

FEATURE: Libya, Iman Al-Obeidi and the penis as a weapon of war

By admin

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The Penis as a Weapon of War by [Tess Lawrence](#)



"War, children *It's just a shot away, it's just a shot away.*" Gimme Shelter

The great thing about the penis as a weapon of war is that it weighs only a few ounces, fits in the palm of your hand and it doesn't matter if you're firing blanks.

As a piece of military hardware it falls into the category of an IED-inbuilt explosive device.

Historically, it remains the most enduring alpha weapon of choice in conflict and revenge of any kind, outliving and outperforming crude and sophisticated armoury alike in terms of impact and intimidation.

It needs little maintenance and is aroused by group bonding habits and tribal participation and stimulated in equal measure by those teasing triplets of war; power, sex and violence.

However, it is not totally reliant on peer to peer activity. It responds well to self-administration and gratification. Onan the Invincible, you might say.

It is the uber form of sexual terrorism, biological and physiological warfare. Nothing comes near it.

It is indiscriminate in its penetratory capacity and is the least prejudicial of all artillery.

It is singularly egalitarian. It does not differentiate between religion, race, culture, sex, age or indeed, species.

Its victims are drawn from as many walks of life and circumstance as its perpetrators.

Like landmines, radioactive waste and cluster

bombs, it inflicts residual, physical as well as psychological damage upon both civilian and enemy populations, corroding global, national, community and familial relationships.

It spoils and soils the fragile landscape and ecology of the human family and its networking infrastructures and complexion.

It is immune to decontaminants and unthreatened by counter insurgents.

Once regarded as the main province of the male of the species, its methodologies are being increasingly deployed by female mimics, rebirthing Freudian penis envy theorists.

In its benign state, it is harmless enough and functions as a useful apparatus to eliminate distilled toxins.

But when erect and fully loaded it is capable of spearing babies, children, women and men whether alive, dead or dying and does so by entering every natural orifice found on the body as well as those wounds and entry points created by artificial and unnatural means.

Its paradoxical menace lies in the fact that the penis is the instrument of jealousy, manhood, lust, affection, love and propagation of the species whilst at the same time it serves as an instrument of rape and defilement and the provocation of deaths of another kind.

Its impact far exceeds its size.



Nicolas Poussin, *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, 1633-34, Oil on canvas, 60 7/8 x 82 5/8 in. (154.6 x 209.9 cm), Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

It provides more economic value, dollar for dollar, than any other type of organised or even disorganised, war machine.

It excels as a standalone act of war and military tactical device, with the capacity to trigger an overwhelming emotional response to what, when stripped down to basics, constitutes a relatively simple physical act of insertion and trespass.

With the chamber contents travelling at approximately 20 miles per hour or 30 feet per second, once it penetrates the target, it explodes into millions of fragments. Those fragments remain forever domicile within the target and give rise to immediate infection in the recipient organism.

They are never excreted from the body as are other accumulated trace elements of injury and hurt.

Whilst the mobility and motility variants of its powerful discharge is of little importance to its primary function or ballistic attributes, it can and often does regenerate itself within its host victim; an important consideration in terms of deploying stigmata and imposing humiliation upon the enemy.

It makes a lethal weapon out of a male; of a son, brother, father, husband, uncle or grandfather—sometimes all these amount to the composition of a single man. A hydra-headed avatar. A weapon of micro destruction with macro implications.

It is an experienced proponent of chemical warfare. It spreads disease, venereal, venal and cerebral.

It is a curiosity that in contemporary scenario, men who in otherwise social happenstance may be loath to defecate or masturbate in front of one another, in a mass rape scenario have no such inhibitions with either.

"Rape, murder It's just a shot away, it's just a shot away" Gimme Shelter

Take the case of the distraught and dishevelled Iman al-Obeidi, who burst into the restaurant at Tripoli's Rixos Al Nasr Hotel and international notoriety the other morning on March 26, a mere 18 days after International Women's Day, asserting to the assembled international media that she'd been gang raped, urinated and defecated upon by whiskey swilling Gaddafi troops after she and her brother-in-law were stopped at a checkpoint and hauled out of the car for questioning.

