

SERENA - A NOVEL ABOUT HELL

B. On Points of View

The **Present Writer** wishes to humbly assist and serve as temporal guide through [the coming horror](#) just as Virgil and Beatrice did for Dante Alighieri through the descending rings of Hell in the *Divine Comedy*. As such, I must impart unto the **Intended Reader** enough of the *light* and *truth* as was afforded the escaped prisoner in Plato's *Allegory*. Indeed, who will be the **Present Writer** per se? In penning this I struggled to determine what would be most suitable Point of View from which to present [the coming horror](#). I find it necessary to be able to have glimpses at appropriate times into the minds of multiple characters, yielding the obvious Third Person Omniscient narrator. However, I also wish for the **Intended Reader** to be intimately onboard with one certain character throughout. Further, I want to be able to explain things from an external and **anecdotal** frame of reference. Therefore: They, He, I, and We are all in bed together as the collective *punctum visus*. There is no name for this P.O.V. — it goes deeper than the mundane vision of man; deeper than spiritual omniscience. The transcendent nature of this Point of View provides a gateway for the **Intended Reader**, offering metaphysical insight. I will simply call it the [COLLECTIVE](#). One difficulty will be distinguishing from that one certain character I mentioned (Ethan Alexander Portfidio) and the “external” **Present Writer** (the I who is at the same time in attendance and not in attendance — the proverbial Schrodinger's Cat). Generally, Ethan plays a First Person Omniscient role; but at times the **Present Writer** steps in for the occasional anecdote as a temporary I.

“In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas / corpora.”

(“My mind inclines me to speak of bodies changed into new forms.”)

These are the opening lines of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. While evolution and change are primary themes in this epic work from A.D. 8, it abounds with transformational violence. The “metamorphosis” of these victims becomes an integral part of the universality of all evolution. Ovid demonstrates an intermingling of constructs: between the hunter and the hunted; art and nature; preserving and destroying; healing and killing. An age old adage — beneficence vs maleficence.

Primum non nocere — First, do no harm.

R.W. Emerson transcends simple enlightenment when comparing nature to art... “Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the Soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which Philosophy distinguishes as ‘[the not me](#)’, that is, both nature and art.” Can not at once the natural hunter be artistically hunted? Enter self-on-self violence! The quasi-destruction of the self vis-à-vis fruitful murder!

I intend to gnaw, grind, devour the murder-birth — revealing an ethereal, otherworldly, and metaphysical experience!

The [COLLECTIVE](#) lives in that interstitial space: The space between all material objects. Indeed, this volume is highly irregular and absolutely nonsensical. Welcome to [your] mindfuck.