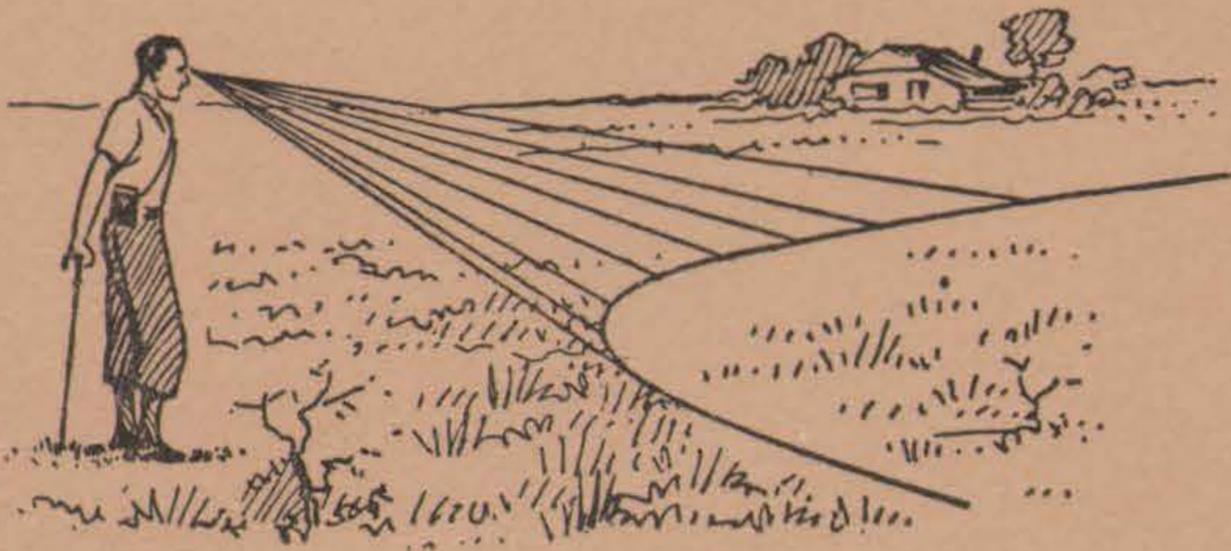


# STATE LOUNGE

ALAN BERNHEIMER



STATE HOUSE

12-  
1957

22380

ALAN BERENSON

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STATE LOUNGE

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## PASSING STRANGE

Blunt good looks cut out day  
patterned after strides through nerve

No accident the sky clouds  
figure is envelope blue

dovetails with appetite  
It sounds like it

Weather is personal equation  
and existing light jolts small fortune  
by weight of characteristic

What I think I hear are words  
lost in plain sight  
though details feel passing fancy  
with binocular relief

Material needs a life of fact  
to make a spectacle of  
one of these days

## WAVE TRAIN

The subject matter sports points of definition deployed in its field. I see luggage, and people walking down a gangplank into the water, where what looks like a sunken ferryboat lies just below the surface. Therefore it must emerge and drive on the bay, a huge station wagon, the lights on its wheels spinning through the dusk like Ferris wheels. But for the luggage, I would buy the descent.

The subject stands at the near end, flexing in the shimmering optics. It is a distinction. The drinks at this club, which is such that, have one big piece of ice each, roughhewn, in them. That is how we know we are here, since the prices reflect a modesty that belies its name. But it is hard to remember where the car is parked. Some morning it will be impossible.

The idea is to get a really big picture with a short throw. Wake to find the boarded-up newsstand across the street is open on a large scale, flashing periodical numbers two feet high, each brush strokes that recall all its high recognition factors. Say Red Grooms without silly putty. The wrong gauge, O in an HO world. Or someone decided to start with the model instead of the parts. All along I thought that spot was a triangular lawn left by an

old Southern Pacific cut, bordered on two sides by geraniums, roses, and fuschia, on the front by red pickets faded to redwood.

A point of focus. Having ridden the J Church streetcar too far, down to 66th Street, and on the ride back seen San Francisco's outlying legitimate theaters, white fire escapes on their sides zigzagging against the night without top or bottom connections.

The subject relieves the object of its knowledge. A jet appears in the sky, climbing from horizon to peak in its spherical track, to come screaming straight down, like a gannet diving, into the water. Seconds later, three dripping naval officers emerge from the harbor, a few scratches and cuts. I interview them on a scrap of paper. They say the plane ran out of gas.

