

EVERYDAY HIKING



YOUR ARMCHAIR GUIDE TO THE ESCAPADES OF THE IHC
ISSUE #1: ESCAPE FROM LOS ANGELES



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is an everyday publication of the Interlopers Hiking Club.

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This publication is available online in pdf form at www.interlopershic.org

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Join us on our daily excursions. No costumed hikers left behind!

SEE YOU AT THE TENT.

ISSUE #1: ESCAPE FROM LOS ANGELES ✈️

The whos and hows of travel isn't that interesting. It began raining on Sunday, and several members of the IHC got on airplanes. It was raining on Monday, and more members of the IHC got on airplanes. On Tuesday afternoon, it stopped raining. I drove down La Tijera Blvd and saw the sun set. It was the first time the sun has been out in days. Which is unusual for our delightful homeland, but not for the curious land we were looking forward to exploring. In my baggage were 8 clear plastic ponchos, enough for myself and seven other hikers. I figured some people would pack their own raingear. I almost did. My Gore-Tex jacket went in and out of my suitcase several times. In: I wanted to be dry. Out: I wanted to look good. In: cozy, warm, oozing practicality. Out: a drippy fashion whore. Between common sense and narcissism was the realm of the clear plastic poncho, an item which I hoped would both preserve the integrity of my "look" and the dryness of my clothing. Though I had plenty of opportunity to road test the poncho over the weekend in Los Angeles, I kept it neatly folded and packed, somehow dreading that I might learn its limits and be tempted to throw the Arcteryx in "just in case."

There was the other issue, too. The very real (but likely remote) possibility that the suitcase would not make it to its destination. That it would be "lost." Early on, I had been warned by a fellow Interloper that British Airlines is absolutely "notorious" for losing bags. It didn't matter how many other opinions I got on this subject. I was reassured countless times, by countless travelers. My bags, I was told repeatedly, could not and would not get lost. I was booked on a direct flight from Los Angeles to London. A straight shot. But still, I fretted. I lost sleep. I devised various plans, wherein I would wear as many clothes as possible to keep them from being checked into the abyss.

Nothing is as easy as it should be. I tried on 3 skirts, two sweaters, a sash, leg warmers, arm warmers, an apron, and a large knitted rectangle. It didn't look that bad, but it was definitely bulky. So then I began worrying about the possibility of being mis-identified as a terrorist. Aren't they the ones wearing bulky clothing at the international terminal? Seems I couldn't win. I turned the possibilities over and over in my head. My bags, parading on conveyer belts worldwide. My bags in Dublin, Glasgow, Berlin, Tokyo, New York, Tai Pei, Palatine, Tucson, Bangkok. My bags finally arriving at that place in Louisiana where all the lost luggage eventually finds a home. It was hard to think about. Painstakingly homemade clothing, with ketchup stains from fast food drive-ins, worn while painting the insides of living rooms a hideous shade of mauve, used in school plays, sold at the church bazaar for 25 cents, unraveled by thrifty knitters who'd never before heard the word "merino."

If contradiction is the salt of life, compromise must be the pepper. I raced home from school to put the final touches on my packing and get the hell out of Los Angeles. I looked at the enormous "to wear" pile and began feeling sweaty and overheated. In the end, common sense won out over paranoia, with a slight nod to the latter. I wore two skirts layered, which looked fine and felt heavy and great. One sweater. Armwarmers. I packed a large text panel to use as a

blanket in flight and 2 handknit hats, just in case we had an emergency landing in Iceland. On my way to the airport, I felt a little something yucky in my throat so stopped at South Central Sav-On to look for Esberitox. The pharmacist hadn't heard of it, but she said the herb aisle was 11B. I ended up buying a couple tubes of Airborne. I told the check out lady that I was on the way to the airport. "Leaving so soon?" she said. She thought I was visiting from another country. It was my shoes, she said. She reached out her hand and introduced herself. I shook it but made a note to myself. She was sniffing and wiping her nose. Immediately after leaving the store I threw away the boxes she'd touched and made a note to remember to wash my hands, which is the single most effective strategy for minimizing the spread of the common cold.

Before we left LAX, we sat on the ground in the airplane for three hours. Since being on board, I've logged .05 miles on my pedometer just circling the cabin. -LAA



ON THE COVER



Our ample raw canvas tent resides deep within the Frieze Art Fair tent and contains an office, a kitchen, a lounging area, a flat screen monitor where photographs of our hikes can be viewed, and six cots for sleeping during the night. for a full report on the first night "sleeping in the tent, see Fiction's report on page 7.

BLISTER REPORT

General Friction: I wore new shoes to school. They felt a little bit tight. So instead of wearing them on the plane, I packed them up in the suitcase and put on a broken in pair of clogs. I put on a new pair of socks called ToeHuggers that I'd gotten at Clogmaster. These are not ordinary toe socks. These toe socks increase circulation in the foot and hug each toe. They allow each toe its own controlled eco-system and sweat is wicked away. They look great walking through security sans shoes. Clogs do not set off the alarm, but since the soles are over 1" thick they must be removed. Otherwise, clogwearers must go through the humiliating "secondary screening."
 Time: 5pm London time. Space: still on airplane. Feet: feeling OK.

Mothra: My shoelaces are pressing uncomfortably into the top of my left foot. If I tie them more loosely, my shoe flops around, and if I wear an extra pair of socks, it unbalances my outfit. Solution: none. Time: 1:30 pm, tent time, Thursday. Feet: A slight twinge.

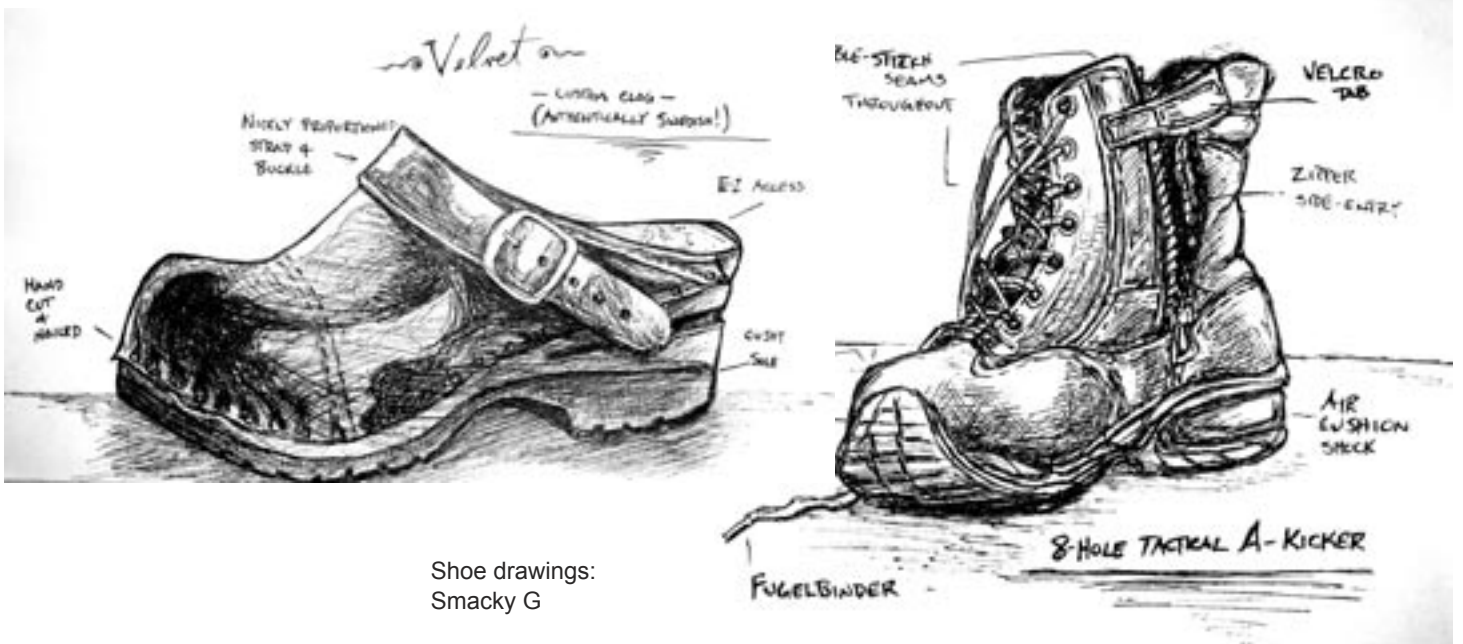
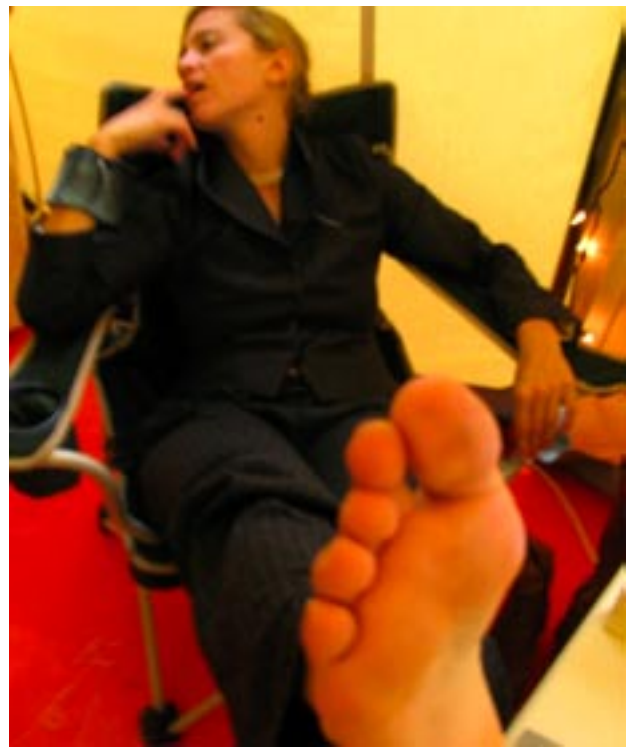
Peanut: Great!

Dziga: My shoes are too big. It's funny when your feet are swimming around. No blisters yet. Solution: more socks.

Velvet: "My feet are going to be smelly by the end of the day."

Smacky G: My tactical police and paramilitary boots are chemical resistant, non skid, the whole 9. They're suitable for riots and other urban activities and have an easy open velcro tab and a zipper so you can in an out in a hurry, because sometimes you only have a couple minutes. But they give you an entire extra yard of laces, which you then have to wrap around your ankle twice, negating the easy entrance zipper, and blocking access to the super secret side stash pocket, for keys or "whatever." My feet like them a lot. I'm planning to remove the lace, tie a knot in one end, and put in an easy speed lace. Status: working on it. Feet: feel great. Time: 2pm tent time.

Pretty Pony: The knee high zip up Uruguayan hiking boots circa 1968 are not favoring so well. They are wearing the bottom of my foot pads forging crescent shaped blisters and growing the bone spurs I have on the top of my big toes from too many years in ski boots. I am not very fast in them either. I have two pair of heels that are strictly bedroom shoes at home I am using in the tent as après hike shoes. Tres chic but cripplingly painful as they are a size too small. Problem: There are serious circulation issues blocking blood flow and creating a lack of oxygen to my feet. Solution: The two-story Clark store in Piccadilly Circus.



Shoe drawings:
Smacky G

HIKING REPORT: Day 1



Perhaps our most treacherous hike ever...



towards a distant corner which would serve as checkpoint one. As each hiker picked their way through the precarious footing and tagged the door they were accounted for and we continued on.

Our tight knit group soon began to unravel as environmental factors conspired to sever our ranks. First of all, there was an astonishing amount of art to peruse and we would occasionally be separated by a large work being wheeled by. Now and then we would pause to let carpet layers work through hammering and slashing as if the devil were chasing them. It also seemed that nearly hiker encountered someone who they hadn't seen in some time and was obliged to stop and exchange pleasantries. Perfectly understandable – but detrimental to our mission. “My Pretty Pony” and “Fannie Nattie” devised a new non-verbal signal — the “quiet coyote” — which indicated that the group was to huddle up into a tight and silent pack. The concept was sound, but (owing to pre-hike cocktails) we were slow to congregate and usually erupted into howling once we did.

Something seemed a little off... It may have just been jetlag and our visually hyperactive environment congealing into a sort of surreal trepidation – or maybe our recent security briefing (which made it quite clear that we were under close scrutiny). But for the moment it seemed that swarming bees, stabbing cacti, shifting rocks and rattlesnakes were all familiar and comfortable compared to this scene.

Our tent is in the center of a confusing maze of high-end galleries, cafes and retailers - all contained within a massive temporary structure which will cease to exist in a few days. And the relative tranquility of our HQ is surrounded by a frenzied mob of overwhelmed coordinators, installers construction workers and cleaners frantically trying to finish what should have been done yesterday (an impossible task, given that the tent was still being finished yesterday)

Having engaged in an hour of ritualized pre-hike Margaritas mixed by our own mix wiz “Fiction,” the Interlopers were on schedule with regard to our own time-line. This first hike was to use the latest in pedometer technology to determine just how bit this fair actually is. We would hike every hallway, probe every corner and then venture outside and tour the sculpture garden. Upon our return we would tally the steps. With “Mothra” as step counting leader and “Fiction” as map wielding navigator, we strode into the fray.

Soon after leaving the safety of our tent we picked our way between piles of plastic sheeting, foam, crates, boxes, and half finished installations striking

Despite our lack of discipline and chaotic surroundings we circumnavigated the venue with only one minor navigational glitch and encountered only one insurmountable obstacle – a completely obstructed hallway which forced us to backtrack. Before we knew it we found ourselves back at The Interloper HQ. Our return seemed impossibly quick until Mothra announced that our entire excursion added up to a paltry 3/4 mile (2082 Steps, .755 miles or 68.3 KCalories). More disappointing was the torrential rain which forced us to cancel the sculpture garden jaunt. Not to let our spirits be downtrodden the decision was made to remain at Headquarters where we returned to cocktailing in earnest.



Meet the IHC:

Lisa Anne “General Friction” Auerbach used to ride 23.5 miles across Los Angeles just to see her boyfriend (though she doesn’t get much as much exercise anymore now that they’ve moved in together). Lisa’s bike rides in Los Angeles have become a point of departure for her politics, photographs, publications, and knitting. She says that pedaling (or hiking) across town isn’t all that different than creating a garment - you always get to the destination; sometimes it’s just a matter of time.

Tim “Tin Pan” Rogeberg serenades the coyotes and owls in Topanga Canyon with his saxophone each evening after his solar panels plunge into darkness. His wanderings in the wilds with the meat bees inspire his musical experiments, and his militant sonic meanderings announce the IHC’s imminent arrival.

Katie Grinnan ‘Chex Mix’ is a messy Virgo making sculpture in which one space is confused with another. She’s not afraid to throw her work in the back of her pickup truck and take the show on the road. Chex Mix is our resident brewer, stirring the pot of the elixir Wizard Brew.

Giovanni “Fiction” Jance is anywhere from 2 hours to 2 days late to arrive at any given engagement. This provides for an amusing dichotomy, as his art work always seems to demands a diligent observation of the passage of time.

Marie “Wolverine” Lorenz joins the interlopers from NYC, where she builds boats to conduct seafaring experiments, and circumnavigating the island of Manhattan. She is the group’s ‘tide and current expert’, even while we’re exploring the desert. Her heady allegiance to site specificity informs her outdoor sculptures, comic books, costumes, and theatrical installations.

Master crafter and materials maven Chuck ‘Velvet’ Moffit, a sculptor unbridled by convention, constructs images of the pragmatic collided with the baroque. He’s not afraid to walk down the streets of Claremont clad only feathered chaps. In this new land the beautiful sirens call to the lonesome cowboy.

Laura “Fannie Nattie” loves multiple choice which perhaps explains why she compulsively collects information, vintage photographs, and jobs, among other things. As the Interlopers outdoor education expert, she’ll be the only one of us who brings a snakebite kit along because she knows how to use it (the rest of us just think it’s a cool accessory).

Jennifer “My Pretty Pony” Nocon lives in her homegrown universe located somewhere between heart-throbbing enthusiasm and total disaster. She wakes up each morning torn between whether to stay in her garden to cultivate roses or drive to the studio where her sculptures and drawings sprout like annuals in well-mulched dirt.

Sometimes kids use fairy tales to reach new worlds, and such is the case with Veronica “Swak Go-Go” Fernandez, who gives playtime top priority. “I’ve got playmates galore ready to skip, poke, push and tickle right back. I’ll even succumb to their persuasive rhetoric as long they feed me cotton candy while on a sticky mound of jewel colored gumdrops - all delicious acts of mischief and mayhem.”

David “Dziga” Dodge spends several hours a week in transit between the hills of Los Angeles and the high desert plain of Joshua Tree. Besides providing endless opportunities to watch the tail lights of other cars, these journeys provide him with ample time to observe and react to the mega-sprawl of Southern California, a pastime which deeply informs his photography and video work.

Aaron “Flashman” Noble is preternaturally youthful and lucky in all fields but finance. As founding member of Clarion Alley Mural Project Flashman has collaborated with children, developmentally disabled adults, other artists - even his mother, and his own indoor and outdoor murals adorn walls all over the globe. A pioneer of New Urban Mysticism, Flashman’s infinite patience, fascination with texture, and dabblings into the realm of the occult make him the ideal route planner for the Interlopers HC.

Wherever we walk, Guy “Smacky G” Green is our resident local. He’s a shapeshifter with confidence and style, sizing up the sitch and searching out the haps. When he’s not out trekking can be found working in his “tetanus garden” building high desert assemblages out of bits of obtanium and other desert detritus.

Without the inspirational panache and organizational drive of Andrea “Mothra” Zittel, the IHC would be just another crew of badly dressed wanderers. Her roles of Troop Mother, Commandant, Professor, and Fashion Icon cajole and demand even the most hard core to shape up, ship out, or have another marguerita. Her sculpture paves the way for a world easier, more streamlined, better looking, and efficient, while her personal relationships and posses of ill-behaved houseguests and tentmates provide her with necessary chaos, enlightenment, and fun.



TENT AFTER HOURS: A clean, well lit place....

To be honest, I cannot remember what time Fannie, Smacky G, Velvet and I (Fiction) returned to our tent for the evening. Finding the tent, however, was easy as pie, being that it was the brightest spot in the fair. Waiting for us was our gallant personal security guard. He was really there to protect the art from us, rather than the other way around.

I lay my head upon the pillow beneath the simulated light of day. The grounds were quiet, a pin drop could be heard. Immediately thereafter, I could hear my cohorts as their breath became heavy, the first sign of restful sleep.

Around one AM, there came the army of cleaning crew. Velvet slept for about an hour before his eyes opened. He was content that he had slept through the entire night. Then he looked at his watch and to his dismay it was only two AM.

I imagine that the perimeter of our tent is one of the cleanest places in the fair, as I believe that the cleaning crew remained just outside our windows with their vacuum cleaners swaying back and fro.

Seemingly, minutes later I rolled over to find that the handsome Swacky G was in full attire, completely groomed and ready with his Swacky G enthusiasm to greet the day. I inquired as to what time it was, Swacky replied "9:30 am" in the standard poetic voice of one wide awake and ready to go. I looked at my cell phone and informed him that it was actually 3:30 am. He looked dismayed, stripped down and climbed back into his sleeping bag.

Around four AM, I climbed out of bed to urinate, but feared that our appointed security guard might want to follow me in. I rather enjoy my private bathroom moments, so I preferred to be alone while visiting the water closet within smelling distance of our luxurious tent. I also did not want to ask him if he was going to follow me into the toilet, this might have raised suspicion, or sounded like a pick-up line, so I invented a reason to visit the bathroom to see if he would follow me there. My decision to wash the dishes at 4AM may have confused him, but no less than my gold suit jacket over my black briefs. Joy; he did not come after me.

After returning from a long session of washing four glasses, I decided to walk around the fair to take pictures of the quiet, lonely gallery booths. In the distance and in the frame of my photos a cleaning crew member was displeased at having his picture taken. We argued for some time as to whether I would erase his image or not. I had no problem debating with him, as time was on my side. I had plenty of time to argue, all the time in the world it seemed before the sun would rise.





IHC HIKE SCHEDULE

We hike where we want and when we want. We welcome all costumed hikers to join us and apologize for not being able to be more specific about the schedule. Some of us are on PSD and others are on East Coast time. A few of us have acclimated with the help of Ambien and margaritas.

We have a laissez faire attitude towards punctuality, and we appreciate having the freedom to have our adventures plan themselves. Find us in a pub and offer to show us around. Stop by the tent and follow us on a route.

SEE YOU AT THE TENT.

