

The Only Love for Me... A Letter to the Outside World

Expressed by BC Hall — Objectum-Sexual Sound Engineer

To this world who may not understand me..

I tried with all my might to hide this love. People do not understand those who love objects. I put it like this; people fear what they do not understand, and because fear is such a negative emotion, they hate what they fear. It is then that anger forms, and they try to destroy what they hate. It's like a spider. My sister cannot stand spiders, but she can't stand them because she doesn't understand them, and because of that, she's afraid of them. The end result: she kills every spider she sees.

The goal of this essay is to help the reader to understand so that they will not fear OS people anymore, and in return, will not hurt anymore of us than they already have.

Perhaps the most important thing to remember is that the OS community is just as diverse as any other community. Not all of us are autistic and not all of us have the human equivalent of sex with our partners.

These are two of the most common misconceptions. First of all, just because we are OS does not mean that we are disabled. In fact, many OS people thrive because of their ability to understand and focus upon a certain object and the way it works. For me, it's sound equipment. I am a professional sound engineer and I make a living doing it.

The second thing to remember is that just because we state that we have 'sex' with an object does not mean that the way we have sex is anything like the way that humans have sex. For instance, an OS woman does not necessarily have to be penetrated to be having sex; a lot of OS sex is based on an emotional intimacy. Now, don't get me wrong. There are those that are very physically sexual with their objects, but for me personally, it is a psychic connection, an energy transfer in addition to kissing, cuddling, and other such 'above-the-waist' displays of affection that defines what I mean when I say that my partners and I have sex.

Now you claim that this relationship cannot be real because machines or objects do not have souls? I beg to differ. I am an animist. I believe that the Spirit of Life lives in everything that consists of matter, be it a soundboard, a human, or even a rock or tree. If this relationship were not real, how could it go on as it does? That said, if it's not real, why does my heart break when it is forced to end? I have never been so heartbroken than as the day I was forced to leave my ex, Heather. She was a 52 channel Allen & Heath soundboard that was installed at my church. The church found out about our relationship, and said, "You have the soundboard in your heart and not Jesus. Don't come back." After they told me that, my heart felt like it was crushed into a million pieces. I felt a lump form in my throat as I slowly made my way out toward the lobby, taking all my self control not to break down. It was no use. Once was I was out of the sanctuary and away from the people responsible for this, I collapsed on the floor, and was crying so hard I could not stand on my own two feet.

If that is not true love or a true relationship, then tell me... what is? If my relationship with Heather was not a true relationship, then why did it hurt so bad when those people told me I couldn't see her anymore? I'm not really asking anybody to answer those questions, because odds are I'll only get some Freudian reply about how there's something -wrong- with me, and I need some kind of medication or psychotherapy to correct it.

Here's my response to that: do you, the reader, agree with putting a homosexual through psychotherapy to make them change? Odds are, not likely. Being OS is no different than being homosexual. It is something that is wired into our brains from the day we are born. It is not a choice, nor is it something you can change or fix. There's nothing to fix, there's nothing to cure, and above all, we are happy to be how we are. We're happy in our relationships with objects, and I can personally say that the only reason I have ever been unhappy is because of people in this world who take it upon themselves, as if somebody died and made them King of the Universe, to tell me that I need to change and fit my big square self into their perfectly cut-out round cookie-cutter hole. Here's my advice: stop telling us we're wrong or sick, stop telling us we need to change, and stop assuming we're making some `choice' to be how we are.