

"Married" to the Eiffel Tower?

By Erika Eiffel

The day was not ordinary. It was Easter Sunday. For me and a group of close friends, waiting in line for over 4 hours didn't help this day become one of the greatest in my life. The chilly spring breeze intensified as we ascended to the 2nd platform 116 meters above the Paris skyline.

My shivering was not so much from nerves but from the cold wind whipping from the west side of the iron monument. Peering over the edge, I contemplated my existence then looked back over my shoulder to the pale brown truss reflecting...



Since I can remember, I have gazed upon the wonder of structural engineering and found myself drawn, rather innately, to the compositions of late 1800 and early 1900 Bridges. At 15 years old, my favorite concrete Bridge fell victim to the evident power of nature as her wrecked arches rose out of the subsiding flood waters. The pain that consumed me was taken as a foolish obsession so I buried my broken heart as the sands of the river buried the remains of my Fairbanks Bridge.

Time either makes men wiser or more daring? For the sake of self preservation, I vowed to keep my affections localized to objects I owned. Yet, three years ago I found myself standing on another Bridge challenging my heart for another chance. The potential energy assumed by the tension and compression in the riveted trusses awakened my senses. Creaking sounds emanated from the contracting steel as the sun set. Retained heat escaped into the cool night air and the warmth of Kiowa Bridge reached into my heart.

Recognizing society's unwillingness to accept my orientation to love objects; I shut the door and tried to snuff out the flame that was setting my heart ablaze. Nonetheless, I felt connected to the world's Bridges as if they were one entity but showing themselves in different ways. Everywhere I went, they were there, with me always... aesthetically beautiful to the world but radiating endurance under extreme forces to me.



When I 'married' the monumental structure, it was simply to honor my love for Bridges as La Tour Eiffel was dubbed the "Sheppardess of the Bridges" and engineered by one of the world's greatest Bridge engineers, Gustave Eiffel. Changing my surname was a measure to illustrate my love for Bridges and a commitment to what I am; an objectum-sexual.

The word 'married' is an all-too-convenient term in the English language for my personal union with the "Sheppardess of the Bridges" and more than any, I am well aware it is not legally recognized, nor do I seek privilege. It was for me and my Bridges only.

That spring day in Paris, in the company of close friends, was my personal dedication to the Eiffel Tower and merely a manifestation of my love for and commitment to Bridges, not marriage by any conventions. It is this story, the depth of my love for Bridges that I intended to share when I opened the door and came out. However, the media exploited my willingness and falsely portrayed my relationship with the Eiffel Tower.

It is also true that I have a longstanding relationship with the Berlin Wall. To my chagrin, this has drugged up criticism of my polyamorous relationship. My feelings and expressions for the old communist icon have been transitory since I was 16. Even so, I still have a deep-rooted love and non-political connection with the remains of the Berlin Wall.

And for a variety of reasons, that I do not anticipate comprehension, I relate to the Berliner Mauer as a kindred spirit of abuse and survival thereof. In many ways... I am the Berlin Wall.



Questioning my faith of the heart means that one must first acknowledge the existence of what I believe. If it means inevitable mudslinging in my direction, I suffice to have people simply thinking about what it is like to be objectum-sexual. Being OS is all I have ever known and I am not being hurt or held back, nor is anyone around me. My life has been very rich and I have achieved many personal goals empowered by the loving connection I have with what are otherwise known as inanimate objects.

This is how I have survived my tumultuous life thus far. If the worst things I do are love Bridges and an old concrete memorial in Berlin, or fancy the elegance of wood Fences... I guess I am doing OK. And for those in my life that never knew I was objectum-sexual, it's a testament to how discreet I have been and always will be despite recent media urging otherwise. Nothing has changed. I am still the same person and coming out does not alter how I act in public. Only now... I feel as though I can hold my head a bit higher, without shame, and look towards the light of life.

