part of it.

What did I do wrong, what went wrong?

**I have always been guided, determined, influenced by other people. I never found myself, never lived my own life.**

**I am now 35. It is still not too late.**