

Divorce! I drank and wanted to die

In the morning I drank half a bottle of champagne in the mask to numb my fears about work. While turning, I drank stomach bitters from small bottles. Or I got cognac from the decoration. I had my hiding places everywhere, in all German TV stations.

My stage fright grew bigger and bigger and grew into panic. I had to drink more and more to be able to work at all. And I did not work badly in the years of my wildest drunkenness:

For example, Strindberg's "Dance of Death", directed by Rudolf Noelte, at the Schloßparktheater in Berlin, became a national theatre event.

But because my tolerance was getting less and less, my breakdowns became more frequent.

My friend, a Munich painter and art teacher, accompanied me for three days to shoot near Salzburg: to control me at every second so that I do not drink.

In the morning, I was already

I drank as soon as he was gone. And fell over. While shooting the "Blue Palace" by Rainer Erler, my breakdown was so complete that I had to take a break for several days.

I was insane in the hotel room, got injections for reassurance, to let me sleep.

When I shot a "Derrick" with Horst Tappert, I was so full early in the morning that I could no longer stand in front of the camera.

I had to go to the hotel. My hands fluttered, I was shaking all over my body. I was unable to read even one sentence of text.

Again and again, I have tried to detach myself from alcohol. I have done a private "withdrawal" several times — for days, locked in a hotel room. And then I might even stay "dry" for three months.

I remember the nightmarish "cure" in Berlin, where I was playing at the Schiller Theatre. I had chills and insane sweats. A friend took care of me,

He had dragged batteries of mineral water. Although I was stuffed with sedative tablets, I shouted at him: "You pig, bring me something"

to drink: He got a pink tablecloth from somewhere, lit candles, cooked a dinner for the two of us — somewhere in a strange, desolate hotel.

Thomas was one of the few bright spots in those years when alcohol threatened to destroy my life.

In 1974, I divorced Roger Fritz — it

Thomas Fritsch - her stop in the forest

Helga Anders and Thomas Fritsch during a forest walk in Ticino. It was her only break during the time when she became increasingly dependent on alcohol. It was a selfless friendship without sex.

Photo: Holger Holmquist

Helga Andres: Love, tell me where you are

And I voluntarily went to a clinic in Munich — for the first time.

The withdrawal treatment lasted five weeks. It was a farce. Because I smuggled the alcohol I needed into the clinic.

When I woke up in the morning, I already jitters. On the other hand, I first drank sparkling wine. And then swallowed two or three heavy calcium tablets.

This combination meant a catastrophic increase in my addiction.

Written by Robert Menke

When I was discharged from the clinic, nothing had gotten better.

My friend, the art teacher, sometimes cried in despair. This relationship also failed because of my drunkenness.

I shot "The Power Gang" in Baden-Baden. On a shooting day, I had to appear in a great 1920s dress. I had already drunk

in the mask, on the toilet.

I strutted into the studio in my high heels. Then it was over: crying spasm, sweats, tremors ...

They took me to a private sanatorium. There, I was to recover for 14 days. I got ozone baths, massages, body shots — for free.

When I was discharged, I continued to drink. I was hardly hungry, didn't have to eat much anymore.

I caused terrible car accidents. I slept with men I didn't want anything from — and disgusted myself.

In such situations, I tried to commit suicide.

Once, I sat down in

a bathtub full of water and threw in the switched-on hair dryer. This, I had always read, was a sure-fire way to do it.

The hair dryer I used had low current — nothing happened to me.

Tomorrow you will read:

With 30 bottles of champagne and a handful of sleeping pills, Helga Anders tries to take her own life for the second time.

She goes on a withdrawal treatment that ends horribly.

The 1st time He wrapped me in a blanket

T It was like a fairy tale. Half-timbered houses' cobblestone pavement, romantic gables, slotted windows. "Here in Riquewihr, in the middle of the Alsatian wine country, Ulli and I in a sweet little restaurant with checkered curtains and tablecloths.

We ate Alsatian sauerkraut and sausages and drank a great wine — much, very much, out of sheer excitement. Then Ulli asked the fateful question: "Do you have a double room?"

