

THE INSTITUTIONAL NEWS LETTER FOR AND ABOUT TRANSSEXUAL  
PRISONERS IN PRISON.

# TRANSSEXUALS IN PRISON



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M.J. Asford: Founder.

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### Transsexuals In prison Policy and Statement:

Transsexual in Prison, Inc. is a national & international networking newsletter organization and referral service for the transsexual in prison, as well we are an informational service for referrals for those in society that are for and about the transsexual prisoner and the community on a whole. Our Purpose is to work with the Gay, Transgender, and Transsexual Communities in order to provide a better understanding of the incarcerated transsexual as well as to assist those transsexuals in prison and the Gay, & Transgendered for release back into society. Assist them while they are incarcerated to better educate themselves of the discrimination issues that face them while incarcerated in either State Or federal facilities;

Transsexuals in prison has No political or religion agenda, Our Only Agenda is to Educate our communities about those of us who are in prison as best as we can from our vantage point. We are a Non Profit organization! The Board Members of this organization use their own personal funds to publish this news letter. Donations are accepted through any board member. Some contributions may be tax Deductible. Transsexuals In Prison is not a mail forwarding service: If it does not relate to Organizational business it will not be forwarded to you.

SINCERELY,

THE BOARD MEMBERS OF T.I.P. Inc.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT !

Since Stonewall of the 60's, to the March on Washington D.C. to support a cure and demand answers on AIDS. We' the Transsexual community have been there to the sources of back ally surgeons who took our money in desperation of our need to be free of our pain and live as the women we felt and come to know that we were. To day medical wonderment that can place us side by side with a biological female and no difference can be noticed, There's always been someone there.

But for our sisters who chose to live the street life and pay the high price of being incarcerated no one has been there! It wasn't until 1984 when three pre-op transsexuals came together to form "Transsexuals In Prison" a non profit organization striving for and reaching out to the incarcerated Transsexual. Down through the years we've witnessed many changes Both at the State and Federal level that have effected the transsexual male and female while in prison. The right to have access to education programs, the right to treatment for Gender Dysphasia and the acknowledgement by local as well as State and Federal law enforcement and correctional officials that transsexualism is a mental disorder. That men and women who truly believe that they were of the gender ruler in which they lived needed attention. Some officials how ever disagree and place those male and female transsexuals in lock down, or turn away from the plight to which they experience possibly due to their own personal beliefs or just plain prejudice. What ever their reason our goal here at T. I. P. is to educate and inform them and our sisters and brothers that the times have changed and no longer will we just sit in the dark and allow injustice to continue to close it's eyes.

I've been asked, "Well why bother?" Why Bother I say? Why bother to get out of bed? Why Bother to pray for well being? Why Bother to live? I bother because I remember when I sought a hand to hold, a place to turn, some one was there. I bother because I know there's a need for my people to be educated and to empower them with truth and understanding of their situation and that life is not over. Yes I bother because I know no one else will be bothered. Vanessa Meriwether, Co-Founder & Assistant to the Executive Director of operations.

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WE HANDLED  
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## Tiresias Knows!

I've been asked to write down a few thoughts/incidents/ideas or things that may be of interest or help to others in regarding to or dealing with Transsexualism..

I first met Terry years ago when he and my oldest son were into Auto racing. Being recently divorced and not ready to jump back into any kind of commitment, we were just good friends. Several years went by with only occasional contacts when we met again. This time he was the recently divorced one. Still neither one of us was ready for a commitment. Personalities clicked and we again became and still are the Best of Friends. We talked and talked and talked some more, on all kinds of subjects. Personal likes and dislikes. Our wants and needs in life. Our reactions in and to certain situations. Kids ( we both have 5). Their upbringing. Rules, regulations and discipline. Our homes and home life. What we needed and wanted. What we liked or hated in our homes and life. When we finally decided to marry and share our lives I thought I knew him, or we knew each other fairly well. Not really. But do we ever?

One day Terry dropped a bomb in my lap. He told me he was a Transsexual and wanted and needed to live that life. He didn't want to loose me but knew I needed to know this side of him now and not chance a surprise 'coming out' of Terry at a bad or inconvenient time or way and the shock breaking us up.

I told him OK, But--that little big word--I had to have some time to think about this situation and talk about it and do some studying about the subject, and would let him know my answer then. I was very naive in this area.

My first thought or question was. What is a Transsexual?: I had know idea. Is it a homosexual? A female impersonator type thing, (A transvestite) or what? I didn't have a clue. Being a lay person and ignorant in this area or field, any word with sex in it, other than heterosexual which almost every one understands, is scary. These people are different than me, They are the unknown. Are they perverts that we should be afraid to be around? What do they or will they do to me or my family? Panic! Fear of the unknown is one of the first reactions. Knowledge, an open mind and a goodly amount of human compassion and concern are the answers.

Knowledge: Clinical terminology: Lets start there and see what we can learn.

Homosexual: Homos, + sexual. Feelings of sexual attraction to a person of the same sex. Definitely different from the norm, although Norm is a term widely used and misused covering a wide range. What it The Norm? An accepted standard. An authoritative model, pattern or type. So we find Homosexuality is different. Not the Norm, but also not the same as Transsexual.

Transvestite: Not in my old dictionary but it means Cross + dress. From all I gather from readings about this my understanding of one is: "A person who enjoys occasionally

dressing in clothes of the opposite sex." This could be for any number of reasons. Probably as many reasons as there are people who indulge. For fun. Liking the looks and feel of the clothing. As a release or get away from our daily cares and stress'. Or even as a sexual high and release. Depending on the individual. No matter the reason for the cross dressing these individuals have no desire what so ever to ever become this other person or sex. It is just a game, window dressing, a type of fetish or the like.

