

## Christian Vistan and Kiel Torres on Roy Kiyooka

**Kiel Torres** 03:59

This fog waylays a mountain, capt with un-sung. Roy Kiyooka, All Amazed in the Runnels of His 60 winters

**Christian Vistan** 04:09

We drove up the mountain to look at *Court*. Following Cristina's directions to the university to the parking lot across the quad. Look for a door down. Large outdoor artworks mark the university's grounds. We orient ourselves with the sculptures: a pyramid; a corresponding hill; a concrete plant; the red door. It's a new year in the school's mostly empty house. This architecture isn't supposed to be busy. It's not to be occupied by people. Or at least it wasn't that day. You could see it, a place as architecture, architecture as a place. Can you see yourself going here? We picture a breakdown outside the collection room. Three wooden figures weave knees. Watches. They keep moving around. Straddling. This school's hallway ruin. A decommissioned printing press; abandoned construction materials; a door between relics, and garbage an unattributed sunflower. Sheets stack, what collects and what finds their place.

**Kiel Torres** 05:24

*Court* was part of a set of 10 screenprints donated to the University in 1998, made in 1971. *Court* looked like part of a series though nothing in the archive indicated so. Loosely related by colour and form. The rest were titled after places and their people: Iberian, Haida, Osaka, Polynesian, Corinth, Ottoman. A court as a place, its people. Who's in the court, what game do we play? What game do we place. The court delineates space for rules. Rules mark the space we write, we divide our dock into sections, turning the text into a table, writing beside and under each other's writing. I glanced over to your column.

**Christian Vistan** 06:20

The print was bigger than we thought. Imagine, masking, shuffling windows as a way to unsee, to write, to screen. Parts masked and muted and layered building the violet part over the purple part with the silver part. And the blue parts and the green parts. They court. I unsee colour where colour overtakes and touches hot. Our names interweave in the transcript. CKCKCKCK like a monogram, a cloth out of conversation and its speakers. Tonight's

questions: How do you cheat and writing? Is it when words come before meaning? Is it getting away with apathy?

**Kiel Torres 07:10**

You say cheating is about the ratio of thinking to saying and writing most of the things you think. Like rejecting an economy in your words. Is cheating the same as freeing? Is it cheating or freeing to skip the part of writing a whole? Detaching?

**Christian Vistan 07:30**

Fragments are the language of the day. Mine's really short. Want me to start? You and your poem, the notes at the bottom. The second part. I sort of listened to the lady in the video when she said breath your body into crimping, capital C, my poem. Cool. It's all very vocal, like circular breathing. Breath your body into, I love you

**Kiel Torres 07:57**

In your poem. what's a whippet? What's a weapon? Inhale, um, compressed air. Also, the dog that Jack said he'd be. Hi puppy.

**Christian Vistan 08:12**

Oh, remembering something like, hyphen. I kind of disagree with myself. So I changed the poem. I wanted to emphasize my constitution. All the different parts, the constituents of the text You. The U the you is a U, you the end of the year, the years a year.

**Kiel Torres 08:33**

It was James and Reiko talking in different places. Where is the other?

**Christian Vistan**

Maybe this doesn't matter.

**Keil Torres**

Maybe this doesn't matter. So Reiko started taking cold showers. I can't imagine anything more stressful. But maybe it's nice. Both desserts, lol. Do you miss him?

**Christian Vistan 08:55**

This is why, is this why, this is, why is this, knots exists in space or knots are not situated. They're floating when they're being made. Once they're knotted they become in relation to things.

**Kiel Torres 09:11**

Beads on the cake made for sweet roe, a dark computer, and a really humid day. Court is also romantic. To court is to crush, to court is to woo, to court is to peruse, to court is to pursue. On the highway, I read you a list from my book, the adjectives I have in my head currently about the type of person my crush might be: apprehensive, earnest, egoistic, tedious, magnetic, unavailable, adoring.

**Christian Vistan 09:49**

The first time I read his writing it was with you at another university. A poem inscribed on a plaque, text on a bench, though I'm not sure, near a tree, surely. Remember that: line, place, day, fog, "in my book..." U wait, sitting next to another plaque, while I sat next to a stranger in the bathroom.

**Kiel Torres 10:16**

You remembered Lisa there, where she wrote about the plaque, where 'this place' began.

**Christian Vistan 10:21**

We meet this place. We impose our associations, writing over each other's memories. When we were here, and who we were with, how does a text place?

**Kiel Torres 10:34**

Remember how Mattilda places, how Roy places, Richmond, the Westminster highway, how you place, our place, our crush on the city, our family going downtown? How we place. Remember my mom driving my dad to work before the buses were up? Remember a friend and I talking about learning about our position? Remember the first time I asked someone about reading gay? Do you read gay? Cory affirms the queer subject position. You affirm my positionality as a reader. Reading gay, reading against the grains, reading the grains, reading grains. Reading wrong but reading for you. It's kind of like being honest. Or not being on it. Not it.

**Christian Vistan 11:28**

Puffed rice ripens in my studio. Pillow we absorbs crush. My crush is in the room. What's honest? Is it saying how you feel? On another bench at New Brighton, reading our library copies of the same book, corresponding what page we're on across editions, across covers. How did we arrive to sit and read, thinking in the mountain, the fog keeps the peak to itself. I'm thinking about still it's different when the fog blocks but because we're on top of the mountain we could see the cities.

**Kiel Torres 12:08**

We find heat in waylay, lay in the way, lay in wait. Being on the motivated side of a surprise. I misunderstood it as trapping and conversation. Like neighbors in a stairwell, a soft cornering or being on the phone with another thing to say, parlay. Roy makes a playful waylay out of the suffocating. His is not an ambush, but a tease. The movement is different. That movement feels like court. Are there missing gestures? Fog throbs.