

A crazy couple: we kissed and we hit each other

Pregnant, I shot perhaps my best film, "Tattoo" – by Johannes Schaaf. Pregnant, I moved around Italy with Roger: to Spoleto to see the world-famous composer Gian-Carlo Menotti, to Rome to see the great director Luchino Visconti, Roger's best friend. He wanted to introduce me to everyone.

Written by HÖBEST MENKE

So I sat, with a big belly, at festive tables where butlers served us, not understanding a word of Italian and being the future Mrs Fritz.

Pregnant, I then got married: in a knitted black silk pantsuit, with a huge old black hat on my head. I had acquired the outfit in Spoleto. We wanted to make this wedding a totally non-bourgeois pop-culture event.

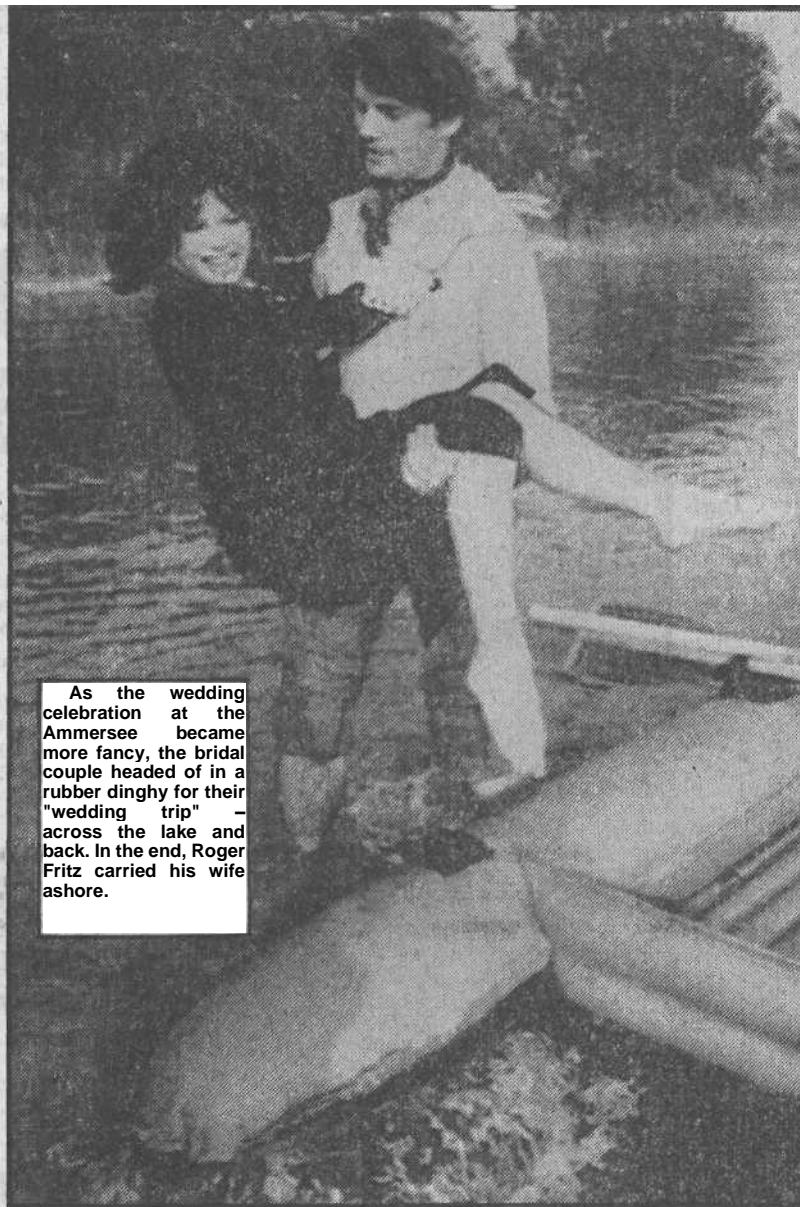
As we drove to the registry office in Munich – fast! – the fruit for the wedding feast bounced around in the back of our VW convertible. We bought the bridal bouquet on the way: pink roses.

At the end there were just radishes and cheese.