What is more, she said her rapists filmed the entire sordid episode.

Homo-erotica implicit in pack rape

An erection alone does not a screen hero make. But the homo-erotica implicit and explicit in pack rape apparently does.

And heroes look beautiful to one another smeared in testosterone and cowardice. It is a beauty harboured in the eyes of the beholder.

Looking bruised and bloodied and displaying scratches and wounds on her face, legs, wrists and ankles, the sobbing thirty-something woman was immediately set upon by Gaddafi's intelligence operatives, disguised as hotel workers.

Despite gallant efforts to intervene and protect her – by the likes of journalists Charles Clover of The Financial Times and Channel Four's Jonathan Miller and others – in an unedifying display of the brutality of the Gaddafi regime, the distressed and protesting woman was taken away by security police and at the time of going to press has not been seen since.

We do not know if she is still alive.

For their trouble, Clover and Miller were beaten up by Gaddafi's thugs and Clover subsequently chucked out of the country.

A Qatar based Libyan TV channel recently featured two voice-only phone interviews with al-Obeidi, although there is ongoing debate about their veracity and to the best of my knowledge no credible spectrographic voice identification tests have been completed.

To my untrained ear, the second interview sounds more like al-Obeidi than the first. There is always the danger of a contrived cut and paste compilation of course.

It should be noted that in the Rixos melee, one of the female waiter/operatives drew a knife and a male drew a gun; standard operational cutlery equipment for Gaddafi's undercover kitchen tipstaff.

In a futile attempt to suppress and prohibit footage of this incident reaching the outside world, some cameras and other media equipment were destroyed by the undercover Gaddafi spies/security who, according to informants, now effectively oversee the luxurious Rixos Hotel that ironically celebrated its first anniversary in March, oblivious to the hubris of the Ides and despite being named for

one of the ancients who founded the desiccated city of Perge.



Financial Times journalist Charles Clover, centre, attempts to stop a Libya Ministry of Information official from grabbing Iman Al-Obeidi.

In fairness, it is likely its Turkey-based hoteliers have no say in the hotel's current activities. Gaddafi blew out the candles on their birthday cake.

Further, it is likely that Gaddafi family members have a compulsory stake in the Rixos; as well as free room service. So Rixos group Chairman Fettah Tamince, like others doing business in Libya, is commercially stymied in this regard.

Some of Iman al-Obeidi's supporters are calling for a boycott on the Rixos. That may be counterproductive. It was after all, the site where a light was shone upon a great darkness.

The prime objective of the Gaddafi regime in embedding foreign media in the Rixos, a convenient ten kilometres or so from the airport, is to monitor and censor all ingoing and outgoing media traffic and informations, rather than to turn down your sheets and leave a mint-flavoured praline nestled on your pillow on cold Libyan nights.

That motive also includes identifying any informants or helpers, or "traitors" to the

Gaddafi regime, who might be aligned with Libya's struggling civilian home guard and who might be feeding information to the media.

And then killing them or their family members. Or kidnapping them and keeping them hostage. Or making them disappear.

Or raping them. And torturing them in other ways. Or mutilating them and chopping off limbs. Or using their bodies as sandbags and decoys. Or pretending that the corpses are entirely the result of NATO strikes. And stacking them up for a photo shoppportunity, so it looks like they are collateral damage.

Some journalists complained that they were virtual prisoners at the Rixos. At the time of the al-Obeidi incident, like the guests at the Hotel California, it seemed that they could never leave of their own accord.

Gaddafi doesn't want foreign media to travel without his spin doctors and minders — and press are certainly neither formerly encouraged nor permitted to travel unencumbered around Planet Gaddafi; ostensibly for their own protection.

"Journalists....we're under virtual house arrest"

In an interview with Australian Mark Colvin on [ABC radio on March 28](#), the experienced and much respected journalist, Jonathan Miller, gave us an important insight into the vice-like grip Gaddafi's propaganda unit has in the foreign media lockdown in Tripoli: