

A Little of My Life

by
Vivian
Messetti

With the intent of furthering educational information toward oddities of human nature, Miss Vivian Messetti has graciously rendered exclusively for ONE the following article regarding her peculiar sex oddity, that of a Female Pseudo-Hermaphrodite. She informs us that the few of her kind in existence while not homosexuals themselves do feel kindly toward us, and while she herself is not one, she is near being two in one, and had nature functioned properly she would have been born twins: a boy and a girl.

Miss Messetti was born of theatrical and circus families dating back to the 1840's. Her father was a trainer and aerialist and later a sculptor, her mother an actress and opera singer who made her debut at La Scala. Miss Messetti explains that she doesn't remember ever knowing her mother's stage name in the operatic world but she recalls that she used her own married name as an actress. Her mother has appeared in America with the Boston English Opera Company and the San Carlos Opera Company. She and Vivian appeared together in films, plays on the stage including musicals, and they both appeared in Uncle Tom's Cabin. "She was Topsy and I was Little Eva." Miss Messetti has appeared in circuses, not always as a human oddity, but drum-majoring the big show band in the Grand Entrance around the Hippodrome track under the Big Top. She has also worked on the flying ladders and has done chute jumps from balloons. She appeared on the stage as Charlie's Aunt, in the play of the same title, and as Isabel in the Spanish national play Isabel The Catholic.

To look like one sex when you are actually of the opposite, keeps you going around and around in circles, in a never ceasing mental unrest year in and year out, with no hope for mental or physical stability as long as life lasts.

Medical opinion concerning the classification of the hermaphrodite and pseudo-hermaphrodite is as follows:

Hermaphrodite: One possessing genital and sexual characteristics of both sexes, the two sexes being in one body, the person being fully able to bear children and beget them, thus making a perfect husband and a perfect wife.

Pseudo-Hermaphrodite: A person distinctly of one sex, having superficial characteristics of both.

There are six forms of pseudo-hermaphrodites, three male and three female, placed under the following classification by Neugebauer according to the old division between masculine and feminine hermaphroditism made by Klebs:

Female	Male
Type 'A' Internal	Type 'A' Internal
Type 'B' External	Type 'B' External
Type 'C' Complete (Rare)	Type 'C' Complete

Type 'B' male is the most common, occurring at the rate of one per thousand births. Type 'A' female is the most rare, there being less than a hundred in the entire world. I come under this and Type 'C' classification.

The Neugebauer-Klebs classifications have become outmoded, especially

in the U. S. A. due to the fact that most pseudo-hermaphrodites do not come always within the range of the aforesaid types. I do not come completely within range of my own classification type, but due to the fact that I come nearest to Type 'C', after considerable examinations, I was finally placed as nearest to female Type 'C' (Rare).*

Doctor's and Psychoanalyst's Report Concerning Vivian

“. . . Her female sex organs were found to be the size of a normal eleven year old girl. The menstrual flow occurring normally every 28 days, with dysmenorrhea, the usual headache, pelvis discomforts, bearing down sensations, slight nausea, etc.

“Her shoulders are masculine, wide, with a tendency to be more or less square. Her hips are inclined to be slender with an inclination to widen somewhat. Her extremities being slender and long, giving the false impression of an eunuchoid (a male with absence of the internal secretion of the testicles, the glands themselves being present). Her nerves appeared to be quite shattered, neurasthenia being her chief complaint.

“The thymus gland is situated in the neck and upper part of the thorax. It attains full size at the end of the second year, when it ceases to grow, then it diminishes in size until at puberty it has almost disappeared. In Vivian's case it has not diminished much in size, hence her dominant gland is the thymus. Therefore she is slight of build and childlike in manner. In some ways she has not grown mentally above an average eleven year old girl. She is weak physically, having delicate cardiovascular system, slight musculature. She is susceptible to colds and anesthetics, being liable to sudden death under the latter. She becomes helplessly confused at times concerning her bodily condition, yearning to be a normal girl. Realizing her own confused mind, she promised her mother faithfully to never drive a car, or take part in politics when she came of voting age. Sex is a problem she seems unable to solve. She accepts and fully understands that under certain conditions after nine months she can give birth to babies, but became quite shocked, confused and trembling when we tried to explain the sex foreplay and actual sexual intercourse to her. She seems to hold a certain distaste for sex where she is concerned. Her interest seems more in church, in fact she is quite spiritual-minded.

“She is naive, and her childlike simplicity, her yearning for all things good and pure makes her lovable, and is winning her many friends despite her physical and slight mental handicaps.”

