

MERCURY

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB



The Making of a Statue

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Street Artist Retna Paints Our Walls

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Reimagining The Uplifters Club

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Ivy Pochoda Talks Squash

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Dear Members,

It may seem hard to believe, but on September 8, 2016, the Los Angeles Athletic Club reached its 136-year anniversary. Over nearly a century and a half The Club has witnessed, endured and even played a role in the major world events of those years—with its members contributing to the history of Los Angeles and beyond.

At LAAC, it has always been of profound importance to preserve that history, but also to look forward—which is why we have decided to breathe new life into our more-than-a-century-old members-only magazine, *Mercury*. In creating this new issue, we've given the publication an update both in aesthetic and content, all while remaining true to its mission to connect, inform and inspire club members.

As an institution with such an extensive history, what we find most inspiring is observing the many modern achievements of our members today, and how history has helped them get there; we have the privilege of seeing it happen every day. We see it happen, whether by drawing inspiration from the great minds of the 20th century to power today's ideas, or by embracing a time-honored craft—like sculpture—to create something entirely new. We see it happen when members pay homage to The Club's history with the resuscitation of the Uplifters Club, all while infusing it with the energy of a modern artist like Los Angeles' own, Retna. We see it when classic cocktails are exhumed and revised for today's palates, using fresh spins, new spirits and techniques. We see it in our athletes that respect the histories of their chosen sports, and apply new technology, science, medicine and nutrition to their routines and talents. We see it everywhere; our members are constantly pressing forward, fueled by a powerful past.

Through the characters you meet here, who represent LAAC's membership, this issue exemplifies the future of Downtown L.A. and The Club itself. We hope you enjoy this edition of *Mercury*, and that in the stories we share here, you will feel inspired to move forward in your own modern day pursuits.

— The LAAC Editorial Team



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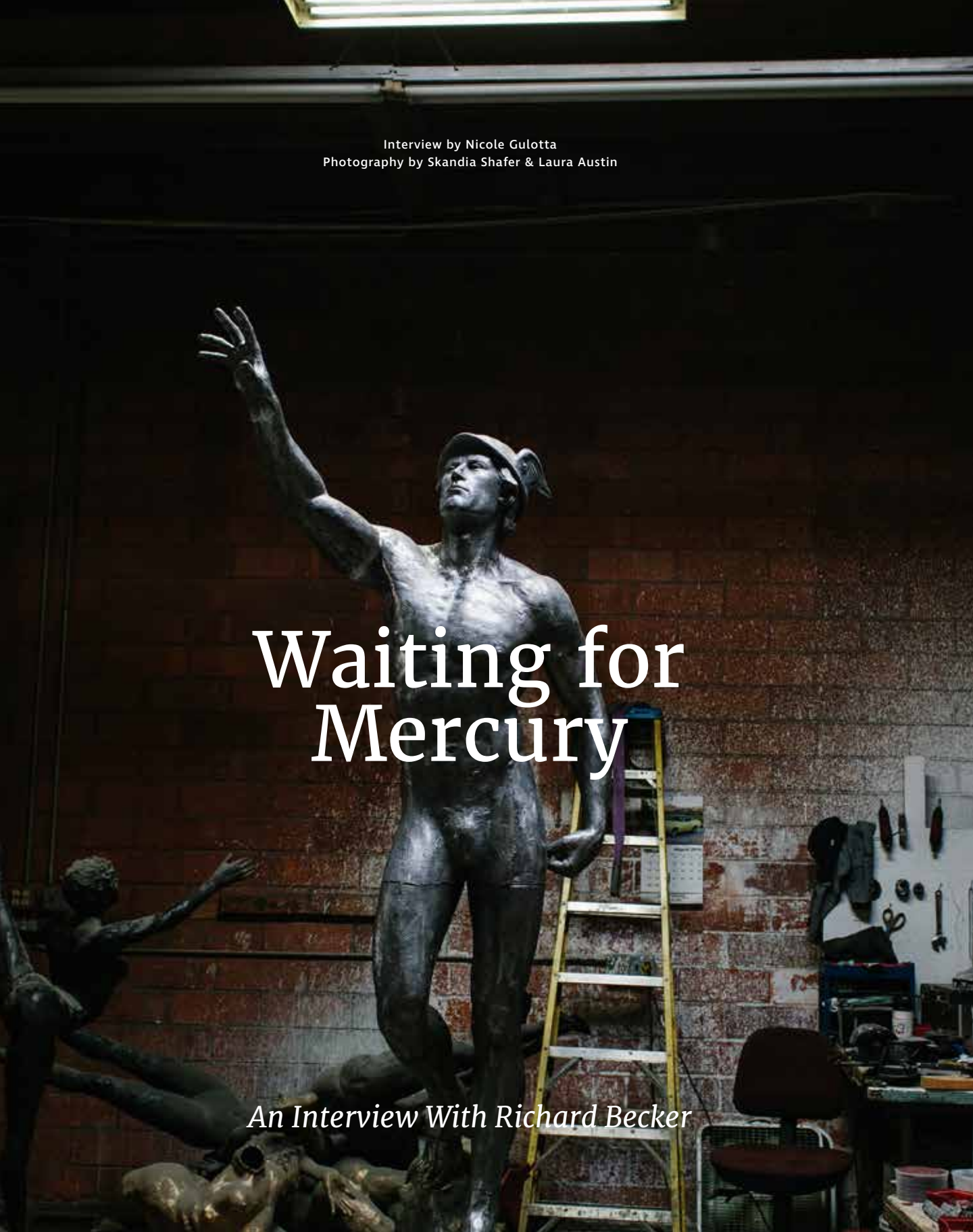
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Photography by Skandia Shafer & Laura Austin

Waiting for Mercury

An Interview With Richard Becker



Mercury, a new sculpture set for installation at the Los Angeles Athletic Club in the next year, will stand 17 feet high and, when combined with its pedestal, will weigh close to an astonishing 1,000 pounds (the sculpture itself tipping the scale at 525 pounds). It was cast in stainless steel by artist Richard Becker, a deliberate decision to ensure a brighter, more contemporary effect.

As a messenger of the gods in Roman mythology, Mercury is known for his swift movements, but the pace of sculpture is decidedly slower. For Becker, sculptures are worth the wait.

“Big works have power,” he says. “Seeing the same thing small wouldn’t do.”

Becker has carved a career from both his aptitude for science and a passion for the arts, but he wasn’t always a sculptor. Although an artistic child with interests as varied as photography and motocross racing, a strong curiosity for mechanics pulled Becker to pursue an M.S. in engineering at Stanford. It wasn’t until a long-term assignment sent him to Barcelona that Becker rekindled his relationship with art.

This is where our conversation began.

What inspired you about your trip to Barcelona? Was there a specific moment, or a gradual awakening?

Both, actually. I grew up in Southeast L.A. and could see a refinery outside my bedroom window. It was not a mecca of the arts. When I lived in Spain and traveled all over Europe, art was everywhere—plazas, beautiful fountains.

The moment, though, was when my wife and I were on a trip to France in January of 1996. We stopped in La Bisbal, near the French border, and a merchant selling ceramic plates had a bag of clay propping open his front door, so I asked how much he’d sell it for and bought it. Then I sculpted a little head as I sat on our balcony. It sounds corny, but there was a real epiphany for me that I wanted to do this. It was an electric moment.

What do you enjoy about creating sculptures?

I’ve always enjoyed the three-dimensional aspects. Also, one thing sculpture does is it can really define a space. In a painting you can set the mood, perspective, lighting and create a whole scene—but sculpture changes. It’s different from different angles, with different lighting and viewpoints. It’s so physical, and I love making things. All those aspects draw me to sculpture. It’s also in such a permanent medium that it will be around for centuries.



How do you go about finding inspiration and researching a project like this?

It started at *Power and Pathos: Bronze Sculpture of the Hellenistic World*, an exhibit at the Getty [Museum in Los Angeles]. It was a great chance to talk about art and look at sculptures from antiquity, including some little Mercurys from the Hellenistic period.

Take me through the development process for Mercury.

The first thing is the concept and sketching things on paper. Eventually, I made little maquette stick figures to work it out. Once that was complete, I started doing large-scale sculpting with armature—whether pipes or wooden slats—then the full-scale sculpt. When the clay sculpture was approved, I cut it up and transported it to the Mc3 Inc. foundry in Hawthorne for them to make temporary molds of each section. You throw away all the clay and create a wax positive, and then you're in the wax stage.

They dip those waxes over the course of a week to build up the ceramic around the wax. Artisans eventually fire and burn all the wax out of it so you have a hollow ceramic shell which goes into a glowing-hot furnace where metal is poured where the wax used to be.



Once the sculpture moves to the foundry, how involved are you in the details?

[I go to the foundry] when they're doing critical things, like when they cut [the molds]. I spend a day doing touch ups around the mouth and legs and working the details on the wax. I'm also checking things like fit; when you cut these things up, you need to make any changes in wax before it becomes stainless steel.

When the metal comes back, I'll bring my chisels and tools and do a little bit of sculpting as well. I make sure all the pieces are how I want them before I tack them, and then get involved in the metal-chasing process, which removes signs of the casting and fixes and cleans the sculpture.

From start to finish, which aspect of the sculpture-making process is your favorite?

There are times when sculpting feels like a dance. I've shut off my left brain and turned my headphones on. It isn't every time I sculpt I can get in that mood, but occasionally time stands still.

Another favorite part is at the end, once the sculpture's out there and seeing how people respond. Any emotion—a chuckle when they see something, or movement to tears—but an emotional response is really rewarding. I suppose it's like a quiet applause that I've done something well enough to see someone moved by it in some way.

What do you hope people will feel or experience when viewing the finished piece?

This piece is about taking action, going to the next level, putting in effort, and being focused. Those are some of the elements I feel are important. I hope people look at Mercury as a source of ongoing inspiration when they're [at the Los Angeles Athletic Club]—to work harder and set their sights on a goal to achieve. I also hope it's one more thing that reminds them how special and historic this club is.





Interview by Gianna Hughes
Photography by Skandia Shafer

Painting the City of Angels

A Discussion With L.A.'s Retna

Drive around the streets of Los Angeles and look closely; you just might notice black or white hieroglyphs adorning the sides of buildings small and tall anywhere from West Hollywood to the Arts District. And one day, you might be meeting with the Grand Muscles of the Uplifters, presidents of a secret social club within the Los Angeles Athletic Club. You may be told to meet in an alley just up the block from 431 W. 7th Street—a change in your original plans. And when you round the corner, you might see a forklift with all-terrain wheels flush against the side of the wall, the historic building covered in a glistening coat of painted language signature to the gloved-man holding the brush dripping with fresh white paint. At least that's what happened to me.

On that early summer morning, the illusive Retna—born and raised in Los Angeles—was painting symbols inspired by an original member's poem written for the Uplifters Club. The Grand Muscles spoke to him of an idea they had, and the very next day he got to work. While he took a brief break, I was introduced to Retna—an LAAC and Uplifters member himself—his gloved fist touching mine, leaving a trace of white paint on my knuckles.







