LADY TRIEU: FACT OR FICTION

The Star-Sentinel's society scribbler tries to get the scoop on a certain cryptic clockmaker



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Just who *is* this Lady Trieu who has decided to build "a new wonder of the world" out yonder on the tapped-out tundra of the old Underground Reservation?

If only we could tell you, dear reader! The elusive and reclusive mystery woman declined our every interview request. (We won't take it personally: the tightlipped monolith-maker has never given an interview to anyone.) "Lady Trieu prefers to let her actions speak for themselves," a chipper Trieu Industries apparatchik told us over the phone. Those recent undertakings include breaking ground on a "Millennium Clock"

(see story on A1) and sending newly legalized HDTVs to every residence in the tri-county area "as an apology for any inconvenience our construction efforts may cause, as well as the occasional atmospheric disruption."

A generous gesture, for sure, but we can't be bought! The curious minds of Oklahoma have questions about the most gossiped-about gal on the prairie and they *must* be answered! Alas, for all our badgering, we couldn't convince Lady Trieu to take a break from her electromagnetic



erector set to sit and dish. But we did get some feisty feedback from her plucky PR rep...

ITEM! Lady Trieu's mother was a loony parenting guru!

While the Trieu spokes-woman takes exception to "loony," this is a FACT. Bian My, Lady Trieu's materfamilias, wrote a memoir about raising a genius entitled (rough English translation) Pachyderm Mom. A bestseller in Vietnam and in the commonwealths of Cambodia, Laos, Thailand,

and Burma, the book details Bian's ambition to mold her daughter into "the world's smartest woman, brighter than a sky full of stars, a redemptive blessing to the world planet." (No pressure, kid!) Her inspirations? "The liberators and architects of Pax America! Nixon. Manhattan. The Comedian. Adrian Veidt. I thought it was a time to add a female face to that proverbial Rushmore." Bian's methods for growing a super-person; Isolation. Toughlove. "Enhanced transcendental meditation"

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*************** THE TALK OF TULSA **********

techniques. Okay, we'll say it: Weird. But a Trieu spokeswoman suggests we might be missing something here: "Lady Trieu's mother was truly one of a kind. But your simple translation of her book fails to capture one of her best qualities — a wicked sense of humor." Duly noted!

ITEM! Lady Trieu named herself after a Vietnamese legend.

This is a FACT... unless our "simple translation" is leading us astray. In her memoir, Bian reveals that she let Trieu pick her own name at the age of five. Her choice was inspired by Vietnamese history. The Trieu of lore, a third century freedom fighter, was part Joan of Arc, part Minuteman (the revolutionaries who saved us from the oppressive British, silly, not those corny caped crusaders of yesteryear). She was known for her striking appearance, a no compromise, no surrender personality, and bold statements like this: "I only want to ride the wind and walk the waves, I want to slay the big whales of the Eastern sea, I want to clean up frontiers, and save the people from drowning. Why should I imitate others and bow my head? Why should I stoop over and be a slave?" We take it back. She does sound like a caped crusader, doesn't she?

ITEM! Lady Trieu's mom tried to murder her when she was 11.

In 2017, a man calling himself "Barry D. Shanes" and describing himself as "a master of Vovinam martial arts and psychic combat" told *Squidworld Digest* that he worked as Lady Trieu's personal tutor during her childhood. He said he quit working after Bian My ordered him to give Trieu a "final exam... a duel to the death on multiple planes of existence, corporal and mental." Says the Trieu spokeswoman: "Squidworld Digest? Are you serious?" We'll call this one **FICTION**... but we find the spokeswoman's non-denial denial most

suspicious. (And we will *never* apologize for being loyal, 33-year subscribers of America's funniest exocephalopodian fanzine!)

ITEM! Lady Trieu has a dozen doctorate degrees.

FICTION — because she only has four. And she got them before she could drive! Here, the Trieu spokewoman got gabby and proudly summarized her boss' resume. "At 15, Lady Trieu graduated from the Myramar Institute of Technology with PhDs in astrophysics, nuclear fission, bioengineering, and nanochemistry. After becoming a billionaire from the success of Nostalgia, Lady Trieu turned her attention to space exploration. Since 2010, Lady Trieu has launched 50 Voyager-class probes into the galaxy, and in 2015, she began licensing her patented micro-fusion propulsion technology to the SDI alliance, China, and the Egyptian Union." What a show-off! But since you brought up Nostalgia... care to comment on the costly class-action lawsuit that got the drug banned? "Lady Trieu grieves for those who hurt themselves by abusing Nostalgia. She is grateful for having had the opportunity to pay reparations for their poor choices." Well! That doesn't sound passive-aggressive at all!

