

HOLLYWEIRD

by

Aris Kleiotis

I. Preface: The role of the artist

“You know, in this town, an artist really needs a lot of space when they're trying to create something special. A place to cultivate a world of their own, far away from the real world that's around them; especially now, when the world is in the middle of such a tumultuous period – I find I really need to take the space for myself, far away from real life to consider what my contribution to the world should be in these dark times.”¹

The artist:
A saint when secular,
An outcast when withdrawn.

The role of the artist should not be defined
By theories nor
By rules;
An artist has the right and the capacity
For shaping and re-shaping himself;
Each time transforming into the next form
Different from an earlier one
And different from the next of the next one;
That is, the artist becomes a unity
Of multiple layers;
With multiple meanings,
With multiple projections,
With multiple goals;

His earlier work as his past,
His current work as his present,
His next work as his future,
With each work of art interacting with one another
Crystallizing a web of fusion
To bring forward the past, the present, and the future,
But, with a twist.

The contemporary artist,
When in the middle of such a chaotic period
With reality constantly in flux,
May converse with artists of the past
To integrate their wisdom into
The future work of art.

I shrink, I gradually shrink—
I shrink I say—
Until
I vanish into ether;
That is, merge into a
Transhistorical Community.

Imitation is different from
Integration

*“Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future
And time future contained in time past
If all time is eternally present
All time is unredeemable”²*

Life imitates
Art imitates
Life imitates Art imitates Life imitates Art

“Far more than Art imitates Life”³

*“Riches I hold in light esteem
And Love I laugh to scorn
And lust of Fame was but a dream
That vanished with the morn—
And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is—'Leave the heart that now I bear
And give me liberty.”⁴*

*“It is a peculiar sensation, this double-consciousness,
This sense of always looking at one's self through the eyes of others,
Of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world
That looks on in amused contempt and pity.”⁵*

Art as labor;
The artist observant,
His eyes restlessly feeding to
Delve deeper and darker—

In this way, the artist acquires
Multiple Voices in order to
Voice Those who never had a
Voice.

Time and Space,
Merging into one single entity;
I reflect myself in the mirror of the past
And the warm halation of the reflection
Radiates, and signals the mirror of the future;
I can see—
I am free.

II. Penelope's Prism

i. Penelope's Spell

I am knitting my knot,
To which I will bind you with my spell.
I am casting my spell,
Through which I will make you mine.

O poor Circe, novice seductress,
You turn men into their real forms:
A pig, a swine, a wild boar.
But, my man, my man?

My man...
I remember when I met him...
He was the only one for me...
Well, I begged him to stay...
Try to remember what
We had in the beginning.
He is charismatic, magnetic, electric
And, everyone knew it.
When he walked in, every
Woman's head turned,
Everyone stood up to talk to him.
He was like this hybrid, this mix
Of a man who couldn't contain himself.
And, he left me...for his opportunity...
And in that way I understood him,
And, I loved him, I loved him,
I loved him, I loved him.
And, I still love him.
Where is my Odysseus?
I still love him ⁶

...
My man, Circe, is bound to my heart.
My spell this may be;
My love keeps him fettered,
My looks keep him shackled,
I possess him!
I may be not a sorceress of your kind,
But, am I, am I of another kind,
A rose, a rose, each and every day...
A scarlet rose, and a red rose, and
Crimson lights upon it...oh redness it is.
When my roses, when they bloom,
It is an indication that he thinks of me,
Of me, he still loves me, me;

Oh, where is he? Where is he?

...

I am the Original of them all;
Head-Siren of the Ocean
With a Voice of Heaven.
He chose me, he chose me!
I sing, I sing "come back to me!"
Oh, he hears me, he hears me;
And he thinks of me, and...and
My roses in my cheeks, they flash.
Oh, am I on fire, I am...
Oh, I see you, my love,
Don't shed a tear for me, my love.

Odysseus, when you cry,
The ocean in your eyes evaporates,
I can see you fading into the abyss of my love
With your blond hair
And your pale skin
And your wan soul;
You are royal.