How long have you been a member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club? Why decide to join?

I joined the club earlier this year. I have always had a long-standing desire to join LAAC due to their deep-seated history and roots in our beloved city. Once I was able to view the interior of the club I was in awe of its vintage décor and all the artifacts on display. I only wish I could've joined a whole lot sooner.

What is your involvement with the Uplifters?

My intended involvement with the Uplifters is to assist in carrying their tradition and living by the motto, "to uplift art and promote good fellowship."

How did joining the Uplifters come about?

I was approached by a couple members who asked if I would be interested in participating by carrying out a performance art mural in the tradition of the Hijinx of L. Frank Baum.

What was your inspiration behind the Uplifters mural? What's the story behind it?

I actually quoted material provided from the archives of the Uplifters—substituting the letter "I" and the word "I" with the word "eye".

The mural reads as follows:

*Even the deep blue vault of the sky eye seek to find my art, and why
The pure white fleece of soft drift clouds
Lifts far more than the dark of shrouds.*

You grew up in Los Angeles. How was life growing up in the city?

Yes, I did. I grew up in various parts of the city, [and was] born in Downtown Los Angeles at California Hospital. I resided in the Mid-City/Koreatown area and attended several private and public schools; due to that fact I met people from all walks of life. I became a graffiti writer early on around the age of eight. Like anywhere else in the world, growing up in Los Angeles had its ups and downs. I was fortunate to thrive from my art background, express my creativity through this medium, and share it with the world.

Do you have any specific memories walking around Downtown Los Angeles as a kid?

The best memories I have are from the mid- to late-90s. At the time, a lot of buildings were abandoned in Downtown L.A., so friends and I would climb to the rooftops, drink beers, and think about how we would convert the buildings into art galleries someday. We created some pretty fascinating works on these buildings. In my perspective, our intention was to enhance and not to destroy the structural beauty of the buildings; but that is also an opinion left to the public eye.

Why decide to remain an Angeleno? Do you feel like being a member of LAAC is a form of putting down roots here?

I remained an Angeleno because Los Angeles was where my mother laid her roots, and the foundation of hard-working ethics she instilled in me gave me the opportunities to make something of myself through my art. I cherish and love the city of L.A.—its natives, the arts, and the entertainment and sports histories. Being a member of LAAC is definitely a form of putting down roots in Los Angeles. To all newcomers: welcome, and I hope you find the beauty woven in the city's makeup from all walks of life.



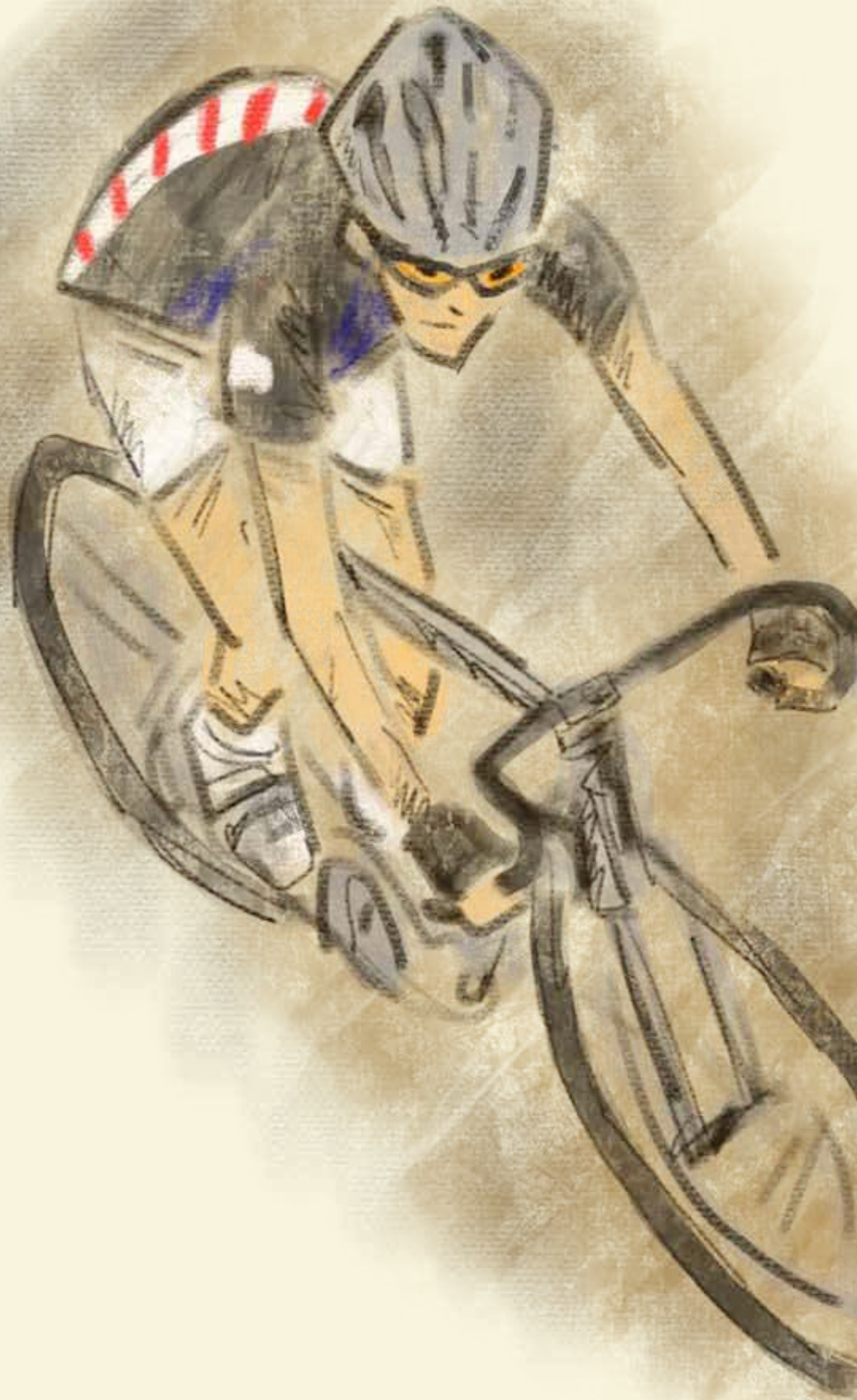
Club Details

The Olympic torch, carried by LAAC President Charles F. Hathaway down Olive Street during the 1984 Olympic torch relay, can be found at the Olympic Lounge on the third floor of The Club.





Retna's tribute to the Uplifters Club can be viewed steps beyond the entrance of The Los Angeles Athletic Club at Mercury Court off of W. 7th Street.



Words by Gregory M. Fields
Illustration by Cesar Diaz

Iron Man

Triathlete and Cyclist Paul Wetmore

The Cold War was fought with ballistic missiles, submarines and... comic books? The 20th century nuclear standoff calls for reexamination, as it appears to be spawning a 21st century reboot. A spy soldier in the first Cold War, President Vladimir Putin now seems intent on channeling his inner super villain. But if pop culture history has taught us anything, it's that sequels are rarely as satisfying as the original.

The first Cold War, however, inspired some unlikely outcomes. Just months after the Cuban Missile Crisis, legendary Marvel Comics' founder Stan Lee became determined to create characters and stories that reflected this new, precarious geopolitical reality. So in 1963, Lee invented Iron Man: a techno-savvy uberman whose inventor, Tony Stark, was a self-made, bootstrapping entrepreneur. The comic represented capitalism's rugged, dynamic individualism in Stark's contrast to Communist Russia's servile statism. Lee also recognized that the simplistic alter egos anchoring early comics were long past their freshness date. The bespeckled Clark Kent was a conspicuous klutz. Bruce Wayne? Just

another trustafarian do-gooder. With Iron Man, Lee finally killed off the Peter Parker nerdy foil cliché. Tony Stark could manage a spreadsheet and thwart Marxist/Leninist designs of world domination.

The Los Angeles Athletic Club membership is rife with real-life Tony Starks who are both champions of capitalism and competition-caliber athletes. Ironman triathlete and competitive cyclist, Paul Wetmore, is just the latest superhuman in a long tradition of this trend. Wetmore has racked up hundreds of miles in Ironman competitions from New Zealand to Honolulu to Malibu. The grueling, will-bending Ironman formula of a 112-mile bike ride, 26-mile run, and 2.4-mile swim requires caped crusader-levels of training, discipline and endurance. Wetmore once swam 26 miles (that's three English Channel crossings) in the LAAC pool as part of a national club competition, and most recently, he has become an elite road-racing cyclist. He has power-peddled through Seattle drizzle and back to the thermal-inversion of Los Angeles in a matter of days. Wetmore's two-wheeled treks have even spanned from sea (Pacific)

to shining sea (Atlantic). And he regularly qualifies for cycling's version of auto racing's Grand Prix: a 750-mile, non-stop bone grind known as the Paris-Brest-Paris Randonneur.

But there's more.

Like his fictional counterpart, Tony Stark, Iron Man Wetmore is also a successful financial executive. When not aboard his titanium-framed racing bike or ensconced in his downtown corner office, he chairs a non-profit that promotes literacy for underprivileged kids in South Central. Oh, and he and his wife also rescue homeless cats. "There's 24 hours in a day and you're only sleeping about eight of those hours," observes Wetmore, logically. "I just try to figure things out and prioritize."

Wetmore has simply never lost his competitive edge in his sporting life or his career. A collegiate swimmer at Dartmouth College, his work ethic is imbued with an elite athlete's discipline and an unceasing commitment to refinement. The wealth management team he leads is the most successful in the Los Angeles branch of one of America's largest financial services companies.

Characteristically, Wetmore attributes his business success to staying engaged with his sport(s). The financial industry regularly crushes bright, ambitious people like so many corn chips under a bus wheel. "Half days" (that's 6 a.m. to 6 p.m.) are the norm. Mercurial global economic forces place the market beyond the control of even a talented asset manager—and that breeds Kryptonian levels of chronic stress. Leading by example, Wetmore encourages his team members to mind their Fitbits as methodically as their Bloomburghs. There are proven cost savings when workers mind their health, but Wetmore emphasizes superlative performance benefits. "The reason we're one of

the top teams in the firm is because every day we can come back and be consistent," posits Wetmore. "There's always that stress, but if you're working out and sleeping well, you come back the next day ready to be productive."

"I spend a lot of time in the morning planning in solitude and thinking about the things I want to accomplish."

Lee doesn't give us much insight into Stark's rise to fortune, but had it been available, you can bet he would have taken a page or two from the Wetmore playbook. If consistency and life balance are pages one and two, page three is less about the Art of War, and more about the Art of Goaltending. "I spend a lot of time in the morning planning in solitude and thinking about the things I want to accomplish. Then I put together a plan for doing it," he says. "You can accomplish a lot that way."

