

# Am I Trans Enough?

by Cathy Hart

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Cathy Hart

**I** was one of the early starters. I can recall, as clear as yesterday, being aged about four and happily wandering around my house wearing a dress. It just felt right. Other milestones followed and have stayed etched into my psyche all of my life. Vivid memories of instances of dressing in female clothes when I was aged around seven, ten and twelve until, aged about fourteen, I tried (and loved) make-up and wearing a wig that had been discarded by someone in the family.

*... my personal million dollar question is: "Am I Trans enough?"*

More markers of my T journey came and went during my late teens and early twenties, and I continued my irregular progression through the various stages of dressing that we all go through until, one day, I just sort of came to the realisation that 'partial dressing' was no longer enough; it had to be the complete 'package'. Full set of clothes, full make-up, full accessories — oh ..., and with this came the burning, unrelenting desire to get out and about; see the world and be seen by the world!

Meeting others was a distant dream though (being a child of the generation before instant communications and just about everything else instant you can wish for was in vogue) — partly as I wasn't sure there was anyone else like me out there. In those days there simply

wasn't anyone to ask, talk to; there were no online or other resources to refer to.

So, when I do reflect on my journey, consider how I have changed over the years in both my mental and physical appearance, in fact, the only consistency is that I've known all my life is that I am different but, like many others of the 'pre-internet generation', until I became older, I didn't truly understand and appreciate why. While it is easy to look back and realise that I have been transgendered ever since I first had memories, as I said, like for so many of us, there was no-one to advise me, to help me, to confide in during those worrying, confusing early years. Things out of the ordinary were simply not talked about.

And by the time I came to realise what I really am, in many ways it was too late: in line with almost everyone else of my era, I had dated, become engaged, and married. Well, everyone else was doing it, why shouldn't I? I can, however, with some pride, say that I was expertly fooling everyone but myself.

In addition to the above-mentioned family and work situation the social environment and pecuniary needs of having a young family meant that there was no way to live as I really wanted. I know some others in a similar situation to mine do transition and live their lives successfully but I am fundamentally cautious and conservative at the best of times.

Often I used to close my eyes and bury my face in my hands for minutes on end to see if the enforced darkness would help me out of my dilemma, help get me an answer ... any answer.

Then there was the worrying about the possible reactions and pressures from friends, family, close and distant in the event I did reveal my true identity; worrying about aged parents from a generation who definitely wouldn't understand, probably couldn't accept. Over the years two children came along and the joys and challenges of family life made time flash by; the months roll into years and the years into decades.

Add the fact that I was actively pursuing a professional career in a male dominated environment; becoming very socially adept at pretending to be a 'real man' meaning that, sadly, Cathy took a back seat. By no means forgotten and certainly not neglected, but with a 'bit-part' in my life, cameo appearances in the theatre of my dreams.

But life went on.

Until now, (fast forward to the present) and, at last, finally, the 'golden years of opportunity' have stealthily crept up upon me, and I find myself living alone in a city where being T is not an issue with children grown up and moved away (mature enough to understand even if not accept), pretty well financially solvent (although still harbouring some small fear, rightly or wrongly, that transition equates to the inability to earn) with concerns about my mortality occasionally flickering through my head (enjoy your life as you want while you can, because you never know!)

Yes, yes, I do live fifty percent of my time as a female (the tiny amount of male clothes I have is laughable).

Yes, yes, I can and do go anywhere, anytime I want as 'me' (not him!) without detection (and for this I am sincerely grateful).

Yes, yes, I have had all the usual, minor cosmetic treatments many T people have but I am not going to tell you about them. In short, my chance is here; the opportunity nigh; the stars are aligned.

So, just what is stopping me from moving forward? What is preventing me from becoming 'me' permanently, forever?

I am T, no doubt about that. Always have been and always will be.

I am also ready to live my remaining years presenting mainly as a female. Got the wardrobe, that's for sure.

Yet, something, irritatingly, holds me back. Just as I seem to have made that decision, something nagging appears deep in the recesses of my mind. What? Why? Why again? I've thought about and over-thought this for some years. Still do.

Do I have a conclusion? Well, maybe, sort of, I mean possibly.

Well, in the great wide spectrum that is the T subset of overall society, let's, for argument's sake, say there is a scale of 1 - 100. It could be 1 - 10, it doesn't really matter.

The number 1 might be a fetish crossdresser, whilst 100 might be a fully transitioned male to female, all the 'works' done.

If I had to place myself on this scale, all things considered, where would I be? (go on, firstly ask yourself: where would you be?). Honestly, depending on the day you ask me, I can see myself in the 85 - 95 range.

Enough of a 'score' to want to transition, but not quite enough to go forward with it. Enough to know that I should, but not quite enough to be absolutely, unequivocally sure.

To me, therefore, it seems to be a question of degrees or, put another way, my personal million dollar question is: "Am I Trans enough?"

Does anyone else out there have this dilemma?

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