Don't you know, my love,
That aflame is my desire for you?
A living masterpiece
Every day, I will offer up to you
And every night, I will sing you to sleep;

Sleep, dear, sleep;
Dream, my dear, dream;
Dream the dream that the dreamers dream;
You're dreaming of me now;

I am just a woman in your dreams;
I am the Princess of the Moon, Princess Serena. ⁷
I am just a woman on the moon.
I levitate, I'm floating in you;
I'm in your dreams now, in your dreams, in your dreams!

Yet, my love,
Only in your dreams
Do we unite

ii. Penelope's Moony Invocation

“I invoke thee, Prince of the Earth;
I invoke thee, Odysseus, my sweet Prince Darien.⁸
Can thou hear me? I’m transmitting...

Troy, the planet of the Dark Moon is
About to raid my Moon Kingdom.⁹
My love, I remember vividly;
Before thou and me had become Governors
Of the Earth and Moon,
Trojans of the Dark Moon had¹⁰
Invaded the Earth in order to transform
The crescent moon on people’s foreheads
Into a dark crescent moon instead,
And only when I employed the power
Of the Legendary Silver Crystal¹¹
Could I seal the darkness away,
Away from Earth.

But, now I am petrified, my Prince!
My mother, Queen Serenity, has employed all the
Power of the Silver Crystal to create
An arcane shield to protect our Moon Kingdom and...and...
If her spell she does not cease soon enough,
I am afraid she will cherish eternal sleep merely
To defend our Kingdom.
If thou teleport in the time arranged,
Thou will fetch salvation for my Kingdom;
Thou will be...
Silence will not cover me!”

“I invoke thee, my Prince!
I invoke thee Odysseus, my beloved Darien!
Can thou hear me?
Ground control to the Earth Kingdom¹²
Signals crossing may confuse thee
Yet, my stars shine the way for thee

I recall all our Romantic Times on Earth;
When Love sang on every summer breeze
And, my moonlit face would thy heart freeze.
At our wedding, the harps lilted, our world
Was built for two, for me and thee, my love,
And, my daisy-adorned hair symbolized
Our true love and my pure heart.

Yet, fail me, my King, and I will be;
A withering flower
A decaying corpse

A fallen star in thy hands..."

iii. Odysseus' Earthy Response

The rain is falling and its fire
Is burning me
The stars are shining and their light
Is blinding me—
Still, the moon was the dew drops
To quench my desire
And the only fiery beacon to
Signal my sight—

"I hear thee, my Moon Princess,
I hear thee, Princess Serena.
I see thee;
Thy eyes and voice struck a lightning
And the curtains of the morning sky
Slid apart, and there was
Moonlight.

I bow down, my beloved Princess,
I worship thy celestial beauty.
Thy hologram is a moonlit spectrum
I speak to, I listen to, but I cannot touch...thee

My sweet Serena, I have already transmitted thy
Message of urgent aid to
Earth's Central Battle System.
My Kingdom's soldiers are
Heading towards thy Moonlight portal
And as soon as they arrive,
We will be teleporting.

Hast thou ever considered
My failing you, my Princess,
I shall lay dead in my grave
And thy holy hand shall
Never caress my cherry lips

Have I ever proven not to be Golden,
I shall be Bronze to thy eyes and touch.
Have I ever proven not to be sincere,
Thy wan soul, white heart, and pale skin
Shall never provide my fallen heart
With the apricity of the winter sun.

Me, the Prince of Earth, Odysseus Darien,
Guarantee thee thy win against
Trojans of The Dark Moon Kingdom,
Your eternal zealous foes,

By pointing to thee
My legendary sword,
Which has brought all Earth's battles...to victory.

Keeper of my heart,
I shall never allow darkness to silence thee
I shall never allow darkness to cover thy kingdom
Dark Moon will be forever banished from the Universe
So long as they cannot retain balance between
Their darkness and thy light
In their greedy desire to dominate!

Have faith, my child, have faith,
Until thou and me
Unite again

Queen Serenity is about to
Light our Universe with her presence again”

iv. Serenity's Last Stand

Queen Serenity wakes up
And, instead of fair light,
She visions utter darkness...skeptical!

The Queen of the Dark Moon Kingdom,
Queen Beryl¹³, has penetrated with her Nega force¹⁴
The Arcane Shield of the Moon.
Her commanders, the legendary:
Jadeite, Nephrite, Zoicite, and Kunzite¹⁵
Are about spread chaos over the queendom,
With Beryl visioning her throne.