As we mere mortals know, fitness for the sake of fitness is difficult to sustain over the long term. Wetmore quickly identified this challenge and set himself up for success. "I needed those events in the future to train for," he observes. Wetmore came to L.A. a quarter century ago, and he joined LAAC because it reminded him of sophisticated sports clubs in New York City. He soon started training with a friend who convinced him to enter one of the first Ironman races in Honolulu—the birthplace of the multi-sport event. From that point forward, Wetmore was hooked. The competitions then became his *raison d'être* for constant training.

A superhuman professional schedule and looming competitions means Wetmore is up at 5 a.m. to do flexibility and core work. Once the markets close, he heads to the club for sweat fests that can include

swimming, spinning and yoga. When following this demanding regimen, it takes him about three months to get into elite racing shape.

But these races—even for heroes—are not without peril. Some of Wetmore’s most harrowing adventures have come along his coast-to-coast bike races that take him from San Diego to Tybee Island, Georgia, at a clip of 165 miles per day. These are not scenic tours; these are qualifying races Wetmore must finish if he wants to compete in the prestigious Paris-Brest-Paris road race.

Even when these races are carefully scheduled for favorable weather, battling the elements is a constant challenge. While wheeling through Arizona, Wetmore’s GPS wilted in the 118-degree heat. He was suddenly lost in the desert with no cell reception and a dwindling supply of water. For what happened next, Wetmore jokes, “You wouldn’t believe it if this was in a movie.” In a moment of *deus ex machina*, he ran across a truck broken down on the road. He quickly noticed the logo splashed across the vehicle’s side: Sparkletts Bottled Water.

Tornado Alley in Oklahoma is definitely the last place you’d want to be on road bike. Four hundred-mile-per-hour winds propel debris with such violence that a kindling stick can blow through the human body like a blowtorch through blue cheese—and one of Wetmore’s coast-to-coast rides happened to coincide with an unusually long tornado season. When he asked one local what to do in case of an approaching twister, the answer was

not comforting. “Pray,” the man suggested. Hours later, Wetmore found himself broken down in the middle of nowhere trying to fix a flat tire. Not far in the distance, he saw a huge, telltale dark funnel cloud forming. A nearby shallow ditch didn’t promise much protection from the 100-story swirling death trap. Wetmore was contemplating his last moments on earth when a race support van appeared out of nowhere, threw his wounded bike in the back and sped him to safety.

Comic book heroes occasionally have run-ins with the law, even if they’re unintentional. At another point in his countrywide tour, Wetmore sought a break from blistering heat at an Arizona-Mexico Border Patrol station. In reality, Wetmore had unwittingly stumbled into the warzone north of the infamous Sinaloa Cartel’s territory—an area where headless corpses were often found. “We don’t want you to get shot,” a border patrol cop told him, and suggested Wetmore come inside. The only air-conditioned room in the station was a jail cell. Too tired and dehydrated to argue, Wetmore willingly entered and heard the door clang shut behind him. Later, when the guard left to answer a call, Wetmore silently prayed that a posse of Uzi-toting drug lords didn’t overrun the station and lock him in the cell for good.

If there is another Cold War, good men like Wetmore will hopefully inspire the comic book heroes of this new future. He’s living proof that one can be both a captain of commerce and safe haven for kittens.



Club Details

The scale in the men’s locker room is an original from the 1930s, based on the Toledo Scale Company’s 1918 design. It is still in use today.



Grand Muscles **Suzanne Joskow** and **Jennie Tucker**

Words by Gianna Hughes
Photography by Antonio Diaz

The Uplifters

Lifting Each Other Up Through Community

As I walk down an alley alongside a mural freshly painted by famed street artist Retna, I hear a rustling behind me. I quicken my pace as I dodge puddles and divots in the asphalt; the alley is shrouded in shadow with the exception of one light illuminating a spiraling moth a few yards ahead. Under the light stands a woman with a list. I give her my name and enter through a door you could walk by countless times and swear you've never seen before. I walk through a hallway flooded in florescent lighting and past stacked, scattered boxes before stepping into an elevator. A button is pushed for me and the doors close. When they reopen, I'm in the basement. Everyone here got the invite.

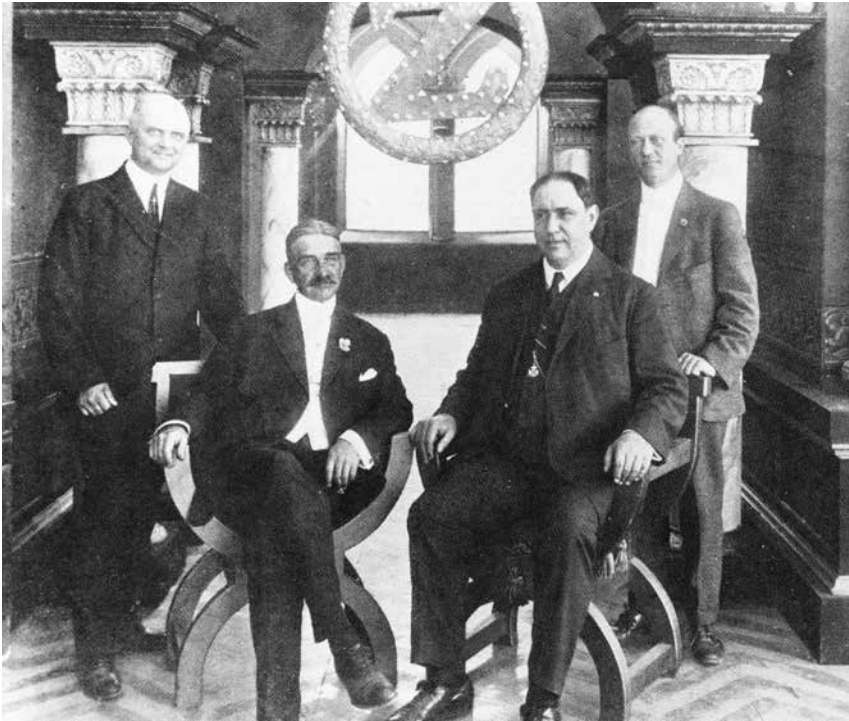
A glass of champagne is handed to me as I walk through the door of Duke's—an actual one-time speakeasy—easing me into the imbibing that is about to commence. Everyone in attendance is dressed in “California formal,” congregating around a bar as a musician I've certainly listened to before DJs music he's curating specifically for this gathering. And as I grab another glass from the bar I spin toward the room, finding my way through the specially selected group of people moving left and right and around me like a choreographed tango, leaving me buzzed from bubbles and the excitement to be wherever the hell it is that I am with these strangers. These people could be anybody. But everyone is introducing themselves to one another; we're all in this together.

I've entered the Hijinx, a secret gathering curated by the Uplifters. Yes, the club is back.

Originally formed in 1913 by Harry Marston Haldeman, it boasts a roster of such members as Walt Disney, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Will Rogers, Leo Carrillo and L. Frank Baum. Baum, who famously penned *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, also created the society's name (The Lofty and Exalted Order of Uplifters), as well as wrote the club's anthem (named for its founder, Haldeman). While the men's only club gathered, members were often found writing and enacting plays. Imagine the likes of any of these members fraternizing and sipping their spirit of choice. They truly lived by the group's motto: “to uplift art and promote good fellowship.”

The arrival of Prohibition inspired the club to meet off-site on a ranch they built at what is now known as Will Rogers State Historic Park in the Santa Monica Mountains. The property eventually consisted of a clubhouse, multiple cottages and lodges, tennis courts, a swimming pool, and an amphitheater. And with the arrival of World War II and increasing debts, the Uplifters suspended its meetings entirely—until recently, when a mysterious new entity began hosting events for a curated selection of Los Angeles Athletic Club members.

The revitalization of the club, however, now includes female members. And not only that—its Grand Muscle (aka president) is not just a woman; it's two women. Suzanne Joskow and Jennie Tucker, The Grand Muscles,



This page: L. Frank Baum (sitting left) and Harry Marston Haldeman (sitting right) with C.H. Rundel (standing left) and Louis Gottschalk (standing right) in front of their first film production, *His Majesty, the Scarecrow of Oz*.

Opposite page: The inaugural logo for The Uplifters when it was first formed by Haldeman and L. Frank Baum consisted of a raised hand to "uplift" the arts (and to hoist a cocktail).

have been entrusted with the club's legacy and the Uplifters' history. They're as much preserving the Uplifters as bringing it new life, and ushering it into a new era—politically, professionally, socially and personally. "We take that very seriously," Joskow assures me.

"We're dedicated to honoring the history, and also updating what it means to be an Uplifter in 2016," says Joskow. "Part of these events is understanding what that means." And part of the role of Grand Muscle is to see who the exemplary members of the LAAC are—even by extending the invitation to those who are not yet members.

"We're definitely focused on the arts," Joskow tells me in reference to the demographic of the Uplifters' membership. "And the idea of good fellowship being facilitated through the making and supporting of the arts." Many members and prospective members are creative types. Original members were writers, actors, producers, composers and songwriters—for some, Uplifters provided a creative outlet when their day-to-day jobs might involve finance or law enforcement. The club is not bound to a professional restriction.

"In keeping the original ethos of supporting the arts, it would be exciting to think a big part of the group were makers of things," says Joskow. "Not necessarily someone who calls themselves an artist, but someone

who makes things." And part of this has to do with the club's whimsical ethos.

"It was named by L. Frank Baum," Joskow tells me. The Grand Muscles are preserving the whimsy the club was founded on. The Uplifters is "a combination of being whimsical and applauding intellect," Tucker includes.

Whimsy takes the pretension out of your interactions with one another. When I attended the Hijinx—originally an annual party thrown by the club, and now the name of a secret gathering of members, not necessarily bound to how often it can occur—there was a spirit of conviviality. We were all chosen to be there, no matter who we were, no matter where we came from. And we all wanted to know who these other members and potential members were. What were their stories? What were they creating? At the event, the air of intrigue was palpable.

The imaginative nature of the Grand Muscles lends itself to the club's ethos. When Tucker and Joskow first joined the Athletic Club, they walked into the ballroom and had visions of events they could host there. Cory Hathaway, Assistant General Manager (and part of the club's lineage), caught wind of their creative enthusiasm and suggested they restart the Uplifters—making them the first women to run the club, yet another re-imagining of a long-standing history.

And with hosting the Hijinx in an abandoned basement

bar, the Grand Muscles saw a dormant part of LAAC's history and breathed new life into it. The first time I had entered Duke's, it was locked and covered in sheets, dust particles dancing in the air as light somehow crept in from the outside world. On the night of the Hijinx event I attended, the bar was transformed into a new space, while still maintaining its classic, *Cheers*-like charm.

Joskow and Tucker both hail from Boston and joined the LAAC with intentions of putting roots in Los Angeles. And although Uplifters is illusive, it's a means to even further plant oneself within the local community. The club within a club builds camaraderie. "That's the hope Suzanne and I had," says Tucker. "And to see it come to fruition in this way that was so warmly embracing of one another is just terrific."

The Grand Muscles also hope to have collaboration happen between Uplifters members, which they're beginning to see. "We want people who are engaged in the club who come from a diverse background to really be bringing their interests and skillsets and passions and occupations to the group," Tucker continues. And it's not lost on me that once upon a time, while the club was a celebration of craft and culture, it was not necessarily inclusive of all. But the times have changed.

While Uplifters has been hosting events internally, they'll eventually take place outside the walls of the historic Los Angeles Athletic Club as well. "We recognize the changes that are happening downtown," says Tucker. "We talk a lot about the Uplifters not only having an inward community here inside the club, but also an outward perspective and really engaging within the community with both people and various facilities, galleries, storefronts and restaurants. It's both a combination of the art community, and also the ongoings of downtown—and allowing Uplifters to really be the nexus for that kind of engagement."

While the City of Angels is vast in its landscape and possibilities, it can also be rife with isolation; and community is difficult to seek out. "So much of our generation is not as regimented in going to church every



Sunday or going to temple and doing Shabbat dinners. So building a community at the club, and through the Uplifters specifically, is really touching a lot of young people," Tucker tells me. "They can come here and they don't necessarily have to have their cell phones. They know they can find somebody who shares a similar value and outlook on the world—or not, and they can engage in those kinds of conversations. The point is building that community here through the society of the Uplifters."

The Uplifters is a celebration of Los Angeles and what exists here locally. It's a celebration of the arts and pushing yourself out of your comfort zone. That night in the basement bar, I walked in knowing no one; when I called it a night, I got into the elevator, now familiar with my way. A group of friends packed themselves in beside me. We hadn't met inside the bar, but now we were together in this elevator, having just shared an exclusive experience. "Hi," a gentleman in a pressed shirt and now-loosened tie said to me. "Are you a member?"



Club Details

The chandelier above the pool is a nearly exact replica of the original from 1912.



An Appetite for Downtown

Where to Eat Lunch in Downtown L.A.

Words & photography by Skandia Shafer

Ricebar

419 W. 7th Street

Named one of the finalists for *Bon Appetit's* 2016 Best New Restaurants in America, Ricebar could easily become the stuff of legends. Hidden on 7th Street just a few doors down from the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Ricebar boasts a tiny (blink and you'll miss it) storefront with a handful of seats. Serving house-made sausages and other savory proteins on (you guessed it) a bed of rice, this Filipino restaurant offers simple fare with bold and evocative flavors. Although the miniscule space seems to encourage the "get up and go" crowd, the warm, friendly staff and a feeling that you've stumbled upon a neighborhood favorite invite you to sit and stay awhile—or at least as long as it takes to finish lunch. Drop by after your weekly pickup game or afternoon swim—this hearty spot is hard to beat for a post-workout meal. Oh, and three words: "Rice Crispy Treats."

Best for: Post workout lunch



B.S. Taqueria

514 W. 7th Street

This lunch and dinner spot is the casual older brother of DTLA's Broken Spanish; and while the experience couldn't be more different, the food is just as memorable. Behind the counter is a menu comprised of tacos, snacks and shared plates. When posing the question, "What would I be silly not to order?" the friendly staff will tell you *everything*—and they're not wrong. From the chicharones—served in a paper bag with shishito peppers—to the mouthwatering churros to every taco on the menu, B.S. Taqueria is a place for good friends or an effortlessly impressive spot for a first date. The tacos come two to a plate, so for the full experience (and that romantic, sorry-I-grazed-your-hand-while-reaching-for-a-chorizo-and-papas-taco moment), order a little of everything and make it a shared meal.

Best for: Best friends and casual first dates



Redbird

114 E. 2nd Street

This upscale dining experience shares real estate with the Vibiana, a former Catholic Rectory turned exquisite event space. Upon entering Redbird, guests glimpse a dark and ornate cocktail lounge before moving through to the restaurant's light-filled courtyard dining room. Anchored by a bright marble bar and set with rich, warm tones, Redbird dresses to impress right from the get-go. The menu is decked with sumptuous entrées like the grilled hanger steak served alongside crushed peewee potatoes and black garlic gremolata, or the barbecue smoked tofu with beluga lentils and red wine truffle nage. Decadent and delightful, Redbird is the ideal stop for impressing clients or sealing a deal.

Best for: *Your next business lunch*



Guisados

541 S. Spring Street #101

Angeleno's love their tacos. Whether a native or newcomer, as a son or daughter of Los Angeles, you've almost certainly found yourself in a sidewalk queue or eating from paper plates on the hood of a car. Captivated by the sun-drenched city streets and enthralled by the vibrancy of Mexican culture in our neighborhoods, for L.A. residents, the search for the best taco is a lifelong



quest. Once you start to ask this vital question, you'll find Guisados easily makes the list (if not tops it) every time. This family-owned restaurant serves authentic Mexican fare, making it an easy favorite to all who pass through its doors. First time? Order the sampler, which offers a colorful array of six perfectly braised meats served on handmade tortillas.

Best for: *A casual lunch with friends*



Ledlow

400 S. Main Street

Set against the backdrop of Downtown's Historic Core, the high-ceilinged near-deco interior of Ledlow calls upon the simple elegance of a foregone era. Inspired by early 20th century cuisine, the menu offers flavors as vibrant as they are approachable. And for a city on a constant quest for the "best of," The Ledlow Burger (a griddled cheeseburger served with fries and a mouthwatering dijon and garlic aioli) is easily one of the best in town. Ledlow's coffee bar, in-house pastry team, and full bar make this spot an all-day dining dream. While the light, open space and accessible offerings make Ledlow ideal for almost any gathering, weekend brunch is a must. Served on sprouted rye, the avocado and cream cheese toast will prove a perfect addition to your meal (but order two—this one is next to impossible to share).

Best for: *Weekend brunch*

Famous Players

Los Angeles Athletic Club

Whether you're looking to polish off that novel or enjoy a steak after a particularly rousing game of racquetball, Famous Players, the full-service restaurant located right here at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, has you covered. With dining available exclusively to members and their guests, this opulent setting will leave you both sated and inspired. And to wash down your meal, our bar and lounge next door, Invention, invites members to enjoy the finest craft cocktails in the quiet elegance of a pre-Prohibition style cocktail bar.

Best for: *Writing the next great American novel*



Club Details

The canopy chairs found in Invention are originals from the 1960s, restored during the renovation of the restaurant three years ago.



Apolis Co-Founder **Raan Parton**

Interview by Sarah Dubbeldam
Photography by Antonio Diaz

A Global Brand for Good

A Discussion With Apolis' Raan Parton

My friends and I affectionately call Raan Parton “the mayor of Downtown Los Angeles.” And that’s not because he’s at all involved in city politics, but because he’s a leader of what I’d call the “community politics” of downtown. He knows anyone and everyone and has been setting a tone of community and collaboration for many years, long before the area was the most up and coming, desirable area to work and inhabit. I met Raan and his brother Shea about 10 years ago when their company, Apolis, was brand new—with a revolutionary idea that a brand could create social change through a business model that bridges commerce, economic development, and ethical and global manufacturing. They are leaving a big mark on the fashion industry and their store in the Arts District is a popular destination for conscious consumers. These brothers are active members of Los Angeles Athletic Club and are informing and creating community at the gym just as they do daily through their meaningful work.

When I see a brand with such strong core values and a clear mission, I know the founder has a strong influence upon them—whether through education or external experiences. What inspired your vision for Apolis?

For Shea and I, it has been a lesson in perspective. Growing up in such an incredible but utopian place like Santa Barbara, our parents knew we would have a warped view of the world, so they made sure we traveled a lot—to Asia, South East Asia, India, Nepal, Central America, Africa and South America. Shea lived in Auckland for a semester in university and I lived in Europe for a year. I think that getting clarity from a young age that the world is much more similar than it is different really led to the inspiration behind our brand and vision for our brand. We saw a unique opportunity to connect indigenous communities and operatives to a larger global audience and a stronger market.

Now that the brand is established, would you say the mission has changed from what it was originally? Or has it stayed true to its first focus?

It has been refined, so in some ways it has changed; but it has never strayed from the original vision of using business as a force for good, and looking for partnerships around the globe to work with and create community impact through those partnerships. One thing we are really excited to explore as we grow our company and our retail is taking an intentional, new approach to how we create and source in new markets and cities. We have a new shop in New York that we are approaching like a classroom where we will be offering a number of different community classes and workshops. I think that is a good example of the mission evolving.



**Apolis, loosely translated, means “man of no country.”
What does this mean?**

We have defined this phrase as “a global citizen.” Our vision statement is we believe the commonality between currencies, flags and languages are people. It is people who are the innovators, the advocates, and the revolutionaries. Apolis is a small group of social entrepreneurs who believe the most valuable practice in creating lasting change is by investing in people.

You were part of the first wave of modern fashion companies to work with developing countries. What was that process like? Were people receptive or skeptical of your business model at first?

Always and still to this day, it’s a hard balance between product quality and storytelling, and between delivery and logistics. It’s really hard to make things in developing countries and we have had a lot of challenges with it—from Maoist blackout dates that have shut down production in Nepal to unforeseen “taxes” at borders, to logistics from farmers in Uganda, to our co-op manager getting his email hacked and wiring instructions that led to \$60 thousand going to some offshore account in China (which we later

received back six weeks later)—so it’s really not for the faint of heart. As a result we have gotten good at it and now get asked to do it for other companies, but it’s hard. The long-term commitment to continue to work in these places is what has been a challenge, but it is incredibly rewarding as well. Our project in Bangladesh is our largest project to date with consistent employment for 25 women and growing. We like the idea of our family growing all over the globe and it’s an amazing time in technology, communication and logistics to be able to do this.

How does being in the heart of the Arts District affect your business and community?

It has had a very big influence. It is a neighborhood that is very open-minded and has a strong creative culture. It has given us a venue to tell our story and the story of our partners at large, and the diversity of whom we have been able to share the story with has really grown the brand—which is a testament to the neighborhood. We were the first retail shop to move into the street and it took a lot of energy to get people to come see us, so we have done a number of community events, dinners and exhibitions to try to develop that community around our brand. Because Los Angeles is a city that rewards passion, we were able to find a supportive

community that has gotten behind our brand that I don't think would be the same from any other city or any other neighborhood.

Describe your ideal customer.

They are global, travel-minded and curious. They want to know about the origins and materials their things are made of, and ask the hard questions.

How would you most want Apolis to impact the fashion industry/world?

In reality we are a very small company, but we are having some incredible dialogues with bigger companies that are looking for our support on a project. The idea that we can be an influence in our industry is really exciting and it goes beyond our sphere of influence as a small company.

You started Apolis with your brother, and now you also have Alchemy Works which you run with your wife. What are some of the major pros and cons of working with family?

