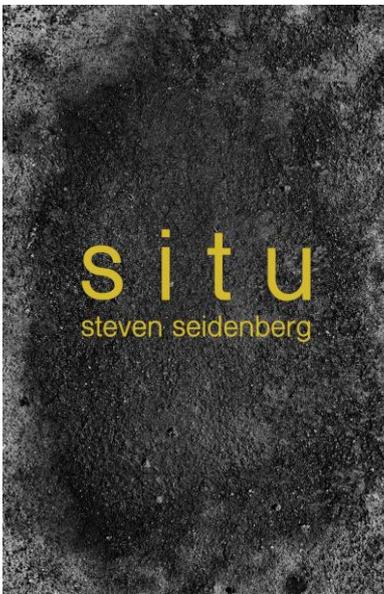


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SITU

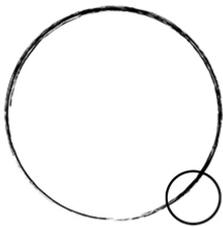
BY STEVEN SEIDENBERG



SITU

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

STEVEN SEIDENBERG is the author of *Situ* (Black Sun Lit, 2018), *Null Set* (Spooky Actions Books, 2015), *Itch* (Raw Art Press, 2014), and numerous chapbooks of verse and aphorism. His collections of photographs include *Pipevalve: Berlin* (Lodima Press, 2017) and *Kanazawa Void* (Daylight Books, forthcoming 2018).

Behold: a body, mind, and voice situated in place, in time and space—moving, moved, and immovable. Steven Seidenberg’s *SITU* is a hesitant unfolding of demise, a text occupying the interstices between diegesis, philosophy, and poetry. The narrative’s tension finds form in an indeterminate subject’s relationship with a bench: an anguished site of rest and motion. Proving and parodying an epistemology of volition, the unstable narrator imbues their wildly despairing circumlocutions with great poetic urgency. This “thinking thinking” moves in and out of the thinking body it observes, displaying a devastating portrait of the paradoxes at the basis of all willful or inadvertent representation.

SITU is a dramatic intensification of Seidenberg’s career-long blurring of fiction, poetry, and philosophy—an accomplishment recalling the literary contributions of Blanchot, Bernhard, and pre-impasse Beckett.

PRAISE FOR SITU

“To engage with the narrative flow of Steven Seidenberg’s *Situ* is to pass through the looking glass of consciousness into a seriocomic world of ‘mnemonic throes’ and ‘the null of place.’ I think, therefore where am I? And what? And when? We feel the phenomenal world slip-sliding away, even as we marvel at the charged field of language and thought thus brought to light.”

—Michael Palmer, author of *The Laughter of the Sphinx*

Steven Seidenberg has confected a stanza out of trains of thought that falter as explanation turns on itself too many times to grasp. He gives us the most amiable of mad narrators who twists gorgeous epistemological filigree, never escaping “captive selfdom” as the lonely audience of his own powerful articulation, an “inner other.” *Situ* is the fruit of the philosophical quest: a horror of the body—“face flush with the rancid muck that covers his cadaver”—and the rational mind in its infinite regress. “The point” is to capture the moment of knowing—the happy ending where truth is completely expressed. But the unknown overwhelms the known as it becomes known as unknown, a terrain hidden between what can and can’t be said. This terrain is full of wonder, tenderness, laughter, failure, chatter. Our narrator enlarges it by increments as each stanza glides inexorably to its cliff. He hurls us over, only to start again with new faith in hundreds of fresh beginnings.

—Robert Glück, author of *Jack the Modernist*

A feat of extreme smarts, folding in iterative density and intense decay, *Situ* does philosophy as labyrinthine lit. It’s the private demo of an *unheimlich* maneuver, a novel of raveling, a vagrant meditation, with its protagonist assuming a metaphysical/mind-body position (bent over himself, inverted) that leads to a voyage around his brume, a roam of his own. This is outsider metaphysics, insider epistemology, inside-out methodology, limning limits of knowledge, will, action, language, memory, and unity in the creation, the *scansion*, of self and world. Literalizing notions of ground and point of view, and elaborating an abstract analytical baroque, a syntactical sublime, and an abject disoriented philosophy, Seidenberg creates a novel of *sui generis* reduction, full of dark, dreck humor, deep obsessional disorder, and relentless musical propulsion. Its intestinal yet Latinate formalism, its agonistic wit and ruinous wonder, its keen bent for passivity, would make Beckett chortle, Husserl mull, Descartes nod, Spinoza correspond, Melville wax fanciful. An original, gutsy book.

—Mina Pam Dick, author of *Delinquent*