The champagne flowed in streams, then we drove like maniacs out to the Ammersee, to the lakeside property of photographer Marino Lazzaroni.

In the large garden there were pinball and foosball machines. Radishes and cheese lay around in mountains.

It was hot on this August day of 1967. Many guests were wearing bikinis and swimming trunks. They



As the wedding celebration at the Ammersee became more fancy, the bridal couple headed off in a rubber dinghy for their "wedding trip" – across the lake and back. In the end, Roger Fritz carried his wife ashore.



The wedding guests, casually dressed like the bride and groom, waded again and again in the Ammersee, and on land they drank champagne and ate radishes. From left: Manika Lundi, Voiker Schlaendorff, a couple of friends, Roger Fritz

splashed in the water, Allotria drifting with a rubber dinghy.

Roger had arranged fireworks for the evening. Then a chartered Ammersee steamer came and took us on board. The fireworks went off. It was all like in a crazy dream,

and we drank as if drinking was going to be banned the next day.

Max Scheier, Anders Holmquist, Will McBride – and at times Roger Fritz – photographed this first German pop heyday from dawn to dusk: it was the most creative team of photographers you could get together in Germany in those years.

The wedding did not end until the next morning. The pregnant bride came to bed around seven in the morning. And the bride was smashed.

Now the everyday life of this marriage was about to begin. But there was no everyday life when it came to me and Roger.

Helga Anders: Tell me, love: where are you?

We kissed and we hit each other. One of us was always on the go, didn't come home at night – we made Schwabing our haunt, drinking the nightclubs dry. And then there was always quarrelling. For example, we played "Risk" late at night. Roger cheated – often. It really annoyed me. I would said: "I won't play anymore if you're always going to cheat!" Once again, he threw the game board in the air, smashed a tray of glasses on the floor and smacked me. That's when I hit back. I'll admit that

at that time, I certainly had a way of driving Roger into a rage – especially when I was drunk.

I got a wicked pleasure out of provoking him. During the last period of my pregnancy, Roger was intensively involved with the film "Jet Generation". He had put all the money he had earned with "Girls, Girls" into this project:

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"You have to be willing to take risks," he said. Film critic Eckart Schmidt directed. Roger played the lead role. It was about the Munich jet set – and it was a flop. I hated this film from the beginning: because I couldn't be in it, because Roger didn't have time for me.

"I was fretting terribly..."

I was lonely, sitting in that huge apartment – everyone else was busy. I lugged the bags from the supermarket up four flights of stairs to feed the others. I found myself feeling horrible with my big belly. I was jealous of the people Roger was shooting with – the pretty slender women around him.

The child did not want to come. I was already two days overdue.

My gynaecologist gave me some rather frivolous advice: "Drive your car through the villages, even through a few potholes, and you'll be fine."

"We did, and it didn't help. "The child is too big, we have to induce the birth," the doctor said.

The birth was induced. I was in the delivery room, hooked up to an IV. The contractions were coming – but not the baby. In the middle of labour, I was also dealing with an autograph hunter. He had managed to be put through to the delivery room. He said, "Would you be so kind as to send me and my wife an autograph?" The second induction of labour also failed. Caesarean section. It was a daughter – born on October 18th, 1967. Roger came with a big bouquet of flowers: desperate, happy, slightly miffed. We named our daughter Leslie Tatjana. Why? Roger wrote down a list of the names of all his ex-girlfriends – among them, we liked Leslie the best. And I brought in Tatjana. It is my favourite novella by Curt Goetz.

Tomorrow you will read:

Helga Anders is drinking more and more. The marriage with Roger Fritz is falling apart. She is attempting suicide.

At the time, she believed every woman had a right to have an abortion. Today, she considers abortion a crime – against the woman, against the unborn.



"Being different" from the others was the motto of their wedding. Roger Fritz in a colourful plaid shirt with a silk bow, Helga in a grandmother's hat and knitted suit in front of the registry office.

Adjustable windows, the comfort package. And the holiday fund will be happy about 33 kW/45 DIN horsepower, about 140 km/h and 5 gears for less fuel consumption. Attention: Limited stock!