The rewards far outweigh the challenges, and it is incredible to align your life's work with your daily occupation. We are all very different, which is what works. We each have different strengths to bring to the ventures. As family, you know each other so well, so there is an honesty between us regarding our strengths and weaknesses that is unique and goes beyond working for a company. We also know that at the end of the day it's all family, and that is more important than any company.

What have you learned over the years about being a leader?

I am not a good manager, but Shea is amazing at managing and running the business side of Apolis; and my wife Lindsay is great with the Alchemy Works stores. My role is mostly creative and relational so I try to stick with the things I am good at. Leadership, for me, has been defined by doing good

work and having the resolve to stick to something for as long as we have while we have had our fair share of highs and lows. Leadership is committing to something and seeing it through, and when you are able to create a result with something small you begin to be given bigger and bigger things to work on.

Describe the style of your clothing and what continues to inspire your designs?

Timeless, utilitarian and simple. I think restraint in design is one of the most powerful disciplines.

You truly seem to know almost everybody. How do you connect with people so well? How would you suggest others go about building such strong community around their ideas and dreams?

I love people and at the end of the day, that is really what Apolis and Alchemy Works are all about—our love for people. So with any mission-driven business that has success, there are outputs to the inputs, so friendships have been an incredible reward for being in the people business. We love hearing new ideas or hosting someone in the neighborhood that is from another part of the world. Having that return has been a true privilege.



Club Details

The Club has been accumulating a collection of grandfather clocks since the 1970s. One can be found on each floor of the hotel.

California Dreamin'

A Photo Essay

Consider Los Angeles' Westside as a setting for a staycation. From exploring the California Yacht Club to cruising Venice's beachfront avenues, its coastal communities invite locals and tourists alike.

Photography by Antonio Diaz
Modeling by Ludo Barras
Styled by Apolis









Marina del Rey's idyllic coast is the backdrop for the **California Yacht Club**. For nearly a century, it has sat among the nation's top private clubs and served as a space to honor yachting traditions, as well as to connect members with their community.











The Bronx Cocktail

Reimagining a Classic

The Los Angeles Athletic Club has a well-documented curiosity with historic cocktails. In the early 20th century, The Club served several adaptations of drinks from New York's Waldorf Astoria hotel. Today, cocktail consultant Marcos Tello reimagines many of the libations LAAC offers based on inspiration from the past. Here, Tello investigates a progression of the Bronx cocktail.







The Bronx

The original Bronx cocktail was created at the Waldorf Astoria in 1909 by then-head bartender Johnny Solan. It was based on another popular cocktail of the the day called the Duplex, which was a drink built on sweet and dry vermouth and orange bitters. Essentially, Solan added gin and orange juice. He then named it the Bronx after some rowdy guests who reminded him of a recent trip to the Bronx Zoo.

Ingredients

1.5 oz. Beefeater Gin
.5 oz. sweet vermouth
.5 oz. dry vermouth
1 oz. orange juice
1 dash of orange bitters

Method

Shake with ice and strain into a cocktail coupe glass.
No garnish.



Queen's Cocktail

In the July 1913 edition of *Mercury*, LAAC barman Ed Roberts references a drink called the Pineapple Bronx. Although his recipe has “no reported pineapple in it,” it closely resembles another cocktail variation of the Bronx called the Queen’s Cocktail. The Club reached out to Frank Caiafa, author of the newly released *The Waldorf Astoria Bar Book*, confirming the early origins of the LAAC’s popular pineapple cocktail.

Ingredients

2 pineapple slices
1 orange slice
1 oz. Beefeater Gin
.5 oz. sweet vermouth
.5 oz. dry vermouth

Method

Muddle pineapple and orange slice. Add the remaining ingredients. Shake with ice and strain into a cocktail coupe. Garnish with a pineapple wedge.



Improved Pineapple Bronx

In coming up with my own version of the last cocktail, I felt it necessary to take a completely different approach to the cocktail. Looking at the recipe as a whole with its muddled fruit, the drink reminded me of a very old family of cocktails—the Cobbler (named as such for the cobbled ice used). Cobblers are typically any variation of ale or fortified wine, sweetener and muddled fruit. I decided to bump up all ingredients to equal proportions and swap vodka for gin, adding back in the juniper element in the form of a syrup. Then I decided to throw the entire thing so as to really bring out the flavors of the vermouth. I then put it over crushed ice, as Roberts denotes to “frappe good and cold.”

Ingredients

2 pineapple slices
1 orange slice
1 oz. Absolut Elyx
1 oz. Punt e Mes
1 oz. dry vermouth
.5 oz. juniper syrup*

Method

Muddle pineapple and orange slice. Add remaining ingredients, throw with ice and strain into a copper pineapple over pellet ice. Garnish with three pineapple leaves, an orange wheel, and a cherry.

** Juniper Syrup Recipe*

Ingredients

1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 tablespoon juniper berries (crushed using a mortar and pestle)

Method

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan and simmer for 20 minutes. Remove from heat and let sit for 4 hours. Strain, bottle and refrigerate.



Marcos Tello is a cocktail consultant and reimagines many of the libations LAAC offers based on inspiration from the past. You can often find him (and the featured cocktails) at **Invention**.

Drama on the Court

Ivy Pochoda Plays Double Duty

“**T**he cool thing about squash is it’s a small enough sport that everybody helps, and you can immediately be a part of a community when you move.”

If there’s anyone more poised to speak on the benefits of the squash scene in Los Angeles—or beyond—let it be known. Ivy Pochoda is accustomed to facing an opponent—racket in hand, eye on the ball—and she’s also used to defeating them.

“I grew up in Brooklyn, which, unbeknownst to my parents when we grew up there, was a hotbed of junior squash,” Pochoda begins, diving into her history with the sport. “My parents had a friend who wanted a squash partner and he saved a bunch of letters of recommendation for my parents to join [Heights Casino in Brooklyn Heights]. As it turned out, I was the one who took advantage of that.”

Pochoda has been playing squash ever since that fateful recommendation when she was eight years old—an age when most kids are still half-heartedly committed to soccer, ballet or piano lessons. By 10 she was on the court nearly every day—with a determination and skill that would see her through an impressive junior career, land her as captain of Harvard’s squash team, make her Ivy League Rookie of the Year, Player of the Year, Individual National Champion, four-time First Team All-Ivy, and four-time All-American.

And that was just stateside.







“After college I thought it was really a waste of all the energy I had put into playing squash to not try and play professionally,” she continues. “I was drawn to the professional squash tour because it seemed colorful and exciting. It wasn’t a bunch of country clubs and it didn’t take place in as buttoned-down an environment as American junior squash did.”

So after graduating from Harvard in 1998, Pochoda turned pro, moving to London and later, to Amsterdam. While abroad she capitalized on an ease and support for the sport that wasn’t readily available in the U.S.A. The more established league system in Europe meant that she could play in (and get paid by) several clubs at once.

“You can play for a club team somewhere in the Netherlands that was on Tuesday nights. Belgian leagues [were on] Wednesdays, and then German leagues on the weekends,” Pochoda recalls. “Even if you weren’t a top-20 player or had support from your own country, you could make money playing these leagues and it was a

really great way to support yourself as a professional player. Also, it was just really fun.”

Fun partly for the travel, but also for the camaraderie that Pochoda found early on. “I trained in Amsterdam with a group of sensational women squash players,” she shares. “Liz Irving—formerly number two in the world—gathered a great group of female squash players together and we trained and would compete on the world squash tour, playing tournaments all over the world.”

While her professional career continued to gain traction—she garnered a top ranking as 38th in the world—it was also while in Europe that Pochoda started thinking bigger, beyond her athletic career and where she might want to set her line of sight next. “Playing professional squash, I just had the sense that I wanted to do something else,” she admits. “I had the talent to make it to the top 20, but I wasn’t sure I wanted to give up that much more time in my life, so I decided I’d try as hard as I could, but that I’d also pursue other things.”

“I’ve always been a writer. I was editor of our school newspaper in college and I wrote poetry in high school. I mean, who didn’t?” Pochoda laughs. She began her novel in Amsterdam while playing squash and working at a magazine. Once back in America, Pochoda began coaching squash at Harvard Club of New York while she finished the story. “My amazing boss gave me the flexibility to write in the morning and coach in the afternoon and evenings. I’ve always done the two of them together.”

It’s a balance that continues to work well for Pochoda. Since repatriating she’s added a husband and a daughter to the mix while also writing two novels, *The Art of Disappearing*, which debuted in 2009, and *Visitation Street*, in 2013. In making the move from Brooklyn to L.A. (an easy choice with a husband in the film industry) she’s also been able to stay on her squash game, thanks to the thriving community found at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

“When I moved out here I called him immediately,” Pochoda shares of pro-friend Stefan Castelyan, whom she knew from Belgian-Dutch league. “He said, ‘You need to come on by the club,’ and he helped set me up here. It was great because it was a friendly face in the squash community, and he helped me find great players to play and made me feel welcome.”

“There weren’t a lot of professional women players back in the day. I really look forward to going and seeing my guys at the club. Because we play the same sport—this weird sport—we help each other. It’s a reprieve from regular stuff,” she continues. “I feel that, not just in terms of there’s always a game available, but I can talk to people and it’s really important to me—the commitment to players that they have [at the LAAC].”

Yet, even in the “regular stuff,” one gets the sense squash is always at play for Pochoda. While some might think the jump from racquet-wielding national champion to novelist a far one, the natural progression is evident for her.

“Squash has influenced my writing in two ways,” Pochoda explains. “One, it’s up to you. With squash, if you’re hungover, if you’re lazy or if you don’t put in your best with practice, then it’s really going to show. The same goes for writing. You have no one but yourself to blame, and for so many years I had to push myself to play and train—even on days when I didn’t want to. Writing

is the same way. You have to write. Even if I don’t want to, I have to sit down and do some aspect of my work. Squash really gave me that discipline.”

“I think there is a definite comparison between constructing a squash point and constructing a narrative,” Pochoda continues. “You want to have a firm foundation, you want to think first. You can’t start your point unless you have a good couple of shots and then you want to slowly escalate and to redirect your opponent with a surprise. The same is true with a novel. You have to put all these things into motion and then you can slowly reel people in.”

For now, Pochoda continues to bait. Her third novel will be released next summer, and she’s also working on a television adaptation of her second novel. After some time off, she’s also a regular again on the LAAC court.

