

EVERYDAY HIKING



£2.50

YOUR ARMCHAIR GUIDE TO THE ESCAPADES OF THE IHC
ISSUE #2: WHAT'S WRONG WITH PUPPYKILLERS?



EVERYDAY HIKING

is an everyday publication of the Interlopers Hiking Club.

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This publication is available online in pdf form at
www.interlopershc.org and stealthissweater.com

Please send editorial inquiries, letters, op-ed pieces, hate mail, and virtual bon-bons to Lisa.anne@mac.com

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

SEE YOU AT THE TENT.

ISSUE #2: WHAT'S WRONG WITH PUPPYKILLERS?



installed by then. Please send me a price a.s.a.p. Thank you kindly.
Regards,
Mr. Money
Rogue's Island, Scotland

Dear Mr. Money,
Smacky G responds: I don't think there's enough money in the world to get me to move to Scotland, no offense to you unfortunate Scottish bastards.
Velvet responds: Hell, I'll move. They've got great whiskey there.
Fiction: No comment.

Dear EVERYDAY HIKING,
What gallery are you with?
—Flower Lady, England

Dear Flower Lady,
We are considering starting our own gallery so that we can answer your question. In the meantime, we're with our tent, camping out in the art fair, and we'll be hiking daily. Come join us!

Dear EVERYDAY HIKING,
Is this where we get the tickets?
—Looking for the Line, Tentside

Dear Looking,
Yes. Come by with cash and for the right price we'll get you anything.

Dear EVERYDAY HIKING,
Why do you look so cool?
—Young British Dude Looking for a light for his "cigarette"

Dear Dude,
In America, they call us "assholes," but here we look cool. That's awesome! Stay off the weed. It'll fry your brain.

Rich irony in the tent: there was a time our hiking coalition was called the Feral Spaniels. Now, nearly a decade later, we're accused of being "puppykillers."

Leave it to the British press to transform our dog-adoring reference from the days of yore into an accusation of insensitivity and hatred towards our canine friends. We've seen the other headlines featured on front pages here while riding the Underground and flouncing through the park. The British love of screaming inelegance on their tabloids is matched only by their love of pinstripes and starch. Exaggeration and large fonts are the norm. And, in the defense of the Guardian, their reference to the IHC is not wholly inaccurate. At least one former member of the Feral Spaniel's Hiking Club was attacked by a domesticated pit bull and left the experience with a taste for dogblood. However, her response and resulting dislike for each and every pooch is an anomaly among her hiking comrades.

The larger attitude towards dogs among the Spaniels, now the Interlopers HC, is total love. Numbered among the pets left behind in California with attentive sitters are Maya and Nunu, Poppy, and Turdburglar. The IHC will always stop to stroke a leashed pet, and they coo and admire all photographs of dogs on bus shelters and billboards.

LETTERS TO EVERYDAY HIKING

Dear Everyday Hiking,

I am a rich collector. I saw your tent at the Frieze Art Fair. How much would it cost to buy the tent and all of the hikers? I think it would make a great lawn ornament. I promise to keep the hikers' fridge fully stocked with beer and cheese sandwiches. I live on a small island off the coast of Scotland with my wife, 3 goats, and a pony. It gets cold in the winter, but I will insulate your tent. I am having a big gala Christmas party and would like to have your piece

ON THE COVER



The IHC took off through the topiary in Regent's Park for our first outdoor hike. See the full report by WOLVERINE on page 7.

TENT AFTER HOURS: Creatures of the Night

Return to the Tent

When we returned from dinner to the Big Tent we were met at the door by a guard who locked us in and escorted us to the Interloper's tent. This was the first time I had ever been guided to my own camping site. My first impressions were of how trashed the art fair was after the Big Opening. Cigarette butts squashed out in the carpet, champagne glasses and beer bottles littering the floor and every available tabletop. All the art suddenly looked like it was made at some drunken blowout.

When we got to the tent our escorting guard handed us off to the tent guard, a smallish man with glasses who seemed neither capable of protecting us from the art or art from us. We had already been warned about the difficulties of sleeping inside the fair..noise and light..so I immediately donned an eye mask and inserted my ear plugs and tried to get comfortable on the cot. The hammering started soon after I reclined. One of the nearby galleries was busy re-installing their space. It turned out they were hanging a substantial 200 image grid of insects and their larvae. Several thousand nails. The hammering went on all night and into the morning.

I faded in and out of sleep. At one point I woke to find Mothra busily tapping away on her laptop. Apparently she couldn't sleep either. Outside the tent Flashman was painting the logo on the tent. I could see the shadow of his hand tracing the image of a horse around the window. Beyond him two security guards in their fluorescent yellows were fiercely arguing. I guess they didn't realize that there were people sleeping in the tent.

