

Desert Storm, an Infrared Dream/David Avidan

by tsipi keller

Desert Storm, an Infrared Dream

On January 17, 1991 I woke up at 02:45 from a neo-surreal dream
with a slight not very serious feeling of suffocation a pre-asthma
attack instantly stifled with the inhalation of

Ventolin and of two atmospheres

of a home model oxygen tank and at once switched on the lights
annoying Dafni who was

trying to sleep

and I told her give me a break the war is on the Americans are
bombing the hell out of

Iraq

and in spite of her protests I turned on the radio and then the TV
and followed the action till morning and thereafter until the end of
the strike together with the Air Force and the

television crews and CNN

and as I began to type away after Dafni had urged me to
document the dream patience

details to come

the electric typewriter went dead in the middle of the sentence
and for a moment I feared

some electric disturbance but the socket was soon fixed

and what I dreamed was directly connected a situation had
developed having to do with

value judgments regarding x-ray/ infra-red images

of previous dreams and the balance of images indicated a certain
defect in the holistic

wholeness of justice

which presumably originated in a certain power-play in which I
was involved directly or
indirectly and I insisted
on printing the rest of the images in order to complete the picture
and relieve myself of
some doubts
about the multifaceted network of my dreams in the days
preceding Desert Storm and all
the preparations and intentions and directions
and now Dafni is on the phone with Tamar regarding some minor
insignificant one-time
orgiastic episode
after she'd spoken excitedly with her sister Shevi the two of them
write poetry but Dafni
also illustrates and will do well financially
but it can't be helped the female now is out of the picture the
male is up in the air on the
ground in American Air Force bases in Saudi Arabia
and in the bases of the Israeli Air Force great joy peer solidarity
mixed with a smidgen of
frustration tactical appraisal the envy of horny pilots
coveting the situation in the skies of Baghdad dying to be up
there since midnight or take
off even now at 06:30 and it is quite clear
that if the Israeli Air Force had taken the mission upon itself the
operation would have
been just as swift elegant and deadly
and for all taxi cabs it is business as usual all transmission devices
active anyone who
wants to come see me male or female is invited
to an orgy to a séance to an acid trip to World War Three to
anything that gives you a
high a hard-on and brings females back into the male
worldview

that lands and takes off and lands and takes off and lands and
takes off like the in and out
 of a giant virile dick up in the heavens
and this is the end of the dream and the beginning of awakening
and the beginning of the
 new world and the right order on a confused planet
ten years before the end of the century and its beginning and
thirty minutes before 07:00
 and an hour after
the call of the muezzin and the morning prayers and the War
Room at Hakirya and the
 global and the Israeli communication satellites
and Dafni and I here and Shevi alone at home and Tamar who
cannot attain the heights
 of the act with Yossi the bum
but what's one to do when there's no one else you take in anyone
for if you have no one
 better let there be at least someone
because the stiff weapons are up there so let there be at least one
dick down below just in
 case
because carnage brings on the carnal and the carnal brings on
the carnage and the two of
 them together in one bed lesbian love[1]
in Chinese yin and yang and on American waterbeds and on
Israeli-made mattresses in
 Tel Aviv
but what are small individual orgasms compared with the aerial
orgasm in the skies of the
 Middle East
so he who finishes inside finishes inside and he who finishes
outside finishes outside and
 he who finishes Baghdad finishes Baghdad

[1] In Hebrew, “lochma” (warfare/carnage) and “yochama” (horny/carnal) are feminine nouns.

