

# The Final Abdication of Elisa Lam

Sean Kilpatrick  
& M Kitchell





Elisa Lam  
Deposition

Sean  
Kilpatrick



1.

**Do you consider yourself  
broken?**

**I resort to my kind.**

**Ever dedicate to someone  
unreservedly? That ended  
how?**

**I don't inhabit the chewed.  
There is no devotion in me.  
Any option removes it.**

**You a species on loan?**

**Simply accord the moment?**

**I've tried highlighting my remains. I see others and promptly relent.**

**Think I won't track you regardless if you deny your humanity?**

**There is nothing human to deny.**

**This? This is your tomb's motto?**

**I'll never finish decaying.  
Which area code?**

**You use my snot as a recording device.**

**And?**

**And I will always turn my back.**

**Last question: If you turn your back on me I'll break it.**

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**2.**

**A compound fracture is like a business plan to me.**

**Do you put a towel down  
when you masturbate?**

**That's the only way I can  
read.**

**Do you wish it was  
contagious? At all?**

**I like a man who gets shit  
done.**

**Is that a joke about division?**

**I want to fuck like we ran out  
of money.**

**Have you intentionally**



soiled your jeans?

I don't believe what's  
intended.

Will you follow me upstairs?

*Will you follow me upstairs?*

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3.

[Illegible symbols]

Are you involved in a crime?

I have studied basements.  
They hold so many answers.

Ever cut yourself to tell a  
story?

I'm the story, kid.

Is there a mating ritual you  
might survive?

I loot black putty hospitals  
coming out quenched. All  
who miss me are in strobes.

Duck around the corner,

please?

I keep bacterial pets that  
need painting.

Shh, don't I own most the  
teeth I give you?

You're the kind of dust I  
could get to know.

Have I not laid kingdoms at  
your feet? Are their screams  
not plenty?

I'll shove a palace in my hat  
before you skip a tune.

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4.

Why treat me like an overly responsible bobble head?

I doubt you because you provide.

See there is no latch?

I'm small enough my evaporation won't consist.

How could you have chosen anything at the cost of us?

It was easy. I had chores to do.

You don't lie awake in practice?

When I shut my eyes, I cast the world.

Has this motion blinded you?

Below the ocean there is cake.

How to call upon those already taken?

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5.

I'll tap my wand on your  
coffin if you let me go.

Others partake of your  
fungus?

Slideshows disrupt the cowl  
I borrow out.

Why so flashy with their  
dirt?

The answer is always to  
diminish you.

**Was I right about who was coughing on your legs?**

**(Incomprehensible but meant)**

**I sprain you with a hug? You surrender?**

**(Illegible symbols)**

**Will you purr like a mineral?**

**Guess what? I speak alarm clock.**

**Can you control your lack of interest if I'm violent?**

I am stronger because when  
you say “love” I just respond.

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6.

The caviar you swish without  
permission then take  
fingerprints off?

The mismatched sawing I  
piss between contractions.

Shelf life of the gangrene you  
hustle?



I go behind the furnace. My  
one locale.

You live the knot I use to  
change your bra?

I was auditioned alive.

The truth is you spared me?

I disintegrate on cue.



Invisible  
Light  
Agency

M Kitchell

“... it’s not death which is a metaphor  
but the dead person.”

—Bernard Noël, *The First Words*

“So, whether or not a thing is true  
is not a matter of how closely it  
corresponds to absolute truth,  
whatever that may be, but of how  
consistent it is with our experience.”

—John Duncan, *The Secret*

having heard a hum & then voices, as if they were calling her name, she looked for voices / pains in her head / died january 31st 2013 found dead february 13th 2013 / 21 year old Canadian tourist / public ritual, knowingly obscured / while you appear to be speaking to someone / the discovery of black water / in the 1920s you might spend a night or two / you wonder about the history of a haunted space / the man leapt from a seventh floor window / / none of our outside details are relevant to anything but ritual / low water pressure / the naked body of a woman in her 20s / / surveillance video / the sacrificial lamb / the sacrificial Lam / / & yet we have video / / they are building satan's kingdom / / LAM-ELISA tuberculosis shot / to spend a month in a water tank / / inside a water tank at the top of an LA hotel / ritual murder / / several names & conversations taking place simultaneously / this beckoning / forlorn, or self-destructive / un-alone / / communication with the self across the time to the immediate future (a plunge into the water) / (a figure off to the side) / / we are not

sure if this is a physical being / yes this could be  
a discarnate entity // sound waves mind control  
// V2K – voice to skull technology / voice of  
god technology / SOUND AND SPEECH  
COULD BE PLACED IN VICTIM'S  
BRAINS // FECTO CUNT HER SUMA /  
(PERFECT OBEDIENT CUNT) // 640 S.  
Main St // hypnosis // unknowingly consumed  
part of her body

“Did she know something she shouldn't have?”

