



This broodingly handsome actor has achieved fame, wealth, and a happy home life—yet he is haunted by memories of growing up in the ruins of war

years after the war. So, at 11, I started to support my family, doing all the chores of a man. I learned a lot in a hurry.

"My younger sister Heidi caught typhoid. Since the hospitals didn't serve food to patients, we had to provide for her ourselves. I remember coming back from the country on the train one day, my rucksack packed with liverwurst for Heidi. I told the people on the train how much she needed food. That's why I was doubly shocked when the man next to me stole the liverwurst. But later I forgave him; I felt he must have been terribly hungry to do such a thing, and I knew what it meant to be hungry."

Horst and his family lived almost entirely by bartering with peasants in the country surrounding Berlin. The toughest part was escaping the gangs of thieves seeking food.

"If the trains were crowded, which they usually were, I learned to ride on the roof or on the steps or tie myself onto the door," Horst said. "Very often, when the trains came to a bend and had to slow down, gangs rushed up to tear our sacks away. Later the police confiscated goods as well."

THE NEED for money to help support his family was the prime motive that pushed Horst into the theater. "I never wanted to be an actor," he insists.

"I went to school from 8 a. m. to noon, dubbed films till 5 or 6 p. m., and had a quick bite at a canteen before going to the radio station where I sometimes worked until 4 a. m.," he recalls. "Then I went home, slept, had breakfast, and was back in school at 8 the next morning. I quit school two years before I would have graduated and enrolled in a drama school."

When Horst was 17, he left his family's home in East Berlin and moved to West Berlin. "In West Berlin they paid more money for the same work I did in East Berlin," he explained. His sympathy wasn't exactly with the East German regime, either, but like many of his countrymen who have relatives in the Soviet-controlled

sector, he refuses to be drawn into political talk—at least for publication.

Horst first drew wide attention to himself in a German film, "The Half-Strong Ones," a study of postwar youth who grew up trading in the black market, roaring around on motorcycles, and dancing rock 'n' roll. As a result, Buchholz became the hero of Germany's beatniks.

Horst made his American film debut as one of the leads in "The Magnificent Seven," in which he was miscast as a Western hero. But the West intrigued Horst, and he still watches every Western movie he can. For a while it influenced his manner of dress as well. It was not unusual for him to cruise around in his convertible wearing denim and a 10-gallon hat, but he rebelled when the studio tried to Westernize his name to Buck Holz.

MUCH OF Horst's appeal is due to the intensity that characterizes his performances as well as his private life. He never does anything halfway.

Not long ago we attended a party at the home of a mutual friend. Horst soon found himself a chess partner, and for the rest of the evening he was oblivious to everyone and everything, including his wife Myriam, who has grown used to this.

Horst met the former Myriam Bru when they appeared together in a German-Italian film. After a brief romance, he called her in Rome from London, where he was working on the film, "Tiger Bay."

"I feel lonely without you," he told her. She promptly alleviated this condition by flying to England, and Horst proposed the next day. They now have two children, a son, Christopher, 1, and a daughter, Beatrice, eight weeks old.

Although Horst's salary per film has climbed above the \$100,000 mark, he readily admits that he lives far beyond his means. "I don't throw money out the window," he insists, "but I don't want to hang onto it, either. Maybe because I subconsciously feel that nothing—including life itself—is very secure these days."

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