*Pseudo-Hermaphroditismus Femininus

- A—Internal: External genitals are normally feminine in development. Besides the ovaries and more or less perfectly developed genital ducts, Wolffian ducts may also be more or less developed (rarest form pseudo-hermaphroditism).
- B—External: The clitoris resembles a penis; the more or less deformed labia pudendi appear like the empty scrotum, and in one or both halves of this seeming scrotum rounded bodies are sometimes palpable, and it is therefore easy to make a mistake in determining the sex.
- C—Complete: External genitals more like the masculine. Besides the ovaries, both Mullerian fibres and Wolffian ducts are more or less developed (rare form).

Interesting Highlights of My Life

I was born early one September morn (so acquiring the nickname 'Sept. Morn'). The mid-wife, a bit careless about her business, said, "It's a boy." Ugh!

Daddy loved me and was very proud of me, and Mommy spoiled me. But as I grew older Daddy couldn't understand me: "He's the most unusual boy I ever did see," Daddy would say. "Why he isn't even like a boy, he is more like a girl!" But to Mommy I was perfect. Daddy would buy me knives with pretty handles, and pretty marbles, but I didn't know what to do with them other than look at them. He made and bought me beautiful imported kites. I tried them out but they didn't work, so I lost interest, and I was not interested in the ball he brought me. Try as he would, he just couldn't wean me away from my dolls; playing house, sewing, washing, ironing, baking—these were lots more fun.

Then while playing with some girls one day, I felt something warm oozing. In the bathroom, I discovered to my horror that I was bleeding and not from my nose, either. I screamed and told my chums I was bleeding internally, I was dying myself dead or something! After quieting me they asked if I was sure I was a boy, that boys just don't bleed there, but it was natural for girls to. I told them I just didn't know, they suggested I tell my mother, but I was afraid to. Then they suggested I see a doctor. This I did, and he sent me to a specialist who told me that I really was a girl, that nature played a trick on me. I never told my folks but Mom noticed things though. I have been examined by specialists in several different countries whose views differ, but all agreed that I was a girl.

I've been halfway around the world, entertaining in many countries and I've met many interesting people. One of the most outstanding was His Imperial Majesty, the late German Kaiser, Wilhelm the 2nd. I met him in Holland about two years before his death. But my street sweeper friend in Los Angeles is outstanding too—to me. I love everyone, no matter their position in life, so long as they are honest. Their color, faith or nationality means nothing. I know a gentleman whose skin is coal black, but his heart is white as snow. I adore animals too, and they love me.

Some Humorous Experiences

I guess I'm like 'Gingerbread' in the song: "I'm kind of naughty but I'm naughty and nice." I am very mischievous sometimes, but not all the time though. Once when left alone in our apartment while Mommy was seeing about theatrical engagements, I became restless with nothing to do, even looking out the open window at the street three flight down lost my interest until an idea came to me. I started flirting with the men passing by and they would flirt back. This was fun until one got real serious and I saw him enter our building! Oh-h-h what'll I do? The idea came quickly to change into my masculine attire. Being a quick change artist on the stage it was only seconds before I was a perfect boy, and I went in the hall standing by our door. When he came down the hall (how he knew which was our door I'll never know) I asked who he wished to see.

"Your sister," he replied.

"What do you want with my sister?" I asked.

"Out of the way small fry, you'll learn when you grow up!"

He tried to shove me aside. "You go away and leave my sister alone, or I'll tell Daddy, he just came off his beat and—"

"Huh? his beat? whatta-ya-mean? His beat!" he demanded.

"Our father is a policeman—D-A-D-D-Y!!" I called. Whew! I never saw a

man disappear so fast in my life! Uncle Sam's jets are pikers to his speed.

I decided flirting was a little too exciting for comfort from then on. Daddy really was a showman. I'm told if I tell lies I won't go to Heaven. Well, anyway I know several politicians and a couple of ministers that aren't going to Heaven either, really I do! Those were awful lies though weren't they? Shame on me!

My Reactions to Various Situations

I became exceedingly embarrassed and experienced the feeling of shame when a man asked me one day if I ever—well, if I had what I think you'd call intimate relations with women, which is impossible as far as I know, and unthinkable! The question was accepted as extremely insulting.

I was embarrassed a few months earlier by another man who was certain that I must have to seek what he called "sexual relief" from homosexuals. This is not so. Such indelicate sex questions often send me to my room in tears, though I may hide my feelings from my offenders. I can get married and satisfy my husband, but I could never marry a girl because I couldn't be a husband to another female. It has me so confused! I don't even know what sex feelings are in the first place. When I do fall in love with a boy it hasn't anything to do about sex other than I like him from the way he treats me, his refined ways, and the kind of father he'd be to our children, and things like that.

Another thing I dislike is when men feel my legs and fondle me. I don't think it is very nice. Besides, it gives me awfully strange funny feelings I don't like. Someday I may become a man hater. If I do, it won't be my fault.