At that time, Prince Darien teleports with his
Earth comrades through the Moonlight portal,
Eager to swing his rosy sword against
Each and every villain he will encounter.
He beholds his enemies,
And delves into the battlefield;
"Princess..."

...

As flames cover the surface of the pale Moon,
As swords combat one another
And spells counter with each other
Blood clothes the body of the Moon like a veil;
It is a Pink Moon!

"Cacciatore, cacciatore
Catch me if thou can.
Salvatore, Salvatore!
Thou art begone!"

Princess Serena channels
Her Moon Cosmic Power¹⁶
And the Nega soldier
Disappears into thin air
As he chameleons with the
Color of the moon ether.

...

A second passes, or was it more?
Princess Penelope is in a trance...
Oh! She levitates;
Is she spell-bound, or is she wounded?
Prince Darien's beloved is in danger!
She is painted after the color of the wan moon.
Prince Darien amidst all the mayhem,
Wreathed with a valor as the jauntiness

Of an endless summer dream
Locates his moonlit undine:
P.D: "Oh here thou art, my fallen star!"
P.S: "Is that truly thee, my beloved?"
J: "Yes, dear! We finally reunite!" he says
As he caresses his sword...

Prince Darien darting towards Jadeite
Like giants stomping upon the fair Moon,
Jadeite turns his back, and he eyes
He eyes the Prince in the eye!
Prince Darien, always in his Tuxedo Mask,¹⁷
Encounters Jadeite like a courtly knight.
They both roar a battle cry,
And, they dive into the current;
Odysseus dodges Jadeite's sword,
And taking advantage of the opportunity,
He leaps in the air,
He aims for the heart of the villain,
And he catapults his red rose;
Jadeite's heart explodes in redness.

Prince Darien with a fear in his cordial heart
Approaches his dormant beloved,
He kisses her on the lips lips
And Princess Serena erupts in rejuvenation;

P.S: "I am alive and breathing, my Lord!
Thanks to thee, I am restored!
There is no time,
There will be no time, my Love.
We need to hurry into the heart of darkness;"

The Princess recollects herself when
Suddenly Nephrite and a batch of soldiers
Intervene in the lovebirds' serene stillness;
P.D: "Nephrite, thou art spell-bound,
Thou art being mind-controlled
By the malevolent Queen Beryl.
Thou once were a holy knight,
Thou needs to reme..."

Nephrite interrupts the Prince as
He attempts to pierce him
With his sword,
And, Prince Darien, once again
Evades, yes, he evades the attack
For he is that kind of a gem;
He is elusive.
But, what is...?

What is this light?
Princess Serena rising like a nymph
Emerging through the blinding moonlight,
Nephrite and his soldiers fall on their knees, shackled;

N: “What is this feeling?
This feeling embracing me?
I am submerged...”
Princess Serena with her delicate moon-fingers
Casts moonbeams upon the Dark Moon forces;
The dark moon crescents on their foreheads
Radiate with moonlight, and they are transformed.

P.S: “My beloved Earthy King,
At last, I am ready to merge into one unity,
To bear our daughter, Eclipsis.”
Odysseus and Penelope are about to finally re-uni—
When Zoisite and Kunzite interrupt
A divine birth

Zoisite and Kunzite,
Both with the air of a lion, are ready
To conquer this queendom, are ready
To challenge Penelope and Odysseus’
Blessed Union.

Zoisite goes after Penelope,
and
Malachite faces Odysseus.

Zoisite, a crystal-enchanter
Hails his dark-energized crystals
And, confines the Princess.
The Princess, whose energy is being absorbed,
Like a feather drifts before her rosy cheeks
Hit the cold ground.
In the meantime, Kunzite,
Master of Psycho-Arcane Magic,
Hypnotizes Prince Darien, and
With lacuna eyes, the Prince
Is penetrated by the arcane swords
Of Kunzite.

Suddenly,
There is a tremble
There is a shock
There is a time stop!
There is something...
There is a stillness in the air;

Queen Serenity, with dead silence
Has absorbed the remaining drops of power
From the Legendary Silver Crystal,
Ready to sacrifice herself for the sake
Of her daughter and her Queendom.
She creates an empyreal realm
As she projects in a visual hologram
The seven phases of the moon.
The Moon, shimmering, glimmering,
With each phase, it is restored to its
Initial state, into serenity.

Queen Beryl, Zoisite and Kunzite,
And the remaining Nega forces
Are forever banished
To the Dark Moon Kingdom.
But, what about our Prince?
What about our Princess?

v. *Lolita*¹⁸

I am stepping on the grass,
I am walking on the grass,
Endless fields of grass;
The air flows the air flows flows
A bee greets me and then the flowers
Roses and tulips and margaritas and daisies
And O my favorite one, oh what is it?
What is this? This empyreal realm?
Am I dead, I am, am I sleeping or... or...
What is this? This...

I am stepping on the grass,
I am walking on the grass,
Endless fields of grass;
My eyes observe they observe and observe
And they see;
O what they see...
They eye one by one the parts
The parts the little bodies
Little bodies little parts and parts
Which altogether make the body
One one one;
Oh this must be a, a hallucination—
What is this feeling?...feeling...this...
This lolling...a figment...

I am stepping on the grass,
I am still walking on the grass,
Endless fields of grass;
My lips they button, button, button
With her lips, lips, lips;
Her peach lips lips fruit sunshine lips lips
Two lips lips
One lip lip
They make two lips—
She her she her...who is she...
Oh this is truly a dream, this union,
Two souls souls, two bodies bodies,
Uniting into one...into one...
Blessed it is, this union,
Crying tears of rose like Rosalind.

I am stepping on the grass,
I am levitating upon the grass,
Endless fields of grass and flowers;
As I hold her by the waist

Her cheeks flash two red ruby roses.
As I caress her rubies,
A sweet-and-sour-and-sweet-and-sour-odor
Knocks my nostrils' doors;
O it is my... Lolita!
She has has her diary on her lap lap
With her pen pen on her two lilac hands palms.
As I stare into the violets in her eyes eyes
I am mesmerized and dazzled and hypnotized
Is this a flowery flowery illusion?
O as I caress the fire in between her thighs
O how my sweet sweet Lolita
Stretches up and down one by one
Her voluptuous legs legs
With her lace lace ankle garters garters on
O she truly is a... she is a... dream... come true.

I am stepping on the grass,
I am walking on the grass,
Endless fields of grass;
This thing, this thing I smoothly-ly
And, ultraviolently-ly I caressh with my
Delicate crescent... oh my Lolita she is
perspiring.
Oh she is... on fire she is... her thing, thing;
A black iris,
A yellow calla,
A pink sweet pea,
Oh what it is I cannot reveal...reader...
Who she... an enigma...
"Oh Humbert...oh Hum..."
And, she devours me, all of me, each and every
Inch of me, she absorbs me,
She would do anything for me.

My Lolita, with her two-two
Flowery tails on each side-side
With her... heart-shaped, and
Heart-colored sunglasses on-on.
With her... sinful lips lips... so red...
Wet...ah wet... her white cloth... so wet.
I tear it apart... into wet wet pieces... ices
Ices...melting slowly...gradually on my hands.
Heaven is...on Earth...an empyreal realm...
Blessed it is...this union...
I am inside of her she is inside of me;

Two crescents of a Moon;
A Moon
A New Moon

A Full Moon

“Yes... yes Lolita yes, it is a Full Moon, honey.”

And, we chanted, we chanted our hymn:

“Our Honeymoon, our Honeymoon

Say you want me too, say you want me too.”¹⁹

vi. Diary of Phantasia

Penelope Cecilia: ²⁰

“Oh, I hear my governess’ petal
Feet flowerly treading on the wooden floor.
She need not catch me again writing in my diary.
She will scold me again for traveling to my
Dream world.”
Thus, Penelope hides her diary in her head.

Titania: ²¹

“Penelope, my dear, I hope you’re not
Daydreaming again...Did you finish your
Modernist haiku? I asked you to stick to the “thing.”
Let me see...”

Titania inspects Penelope’s notebook
Inscribed with the following:
“A lust for life
To build a world of my own;
A living legend”

Titania:

“Well, dear, I told you modernist haikus
Focus on natural things
What are you referring to here...
To build a world of your own...
Are you daydreaming again?
Penelope, what is this?
Penelope, wake up! Penelope!”

