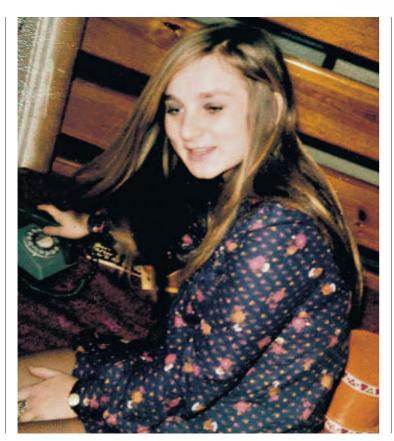
Comedian, writer and actress, 65



◀ Helen Lederer today, right; as a teenager, left; with Sooty and Sweep in 2000, below, and performing stand-up in 1989

What would your younger self make of your life today?

was a very annoying child. I went to Blackheath High School in London, which had very strict teachers who weren't used to children who were jolly and would come up with ideas to introduce a bit of fun. That's the kind of child I was - making up rude games and getting into trouble by mistake.

It must have been very irritating for those teachers, but the truth is that we're all annoying, even though we don't mean to be. My older sister used to hum, and I remember flying at her, desperate for her to stop. I now realise she did it naturally, but it used to annoy me so much.

So my worry is that I can annoy people even now, but I think my younger self would have complete sympathy with me. Wanting to have a laugh, and finding a connection

with people through finding life hysterical, that's what makes me who I am now, just as it was then. I attract people like me and I still get into trouble, but something in me means I always just about survive.

My need to write and perform is something that my younger self would understand, too. At home I was always role-playing with my sister and another pair of sisters who would come over. My sister would engineer it so that, in whatever game we were playing, she didn't have to do anything - just something like reading a comic

or being served drinks. Whenever we did a play, our poor parents had to sit there being the audience and looking pleased. My father, Peter

born Klaus), was Czechoslovakian, and came to this country when he was about nine. My mother, Jeanne, similarly exotically, was from the Isle of Wight. Dad had left

Czechoslovakia because of the war and all that hoohah, but he did really well here and I suppose that's

partly what drives me. They were both funny people, but I think they were always faintly concerned about what I was going to do next. My younger self would still see parts of them in me: my father always enjoyed spotting something amusing about people, and my mother always liked to spin out a

One of the earliest bits of TV I did was a sketch show called Naked Video in the mid-1980s, around the time that women were doing a bit more writing and performing. I'd been doing stand-up, and I played a Sloaney girl mouthing off at the bar. My childhood self, who did sketches of her own and was like David Frost, but a fat female child version, would have really rallied to the idea of being able to write her



My sister and I used to sing at the local golfers in quite a hostile manner

own monologues as an adult. Whether she'd be pleased about or proud of much else is hard to say, because I always try to avoid doing difficult things.

some of us who participated - I remember one day looking around and seeing three different arguments going on around me! Three! - that our bodies were stuffed with adrenalin and we could barely

> a podcast, is running the Comedy Women in Print, or Cwip prize. I set it up and I'm seeing it through, which is hard work, with all that managing and getting support, and being nice to hundreds of people all the time, which kills me, yet it's required. It means that, even in lockdown, which I've been spending with my husband, Chris, in south London, I've been able to do something that's real: helping people get published and maybe changing the

conversation a bit. That makes it slightly more purposeful than the clubs I used to set up as a child. I'm not proud of this, but I made one called the Anti-Golfers' Association. Our house used to back on to a golf course, and I don't think my sister and I wanted to annihilate the golfers who played there, but we certainly did sing at them in

quite a hostile manner. My younger self would be disappointed by my failure to maintain her hatred of golfers, and bemused by the expansion of my interests beyond getting a boyfriend and wearing Levi's jeans. But she would see me as the same silly person,

Interview by Tom Ough

Helen Lederer is founder of the Comedy Women in Print prize. Visit comedywomeninprint. co.uk for this year's shortlist

MARRIAGE DIARIES

'I'm dreading my husband returning to work, and the woman who was his lover'

when my husband of 12 years | him, and lost all desire for him. confessed to an affair. I hadn't suspected a thing - he was always out at events for work, and I was used to him attending conferences and coming home late after client dinners. He'd always phone or text me, and our relationship didn't change at all during his fling - though looking back, perhaps he was a bit more distant. I probably put it down to work stress.

But 18 months ago, we were in bed, reading, when he said "there's something I need to tell you."

It still didn't occur to me - my initial shocked thought was that he'd lost his job. So when he said, "I've been seeing someone else", I felt as though I'd been slapped.

Over hours of me sobbing and him apologising, it emerged that he'd met a woman at a conference - what a cliché there had been "a spark", and they'd started texting each other. She was younger, "very ambitious", and he'd been flattered.

Aside from the betrayal itself, I was furious that he'd been so pathetic, such a typical middle-aged man. There was nothing wrong with our marriage, he told me, he was just "feeling old" and vulnerable to a bit of excitement and attention.

He'd met her in a hotel a couple of times, and been to hers once, he confessed, but the guilt was too much and he ended it. I believed him - he was really enjoyed each othgenuinely wretched. I was glad he'd er's company again. come clean, but devastated that he'd | Soon, though, my hus-

↑he worst moment of my life was | been unfaithful. I struggled to forgive

Previously, we had a good sex life, but now all I could think about was

After a few months, we went for counselling, which helped a lot, and things gradually got back on track, though any small uncertainty would plunge me back into doubt, despite

The lockdown has been a huge relief,

Despite his reassurances, I feel sick with nerves. I want to trust him, but a part of me just can't

because he's been working from home. I hadn't realised how tense I was feeling about his work events and conferences until they all stopped, and it was as though a weight of worry had been lifted from my shoulders.

For the past four months, I've known where he is every day (the spare room, making Zoom calls), and our evenings have been spent together watching old movies and cooking dinner. It's been like a second honeymoon, we've reconnected and

band's firm is reopening, and I'm dread-

ing the return to normal. The nature of his job is social, and there's no way they'll let him carry on working from home. He's genuinely looking forward to meeting clients again and, at some point, the conferences and away-days will resume and I'll have to get used to it.

Yet despite his reassurances, I feel sick with nerves. I want to trust him, but there's a part of me that just can't. I imagine him meeting some glamorous woman and getting drunk, heading back to her hotel room, and it's eating

away at me. I don't want to be controlling, I want to feel that I can relax, but I'm already lying awake until 2am, fretting. I know there's no point asking him for constant reassurance, as our counsellor pointed out - he can't promise more than he already has. He's ashamed and doesn't like discussing it, either, so bringing it up is stressful for both of us.

I know there's no choice but to try to live with the situation, reminding myself that he's committed to our

marriage, and it was a stupid mistake. But even though I know that consciously, believing it on a deeper level is very hard. I just hope that one day, I'll be able to wave him off and feel secure in the knowledge that I genuinely have nothing to worry about.



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