



# The Humanitarian

by James Seidler

FLYMF February 2006, The Two In The Pink Issue, Volume 3 Issue 2

There's no escaping my obsession. It's everywhere I look—in the news, the paper, the pop-up ads of the websites I visit. Today I was twenty minutes late for work because CNN had a feature, "Behind Baghdad's Veil," and I couldn't leave my apartment. I know it'll probably never happen—my friends tell me to stop talking about it—but I don't care.

I want to make love to an Iraqi woman.

You have to understand, this isn't a selfish desire. It's not some "American GI kicks down the door and makes whores of your women" thing. I'm not looking to "put my boots on the ground."

It's just that, well, things have been pretty rough in Baghdad for the past few years, and I'd like to try to apologize in my own way for my country's actions. I'd like to be a comforter.

I just think I have so much to give with my sex.

Also—not to hurt anyone's feelings—I should point out that I'm not talking about Iraqi-Americans here. I'm looking to experience the other side of the hyphen. Someone who has to brave gunfire to make it to the airport. Someone lacking running water and reliable electricity. Someone whose lullaby is the roar of plastique and Black Hawk helicopters.

"Hush-a-by," I'd say. "Let daddy take care of you."

She'd have to be a liberated woman, sure, and I don't mean from Saddam Hussein. But Iraq's supposed to be a secular country, as far as the Middle East goes. In any case, to paraphrase Henry Kissinger, war is the ultimate aphrodisiac. Who knows if you're going to be around tomorrow, right? That may have been why he bombed so many people—to pick up the pieces afterwards.

This isn't the first time this has happened to me. Back in high school I used to try to meet Amish girls at Sears. I'd get a friend to hang out with me, and whenever some of them walked by in their bonnets and prairie dresses, I'd give them the eye and start talking extra loud about telephones.

"Don't need to be right next to someone to talk to them," I used to say.

My wingman would agree half-heartedly.

"And if you want to *stop* talking to someone, you just hang up."

The girls were never into it, though. They'd just walk on by. In hindsight, I realize they probably thought I was making fun of them, but that wasn't it at all. I just wanted to bring them into modernity with my cock.

As for Iraqi women, I've tried to meet them on the internet, but it hasn't gone well. First of all, anyone can claim to be anyone on the internet, and there's no altruism in making love to a woman who claims to be an Iraqi but is really just a Palestinian. I'll leave that to the guys in Tel Aviv.

Second, even if she Iraqi, how are we supposed to meet? It's not like United has non-stop service between Allentown and Kirkuk. Even if they did, those fucking insurgents have already hit some guys who were over there for humanitarian work, so there's no guarantee I'd be safe.

The only surefire way I can think of to get over there is to join the army, but that seems like a one-step-forward, two-steps-back situation. I'd be around Iraqi women, but I don't think I'd be making the overall situation better, no matter how much love I was making.

So if I can't get over there to help the women of Iraq, I'm going to do my part on the home front by masturbating at the thought of them as much as humanly possible. It'll be tough, sure, but nobody said war was easy.