

Andrés Jaque / Office for Political Innovation
Different Kinds of Water Pouring into a Swimming Pool

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1 Abel lives with his wife Edith and his oldest daughter in Silver Lake. The three of them live on the ground floor of a building that, from the outside, would give the impression of being a single family house. It has three floors, and stands on a slope. The lower floor is, besides the living space, a childcare where, from 9am to 5pm, the domestic life of the family mixes with the bustle of toys, child siestas and meals. The house extends into a patio with lime trees, toys and a long bench covered with black rubber where Abel and his family, the kids and the parents of the kids mix the familial with the professional and the personal with the collective.

2 Abel and Edith's house doesn't really end in the composition of fences and metallic fabric. Little by little, Abel has conquered the hill that extends southwards over the highway. With bricks, boards and grills he has slowly mastered, *bancal* by *bancal*, a hill that becomes increasingly steep. It's the *yarda* (the garden). Here you can find, in alphabetic order and just in the way Abel enumerates them: *acelgas* (chard), *boniatos* (sweet potato), *chaucha* (string beans), *duraznos* (peaches), *guayabos* (guayaba trees), *higos* (figs), *limoneros* (lime trees), *malcarrosa* (hollyhock), *mandarinos* (mandarin trees), *melones* (melons), *menta* (mint), *morrones* (red peppers), *parras* (vines), *papas* (potatoes), *pimientos verdes* (green peppers), *repollos* (cabbage), *sandía* (watermelon), *tomates* (tomatoes), *uca moscatel* (moscatel grape), *zapallos* (pumpkin) and *zucchini*.

3 Abel says: "I have the most fun in the garden," says Abel. "I grew up in the countryside of Colonia. In Uruguay I used to plant sweet potatoes. The *finca* (ranch) where I grew up was very big. It had lots of orange trees, beautiful peach trees, there were apricot, pomegranate, lemon, fig and olive trees. Three years ago, I went back and there was nothing left. They had taken down the trees and turned everything into soy fields. The countryside was deserted and people had gone to the city.

4 Migrations, crises, economic growths and the transformations in the landscape aren't independent processes that happen on a blank slate. They also aren't radical processes: they never erase what already exists. They generate an urbanism of the collateral, of that which moves, of the links that stay after everything has changed. They also produce knowledges that are implanted and transplanted, similar to the cultivation

Different Kinds of Water Pouring Into a Swimming Pool° is the restitution of LA urban landscape as it is daily experienced by eight groups of familiarity and coinhabitation. Andrés Jaque has reconstructed the way each specific group, or 'family' relates to the LA ecosystem by means of a series of long recorded conversations carried out during the spring of 2013.

Many things have been said of this particular metropolis, but the way it becomes domesticated by daily routine is a process of a never extinguishing richness-in it the urban renders itself as diverse and challenging. This restitution is sweet and enjoyable as they are the homes its fragments have been taken from. But it is also an archive of conflicts, tensions and disagreements. It is an arena, and not a peaceful apolitical shelter. There exist the politics of the urban landscape, and thas is a collections of evidences of how those politics are not immaterial ones. LA politics are produced, for instance, by its freeways, by its houses' front yards, by concert pianos and jacuzzis. This restitution that it's now shown at REDCAT is an archive of a collection of material devices that produce the ordinary LA politics. Please get yourself immersed in this ecosystem and explore some of its complexity.

of fruit trees. And they promote knowledges constructed in transit, like the division of property, subletting, and that imbrication of the domestic with the professional, which is so evident in the care of kids of others in the garden of Abel's home.

5 David Hockney went to California for the first time because of the tanned bodies and swimming pools. Since his years at the Royal College of Arts, he had been wanting the life showcased by *Physique Pictorial*, the magazine published by Bob Mizer that functioned as pornography for a male gay readership. For years, Hockney tried to replicate the representation of that Californian life pictured in magazines, like Bob Mizer's, which, either through photomechanical transformations and printing techniques, mediators of desire traveling in opaque envelopes, introduced elsewhere what happened in California. In 1982, David Hockney bought a house in Hollywood Hills. In 1987, he finished a graffiti of the sun's reflections on the surface covering the sides and the bottom of the pool—or, rather, the way in which such reflections used to be reproduced by the printing technologies of the time. The pool was the machine to inhabit the in-between of the desire that the magazines activated.

6 One could make a movie with Hockney's portraits made by this Hollywood Hills pool, made in pencil, oil, watercolor, acrylic, photo or video. It would feature pregnant women, cats, old people, assistants, friends, lovers, providers, his parents, gallerists, friendly couples, and dogs, all of whom part of the community made by this pool. We can see a single Cecilia Bintwell and, later, in love with Ossie Clark. Or their sons Albert and George, first as kids playing with their cats Blanche and Percy and later as independent adolescents. The house was a small laboratory of suburban life, exactly how Hockney pictured it from London and from Bradford. Experimenting in order to be able to see themselves in the images they desire; this is what makes each of them belong to this small community.

7 When the 1961 fire burnt his house in Bel Air, Jeffrey and his wife lost everything they owned. "We lost every single thing we had. I only had the car. It was a new beginning, but this was our reward. We moved to Malibu. It was a great place to raise your kids. God knows. Certainly the ocean... I had my kids surfing. I had a couple of sail boats. We live in the ocean and it is a different life."

land to their tenants. The neighbors of Malibu Colony became owners and the houses on the sand slowly became permanent constructions. As the owners of land on the South side of Malibu Colony Road consolidated their fences, access to the beach became restricted to owners only. Jeffrey's plot is at the North end, which is why, together with many of his neighbors, he bought a piece of land on the other side. They walled it, built a deck and distributed keys to the door. Like a beach-style Georgian plaza, the plot functions as a non-public but shared commons that gives access to a limited group of neighbors from the North side of Malibu Colony.

9 What makes Malibu different from Miami Beach? For Jeffrey, it's something as proaic as the absence of an urban sewage system. Each house in Malibu has a septic tank that, to prevent leakage into the Ocean, can't be constructed very profoundly and ends up taking up a large surface of the area. The ground is so valued in Malibu that the extension of ground needed for the horizontal development of the sewage of, say, a large hotel, would become economically

unviable. Nevertheless, the water contamination of Malibu Creek, Malibu Lagoon and Surfrider Beach has become a controversial theme over the last few years. Some say it is caused by the filtration from the septic tanks of the houses in Malibu Colony. Such leakage could largely be prevented by an urban sewage system. According to others, it is the runoff from areas that are not as exclusive as Malibu Colony, to the North of the hills of the Pacific Coast Highway. Jeffrey trusts that his neighbors won't change the criteria that have been defended up till now: "We are a city now and we can control our own destiny."

10 Malibu city started developing Legacy Park in 2005, a large ecological machinery meant to improve the water quality in the creek, the lagoon and Surfrider Beach. The Park cleans the water, gives general access to the beach and reconstructs the environmental autochtone richness of Malibu. The tension generated between those two forms of understanding access, on the one hand by publicity, on the other by the civil culture of the commons can be found in many contemporary urban conflicts.

11 Jeffrey's house ends to the North in a long Japanese lake and to the South with Christmas trees from New Zealand. Both bring to the everyday something contained in the horizon of the Pacific, which Jeffrey and his wife encountered in their travels. Behind the lake and the metrosideros excelsas, there are dense green hedges that preserve the privacy of the neighbors. Preventing view on neighbors while opening to exotic horizon is one of the principles Malibu Colony is built on.

12 John was born in Montreal and began having a penchant for collecting at age 4. His mother didn't understand why he always brought things home. At age 6, he moved with his parents to New Jersey. There, during the 1950s, right after WWII, the 'all in one floor' California Ranch House was in vogue. Basically, there were two options for builders back then: imitate the early modern style or build houses in California Ranch Style. His parents admired that architecture. They grew up in Victorian households, in matriarchal families with a strong religious tradition. His mother, born in 1908, was of Irish Catholic background. His father, born in 1910, was Scottish and Presbyterian.

John remembers the houses of his two grandmothers very well. They were full with objects that inserted the present into the past with a sacred atmosphere. His parents felt a great urge to escape the pressure under which they had grown up. That is why they dreamt of a Californian house—animated, modern and simple, far away from the presence of the past. This background attracted John. Years later, he started collecting engravings and antiques. He would buy new pieces and afterwards he would sell them to acquire others. He organized exhibitions in his own house that brought together friends and people he didn't know. Sometimes the interest in a work made new friendships emerge.

13 For Onil, the way to develop relations has changed: "When I was younger and working at the studios, I saw people on a daily basis. It was very much like in high school. You make friends with certain people because you see them every single day. You come close to them because you are forced to and you have no choice. Now [that we mostly work at home] we don't see people like that anymore because we don't have jobs like that anymore. Sometimes there are people who we like. They are perfectly nice and we would like to spend time with them, but then there are other people that I would do more than an effort to see. With some people you are just connected at some level."

14 At the end of the garden of the house Juan and his wife Vilma share, inside the old bird cage his parents had built years ago, Juan has constructed what he calls his private space. It is a place where the pictures he took of his wife Vilma mix with movie posters and airplane models hanging from wires, seemingly frozen in mid air. Juan says: "WWII happened when I was a kid. The war planes would pass by here very low. I could see them from this house. Since then, I've been fascinated by planes. After retiring, I even worked as a volunteer restoring them."

The memories, the airplane flights, the fictions, the agreements and affects also need architectures. Nothing of this could happen without the material support of rooms, tables for puzzles, posters printed from a computer or airplane models hanging from wires.

15 Juan's parents were artists. They sang and played the guitar at night clubs in LA and went on tours. Between fees and tips, Juan's parents collected enough money to buy the house in 1948. In the center of the garden there is still a statue of Venus holding a amphora. Underneath the sculpture there is a base of pebbles and, at its feet, a little lake is shaped by 4 exedras. Surrounding it, there is a *boj*, orange trees full of fruits and a bird cage with a metal mesh. the lake doesn't have any water now and the fountain is turned off, but Juan remembers the waterlilies his parents planted years ago, the freshness of the fountain and the canary birds in the cage.

16 Harriett goes almost everyday to her husband's office at Camden Avenue, Beverly Hills, 8 minutes from their Bel Air house: "It's the next street West from Rodeo Drive. But it's a different place completely. In Camden everybody knows everybody. I go every morning to get my cappuccino at Teuscher [a French-Swiss chocolate store]. They know me and I don't even have to tell them what I want. Then I walk on the street, smile and say hello to people. It is like a little village. You know, we created that. At UCLA [when I worked there], I had that kind of experience as well. It's like your community. Otherwise, when we are in our cars, there are either people on their cell phones or they are cutting in front of you. I mean the driving here has become really difficult. I think of my youngest grandson of sixteen. He just got his driving license. I think: 'Oh my god. He is out there in that chaos'. It is really a challenge, more than anything."

17 When the time was ripe, Gladys and Jorge decided to save up to buy a house. They opened a savings account with \$3000. Years went by and they would still have the same balance of \$3000. Jorge told Gladys: "There is no money. How are we going to buy a house? How will we pay the costs? The kids are already going to college." But Gladys insisted. Jorge gave in on one condition: "I don't want an old or used house. I don't want your allergies to get worse and become chronic. It's a new house or nothing." They found a house in Pasadena online.

Not even two years after buying the house, its value had tripled. The real estate bubble gave for a network of suburban bubbles. The banks insisted: "Do you need money? Here you have it." Their ability to get loans had grown with the value of their house. On credit, they bought the fence, the new door and the jacuzzi with a teak frame (probably from plantations in Ecuador, Colombia or Costa Rica) that occupies a prominent space in the back yard. They also constructed the gazebo of painted wood, where they now have dinner and spend a lot of time. The gazebo is a mix of a kiosk and a dining room. The water collected on the roof goes to plastic containers where they save it for watering the flowers that hang, suspended by fine wires, from the wooden beams. The water that flows over is saved in smaller buckets where Gladys and Jorge's as well as other cats from the neighborhood drink.