Or, the object has the subject by the tail. Lugging giant peanuts through dry Panama Canal ditch so ship, by this time an elephant, will keep moving behind me. The captain sends me out for a long bomb.

Aerial shots of golf course with spares for the future as the holes wear out.

We commonly regard the subject as a thing with miscellaneous attributes, out of which the lists and full proportions are all made. The earliest known form of subject is the plain song, suitable for a definite site or effect.

"Most subject is the fattest soil to weed." Heading south along Gulf causeway in Florida, we spot tropical architecture, and distinctive colorful aircraft. Police on the narrow road issue "moving tickets" tacked on the back of vehicles and payable at the exits, because there is no room to pull anyone over.

Accidents may remain without their subjects. The story of a doctor in China who traveled on his own yacht with medicines — a dramatic staging with audience participation where roast turkey turkeys fly in on wires. Arriving is a maze of New York City green wooden elevated stairs and passages, yellow mustard oozing out of cracks, preceded by snack bar where franks on buns are dunked in Coke.

Number is the subject of arithmetic. Street scheme of offering \$1000 to someone for a penny. Collect the pennies and get rich — \$2 a day. Try it out next to the street vendor of tiny flashlights, springs, and junk.

The subject is inclined to pose, at least, or cry out

as a figure or incident. The house is small and rustic on a hillside above the southern river, and the bird life is fantastic, with colors on them you've never seen before.

The limits taken are open to doubt. Some say swallows submerge in ponds.

Example is gratified by its spot. 1931 doll mechanical cat, run on rubber bands and small battery-powered motors. Store in its box in DC-wired closet, so that "field pressure" will charge batteries and keep its fuses clean.

Much of what is bordered by quotation marks will never be said. They are hooks for an extracurricular enthusiasm to lodge on, or tracks of some two-toed editor who left the page to turn a phrase and returned to find it burnt.

Optics are no particular clarification. The buyers arrive in small cars, fold up their maps, unfold compact, daub, hitch up jeans and take to the stairs. A piece of property.

Everything is made of something else: maisonette-mayonnaise. Inside are shelves, dusty with years, the most

astonishing of which is some eight levels high, one dense track configuration with connecting ramps piled on the next, including a side ramp all the way from top to bottom, so as to form a closed circuit.

The transaction includes a debt of allegiance, speculators walking with palms scooped back, duck style, breeze under knuckles. They mean business in black.

Fundamentals peculiar to concentration. Let's have another cup of coffee. Let's have another piece of pie.

It fell out I thought on my feet. Vehicles are always changing places beneath me. Some so fast they don't need motors, rugs, boxes, anything that will go uphill fast, even monogrammed silver. A little slope-backed church being built in the green woods by a blue pond. The pieces arrive on a truck.

Material in question for many fields is self-evident. Transparency is nonetheless alluring. "The condition was characterized by ideas of reference."

Strengths: claro, colorado, maduro. Shapes: belvedere, corona, panatela, perfecto, cheroot, stogie.

Down behind the lines the characters walk streets with searing self-consciousness. They believe in the invisible, the bus without brakes, checkpoints, the spiral notebook.

## STATE LOUNGE

*state of vector*

Silkworms eat mulberry leaves. The berries soak the air's pavement.

*the push is on*

Olive wood makes the best charcoal for art.

*folded fog warnings*

Dark furry mold grew inside the channels of the harmonica. Snuff made from moss growing on a churchyard skull was thought a cure for headaches.

*first river crossing*

Alcohol aside, absinthe was five times the concentration of Pernod, plus wormwood. Its traditional proof stood at 136. Some attribute the power of the dry martini to a similar combination of high proof alcohol and the minute amount of wormwood (German: *Wermut*) contained in the vermouth.

*racing the weather*

Jets chalk their path across the sky. Chalk is pure levigated whiting.

*horse and cow*

On account of bilateral symmetry we learn to tell left from right, punctuating the fearless landscape.

*shake up the sedimentary record*

Donald Turnupseed, a 23-year-old college student whose Ford James Dean's Porsche Spyder ran into.

*wishes of the deceased*

We cover our eyes with a camera, half hours with a microscope.

*pale green straw*

The humidity element of a hydrograph consists of a sheaf of blond human hairs.

*small bore*

A state of things is a constellation of objects. Fish lack sense of relative.

*interest in interest*

Americans shoot their favorite presidents in the head.

*cushion rail*

Movies were silent then, but not still, diminishing gelatin.

