

No Such Place

It was just a few short weeks ago that we heard about the death of a transgendered teen in Fremont. “Gwen” had been at a party when a fight broke out and some extremely hostile males beat her up, strangled her, and buried her many miles away. Others who attended the party knew something had happened, but no one tried to help Gwen, nor did anyone report the fight to the police. Since then, there have been rallies, interviews with other transgendered, and articles written deploring the conduct and mentality of those at the Fremont party. The fact that Fremont is not that far from San Francisco, known for its tolerant and liberal attitude towards alternate lifestyles, is disturbing as well.

It is this kind of incident which terrifies significant others. Most of us never quite get over our fear that something will happen when our crossdressing husbands go out in public, particularly at night.

Our husbands, bless their hearts, want to believe they are safe and we are just paranoid. They tell us they will be careful. They will not venture down dark alleys, and we should just quit our nagging and worrying.

We try. Honestly, we do. But then we read about another hate crime and then another and then another. Those taking place far away provide only momentary assurance because before we know it another incident has taken place in our beloved Bay Area, claimed to be safe and secure by our spouses.

We can only hope if the crossdressers in our lives will not listen to us, likening us to Cassandra who was doomed not to be believed, they will at least read the newspapers and come to realize that none of us can afford to be cavalier believing we live in a safe area. There is no such place. Terrorists, muggers, home intruders, angry students, irate drivers, and even the self-righteous can appear anywhere anytime usually when we least expect it.