



# EXAMINING THE PREMISES

## EXAMINING THE PREMISES José Andrés Mora

22 October-10 December 2016

with a parallel writing project by Lucas Soi

Presented in Trinity Square's vitrine and front office spaces, *Examining the Premises* is a text-based installation made up of three components: a narrative fragment, a looping sentence and a short observation. These three written fragments loosely tie together a single stream of consciousness.

#### BIOGRAPHIES

José Andrés Mora is a Toronto-based artist who works with text, new media, and video. Mora graduated from the Nova Scotia College of Arts and Design (BFA) in 2012.

Lucas Soi is the founder of Soi Fischer, a private consulting firm that provides content design and business development services to public and private arts organizations in Vancouver and Toronto.

## EXAMING IN THE PREMISES José Andrés Mora

We decided to meet the next day because neither of us could make it this evening. When I woke up the next morning, every building and storefront was drenched with warm sunlight. Each glass pane in every window and the windshields of every car shimmered brilliantly, and as I walked towards the street corner, I felt light-headed and nauseous.

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I can't really remember which goes where and I can't quite remember what I said to whom and I don't really remember which belongs to whom and I can't remember who left when and I can't really remember which goes where and I can't quite remember what I said to whom and I don't really remember which belongs to whom and I can't remember who left when and I can't really remember which goes where and I can't guite remember what I said to whom and I don't really remember which belongs to whom and I can't remember who left when and I can't really remember which goes where and I can't quite remember what I said to whom and I don't really remember which belongs to whom and I can't remember who left when and I can't really remember which goes where and I can't quite remember what I said to whom and I don't really remember which belongs to whom and I can't remember who left when and I can't really remember which goes where and I can't guite remember what I said to whom and I don't really remember which belongs to whom and I can't remember who left when and I can't really remember which goes where and I can't quite remember what I said to whom and I don't really remember which belongs to whom and I can't remember who left when and I can't really remember which goes where and I can't quite remember what I said to whom and I don't really remember which belongs to whom and I can't remember who left when and I can't really remember which goes where and I can't quite remember what I said to whom and I don't really remember which belongs to whom and I can't remember who left when and I can't really remember which goes where and I can't quite remember what I said to whom and I don't really

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# EXAMINING THE PREMISES Lucas Soi

They wanted to build caves in the sky, stacked one upon the other, in towers that reflected in the burning chrome underbellies of the spacecraft that flew overhead. The first-born daughter of a real estate developer leveraged her father's decades-old portfolio of hundreds of dwellings to finance the retrofitting and refurbishment of a forgotten industrial complex into new housing. Off-worlders were travelling to the metropolis in record numbers and real estate had become the most popular investment in the planet's economy. The city was being flooded by a new generation with credit scores unblemished by the debt that saddled their older peers.

She walked across the floor of her penthouse apartment as the sky flashed outside with Möbius bands opening into glowing green portals through which passed construction cranes laden with cargo, their webbing slings sagging as they felt gravity's pull for the first time since leaving the winds of outer space. Her long legs were naked underneath flowing robes decorated with rare glittering stones bonded together in intersecting circles like bones in a skull.

She instructed the domestic AI to dim the glass wall and continued her voice call with the architect, "What I said to whom and I don't really remember which belongs to whom and I can't remember who left when and I can't really remember which goes where and I can't quite remember what I said." She paused for emphasis, then continued, "What kind of a response is that? I am looking for a simple answer: who is responsible for the demolition of the south tower?" There was no response on the other end of the line. And then a name was spoken. A hovering pod flew around her soundlessly as the AI did a nanosecond search of its database to determine whom the architect was referring to. Standing across the room she grinned with satisfaction and turned to the bank of holographic screens projected around her that monitored the vital signs of the hundreds of construction workers across the site. Their heart rates, respiratory functions and brain activity were all steady. If she could see a graph of the architect's body functions right now it would be spiking. He was hired to manage the project and limit her liability. Did he know that the general contractor he had just hired was her former lover?

Buried deep within the AI's index was a video log recorded during her first week together with the lover. She sang a dreamy song as she spoke into the camera, "We decided to meet the next day because neither of us could make it that evening. When I woke up the next morning, every building and storefront was drenched in warm sunlight. Each glass pane in every window and the windshields of every car shimmered brilliantly, and as I walked towards the street corner, I felt lightheaded and nauseous." She remembered those first days now as she stood in her apartment, and spoke aloud to the architect: "We see things sway, tilt, be still and eventually fall."

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