

EXCLUSIVE: The incredible story of a bride's dilemma

THE TRUTH ABOUT MY SEX-CHANGE OP

By LADY GEORGIA



Georgia at 17: In the swim of society

THE BEAUTIFUL Georgia, Lady Colin Campbell told for the first time last night of the truth behind stories that she had undergone a sex-change operation in her teens. And she revealed that her stormy marriage to Lord Colin Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyll, is over.

They are now divorced, with a quickie-style West Indies decree on the ground of mutual incompatibility.

Lady Colin pulled at her long brown hair nervously as she told the incredible story of how she was registered at birth as a boy.

For nearly 14 of her 25 years she lived a lie. She was dressed as a boy by her family. She was not told she was physically a girl. And she was sent to an all-boys' secondary school.

By **Steve Bishop**

husky voice, Georgia went on to tell her amazing story:

I was born in the Nuttall Hospital and Mummy had the society obstetrician in attendance. He wasn't really a proper obstetrician, but he used to give children such beautiful belly buttons that he became fashionable.

When I was delivered, the doctors and nurses weren't sure immediately if I was a boy or a girl.

Of course, in those days and in Jamaica, this sort of thing wasn't as well known as it is today. And my parents were totally ignorant about sexual matters.

Mummy was only 21 and Daddy was 30 and they had never been exposed to anything like this. This had a lot to do with it.

My father didn't know what to do when it came to registering my birth and he didn't consult the doctors.

What he did was to ask a cousin of his to register me and he took it upon himself to register me as a boy.

Bitterness

Sitting in her flat at Notting Hill, London, which she shares with her brother she said: "I want to tell my side of the story now. There have been so many lies told about me that I want to put the record straight."

She was referring to reports that she underwent a sex-change operation at the age of 18 and that she did not tell her bridegroom about it. She also scoffed at reports that last month they were happily reunited after a four-month separation.

"That really amused me," she said. "That report was five days after our divorce."

In spite of all that has happened to her she bears no animosity or bitterness towards her parents or her ex-husband. "I can understand why my parents did what they did to me and I am still very fond of—maybe in love with—Colin," she said.

6 Mummy and Daddy thought I was a boy when I was born. And for years I was dressed as a boy 9

Georgia was born in August 1949 in Kingston, Jamaica, the daughter of Mr and Mrs Michael Ziadie. Her father, an extremely rich businessman, ran a department store.

The family was one of the top six on the island when it came to high society and had nine servants.

Having established that background with her soft,



Wedding day picture: Lord Colin Campbell and Georgia

a girl and given girl's toys like dolls.

But our family was a very prominent one and at that stage of the game if they had corrected the mistake it would have created a certain amount of talk and gossip.

My parents thought it would be very easy to talk about it 'tomorrow'. There was no pressing reason. I had very little contact with my parents, though. I was brought up by nannies.

From the age of four, I went to a mixed school. I was still dressed as a boy and was teased by other children because I took my dolls to school.

Then, when I was 10 my father sent me to his old school, St George's College, which was all boys. I think he wanted the school to make a man of me, so to speak.

But I played with my dolls until I was 13. I used to make the most fantastic dolls' dresses. Eventually, I started to think about my sex.

I hadn't been allowed to take part in the weekly compulsory exercises—my mother sent an excuse to the headmaster. And I didn't take part in any of the voluntary sports. Far from it—I used to keep well clear.

Murder

I became aware of sex and concerned about it which at that age I think was purely from a biological point of view.

It was my first period that made me determined to see a doctor and I arranged an appointment myself.

There was no one else to talk to and no one else to help. No one had told me about sex. When I saw him he immediately phoned my mother and said he wanted to see her.

Before the appointment my grandfather, my mother's father, was brutally murdered by a thief. He was hit repeatedly with a plank containing many long nails. Then he was slashed with a machete.

My grandfather's murder had a terrible effect on my mother who went to pieces. And it had horrendous consequences on me because I was the only child at home.

What with this and the worry about my sex I lost weight and lost sleep and cracked up. Three months later I was checked into hospital unconscious.

Charade

It was the day before my 14th birthday and I was upset about that. While I was in hospital, the doctors decided they would have to do something about my sexual position.

They carried out a very minor operation and had a long chat with my parents. So when I came out I was a girl through and through. The charade came to an end.

I was bitter at first but never confused. It didn't affect my childhood and wasn't detrimental because I'd led such an isolated life.

Instead of the boys' school, I was given private tutoring. And at 15 I re-

member being thrilled at wearing a trouser suit by Yves St Laurent to a ball and dancing with young men.

Until I was 18, I was seldom allowed out. We weren't allowed to date and we were only allowed to go to parties if my parents knew who was going to be there.

Then at 18 I left Jamaica for New York with a guardian to make my debut and to study design. Because of my sheltered life I couldn't even make instant coffee.

I always put the water in first and then added the coffee afterwards.

But the fact that I'd lived so long dressed as a boy didn't affect me sexually. Far from it. I lost my virginity before I was 20.

Butterfly

I didn't enjoy it the first time. I defy any woman to say she enjoyed it the first time. But after that, I found it extremely enjoyable.

Soon after I arrived in New York, I met a Polish prince at a party. I was still an innocent in every sense of the word at this time.

He pestered me for a date for six weeks and a fortnight after I said yes, we were engaged. It lasted five months. Then he found out he had leukaemia and committed suicide.

He wrote a note saying he didn't want me to go through the experience of watching him die slowly. After that, I stopped feeling and became a butterfly.

His death was a far



Now back in London, Georgia says: "Our marriage is over"

Picture by David Hooley

tougher blow than what had happened in my childhood.

Among my many friends at this time were people like Alexander Onassis. Everyone knew of my background and it didn't bother anyone.

Then in March 1974, I was staying with Colin's sister, Lady Jeanne, in New York. I'd only known her for about three weeks.

Colin was one of a number of people at a party and I hardly took any notice of him to start with. Then he started talking about Fiji and India. He was very charming and his conversation was fascinating.

Later, everyone else had left and Colin, Jeanne and myself went out to celebrate his arrival. We talked and he recited his poetry which is absolutely brilliant.

Jeanne left and about 4 a.m. he proposed. He wasn't at all poetic then. He just said something like, "Why don't we get married?" I said we didn't know each other and he asked if I didn't like him

and eventually I said Yes. Four days later, we were married. Colin always likes to do things as fast as possible.

It lasted a year and two months. Then we got divorced.

My previous life had nothing to do with the breakdown of the marriage. Colin knew right from the start of my background.

Those newspaper reports that I'd undergone a sex-change operation and not told him were complete fabrications. He was just as angry about them as I was.

No, the marriage failed because of a complete lack of co-operation which resulted in tremendous fights.

Moody

And often he was moody. He took his moodiness out on me.

I'm still very fond of Colin as a person, but we weren't suited for marriage.

I first left him in September last year and went to Canada.

That was the first of many partings and reunions. He always promised to change, but he never did. Even on Christmas day there was a tremendous fight and we ended up discussing divorce. It was not a happy day at all.

In the end, I left him for several weeks at the beginning of this year. He kept ringing me in Jamaica from New York and the servants told him I wasn't there. Eventually I agreed to return again and it was marvellous for about a month.

Then he started taking his moods out on me. In March he agreed to a divorce and we signed the separation papers.

Since the divorce, Georgia has lost about two stones from her normal shapely 34-24-35 figure.

What of the future? "I shall carry on with a normal life," she said. "I'll still see Colin from time to time. And I'm writing a novel which is semi-autobiographical. But in the book, the heroine grows up in dresses."