

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

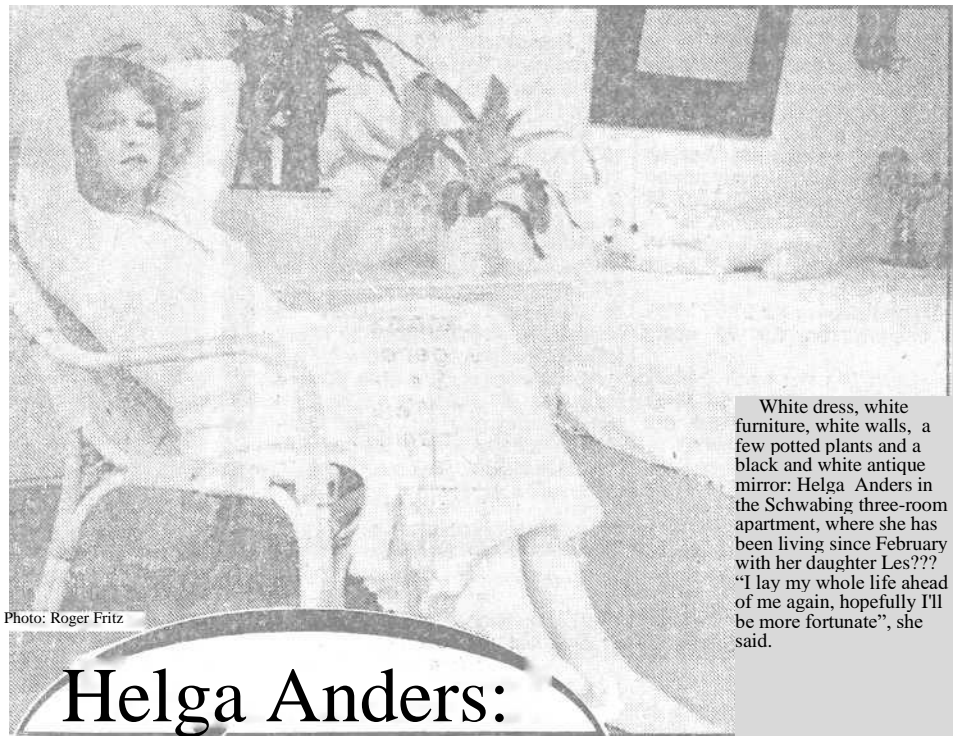


Photo: Roger Fritz

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.