Penelope’s butterfly eyelashes
Start flapping...
She flaps her eyes open
And she eyes dreams
Her diary fantasies all
Floating in the room...

As Titania scolded Penelope
For daydreaming, Penelope
Clung onto each and every syllable
Her governess uttered; Like
Titania’s words crystallized
Imaginary ethereal dreams in the room;

In the one dream, she could vision herself
As a Princess of the Moon, in the other
As an Enchantress, a Nymph, and all of them

Under the name of hers, Penelope.
“Oh when will I finally unite with my Odysseus?”
She says in her head...
“Oh governess, please, please don’t scold me!
I know, I know I am daydreaming again...
I am thinking about my beloved.”

Titania:
“Kid, I don’t scold you for your daydreaming;
I scold you for believing you have a beloved.
Odysseus is merely a figment of your imagination.
What is your mind suffering from, dear?
I am so worried...please, please,
Penelope don’t faint. Penelope!”

Odysseus:
“Oh here thou art darling.
Thou have been a bad, bad girl!”

Penelope:
“Why? Why, my love?”

Odysseus:
“This world is a mystery;
A secret between thou and me.
We unite here, here we part.
Ever since I went away, thou
Chanted our song every time
Thou desired to see me.
Yet, thou should not worry thy governess.
Wake up, wake up, dear.
And, appear as lively as ever. Wake up!”

Penelope’s butterfly eyelashes flap
Her lilac eyes open, and...

Titania:
“Penelope, Penelope!
Oof, you are alive and breathing.
What am I going to do with you, kid?
I called James to keep you company.
Recollect yourself, because
Soon enough you’ll have to present yourself;
The suitors are blooming and blossoming
In the main room, ready to pollinate you.”

Penelope:
“Oh governess, please, please don’t leave me.
I don’t want to go outside...in the rose garden.
James, James...James! Where is James?”

I feel dizzy...”

Penelope faints, and her diary falls from her head.
Titania, with Penelope’s head in her lap, grabs the diary
And, reads something vaguely inscribed on the cover:
“The dream I have of you,
It comes true in Malibu.
A love-letter of blue,
I write for my honey-beau.”

vi. Paranoia in Shades of Cool ²²

There, Penelope in a kneeling position, stunned,
Staring upwards with eyes in constant mission
To grasp sanity in the sky of her big house
Turns to her long time confidante, James, ²³
And, speaks in a haunting voice:

“Lately I’ve been having this eerie dream:

I lived in this big house, and even
Though I was alone, I felt people eyeing me
Like I was being monitored.
But this sense of constantly being stared at
Eventually gave birth to my insanity;

You see, each and every time
I unbolt the bedroom door and open it
It constitutes a monitoring paradigm;
The suitors’ hungry eyes cast on me
Anticipating the answer to submit.
I faint to the ground and blind I see—

My reality has raised a ladder to my unconscious
And my unconscious has set foot on my reality

I think I have created a psychic dimension:

A world in-between where I live interchangeably
Ever since my beloved Odysseus went away...
I live in Shades of Cool,
And no one shall break through my world.

When I get down to reality, I stumble, I tremble!
For I am constantly bombarded by eyes and minds.
This Earth-like reality was not cut out to be for me.
In my trance reality, I levitate, and
By the time I wake up, I have forgotten
How to walk...”

James in turn speaks:

“Dear friend, rest,
Rest in dream;
Your unconscious is draining your consciousness...”

Then, Penelope suddenly wakes up in her...dream:
There, she, in a kneeling position, stunned,
Staring upwards with eyes in constant mission
To grasp sanity in the sky of her big house
She stretches her body, stands up, and directs herself

Towards the bedroom door
She opens the door and moves her body to the main hall.
She eyes the suitors one by one,
She is dazed, exhausted, withering;
First, her feet, they fail her, then, her knees.
She stares upwards blind
Her eyes blank and
Her spirit evaporates