I put my plugs and mask back on but most of the noise seeped through...the torrents of rain on the roof of the tent, the clinking of bottles being picked up, the pulsing static of the guards' walkie-talkies.

As contractors and guards hurried pass the tent in the middle of the night, it became crystal clear that fair was built on a vast wooden platform. My cot and skeleton vibrated with every passerby shaking me through the electric-lit night.

—Dziga



4Am Nighttime hike – Seeing friends' artworks hike

Last night I slept right away. We had earplugs which was very exciting having heard that it was really noisy the night before. I woke up at 2AM unfortunately being serenaded by vacuum cleaners and yelling people on walky talkies- I looked around and saw everybody sleeping- so I wasn't sure what I was doing wrong- but jet lag won out for me- I got up and read yesterday's Interlopers report. It was funny to read the tent report from the night before- I think the lights were dimmed just a little. I finally decided to go on a hike mostly to get to see friends work- I asked the guard if it was ok if I went to see the art and he seemed happy to accompany me. The first friend I saw was Flash Falcon- He was finishing the mural on the side of the tent- It was nice to know I was not alone in my sleeplessness- It was nice to go with the guard. He wanted to have a chance to see the art also- He really liked watercolor works- My objective was to go see my friend Brandon Lattu's photographs. Which was on the other side of the fair- There was little activity away from the tent which was kind of funny- There were many galleries that taped off there spaces- I saw my friend Mindy Shapiro's sculpture along the way. We went through the eating area- and finally got to Brandon's work- It was worth the hike. The photographs looked really amazing and had a really amazing space in them- hard to get your head around which I always think is good- We continued back and I saw an great Andreas Gursky. I started to get a little tired so we went back to the tent- I still couldn't sleep- I think I finally got to sleep at 8AM. Now its around 11:00 and I'm realizing how hazy my memory is and my brain in general right now- I think I'll get some more coffee-

—Chex Mix

—Chex Mix

A Virgo Viewpoint

Fortunately our guard didn't sit in the tent the way that Fiction suggested that he would.

We got back to our tent rather late last night and I noticed that it was starting to stink. It was hard to tell if the smell was a result of the smoke and spilled booze from the opening a few hours before – or it was the pungent odor of indoor camaraderie. Dziga, Chex Mix, Tin Pan and Smacky G seemed not to notice and fell asleep quickly.





In the meantime Flashman Falcon went back to work on the Interlopers Logo on our tent and I worked on my computer until it ran out of juice. At about 12:40 a cleaning crew stood next to the tent tent lightly cursing, and I overheard them saying something about the lights. I hoped that they wouldn't notch them up to full brightness again -even slightly dimmed the inside of the tent is almost as bright as daytime.

Everyone who works here seems really surprised to see us here in the middle of the night. The cleaning woman in the bathroom asked me "are you alright sweetheart" with a great deal of concern when I stumbled across her path - barefoot and half asleep. I'm not sure what she thought - but I'm pretty sure that she had no idea that five other bodies also lie in slumber at our Interloper encampment.

At around 2:00 AM the sound of vacuums superceded the constant pounding of hammers from the Bonakdar booth - I got up and went to the bathroom. On my way back into the tent I asked our guard if he had to sleep during the day and he said Yes. I suggested that it must be rather brutal and he agreed that it was horrible.

By 7:30 elephants began to periodically lumber by our tent. Evidently being next to the bathroom has some unforeseen pitfalls as we are in the direct path of people desperate to relieve themselves. I noticed that the Flashman had finished our logo on the side of the tent. It looked awesome. He was now crashed out in the back corner of the tent.

Our guard had changed in the early morning of the hours and the new one firmly insisted following me into the women's restroom. After using the facilities I asked about the downpour that could be heard on the tent over our tent and she softened a bit and said that it hadn't been raining too long - but she was worried because later today she was going to have to stand outside, even if it was still raining.

It is a little weird having the guards - but both them are pretty nice. Also wanted to make mention that for some reason the power is turned off over night so I can't recharge my computer, ipod, and camera or make tea.

—Mothra

BLISTER REPORT

Velvet: What's the difference between a corn and a bunion? Something hurts.

Smacky G: I'm feeling crotch-chafing.

Chex Mix: My toes are always immobile, but they are feeling particularly rigid right about now. I'm not really sure why.