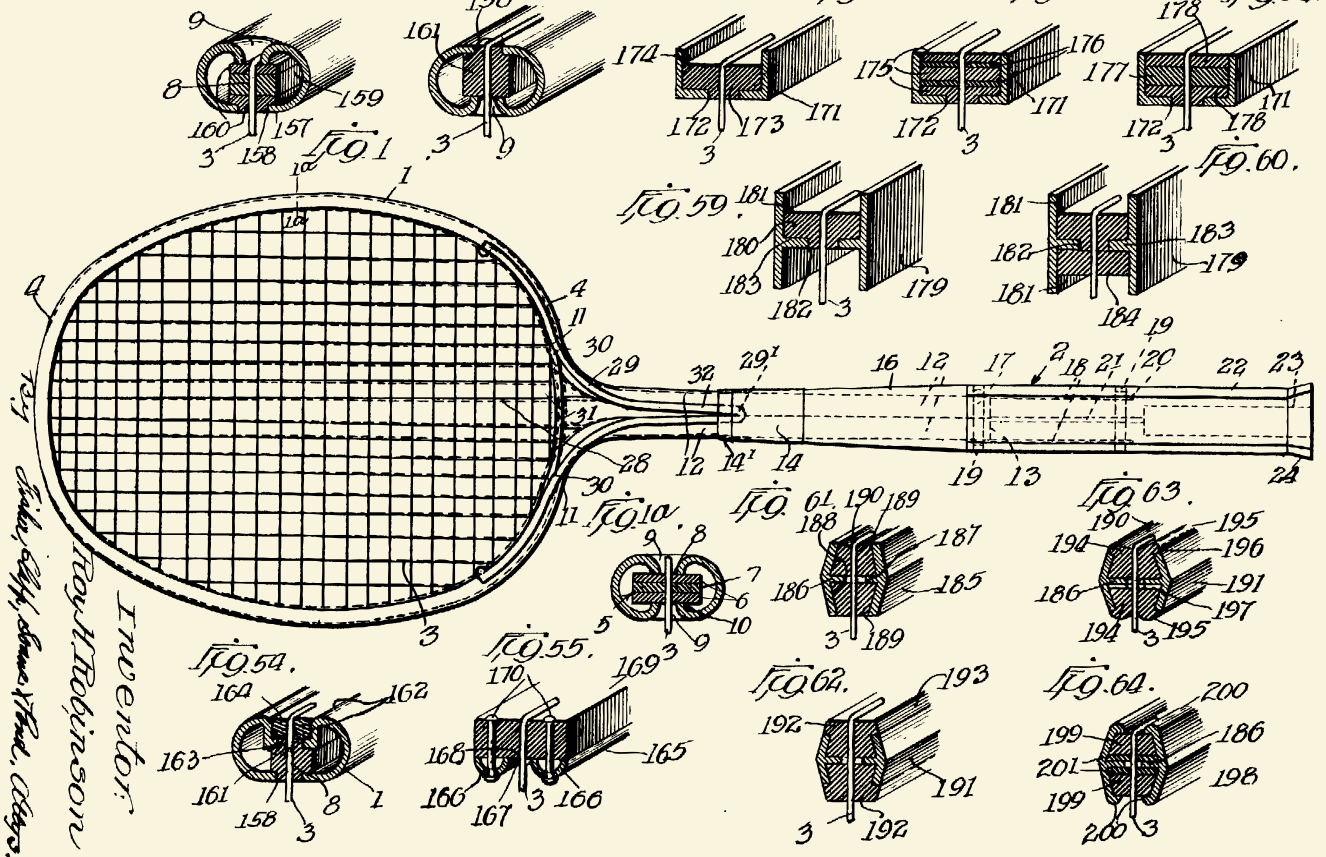
“It was just logistically difficult playing squash with a baby. Now, I try to play three times a week. That’s my goal,” she shares. “I feel my game is coming back together. I’m turning 40 in January, so my goal is to be ready should I be free to play in the 40-plus Nationals in March. And I’m hoping that it happens. I have a lot of scheduling conflicts, but, you know...”

We know. It’s best to hold out for the surprise.



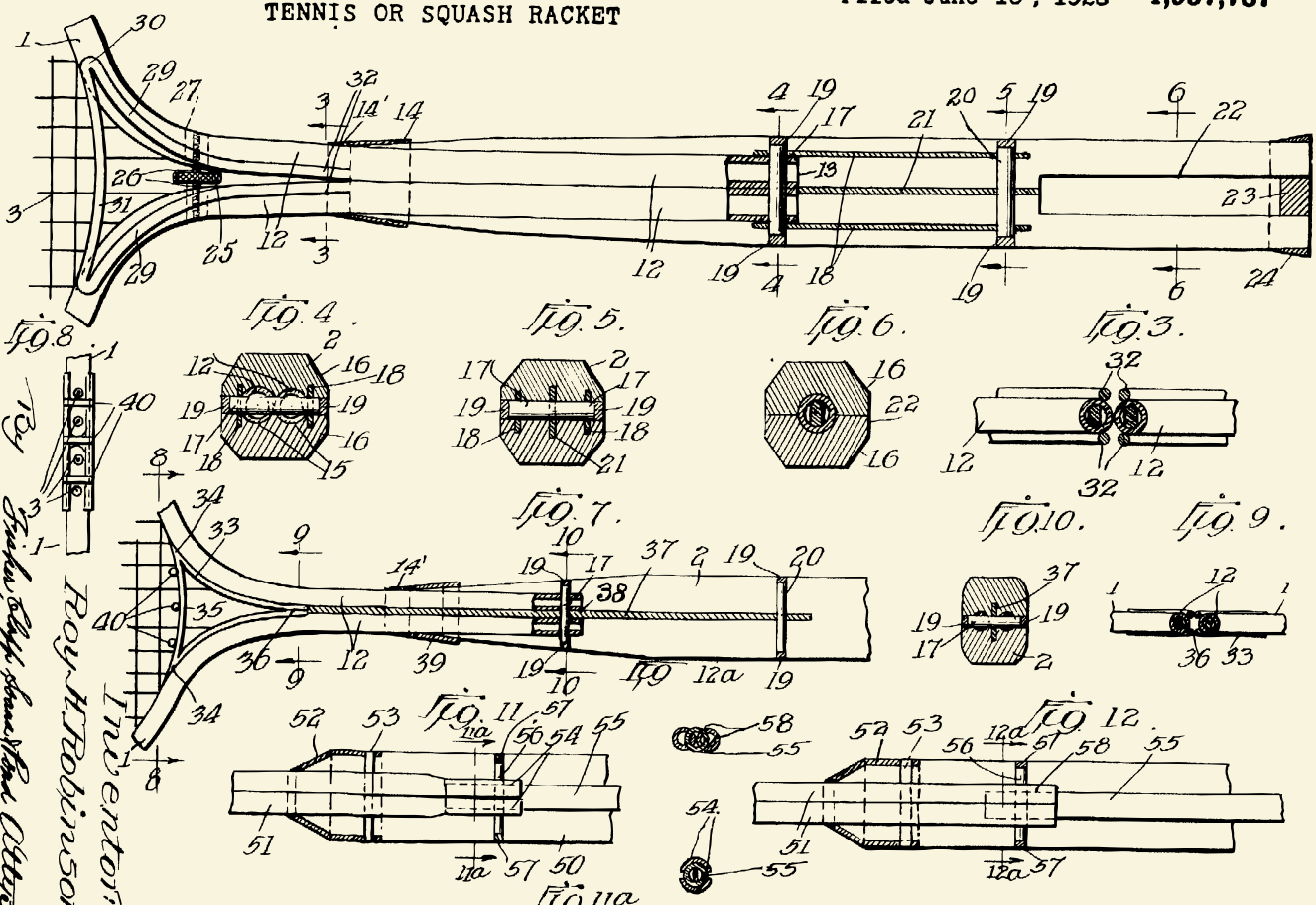
Club Details

LAAC is home to an assortment of trophies from different sports dating back to 1905, including water polo, handball, boxing and fencing.



R. H. ROBINSON
TENNIS OR SQUASH RACKET

Filed June 13, 1928 **1,937,787**



Words by Carly DeFilippo

From Working Class to Upper Crust

The Unexpected Story of Squash

Like so many of the world's finer inventions—wine and books among them—the first iterations of racquet sports were refined in cloistered monasteries. In 12th century France, a street game had developed in which children would slap balls up and down the street, using the local geography—door frames, roofs and so forth—to shape the rules of play. Monks noted the practice and began stringing a fishing net across their courtyards, swatting balls back and forth over it with their gloved hands.

With their increasing skill at the game, the hand-stitched leather balls (first stuffed with dog hair, then later with soil, sawdust, sand or moss), began to bruise or cut the monks' hands. In time, webbing was added to the gloves, and sticks, tree branches or shepherd's staves were recruited to aid their efforts. In the 15th century, the Dutch took this practice one step further with the invention of the racquet.

As the rules were formalized, the game was named tennis and quickly became popular throughout Europe. However, competition got the best of some players, with gambling

and aggression becoming a part of the sport's culture (The painter Caravaggio famously killed a man at a Roman tennis court in 1606). Deemed too exciting for the tempers of the masses, the sport gradually became associated with the upper crust of the royal palaces.

For those in less luxurious settings, the culture of tennis inspired a simpler, net-free game: rackets. Invented in the early 18th century at a debtor's prison in Fleet, London, the game required players to smack a ball against one or two walls, rather than over a net. The ball was stiffer—made of wound cloth, similar to today's golf ball—and the racket was a lengthened version of the tennis bat. Rackets soon spread from prisons to the working class, being played in alleys and outside schools throughout Britain.

As the game spread, Britons began building dedicated rackets courts. Rustic in style, they were often roofless, consisting of just one or two walls and a paving stone floor. Yet the country's grey and rainy weather soon led to the desire for indoor courts, with the first being built in 1830 by the Royal Artillery

at The Marylebone Cricket Club. By 1853, the majestic Prince's Club upped the ante with seven covered rackets courts inside a single facility.

During the 18th and 19th centuries, the game spread as quickly as its predecessor—and far beyond Europe. The 1770s saw covered rackets courts in Canada, India in 1821, and Australia in 1847. In 1793, the first American covered court was installed on Allen Street, between Hester and Canal, on New York's Lower East Side. Yet rackets was not the fast-paced short game that squash is today. The transition from one game to another was, simply, a question of space.

At the Harrow School—one of the United Kingdom's most prestigious boarding schools for young boys—outside of London, students were obsessed with the sport, jostling for time on the school's two courts. Younger boys took to practicing in the tiny courtyards at their boarding houses or in alleyways. With a newly increased number of obstacles at hand—water pipes, chimneys, ledges, windows—speedy hand-eye coordination became the defining element of this new style of play.

The long, heavy bat and inflexible ball were replaced with sawed off, shorter racquets and rubber—then, a new material—that had just come into use for the balls. Called “baby racquets,” “soft racquets” or “softer,” the new game took on a cult status all its own.

“Softer” evolved into “squash,” named for the punctured rackets ball typically used in play, which would squash upon impact with the wall. Early courts were based not on rackets, but on “fives”—a popular handball-style game named for the five fingers of the hand. When fives courts were first opened at The Harrow School, enterprising softer players saw their opening for co-opting the smaller courts, and thus, the game we know today was born.