* * * *

My manuscript Hollyweird draws inspiration from the myth of The Odyssey; at the same time, I incorporate other sources to enhance my writing. The myth itself focuses on the love of Odysseus and Penelope, whose relationship is driven to disconnection due to Odysseus's famous misadventures such as facing monstrous creatures, which delay his return back to Ithaca. Though I initially planned to present this tension of connection and disconnection through the perspective of Penelope, later in the process, I was inspired by the modernist movement, and my writing changed completely; I wanted to infuse my poems with sub-stories from different timelines in order to make my primary characters and the plot more complex as well as to create a sense of temporal connectedness. Penelope is represented at times as an enchantress, as a Moon Princess, as an incarnation of Vladimir Nabokov's Lolita and Oscar Wilde's Cecily, while at the same time, Odysseus is represented as an Earth Prince or as a man who is purely a figment of Penelope's imagination. I chose to develop Penelope's character more than Odysseus's because I wanted my manuscript to concentrate on a female character and gradually portray how a female persona from ancient times can acquire various personalities in the present reality; Penelope is depicted both as a weak character and as a strong, firm individual. Lastly, in the romantic movement of literature, the notion of the past is underestimated. Thus, in the title of the manuscript, I mix the past, which is the weird, with the present and the mainstream, that is Hollywood, in order to show that past and present can co-exist.

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¹ Singer/Songwriter, Lana Del Rey's monologue in the trailer of her album, *Lust for Life*

² Lana Del Rey's recording of T.S. Eliot's poem, *Burnt Norton* (part of No.1 of "Four Quartets") appearing in her album "Honeymoon" 2015

³ Oscar Wilde's twist in the Anti-mimesis theory of "Life imitates Art"

⁴ Emily Bronte's poem, *Riches I hold in light esteem*

⁵ W.E.B Du Bois' classic, *The Souls of Black Folk*

⁶ Lana Del Rey's monologue in her *National Anthem* video

⁷ Allusion to Japanese anime *Sailor Moon*; Princess Serena is the daughter of Queen Serenity in the Moon Kingdom. She possesses magical Moon powers gifted to her by her mother.

⁸ *Sailor Moon*; Prince Darien is the future king of Earth, also referred to as Endymion, who fights side by side with Princess Serena to save the Earth and Moon Kingdom from the Nega Force

⁹ *Sailor Moon*; The Moon Kingdom is Princess Serena and Queen Serenity's kingdom, which, before the attack of the Nega force, thrives in placidity and serenity

¹⁰ *Sailor Moon*; The Dark Moon was a parallel kingdom to that of Moon Kingdom, which always envied Queen Serenity's kingdom.

¹¹ *Sailor Moon*; The Legendary Silver Crystal is Queen Serenity's secret weapon, which has the capacity of destroying a whole planet

¹² *Sailor Moon*; The Earth Kingdom is Prince Darien's future kingdom.

¹³ *Sailor Moon*; Queen Beryl is the governor and leader of the Nega force, presented here as the Queen of the Dark Moon.

¹⁴ *Sailor Moon*; The Nega force is Queen Beryl's loyal warriors

¹⁵ *Sailor Moon*; Zoisite, Nephrite, Jadeite, and Kunzite, before being mind-controlled by Queen Beryl, and thus turned to "Nega commanders", were the "Four Kings of Heaven" serving the Earth's Kingdom.

¹⁶ *Sailor Moon*; Moon Cosmic Power was one of Princess Serena's main spells

¹⁷ *Sailor Moon*; When in battle mode, Prince Darien was always dressed in his Tuxedo Mask.

¹⁸ *Lolita* is a 1955 novel written by Russian American novelist, Vladimir Nabokov. The protagonist of the novel, Lolita, is often perceived as a symbol of sensuality and eroticism in contemporary times.

¹⁹ Lana Del Rey's title track off of her album *Honeymoon* released in 2015.

²⁰ Cecily, here as Cecilia, is a female character in Oscar Wilde's play *The importance of being Earnest*, who keeps a diary of imaginary events.

²¹ Titania is a character in Shakespeare's play *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, who has the role of the queen of the fairies.

²² *Shades of Cool*, a song by Lana Del Rey, narrates the trauma of the persona after she lost her beloved.

²³ James Franco, who is a famous actor, is a close friend of Lana Del Rey. In an interview James took of Lana for *V* magazine called "Shades of Cool", he revealed Lana's dream of paranoia in her own house.