

CHAPTER 288: THE SCULPTURE OF TRISHA PAYTAS DOING ELIZABETH HOLMES ASMR ROLEPLAY

It was 3am, and Ötza was pulling an all-nighter in her cooling cell, working on the paper-maché sculpture she had been crafting for the last couple of weeks. She was giving deep-focus-gremlincore, high on caffeine gummies, adderall and a Red Bull/VOSS mixture, playing the same Apex Triplets song on repeat since 4pm. She trembled vigorously when rubbing the sticky wallpaper glue into the paper, obsessively flattening all clumps, bumps and folds, only a couple inches removed from plastering her cryodesiccated face into the wet paper-maché. (She had to look at the sculpture closely, because her eyes had completely decayed after thousands of years of natural mummification, so she didn't see so well.) She was wearing protective gloves, which she hated. She wanted nothing more than to rip off the ugly blue vinyl gloves and caress the sculpture's unpainted skin with her bare hands, but the stupid Italian scientists wouldn't let her.

She exhaled deeply, and took a couple of steps back, looking at the glossy white Trisha Paytas-shaped object in the middle of her cooling cell. The head must have been 4 times the size of hers (the mummification makes your head shrink a little), and didn't have a body... yet. Ötza had significant reservations about the making of the body, and all the implications that the seemingly simple fact of having a body would impart on Trisha.

Her own body—mummified, putrefied, preserved, studied, skinny but surprisingly voluptuous at all the right places—had been such a contested territory. As a prisoner of a restless undeadness, like an unburied corpse (which she honestly quite literally was) her body was subjected to the science-edutainment complex that absolutely NEEDED to know that she ate high-fat ibex meat the day before her death. (Can't a girl have a cheat day?) There's a certain cruelty of having decaying organs in a frozen body, especially if you're a mummy that's into cybernetic theory-fiction and Deleuze Guattari.

Ötza had barely slept the last couple of nights, which probably was because her cooling cell was submerged to the rafters with an airbrush smog that made her see (quite literally) a thousand plateaus. But if anything, Ötza felt like her thinking nugget couldn't stop grinding its gears about this corporeal conundrum. Looking into the carefully crafted (yet to be) smokey eyes of Trisha, she knew she had all the right to not be imprisoned in an undead body, forced to reconstitute herself with a blind, indestructible insistence, to repeat painful past experiences on the kitchen floor. But how to make a body without

organs with paper-maché? Coming from copper-age Europe, her expertise artistically had been (not so surprisingly) with copper. She couldn't help but wonder, should she regress to the material that she feels most comfortable with?

While she was pondering these incredibly complex paradoxes, the whispering voice of Trisha was rumbling through the sterile, condensation-ridden walls of her cooling cell. In an ASMR roleplay video playing on her sticky glue-covered iPhone, Trisha was impersonating biotechnical wire-fraud scamstress Elizabeth Holmes. It was no coincidence that Ötza chose this specific roleplay adaptation of YouTube content creator Trisha Paytas, for Elizabeth's fictitious baritone voice, avoidant truisms, deliberately messy hairdo, and biomedical glossolalia was perfectly captured by Trisha, an incarnation of the highest degree of intensity, an afterimage of a wire-fraud dynamism reinjected into the lives of the 250k viewers. There's something clearly vampiric about Elizabeth Holmes' adaptation of the Silicon Valley CEO, reappropriating the signifiers of the genius founder of a billion-dollar company (Steve Jobs) and doing this through the collection of people's blood, even more so via the promise of the singular drop of blood that is necessary to do this magical blood test, when in actuality people were sucked dry in the backrooms of a Walgreens for inaccurate testing.

Trisha Paytas might have stumbled on the perfect medium for a repotentialization of the vampiric seduction of Holmes via an ASMR YouTube video. The lineage of adaptation continues; Elizabeth Holmes impersonates Steve Jobs, Trisha Paytas impersonates Elizabeth Holmes, and Ötza found herself making a paper-maché adaptation of this entropic amalgamation of outworn modes and afterimages. "Redundancy", she said aloud, but as Baga Chipz said it while impersonating Margaret Thatcher during the Snatch Game of RuPaul's Drag Race UK season one.

Who is actually scamming here?, Ötza thought. And who is writing fanfiction? Who is trapped in their own campaign towards self-actualization? Who is creating content, meaning even? Are Trisha's adaptations and recreations botched empty histrionic pastiche? Is Elizabeth Holmes' fraudulent Silicon Valley crusade simply a best-selling fanfiction of the real, symptomatic to our inescapable post-truth era? (Let's ask that to her bloodless misdiagnosed victims.)

Ötza rubbed Trisha's bulbous lips—quite literally a Deleuzian smooth space now, if you will—and pondered which inhuman agencies spoke through all these confabulators, through the lips of these counterfactual

creators. “When you will have made him a body without organs, then you will have delivered him from all his automatic reactions and restored him to his true freedom.¹”



She finished the paper-machéing at 7am in the morning, and sent—before falling asleep on the couch—an email to sponsordeals@netflix.com (she guessed the wrong address) if they would be interested in cross-promotion for their series *3 Body Problem*. She dreamt of Sunny Balwani as a downhill motor race and woke up re-entified, in another interstitial void, sundering with brain waves and fingers and word processor keys and paper pulp and consonants.² She realized this for a second, but forgot it quite soon after.

1 Antonin Artaud. “To Have Done with the Judgment of God” in *Selected Writings*. Susan Sontag (ed). Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1976, p. 571.

2 Brian Massumi. “A User’s Guide to Capitalism and Schizophrenia: Deviations from Deleuze and Guattari.” Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1992, p. 15.

Ötza is a cryodesiccated fanfiction writer from the neolithic that has been rising to fame since she emerged from her cooling cell in March 2023. As an advocate for prehistoric literacy and as self-proclaimed connoisseur of post-historical theory-fiction, she has been sharing her writings throughout Amsterdam.

As her corporeal counterpart is locked in a cooling cell in the Museum for Archaeology in Bolzano (Italy), her writings are hopeful yearnings for a counterfactual salvation from her inhumane fate of science, surveillance and spectacle, and an attempt to rewrite her story that has been (unfairly) extrapolated from scientific reconstructions. In a series of fanfiction vignettes, Ötza reconstitutes into many meta-textualized worlds, dreaming for interminable self-transcendence.

For more Ötza fanfiction, visit thecouch.hethem.nl