Soft and Slick

Hiking Profile: Velvet

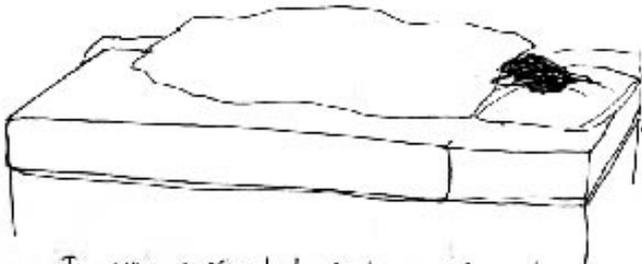
"You should have nothing on underneath," says an older red-haired woman, a Frieze fair visitor who oogles Velvet in his boa-covered chaps. Funny enough, I had the same idea. And the branding iron he's grasping in his leather gloves is quick to give me another.

Slyly erotic, Velvet (otherwise known as Chuck Moffit, an Los Angeles based sculptor) confidently struts his feathers around the fairgrounds, admiring the works of Neo Rauch, Anish Kapoor and Matthew Barney. He mentions his disappointment with a Liz Craft work on display, a silver miniature horse sculpture. "I liked it better yesterday when the tail was disconnected," he remarks.

Actually, Velvet likes everything in his world a bit disconnected, his work an excellent example of this. From carbon fiber to metals, silk dupione to leather, his materials are as painfully sexy as he is. He'll even go so far as to mixing his own bodily functions, such as saliva, in with the materials for a "triple-extra WHAZAMM!" effect.

All of this made Velvet a prime contender as an Interloper. As a member since April 2005, he's fashionably tracked turf with the group and his knowledge of things that one shouldn't eat while on the hikes has proven to be most useful in the most dire of circumstances. He has also lubricated more things for the group that we know what to do with. Stop by and give us some ideas - we're happy to try them out, and we'll keep the branding iron handy.

—Swak Go-Go Mezz



I was suprised to find myself awake
at 9:00 this morning.



in an unaccountably gloomy mood.



I tend to think that all the sadness in
my life is generated by outside forces.



or misunderstandings with friends.



like my crazy job.



but then at breakfast we talked about the
hiking club - everyone ~~was~~ happy and
excited - the crappy mood went away.

HIKING REPORT: Day 2



A Walk in the Park



Hike report October 20
3 miles through Regents Park

Everyone was surprised by the nice weather – we had been inside all day working on the publication and we just had a few hours to hike before the evening's public reception. The afternoon was clear and fine with the trees in the park turning color almost as we walked. The group left the tent and moved out onto the promenade. Everything is a photo op. Every manicured shrub and molded planter provides a backdrop for one hiker or another to pose – and the electronic shutters buzz.

We first visited Mungo Thomson's bounce house galleries. We all hopped around in there with a guy from the BBC. Fun and exhausting. Next we crossed a football field while the shadows stretched across it. A young man looking for a light apprehended the group. After unsuccessfully asking each interloper as we passed in file, he finally got to the back of the line and Smacky with the only light. As the lad lit his cigarette he looked us up and down and asked, "Why do you guys look so...cool?" he seemed satisfied by Smacky's description of the interlopers mission.

We rounded the park to the zoo entrance and filed in. Caught the tail end of a penguin feeding session (depressing) and spied a pair of emus (prehistoric looking)

The real wildlife in the park are the domestic dogs though. Its as though the same two greyhounds have been siring litters of disfigured animals for generations – passing on their genes for lethargy and corpulence. I think the gene pool in Regents Park has got to expand soon.

We hiked through the zoo art fair. It was great. The best thing in the show is some prints that look like euro bills but big, and instead of painters and bridges there are images of boulders and icebergs in the center. The whole show is worth a visit.

We hiked back by way of the package store. 7153 steps. 2.956 miles. 243.7 calories

—Guy "Smacky G" Green



TEN THINGS I LIKE ABOUT LONDON

BY: FIRST-TIME VISITOR SMCROBY G.

- GOOD STRONG WATER PRESSURE
- CONSPICUOUS LACK OF SUV'S
- WORKMEN YELLING @ EACH OTHER IN HINDI INSTEAD OF SPANISH
- INDOOR SMOKING!
- ENOUGH VOLTS IN BATHROOM OUTLET TO RUN AN ARC WELDER
- TESCO'S MATURE CHEDDAR
- SIGNAGE MAKES INTERESTING USE OF LANGUAGE (EG. "HUMPS FOR 50 YARDS")
- ATMOSPHERIC HUMIDITY!
- DRIVING ON THE LEFT - WHAT'S UP W/THAT?
- I CAN HAVE 4 PINTS WITHOUT ~~ANY SOCIAL STIGMA~~ ANY SOCIAL STIGMA!
~~SOME DRUGS~~

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. Looks like Saturday's hike is probably going to happen around 3 or so. We met some architects in a bar and they offered to show us around, so we're crossing our fingers that they'll actually show up.

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.

