

SERENA - A NOVEL ABOUT HELL

A. Preface

I want to tell you a story. It's not an elegant story, nor is it necessary. The read won't be an easy one for the reader; many will call it a terrible experience. And they won't be wrong. Most certainly should not read any further at all. My advice: put it down... now. Step away from the vehicular mind-slaughter that is [the coming horror](#). I won't call it what it isn't: "Wonderful." I won't call it what it is: "[The Horrible Happening](#)." But, I feel compelled to tell you *why* it is the way it is (truly horrible). It is disturbing. It is not meant to bring joy; it should be avoided. It just IS. It exists because it happened and was recorded. I would advise against reading further. Another disclaimer is best stated by Nietzsche: In writing this and other works, I am aware that I no longer "write anything which does not reduce to despair every sort of man who is 'in a hurry'. For philology is that venerable art which demands of its votaries one thing above all: to go aside, to take time, to become still, to become slow." In our present, and seemingly unfortunate, version of society, we find ourselves very much entangled in a 'hurry up' lifestyle; an age of 'work fast' and get it all done NOW. The good philologist will learn to "read slowly, deeply, looking cautiously before and aft, with reservations, with doors left open, with delicate eyes and fingers ... My patient friends, this book desires for itself only perfect readers and philologists: *learn to read me well!*"

"Courageous, untroubled, mocking, violent - that is what wisdom wants us to be: wisdom is a woman and loves only a warrior..." Nietzsche continues. "Write with **blood**: and you will discover that **blood** is spirit. Once spirit was God, then it became man, and now it is even becoming mob... In the mountains the shortest route is from peak to peak: but for that you must have long legs. Aphorisms should be peaks: and those to whom they are addressed should be big and tall of stature. The air thin and pure, danger near and the spirit full of a joyful wickedness: these things go well together. ...courage wants to laugh. I no longer feel as you do: this cloud which I see under me, this blackness and heaviness I laugh at - precisely this is your thundercloud. You look up when you desire to be exalted. And I look down because I am exalted. He who climbs upon the highest mountains laughs at all tragedies, real or imaginary."

"Good writers have two things in common; they prefer to be understood rather than admired; and they do not write for knowing and over-acute readers."

"One does not want only to be understood when one writes but just as surely *not* to be understood."

"When it wants to communicate itself, every nobler spirit and taste also selects its audience; in selecting them it also debars 'the others'."

The present writer does not wish to be injurious to the ears of uninvited readers. I keep at arm's length the timid and innocent, while calling spirited attention to the eyes and ears of those minds with understanding of certain intellectual matters. "One must be honest... to the point of harshness to so much as endure my seriousness, my passion. One must be accustomed to living on mountains - to seeing the wretched ephemeral chatter of politics and national egoism *beneath* one. One must have become indifferent; have courage for the *forbidden*; predestination for the labyrinth; new ears for new music. Very well! These alone are my readers, my rightful

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readers: what do the *rest* matter? - The rest are merely mankind - One must be superior to mankind in force, in loftiness of soul - in contempt..."

The **Present Writer** understands that some few men are born posthumously. The European ear for Mozart did not come to be until after Amadeus was deceased. Socrates instructed Plato on "The Allegory of the Cave" where the escaped prisoner is introduced to *the light* and truth of the world. When he attempts to share the *truth* with the other prisoners, they rebuke him with extreme prejudice, insisting he recant or perish.

Similar insanity doth issue forth from the screaming halls of timeless expression as prescribed by the spirited divinity. I am compelled by grace towards the infinitude of wonder and limitlessness of imagination given to the universe from our heritage of spirited divinity. Herald the hallowed — Emmanuel Kant, Kantian "thing-in-itself" and the "moral imperative"; Fritz Jahr's "bioethical imperative"; Descartes' Cartesian dualism of mind/body; Thomas Huxley, grandfather to Aldous Huxley, epiphenomenalism!; Arthur **Schopenhauer**, "My advice is simply to put this book aside."

However, in solemn seriousness, my profound hope is that this will reach those to whom alone it is intended. I contemplate in the blood and passion of truth. "To truth only a brief celebration of victory is allowed between the two long periods during which it is condemned as paradoxical, or disparaged as trivial. The author of truth also usually meets with the former fate. But life is short, and truth works far and lives long: let us speak the truth."

Lo, "...and the truth will make you free." I implore you to not resist the temptation to retire this volume to the bowels of amnesia! Render unto the abyss that which is abysmal! It is said that horrific visuals, once seen, cannot be UNseen. Have not I forewarned and pled? Once unlocked the gate shall vanish! Scrub and it will not be cleansed! Oh, ye of fantastic faith, go thither, search and pray that all are visited upon by the new measure of god-fashion! Would it were that the new measure will prevail and allow! It shall be imperative to be absolutely certain that your eyes are on the face of the head of a nonmember of the standard set of rational human beings! Veritas vos liberabit!