Transsexual: Again not in my old dictionary. Cross + sexual. An individual who for some unknown reason feels, Mentally and emotionally, that there is another, different person trapped inside this body they were born into. Also this person inside is the Real person. The real me. Who I really am and should be, and want to be. Now we're in a quandary. And a new term was born. Gender Dysphoria. There are a lot of theories and studies now going on in this field.

Now, in a nutshell I find that Terry, the man I love, is really Teri. Another female. I still love her, but How do I feel about this situation? I accept it. Now how am I going to cope? How am I going to daily live with this situation? How can I help? Can I? Then should I even try?

## Police Sergeant Takes Leave After Dress Code Violation

By Carla Hinton  
Staff Writer

MIDWEST CITY — A Midwest City police sergeant once honored as Police Officer of the Year has taken time off after he violated police dress codes by wearing women's clothing to work, a city official said Thursday.

For the first three days of the week, Sgt. Larry G. Cooper arrived at the police station wearing feminine apparel including women's suits and accessories, the official said.

Cooper, a 15-year veteran with the police department and background investigations supervisor, could not be reached for comment. He was named

Police Officer of the Year in 1985 by the Midwest City Optimist Club.

Sources told *The Oklahoman* that Cooper was told to change into clothing as prescribed for males under the police dress code. Cooper opted to take a leave of absence instead. Cooper is scheduled to return to work next week.

Police spokesman Sid Stell would not confirm or deny the incident, saying, "We have a directive from city hall that no person is permitted to divulge any personal information on any employee. Besides, it's against our police policy."

Stell said Cooper re-

quested vacation leave Wednesday. He said no disciplinary action or complaint has been filed against Cooper.

Stell said an anonymous source within the department apparently called local media to relay Cooper's behavior.

"It's disgusting in my opinion for one of them to dump on their fellow police officer like this," Stell said.

Stell said police chief Jim Cox is on vacation.

Midwest City manager Charles Johnson also refused to confirm the reports.

"The city cannot

make any comments on any individual's situation," Johnson said.

Johnson said the police department dress code requires that men wear "clothing that is appropriate for males in the course of business contacts and females the equivalent clothing."

When Cooper received his 1985 award, Stell pointed out that the sergeant was the first officer in Oklahoma to develop the technique of removing fingerprints from human skin. Cooper also earned national recognition for law enforcement photography, Stell said.

## RONI'S SCRIBBLES

After a long hiatus I am back. The following is a fictional piece Not my case history. I am going to start a group of writings with the next issue which I hope all of you will find interesting and useful.

HOW I SURVIVED PUBERTY! they were more than brother and sister and more than best friends and more even than identical twins. They were...."

One day she just appeared, maybe emerged is the word. She came veiled, dressed in white. She gave no clues as to who she was or why she was bringing me such pleasure and, before I could ask her, She vanished leaving me confused, angry- and wondering if she was a blessing or a curse.

I loved her. I hated her. She was my mother. She was my sister. She was the cute little girl I was so afraid say "hi" to. She was my idealized feminine being, awakening my pubescent body to sensuality, sexuality and beyond. She helped me forget my boy problems: the fights over whether I was safe or out, the hiding of my tears from my friends, the continual striving to be the best in math or the fastest runner or the class clown.

She'd arrive on slow days, summer days. She could be so flaky, coming and going many times in one day and sometimes leaving for weeks and months at a time, only to return again when I thought she was gone forever. She was My secret, who I wished to reveal to my friends and family, yet I knew that none of them could truly understand.

She'd caress me late at night and tell me tales of love and passion. She'd make me ~~feel~~ light and happy, playful. More often than not I loved her as male to female, but at time ~~went~~ on I had strong urges to become her. I yearned to feel soft, tender, loving and pretty. I desired to shed my masculine shell and delve into her feminine world.

This was just a wild dream until, one lonely and wishful evening. I was rummaging through the attic and discovered an antique chest that I had never seen before. Opening it just a crack, I felt as if SHE were drawing me inside her, yet she was nowhere ~~to be~~ found. It was the sight of her white satin dress, satin boned corset, lace panties and silk stockings and lace petticoat that beckoned me.

My fingers reached out to stroke these lovely garments and, despite a voice in my head that said I was exploring dangerous territory, I striped and slipped on the corset, ~~and~~ the hose I slipped the petticoat over my slim hips and dropped the dress over my head ~~and~~ closed my eyes to a feeling of joy and inner peace. I conjured up images of lying ~~in~~ her arms and feeling her perfect touch all over my body and then performing the dance of love.

Life was finally wonderful without her, but my feelings were short lived. The all ~~too~~ real climax of this fantasy play left me frightened, sad and fearful of being caught in the wrong gender. I swore I would never dress up in her clothes again. But as time between her visits grew longer and my need for "the feminine" became greater, I found myself adorning my pubescent boyish body again and again in the frills and fanciful clothes that society ~~deemed~~ "for females only."

For each venture I made into this forbidden area, she left me something new to dress myself in: A black Bra, panties and garterbelt set one day, a pint corset to hourglass my figure the next, a beautiful powder blue full slip to fulfill my fantasies the following day. though she had taken away the touch of her loving hands, the replacement was almost as fantastic and at times more exciting and delightfully unpredictable.

As her physical presence disappeared and her spiritual and sensual presence womenfested itself in Roni', who sprang forth from within me and slowly, awkwardly but determinedly, established herself as first a co-equal partner in my life and then later as the dominate self. Ron and Roni' haven't always loved each other, have often wanted to do different things, and have individual philosophies and beliefs, But they have survived and thrived together and will continue to do so in the coming years.

We are after all the children of Androgyny!