Only a side house had something free, in a half-timbered cottage with a heavy oak door. We had a small anteroom with a table and a rocking chair. In the bedroom were two huge grandmother beds made of dark brown wood.

We went to bed together. And immediately,

I sat in a rocking chair, me wrapped in a blanket being served breakfast. He took care of me and pampered me as if I were pregnant.

I thought at the time: this is love for life. We will have children. We will never part again.

Do you grow eye lashes from love?

I secretly saw the car mirror on the way back. I suddenly had the feeling

D but all was well in my world at the time. And I was just shooting a television series, eight episodes. It described the healthy world of a German family: "Der Forellenhof".

It was about a family that runs a hotel with trout farming in the Black Forest. No comparison with the family terror of "Dallas" or the "Denver Clan" today.

I idolised Hans Söhnker, who played my father, I bathed in success, got autograph mail bag by bag, had to give all kinds of interviews. @

A television magazine wrote: "It is really amazing how changeable the young actor Helga Anders is. The young lady has not had proper acting lessons in her entire life."

Written by ROBERT
MENKE

That's true. I struggled with the hardest ballet training for eight years — first in Bielefeld, then in Munich, because ballet was my great love. But I never had acting lessons.

When it came to that, Ernst Fritz Fürbringer, the great actor, told me: "Don't do it! You can already do whatever you'd learn there. You're a natural. At acting school, they just spoil your instinctive security."

Hans Söhnker and Adolf Dell fishing in the trout pond. The two played father and grandfather of Helga Anders in the TV series "Forellenhof"

slept — the wine had made us tired.

The next day we ate a lot again and drank even more, and nothing happened again.

I was afraid. So that Ulli does not notice anything, I talked a lot about my erotic adventures. I told things, I didn't even know if it was done that way...

Nothing happened for three days. Then it happened. And it was very different from what I imagined, much nicer. When I woke up the next morning, Ulli showed me

that my eyelashes had grown. **Do you get longer eyelashes from love?**

In an Alsatian village, we bought a small stork made of plaster in a souvenir shop. Such storks were a symbol of the area there.

I wrote the decisive date on the stork and later received a necklace with a heart of gold from Ulli, also with the date of the lucky day.

The stork is gone, the necklace has long since disappeared ...

Through "Forellenhof" I became something like Germans' favorite

child.

During this time, Helga-Anders fan clubs were founded everywhere. I first got the bronze "Bravo", then the silver "Otto", and finally the gold "Otto".

And I was happy with "Ulli. We often drove to Alsace. We travelled to Italy, spent our last penny in London. It was clear: we wanted to get married. But we still had so much time... I moved to his parents' house at Tegernsee.

Her hair with funny bows tied up, wrapped in a bath towel, Helga Anders sits in a basket chair: Just the fresh girl from the bright world of the "trout farm". How quickly this impression would change.

There was so much to do. I had one offer after another. So we saw each other less and less.

There was, for example, the chance to shoot the old film hit "Der Kongreß tanzt" (The Congress Dances) (with Lilian Harvey and Willi Fritsch) again, in color, under the new title "Der Kongress amüsiert sich" ("The Congress is Having a Good Time").

A When I introduced myself to the director, Geza von Radvanyi, in Munich, I had my finest clothes on: a pink princess coat and the white Courreges boots. He took me.

A bear roars: It's

I trembled before Curd Jürgens. I don't know how I sat in the mask in Vienna and got makeup put

Suddenly, I heard a rumbling, warm, deep voice behind me. **There was a bear roaring!** That could only be Curd Jürgens.

There he was, standing in front of me, probably three times my size. He took me in his arms, very tenderly, fatherly.

At that moment, the shock shot through my head. How was I supposed to dance the big opening waltz of the Congress of Vienna with this giant — where I only reached the curd up to the belly button?

On Monday you will

The little Helga Anders (1.64 m) dancing with the giant Curd Jürgens (1.92

m) the strangest and funniest waltz of her life. "Congress is having fun" premieres. Helga Anders has tears in her eyes. She feels betrayed and sold out.