Another embarrassing situation to me is in drug stores after I have made my purchases the clerk asks if I need any razor blades or shaving lotion.

When in department stores, especially the lingerie department, the clerks smirk upon seeing me coming. They either think me a poor helpless male, all confused, or a male wanting to dress as a woman. If I am in a mischievous frame of mind, I play along with them, appearing all confused and mixed up, badly in need of their help to straighten me out in what I want for my 'sister.' Upon leaving I hear them giggling at the fun they had out of me—little realizing what saps I made out of them and the fun I had doing it. If I am in a more serious mood I rebuke them at once and they soon learn I know as much as they do about what I want.

Vivian—As a Man

As a man I am a complete misfit; I can't think as a man, nor can I feel as a man. I do not enjoy the same things, so I feel out of place in their company. Men who take me as one of their kind can't figure me out; why the deuce don't I fall in love with one of my many girl friends and get married some day? "Instead of you chasing after them they have beaten a path to your door, they are in love with you and you don't even give them a tumble; gosh you're a funny guy!" they say.

I'm a funny guy all right, and the girls are in love, but not with Miss Vivian Messetti! My girl chums tell me a lot about their boy friends and love affairs, and even have me meet their gentlemen friends, especially the ones they would like to marry, for my appraisal. They tell their boy friends that I am really a girl, and that nature just played a trick on me, therefore, I am the only 'guy' their girl friends aren't jealous of.

Being unable to think or feel as a man gives me no chance to take part in stage plays as a man, though I could make-up to look the part of Abraham Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth, General Robert E. Lee, or even George Washington, and even act the part after a fashion. I could never live the part. So all

male parts I take are comic. In female parts I fit in because I can think and feel as a woman thinks and feels. In *Isabel The Catholic*, I did not act the part, I lived it. I was Isabel, the Spanish Queen, and lived her life seven nights plus three matinees a week in word, feeling, and action.

I dislike being treated or thought of as a male, being called 'Mr.' starts me on a slow burn! I like to be thought of and treated as a lady, for that is what I really am in both sex and conduct. People ask, "If you wish to be thought of and treated as a lady, why don't you dress as one?" A good question, but only up to certain point. It must be remembered that though I am female, I still look like a male. I am after all the Girl-Boy. My undies are very much feminine, my little sox are girls'. I do not wear boys' socks. Although I sometimes wear girls' shoes, or sometimes boys' shoes, men's shoes are much too large for me, and I do find even boys' shoes terribly heavy. My slacks are feminine; I do not wear masculine trousers or slacks. My handkerchiefs are ladies' handkerchiefs. Really, cap, coat, shirt and tie are the only masculine articles of apparel I wear. My nails, too, are long and more rounded than the shorter square type of masculine nail. Then too, I wear my hair long, done up in a pony tail under my cap, and not closely cropped as does the male sex. When I do dress in feminine garb, I have wolf trouble and I don't like it. Oh I have wolf trouble at times in my masculine attire. I found out that some wolves wear skirts—shame on you, girls, I'm not that kind of a boy!

Sometimes other girls, thinking me a male, feel *that* way about me and let me know it. These are really nice girls, and these are the times I momentarily wish I were the male I look to be, and sometimes my mind and heart become rather confused. It isn't easy for me to tell these really fine girls that it is impossible for me to think of marrying them as I am not the kind of a boy I look to be.

Vivian—As a Woman

As a woman or girl I am more content and feel so very much more at ease among girls and women—I feel I belong. We think alike, adore more or less the same things—dresses, perfume, sewing, beauty aids and so on, though there is an age barrier. Younger girls and I seem to fall in line both in thoughts, interests and such, due to the fact that I am younger than I appear to be. Hard life on the road in both the circus and in travel, barnstorming stage troupes, plus illness and tragedy has taken its toll.

Most girls and women accept me as one of them, and we adore visiting in one another's apartments showing each other what we are making in needle work, or a new slip or dress we bought, and talk—women do like to talk, and I am no exception to the rule. We gather two or three or more in a room at times and loll in the most unladylike positions, but if that knock on the door sounds masculine, and a male voice answers to "Who is it?" legs are flying, feet to the floor, skirts pulled down, and the gentleman enters seeing a room full of the most precise ladies he could hope to see anywhere.

I have a few gentlemen friends who wish to marry me. One is a millionaire, one is a doctor, one is a lawyer, and there are several others. But the six boys I fell in love with all at once lately weren't in love with me—"Stupid Cupid, stop pickin' on me!" And the boys that are in love with me, I'm not in love with—"Stupid Cupid you're a real mean guy!"

My ambition—to date, that is, is to get married and have some beautiful babies of my own. I can have them too, cause I'm made that way. Ever since I was a baby sitter and had real live babies in my arms, and cared for them—well that was Heaven on earth to me, and I've been wanting my own ever since.