With that being said, the initial courts were anything but uniform in shape and size. From 42-by-24 feet at Lord’s to 30-by-20 foot courts at Cambridge, to a 32 by 18 foot court at the Royal Automobile Club in London, players were constantly adapting to shifting conditions. In America, early courts were all a variation of 31-by-17 feet. Two different styles of play had also begun to evolve on opposite sides of the Atlantic. The English preferred a calmer, more civilized game, led by a medium-sized hollow ball of thin rubber. The American game was more aggressive, with a smaller, faster solid ball.

Around the world, squash had also begun to take shape in other former English colonies. Canadian courts evolved from the original fives courts, with a size of 34-by-19 feet.

In South Africa, heat and altitude led to the development of a wider court and a slower ball. Kenyans constructed courts with knotless cedar floors. New Zealand played on English courts with American balls.

In 1904, the United States Squash Racquets Association became the first national squash organization in the world. In Britain, it wasn’t until the building of the Bath Club in London in the 1920s—which led to the adoption of squash leagues and the launch of the Bath Club Cup—that the standardization of the sport began to take shape. The 1920s also brought the start of international competition with the 1924 Lapham Cup in Philadelphia.

Yet squash’s popularity didn’t truly find its footing until the post-war era. In 1967, Australia, Great Britain, Egypt, India, New Zealand, Pakistan and South Africa met in London to found the International Squash Rackets Federation, which held its first championship in Australia that year. In 1969, Canada and the U.S. were invited to join the organization, despite the differences in the North American style of play. By 1976, a Women’s International Squash Federation was founded; and in 1992, all of the aforementioned bodies became one single governing organization: The World Squash Federation.

International in scope, more than 20 nations have had players rank in the top 100 professional men’s squash rankings. Early stars often came from Canada and the United States, but the first truly great international

star was the Egyptian F.D. Amr Bey, winning the first five of his British Open championships. By the 1950s, Pakistani players like Hashim Khan, his brother Azam, cousin Roshan and nephew Mohibullah had established a squash dynasty, winning 12 British Opens in a row. The 1980s and 1990s were also dominated by Pakistan, with the rise of Jahangir Khan and Jansher Khan—widely recognized as the leading contenders for the best players of all time. To date, Pakistan remains the greatest enigma in the history of the sport—boasting less than 500 courts nationwide, yet an impressive history of international champions.

Today, squash is played in more than 150 countries worldwide, although the sport has yet to secure a place in the Olympics. Despite this, the story of squash—with its working class roots and makeshift innovations—serves as a fitting backdrop for the sport’s future advancement.

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Club Details

Found in the lobby at LAAC, the **John R. Wooden Award** celebrates the college basketball player of the year chosen by a panel of close to 1,000 voters involved in college sports. Famous winners include Michael Jordan and Larry Bird.

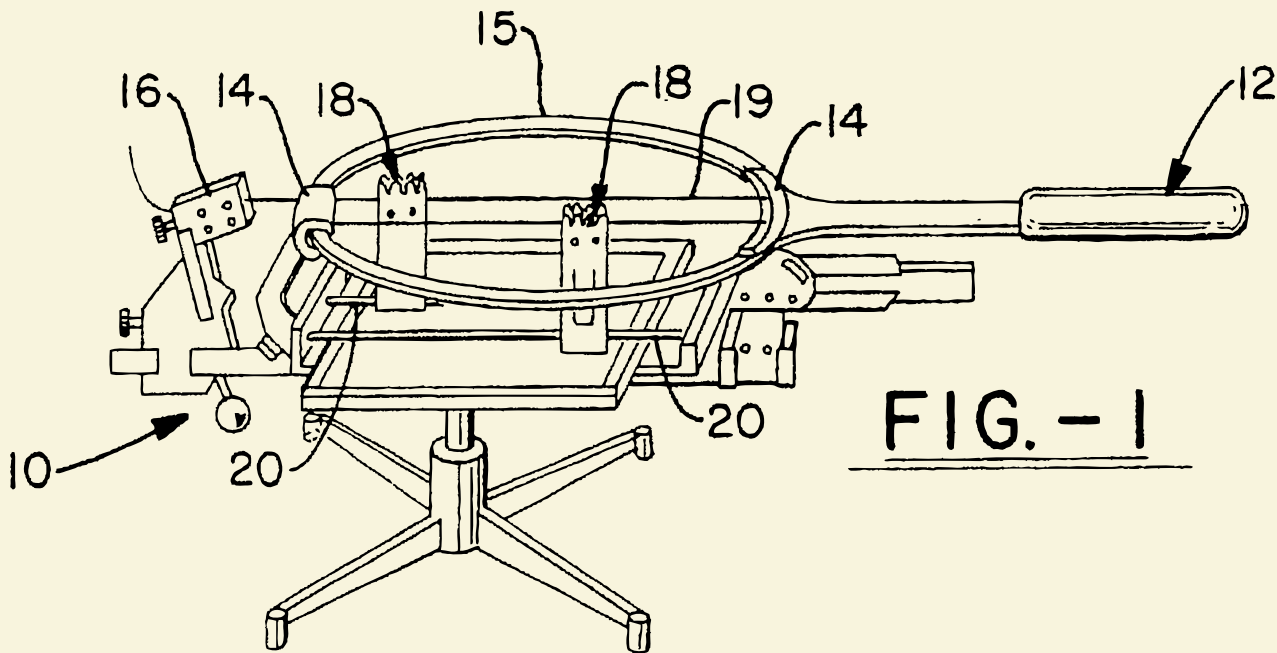


FIG. -1

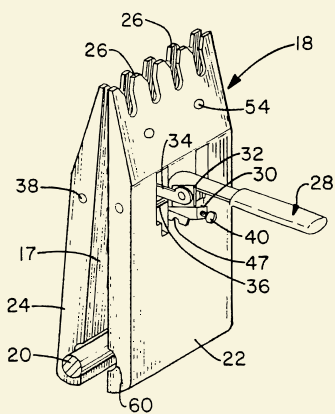


FIG. -2

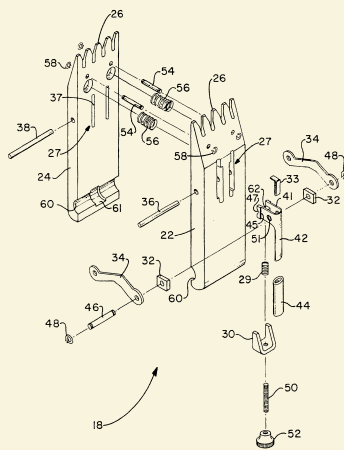


FIG. -3

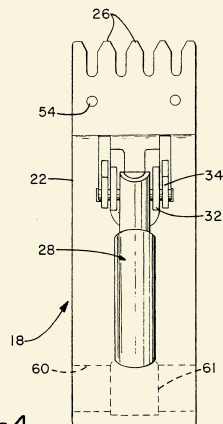


FIG. -4

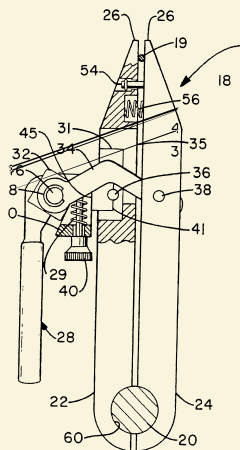


FIG. -5

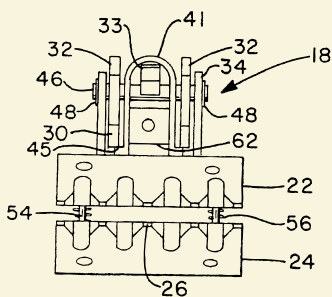


FIG. -6

STRING CLAMP FOR RACQUET STRINGING MACHINE
 EKTELON
 FILED SEPT. 26, 1988

OCT. 17, 1989



Eat, Sweat, Rep(eat)

Which Foods Best Fit Your Workout

As an athlete, your body is your temple. Its maintenance has pushed your mind and muscles to surprising levels of discomfort. Your resolve is strong, even on those days where the couch beckons you to sit a while longer. Each store-window reflection of your glutes is proof you make every workout count.

The quantity and quality of nutrition you consume before an intense workout directly impacts how hard you'll train. Skipping calories is a no-no. An empty stomach can result in low blood sugar, leaving you feeling fatigued and lightheaded. Without food, your body goes into preservation mode, breaking down existing muscle for energy instead of using fuel to build new muscle. On the flipside, scarfing down a heavy, calorie-laden meal—or worse, junk food—directly before hitting the gym is not only counterproductive, but can make you feel sluggish and nauseous while you train. Picking the right fuel for your workout is key to maximizing your time and effort. What you should eat before exercising can vary depending on the activity.

For power yoga, forego eating a meal that completely fills your stomach, which can make getting into challenging poses even more difficult. Also avoid foods that are gas producing, such as pasta and beans. Opt instead for a smoothie that won't weigh you down, allowing to engage your core without the risk of an upset stomach. A combination of bananas, almond milk and a scoop of protein powder—throw in some berries for added antioxidants—provides a quick and easy snack to get you into position. Consuming potassium-rich foods, such as bananas and avocados, an hour before exercising is great for maintaining nerve and muscle function throughout your workout.

For high-intensity interval training (HIIT), a robust snack is exactly what you'll need for power and endurance. Try Greek yogurt topped with fresh blueberries and blackberries, oat, millet and flaxseed granola, and a pinch of cinnamon. This complex snack provides fruit (carbohydrates) which breaks down quickly for your initial boost, whole grains (fiber) for a steady stream of



energy during your workout, and yogurt (protein) which is used later by your body to prevent muscle damage. An alternative is a slice of wholegrain toast topped with natural peanut butter, slices of banana, and a drizzle of honey. Or swap out the sweet toppings for slices of hard-boiled egg and avocado for some high-quality protein and potassium. To keep you revved up for indoor cycling, grab a quick handful of raw almonds. They're the perfect snack, providing both protein and carbs. Or chomp on a fruit-and-nut bar an hour before class for a super boost of energy.

And once through the sweating, repping and posing, your body will be screaming for more food. Correct post-workout consumption is crucial for replenishing depleted energy stores of glycogen, and for repairing muscles broken down by intense workouts. A proper blend of lean protein and carbs provides the essential nutrients your body needs to recover. Grilled chicken with roasted asparagus and quinoa is a flavorful choice after a grueling

workout. Feeling hot? Cool your body down with a savory bowl of chilled poké over brown sushi rice, or a hearty kale salad with roasted chickpeas for a vegetarian option.

Whatever your workout preference, keeping your body fueled—and refueled—with the proper nutrition will ensure it has the energy and power it needs to keep you functioning at peak performance.





Words by Gianna Hughes
Photography by Oriana Koren

The Spirit of Southern California

The Spirit Guild's Distillation of Their Home State

When you walk down Mateo Street in the Arts District, you'll walk past Zinc Café and Stumptown Coffee Roasters—symbols of the neighborhood's recent development. You'll then come across a heavy wooden door with handles shaped like sunbeams. Here, you've reached the Spirit Guild.

