

MEN WHO WANT TO BE WOMEN



Susan, the businessman.

Born too soon for a sex-change ... now they can only look the part



Stella, the headmaster ... got wolf whistles at the dance.

THE CASE OF HELEN

Girl who fooled the office party

"HELEN" is a 43-year-old company accountant in the North-west who went to amazing lengths to prove that he could pass as a woman in public. He chose to test his "Helen" image — at the firm's Christmas Party. Quote: "It was the perfect opportunity because it could be passed off as a bit of fun. Only I know how desperately important it was to me. It was a hundred per cent success. My boss invited me in, offered me a drink and then asked me what my qualifications were."

A joke

Of course it was all a great joke when it came out and he insisted on carrying it on, introducing me to everyone as my own sister.

There are more of Helen's clothes in my wardrobe than my own. My wife accepts the situation. The children, who are teenagers, wouldn't understand.

If I was on my own I would jump at the chance of a sex change operation. But I've got a wife, children, mortgage, family responsibilities. It would break up the family.

So, provided I can regularly become Helen, my real self. I'm going to live with it.

NEXT WEEK

How wives and girl-friends react when the man in their lives reveals his secret.

THE CASE OF SUSAN

"SUSAN" is a 43-year-old Bedfordshire businessman—tough and aggressive at work, yet longing to escape to the gentler identity of a woman.

His wife had a vague idea of his problem but one day came the shattering discovery. Quote:

"I found myself dressing in my wife's clothes when she was out, trying to be the woman I felt myself to be. Then one evening my wife came home early. I remember the terrible panic of hearing the key in the door. I seemed to go cold and then limp with fright. Then there was this realisation that this was the moment that had to be faced. She didn't say anything—just walked across the room to put her coat away. The fact that she said nothing said everything. We were divorced. Now I

When a wife discovered the truth

am married to someone who understands my problem — and accepts Susan.

It is terribly difficult to become Susan without looking ridiculous. I have these big thumbs and shoulders. One is so frightened of ridicule.

A doctor recommended aversion therapy. I had to dress in my "regalia" as they called it. They gave me an injection to make me sick.

It did — but only the first time and the treatment ended up a failure.

I don't see how they can make something as deep-rooted as this go away.

THE CASE OF ROSEMARY

"ROSEMARY" is the high-ranking officer who throughout his career has secretly dressed as a woman at least once a week.

But for him it poses more than the usual difficulties. Quote:

"Being in the Forces, I can't go to my doctor about it. You can imagine what would happen to my career."

I remember slipping up one day when my batman found a nylon stocking under my bed.

He never guessed it was mine. He gave me a knowing look and said: "I hope you had a pleasant evening, sir."

I started wearing my mother's clothes when I was about eight or nine. By the time I was 26 I had a complete wardrobe of my own.

I used to get in the car and drive around as a woman—can't explain why.

An officer not always a gentleman

All I know is it gave me a feeling of tranquillity and well-being.

My wardrobe now consists of seven dresses, two skirts, three blouses, two coats and two pairs of boots.

When at last I decided to tell my wife of my compulsion I did so by letter, telling her that none of this affected my love for her and she was still the one who made my life worth living. I told her I couldn't live a lie and there were wives living locally who could help her to understand.

Fortunately, she is very understanding, and we are still happy together.

THE CASE OF STELLA

"STELLA" drew admiring glances and wolf whistles at a dancehall in the north.

Which would surprise the 1,000 pupils at a certain school—because "Stella" is their headmaster.

When not going out on the town in black satin dress and brunette wig, "Stella" is a 37-year-old bachelor. Quote:

"I enjoy my job as a headmaster. But I've been dressing in women's clothes for as long as I remember."

There is a change of my personality when I dress. I instinctively take on feminine characteristics.

I'm amazed as anyone at the transformation. Colleagues have seen me as Stella and haven't recognised me.

I once met a friend in a club when I was dressed as Stella and, just for the hell of it, went over and said:

What the Head's pupils don't know

"Come on, buy a girl a drink." He did and chatted me up—not a flicker of recognition on his face.

Mind you, heavy make-up is absolutely essential for disguise.

THE CASE OF ELIZABETH

"ELIZABETH" is a top scientist who has had learned papers published in his real name.

At 58 he looks the typical wealthy commuter, pipe-smoking in charcoal-grey suit. But in Central London he goes to a private flat, changes and then emerges ... as a quietly dressed, middle-aged woman. Quote:

"Being born 20 years too early stopped me having a sex-change operation. But at the time of my life when I could have made the change, medical skills weren't what they are today. This is my compromise."

Becoming Elizabeth is like becoming my real self. I am at peace—a whole person.

I married in the hope that it would cure me, but it didn't.

I was being mentally stretched on a rack. And there was no one to share it with because I dare not tell my wife about it.

She never suspected anything. She used to say I never took any interest in what she wore, but the truth was I was totally fascinated.

Scientist who told his kids

I may have looked nonchalant when we went shopping, but in fact, nothing would have kept me away. I kept trying to visualise how the clothes my wife was looking at would suit Elizabeth.

Eventually I told my wife about it. That was a mistake—a disaster. She just can't bear to talk about it.

A couple of years ago I decided to tell our children, as they were now grown up. We talked in a relaxed way and then my daughter threw her arms around me and said: "Don't worry, daddy, we know how you feel. We understand."

I suppose that to be a mother is the wish I have cherished above all. I never could be.

I had to be a father instead.