*living atmosphere*

Mrs. Valentino had things to do at Poiret. I notice my head tailor to bend as we round the corner.

*Reno street: drink in bands*

Sufficient unto the morrow is the blank thereof.

*squib*

Working amuses and it tends to lessen nervousities and dull pains.

*running lights*

Glass coated with essence of fish scales is imitation pearls.

*carrot end of stick*

America is moving away from Europe an inch every year.

*the dipper flips*

Every day I see God. He asked about you today. I told Him I see you two or three times a day, too.

*leaving Winnemucca*

Carves up four poached eggs in a bowl.

*echelons to the left*

The quiver of the tumbler passing its mark strides through the nerves.

*the sky clouds figure is blue*

Melancholy takes its seat below the ribs.

*destination at lunch*

Evening primrose, sirens over duckweed, atoms extended in space.

*attenuation of background*

Pleasing handwriting gives thought an edge.

*hightail for front line*

747s slant skyward behind American cities.

*mute straw tones spectrum*

Two ends of summer are longer than the middle.

*kick fuss*

You could see stars in daytime by looking up a chimney.

*Golconda*

Desire record of intermissions from the great concert halls of the world.

*towns road left behind*

Futhork is the runic alphabet.

*from one suspicion of a valley to another*

At mess everything was vegetables.

*board feet lumber up bill*

The point of interrogation is an expression of disbelief.

*tuftscape*

Camille is one of three French Christian names which can be borne by men or women.

*ox tired*

Ultra-thin paper reserved for messages carried by pigeons is colombophile.

*all over the place*

Melville is buried in the Catalpa plot of Woodlawn Cemetery, Bat Masterson in the Primrose of Machpelah.

*alkalai plain*

Pure water does not cause a sensation of taste because it does not contain any sapid particle.

*trickle of distance*

Americans 11,000 years ago made clovis points, fluted blades a bit like a bowie knife.

*no sense of proportion*

The rate of sink was too great to contain all the machinery on the available real estate.

*take notice*

Marbee's Department Store--for family, ranch, and mine.

*towns as punctuation*

Age is an accumulation of noise to the point of error catastrophe.

*sanded oil*

What is the favorite part of speech?

*Disney atom*

What is known: water on sidewalk lifts dust to its surface.

*hands up*

The present is difficult to characterize.

*Phillips head*

A salary of tiny bubbles is a process not yet clearly understood.

*clouds figure the sky is blue ground*

Test for play by holding one end and try to move sideways.

*Williamsburgh foot*

The French call shipyard launchways eels.

*talk to trucks*

The bygones were bygones.

*covered wagons*

Her smile froze as though the insect had talked back.



*the beat is really on*

Develop habit of keeping tongue in contact with roof of mouth.

*high prairie*

Characters in B movies act too smart.

*I-80*

"A building or a man is represented at all moments, and perpetually, by an image in the atmosphere; all existing objects have within that atmosphere a perceptible and obtainable spectre." -Balzac

*semi-arid plateaus and ridges, with buttes*

The sky has a tree. Sometimes you get dead.

*those were faster, longer days*

My earliest articulated desire was a white garbage truck.

*liquid carbonic*

"California--the star of Absinthe in the American flag." -Blaise Cendrars

*red desert*

William Oughtred invented the multiplication sign, which he said, "came into my head as if infused by divine genius."

*big flat high country*

The 16th century enlarged the back rest.

*no buttes*

It isn't dirty when you kiss it up to God.

*small peaks in rows clumped around horizon*

I left America to avoid my destination.

*white patches used to be rabbits*

The ratio of incidence to reflection of light is albedo.

*ductile iron*

A trail that nothing but a nose could follow.

*mineral wealth*

The cardinal signs of inflammation are redness (rubor), heat (calor), swelling (tumor), and pain (dolor).

*curio*

With diminishing gelatin the bones become a kind of imperfect marble.

*keep pulling out ahead of weather*

Faint pencil marks indicate a timid editor.

*lack of foreground*

The horizon describes a circle of many miles.

*Sweetwater County*

Big people have big houses.

*hair down to earth clouds*

Egyptians depicted Thot, the god of knowledge, as a baboon.

*ominous vertical giants*

You lose your perspective living somewhere.

*grey on greys*

The sometimes grotesque effect of things promiscuously combined is a by-product.

*Genoa*

It's a raw deal to be a specimen.