The real estate bubble has translated into a concatenation of many other bubbles—of jacuzzis, yard after yard, in the Pasadena suburbs. In this house everything seems to respond to a project or to the evolution of a project, to a transition of one social construction to another, to allow one group to re-emerge in society, to confront generational substitution by activating oneself politically, to construct daily life out of latent desire, frustration, or even the powers and controls that cross through into the domestic interiors and translate into objects, aesthetics, everyday installations and situations.

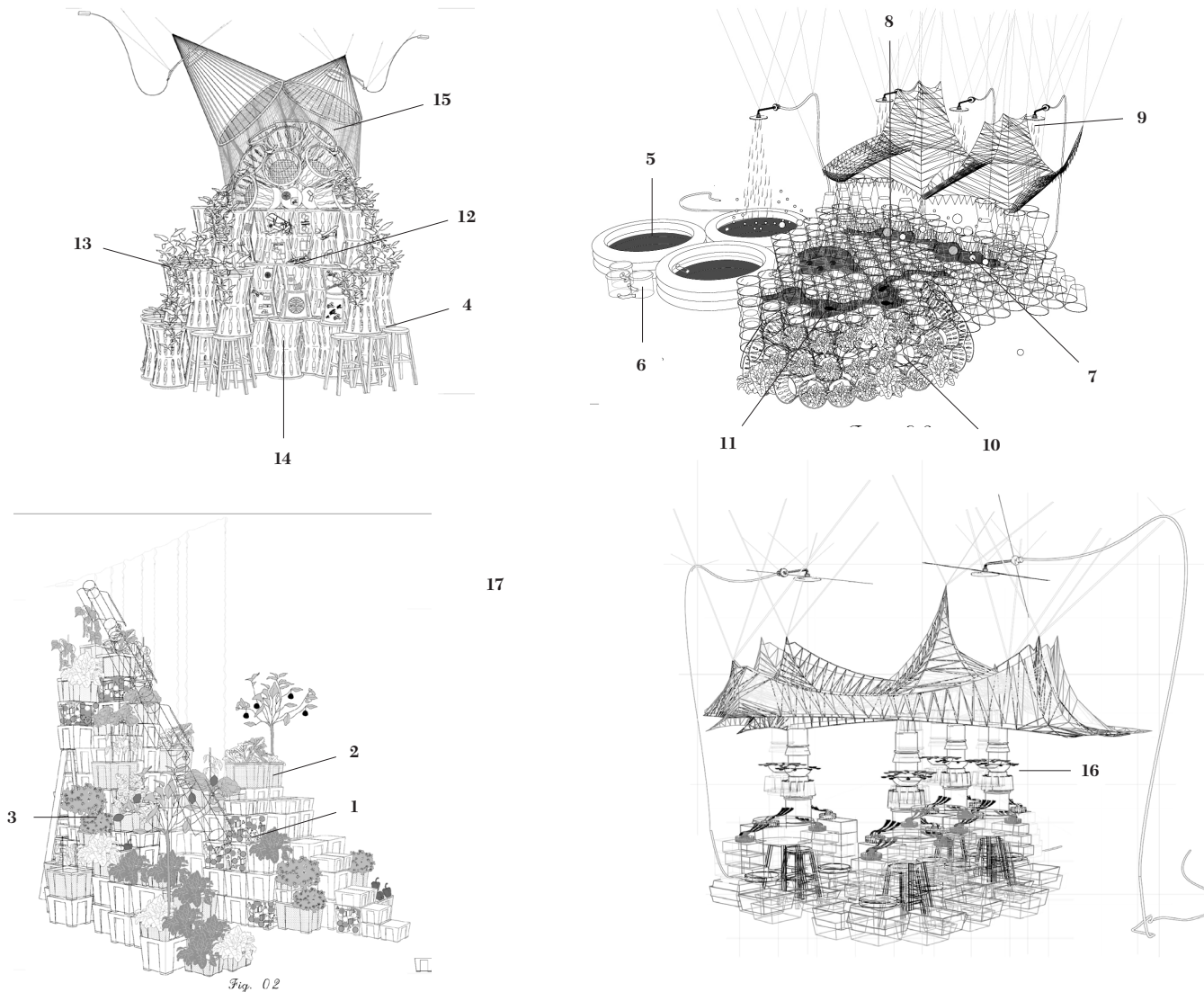


Fig. 02