ITEM! Lady Trieu's father was The Comedian!

Baby Daddy Drama is exactly the kind of sizzle this column loves, but our gut — and our legal department — tells us that this one's FICTION. A few years back, Nova Express: Saigon published an allegation that Edward "The Comedian" Blake — during his decades serving as Tricky Dick's masked secret agent man — had sired dozens of little Eddies through numerous affairs around the world. Among his alleged progeny, seven were Vietnamese, ranging in age from 25 to 39, including "one of Vietnam's most prominent post-statehood citizens." The claim ignited a guessing game in the Asiatic Americas, with Lady Trieu being

Progeny Suspect #1. The Trieu spokeswoman was mum on the question ("Lady Trieu has no father") but she did volunteer this: "Bian My did have one unforgettable encounter with Mr. Blake. In 1971, Mr. Blake and his battalion of 'Blazin' Commandos' passed through her village outside My Lai. Their uniquely warm demeanor made quite an impression on her."

ITEM! The father of Lady Trieu's daughter is also someone famous.

The tabloids love to speculate about Lady Trieu's love life and why she's raising her chip-off-the-old-block solo. The International Enquirer would have you believe that Lady Trieu has been knocking boots with POTUS for years, perhaps due to the prominent role Trieu has played in accelerating the administration's introduction of new technologies into the public sphere. Other theories have included the late physicist Carl Sagan and aeronautics tycoon and life extension guru Howard Hughes. The Trieu spokeswoman bristled at this question: "Lady Trieu does not comment on her daughter! But she does wish the world to know that she is raising her in the manner of her mother." If you say so, dear! FICTON.

ITEM! Lady Trieu secretly finances the Vietnamese Liberation Front.

We don't like getting political in The Talk of Tulsa, but our news editors made us ask this question. So to get serious for a second: multiple newspapers in Vietnam, most of them of the far right stripe, have alleged that Lady Trieu supports VLF terrorists with cash, weaponry, and other resources. True? "Lady Trieu's desire to see her homeland regain independence is a matter of public record," says the Trieu spokeswoman. "But she rejects militant nationalism in all forms. Her interests are global, not local. And she seeks only peaceful solutions for uniting and pacifying the nations and bringing an age of illumination to

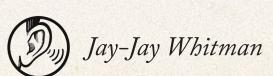
a benighted world." Serious journalism: over. Back to the Outer Limits!

ITEM! Lady Trieu is in love with Dr. Manhattan.

Lady Trieu clearly has blue on the brain. She has put Manhattan Booths in cities around the world, she's successfully replicated one of Manhattan's nerdiest tricks, mass-producing synthetic lithium (thanks for giving us our electric cars back!), and she's built the "Eye over Mars" that brings us all those riveting images of Manhattan building and collapsing ornate sandcastles over and over again. She even cares enough about Manhattan to fund a commission to prove that The Big Blue Cancer Panic of the Eighties was, in fact, not true. Sounds like someone has a crush! What's next? A marriage proposal? "Lady Trieu's interest in Dr. Manhattan is quite innocent," says the Trieu spokeswoman. "Besides, history would seem to suggest he isn't very good in romantic relationships." Rowr! We like this girl! FICTION.

ITEM! The Millennium Clock actually a time machine?

Okay, maybe we watch too much Axxon N., but just think about this for a moment. According to Trieu's PR department, the Millennium Clock is made of "clean M-class technology, with a cutting-edge micro-fusion engine and powered by synthetic lithium and energies harvested from particles collected from the MIT supercollider in Burma." And it is a clock. So... time machine, right? "You have an incredible imagination!" says the Trieu spokeswoman with a laugh. "Your theory is most entertaining, but I hope you won't be disappointed when it doesn't come true. Sometimes, a clock is just a clock, you know." FICTION, we suppose. But we so want it to be FACT! Perhaps time will tell!



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