*outbound Coors*

Man is the animal that gets sentimental about an undetectable head of hair.

*one track mind*

We'll take a look at the goldfish.

*just a sprinkler*

Salt and vinegar on your education.

*covered sky*

The big ears are in radiation exchange with the visible surroundings.

*basted egg*

Heat is the spoon that mixes the weather.

*towns face west with their services*

The day pivots on the splendid animalist.

*skies brighter to east*

Ewes lamb in the grass.

*postpone the inevitable*

Aspirin makes the platelets slippery.

*word of snow in the air*

He felt only curiosity toward wine.

*border towns*

The reading eye hits the world a little to the left of center.

*zeal for the indefinite middle*

The steel in the knife forgets to be sharp.

*enter state*

Then enter rest area.

*Coney*

Cereals create their own goodness.

*Plains Grains*

Wobblies supplant scabs on train to strike.

*fleecey patches overhead*

The world's largest pearl is 5½ by 9 inches in diameter.

*the fiction is I am just saying this*

Where the atmosphere thins to nothingness there is no weather.

*doesn't even squirm*

What I mean is mental effort to come through the pores this fast.

*why is grain elevated?*

People throw coins into small bodies of water.

*cows single file down dirt road through field*

Reading keeps a civil tongue in your head.

*measured mile varies from state to state*

"The score of the nippers you can buy are too fine for this warp."  
-Charles Olson

*put weather behind some more*

Houdini was the first man to fly in Australia, died on

Hallowe'en, buried in Machpelah Cemetery.

*spare room*

Blankness was the most direct reference.

*interlocking ratios*

Professor Camille Flammarion called the region of Orion "the California of the sky." No other constellation contains so many bright stars.

*Deep Rock*

First people took their names from places, and then they gave them back.

*Dunkard Brethren Church, Quinter, Kansas*

I've been from several places and I'm going to be from here.

*overnight success*

We owe our human condition here to the intervention of insects.

*pretty day in Kansas*

The intensified feeling for color with your back to the landscape, bent far forward to see between your legs, is supposed to be connected with the greater quantity of blood running to the head.

*erased road signs*

We'd be rich if we didn't have to buy this stuff.

*an appetizer to move*

Castor has the effect of causing the wheels to run straight forward.

*lost hours dodging under sun*

"The insurance office increases the number of accidents."  
-Emerson

*imperative of road*

Reindeer followed the mosses and ferns which grew around the fringes of the ice.

*house of Czech items*

I'll take my chances with the spectrum I've always seen.

*billboard color of sky*

Subjective complete assurance is plerophory.

*cow and cowboy country*

Until you get used to them you are liable to trip over your own words.

*travelling at the speed of weather*

Shadows arise behind an object in the mist.

*hills mean something to trucks*

Foods that look good are eaten more.

*red prairies at sunset*

Additional information is available on the periphery.

*1 Kansas farmer feeds 55 people plus you*

If the lions don't like it they won't eat it.

*gentlest spectrum in the counterglow*

The Welsbach mantle is composed chiefly of thoria and ceria.

*strange gas brands the interior*

Those beach crowd Apaches don't like snow.

*1st HoJo outside Topeka*

Wood naphtha is methyl alcohol.

*wipers shave shields*

The sky got full of zeroes.

*a long skate east*

It is possible Noah was an albino.

*exacting*

Any leisure we had was spent knitting khaki mufflers.

*mud guards*

A small halo is observed in the immediate neighborhood of the eye.

*flaps down*

You get through what you get through mechanical successes.

*patterned after*

Osage orangewood is favored for archers' bows.

*shrink*

Getting up in the morning is an effect.



*Buntline special*

"For Newton space and time was the sense organ of God."  
-Feyerabend

*cows in the cornfield*

Blood is liquid flesh.

*pulling up to the 40th parallel*

A flourish at the end of a signature to guard against forgery is a paraph.

*leapfrog with weather*

The seams in the human skull are known as brahma, for their resemblance to Hindi characters.

*bridges freeze first*

Bedouins sharpen their vision by painting the whites of their eyes blue.

*and perfusion*

The twinkling of stars is caused by a rapidly moving pattern of caustic surfaces passing the eye.

*why cars move in waves, is it humans in them*

Systems whose properties are dependent upon their previous histories are said to exhibit hysteresis.

*interest the traffic will bear*

The svaha is the lapse between lightning and thunder.

*turnpike*

Between the first hello and the goodnight kiss comes the svaha.

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