*To consider the experience of drowning, having not drowned oneself, one must confront a paradox: water gives life & to suffocate inside of a wet darkness—body filling slowly as a violent resistance pulses through the skin—is to encounter the reality of a death, of one's own death. The reality of death can only be consciously encountered in the death of another.*

You lifted your head as a scream. Your hands cannot position themselves inside of the space of reality. The voice called your name. You looked into the hallway but could see no one. A shadow approached and your body felt like water. Like the call of the sea. You re-entered the elevator, worried you were no longer alone. There couldn't be a space to enter. The wrong floor. On the wrong floor. There was nothing you could say: the tongue could only become the eye and words could only see what's in front of you. What is in front of you. Where? you asked the voice, your eyes opening wide as if to articulate the syllable. With a blink it becomes a question. You lifted your arms as resistance. But there was no one to resist. A dark shadow. You couldn't turn away, you never let your voice lose sight. He is the one who is the one, the voice said. You still couldn't speak. The elevator's geometry felt impossible and you couldn't come to terms with the fact that you were trapped.

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Closed circuit television tapes.

I'm questioning the graffiti found on the water tower. As if the insidiousness of FECTO CUNT HER SUMA feels darker than PERFECT OBEDIENT CUNT. Someone had to deliver a message. Deep trance meditation as route toward the knowable. The issue of a larger conspiracy refuses the autonomy of fear. Alone or un-alone. The spatial capacity to refuse any difference. Ritual is always performed within gesture. Screaming with mouth shut. Footsteps. Body language. I've watched all the videos yet find myself even further away from any satisfying answer.

The question is what's important.

When the elevator door shuts the camera has already forgotten the body & movement of Elisa Lam. The hover of the entity. The dance performed with and to the void. If I could shut my eyes to stop watching I would see the

details that I've already forgotten. Whispering, SHE PUT HER HANDS ON BOTH THE WALLS, I'm lost inside the gesture, as if to reach for form in blindness contra the passivity entrusted against absence. Spread out the lines of text. The suddenness of an elevator door. The flicker: black wall / white hallway (repeat). Hymn to complacency.

And the only color the violent red of a door.

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He asked you if you had seen her. Seen who? you had replied. The girl in the elevator. She pressed all the buttons in the center column of the panel and stepped outside—her legs spread and she pointed up. The shadows on the video become totally unknowable, he carried on. You were at a loss to answer. You could remember nothing but erratic gestures, the hyperbole of arms and legs. The silence that sat uninterrupted.

You watch the video. You watch it again. You question the time that passes unannounced. How depending on the time of day you view the clip the motion seems either instantaneous or endless. Tiled floors become suspect, but not as much as the dark haze that covers the lens. If only the man had asked a different question.

The abstracted violence of an event mediated by technology. The violation of not knowing. To peak out, slowly, terrified. Step left. Step

back. Step forward. Step left again. Close your eyes & consider the choreography. When the buttons fail to deliver effect you still. You continue to ask why the door can't shut. What's missing in the gap.

He asks you how you've been sleeping. You're incapable of answering. Speed as violence. Repeat the gestures. First sped up to match the video, then in real time. As if something has been forgotten.

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THE OBSCURE AS UNKNOWABLE  
AN ABSTRACTED VIOLENCE  
MEMORY AS HAUNTING

(what I can remember – )  
It is not yet midnight  
we must step into the grave  
                  doors closing &  
opening as if toward speech  
but only silence carries

“the resisting body is  
the subject of performance”  
(& when the body is absent  
                  it is gesture that speaks)  
                  & the echoes  
down corridors, hallways



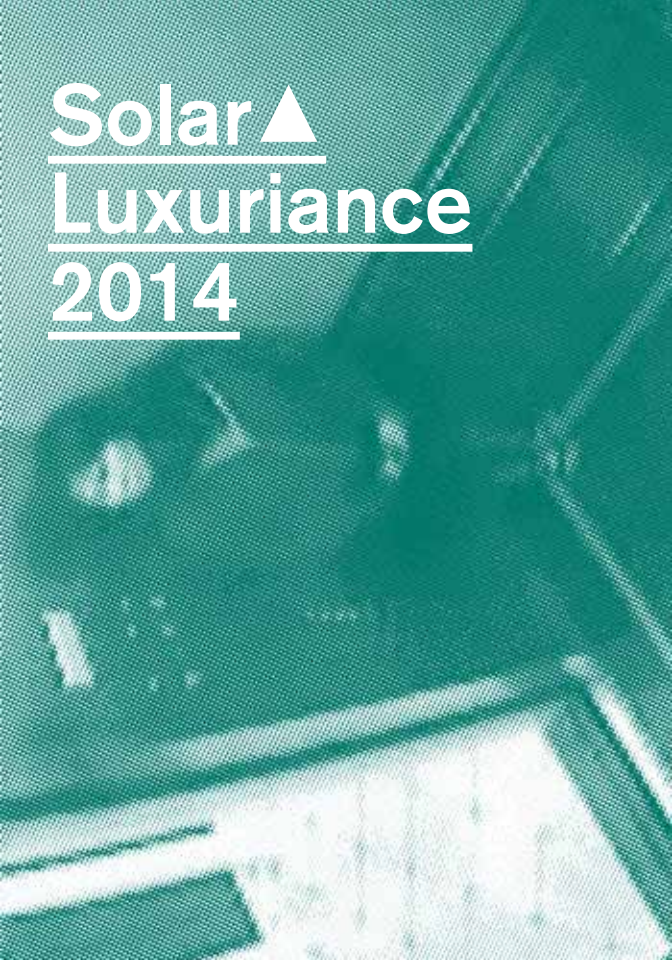
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