When you walk inside, light floods in through the painted stained glass windows that adorn each side of the room; it feels a bit like technicolor magic. Straight ahead are floor-to-ceiling glass walls, and through there is an open, white-walled warehouse that houses a copper still. And there is Morgan McLachlan, an owner and master distiller of the Spirit Guild waiting to greet you.

With design reminiscent of Southern California's spiritually-rich town just east of Ventura, Ojai, this distillery's aesthetic is thoughtfully curated—and an homage to the state in which its owners and Los Angeles Athletic Club members McLachlan and her husband Miller Duvall reside.

California creeps into every sense of the space, from the design, to the local artists and designers used for branding, to the citrus used to distill their vodka and gin. Duvall comes from a line of six generations of farmers, most of whom have been raising crops in the Central Valley—although the first few generations farmed throughout California and Oregon. Duvall knows a thing or two about what crops Southern California has an abundance of firsthand.

Ten years ago, Duvall moved back to California from New York, where he had been working in television (he

also had been a bartender in the '90s, and had worked at a microbrewery), and got involved in an olive project through his family. "I helped steer that project in a more artisanal direction," he tells me. "We have trees that are harder to harvest, but have a unique and interesting fruit—something that makes us unique in the market."

"I got to see the potential of California agriculture and how exciting that was," Duvall continues about this project. His prodigal return exposed him to farming again. And one night at a local bar in Silver Lake, Duvall and McLachlan realized the richness of the local agriculture wasn't expressed in the cocktail menu—here or anywhere. "Here we are living in a state where Alice Waters transformed the foodie world," says Duvall, of the farm-to-table movement. The husband-and-wife duo decided they wanted to bring a local element to spirits—a lofty and ambitious dream at the time.

"History shows that back in the 1800s, people drank pisco and brandy. But nowadays, citrus is a huge cash crop here. So why hasn't that happened?" Duvall asks. "Our first hypothesis was that it couldn't be done." He and his wife wondered if they couldn't ferment citrus due to its acidity—surely that was why you couldn't find it in the market. Fortunately, his brother—a fermentation scientist at UC Davis—was able to consult Duvall on his question. He assured his brother that it could be done.

"We really jumped into what was our R&D process and we learned that clementine oranges—super sweet citrus—ferment wonderfully," he says. "You can distill that too. The output of that is also delicious." The Spirit Guild began to distill its Vapid Vodka from clementine







oranges, and moved into distilling its Astral Pacific Gin a few years into the process—which uses two forms of juniper (*juniperus communis* and *juniperus californica*), along with pink peppercorn, coriander, cinnamon and angelica in its recipe.

“There was nothing here in the market at all that was made out of local agriculture,” McLachlan chimes in. “The local terroir is so interesting here. Obviously California in the cultural imagination is such an iconic place. We thought making a spirit that embodied California would be a good thing.” It would be something that looked and tasted like California. And it would support California’s agriculture, aesthetic and economy. “My passion is making alcohol,” McLachlan tells me. And it shows. Throughout my morning spent at The Spirit Guild, she is seen checking temperature gauges and climbing ladders, while Duvall quickly runs his hand under the alcohol as it pours out in a steady stream, bringing it to his face to sniff—his wife affectionately calls him “the nose.”

At this point, The Spirit Guild is an entirely fruit-based distillery. “The philosophy behind that is because a lot of craft distilleries buy other people’s alcohol and then re-distill it or flavor it; we don’t do that. We actually make the alcohol ourselves,” McLachlan tells me. “It’s

a lot harder and more expensive, but we’re making something that’s really unique. For us, that’s where the craft is—doing the farm-to-glass thing as opposed to using something called neutral grain spirit, which is bulk ethanol.” She guesstimates around 90 to 95% of distilleries in the United States are grain-based. To distill spirits out of fruit is still a bit avant-garde.

“Historically with distilled spirits you would use whatever there was an agricultural abundance of around you,” McLachlan explains, providing me with the example of slivovitz—a plum brandy—made in Eastern Europe. Poland has bountiful grain, along with potatoes, like in Russia—vodka is mostly made with corn, wheat or potatoes. But more and more, you’re starting to see various vodkas distilled from alternative sugar sources.

“But what grows in Southern California is citrus,” McLachlan says. “It made a really beautiful spirit.”

The Spirit Guild will eventually move into distilling brandies and eau de vie. “Miller’s specialty is a clementine eau de vie,” says McLachlan of her husband. “These are very niche products, but for us as distilling dorks, it’s very fun.”

“Miller’s family grows walnuts, so we’re doing a nocino. We’ve got a limoncello coming down the pipe.



We have an amaro,” she continues. “We’re going to be rolling out these products gradually.”

The aesthetic of the Spirit Guild’s branding began to take shape when McLachlan and Duvall first met fine artist Megan Whitmarsh at a pop-up dinner. “We were talking about our brand and she really got the spirit of it. She was able to articulate it better than me,” McLachlan laughs. “Her art is amazing. It’s full of optimism.” A perfect match, McLachlan and Duvall hired Whitmarsh to be the creative director and assist in developing their brand—which ultimately ended up being a collaboration between Whitmarsh and Thunderwing Studio, another husband and wife creative team. And they all embraced this collaborative approach to branding, rather than utilizing outside consultation.

“The spirit of our brand is very hopeful. We wanted to have fun with it,” McLachlan says. They had hope that local agriculture would produce quality vodka. And their ethos is young at heart, even when it comes to branding. “The thing about a liquor bottle—and a lot of quotidian things—is it could be sitting on someone’s shelf for awhile. It’s something you’re looking at,” McLachlan says. So when developing the label, they treated the bottle as an art object. The designs of their labels are

“uplifting and beautiful and maybe [provoke] a little bit of thought.” Both the Astral Pacific Gin and Vapid Vodka boast quippy new age sayings—colloquialisms that speak to their ethos as a distillery and a collective, not to mention their humor.

“Through all of this, we’ve called ourselves the Spirit Guild because we really love collaboration. We consider ourselves a bit of a collective of farmers and artists and distillers and people who make stuff. That’s the spirit behind the Spirit Guild,” Morgan says. “It’s been easy and organic. It’s been really fun.”

While their tasting room is their “spiritual clubhouse,” as McLachlan refers to it, The Spirit Guild is a means of bringing many elements—and many walks of life—together. And it’s a means to be creative with a scientifically produced product. Why not have some fun with it?

E. M. LA PENOTIERE.
FLYING MACHINE.

APPLICATION FILED DEC. 24, 1906.

3 SHEETS—SHEET 2.

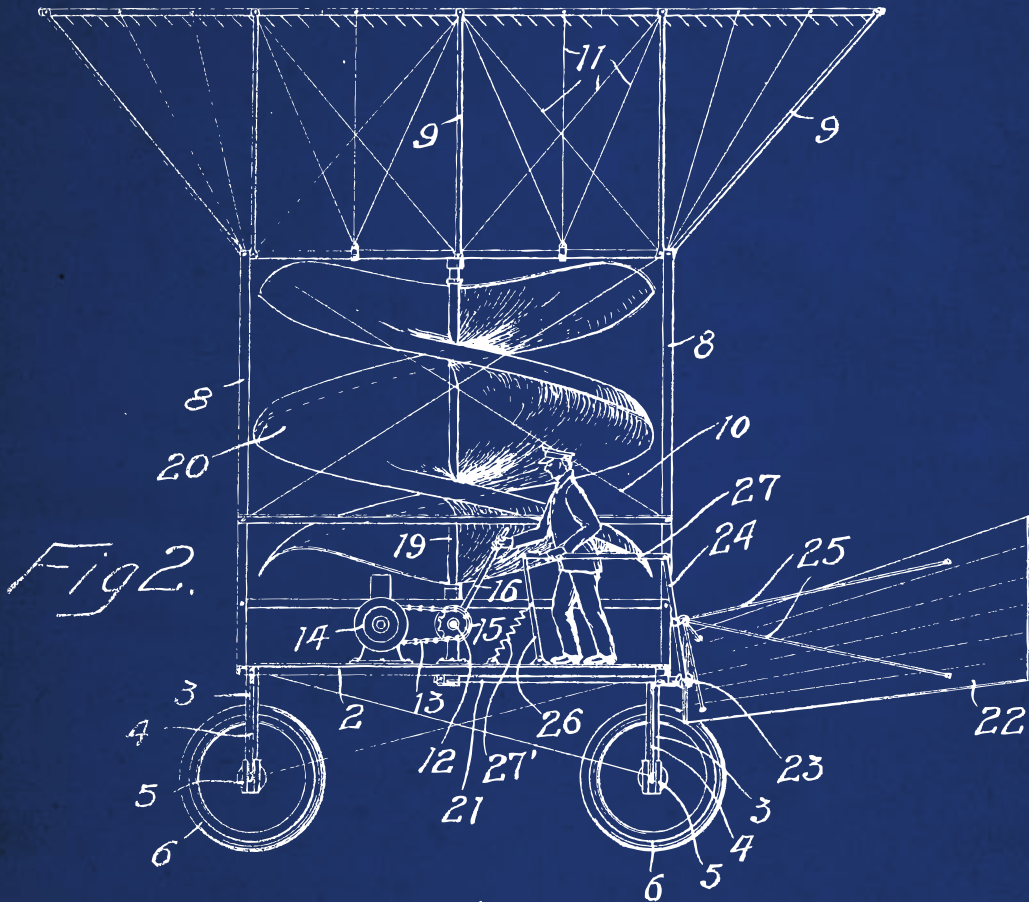


Fig. 2.

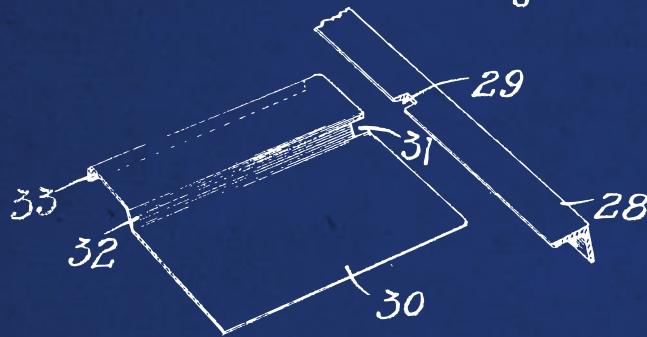
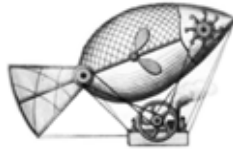


Fig. 6.

WITNESSES
A. M. Wolstrom
J. B. Em.

INVENTOR
EDWARD M. LA PENOTIERE
BY *Paul Paul*
HIS ATTORNEYS

Words by Benjamin Weiss



Flights of Imagination

Setting the Bar for Invention

The year is 2016. Down a flight of worn, steel steps, beyond a stack of long-forgotten gallery chairs and folding tables, twice past a wrong turn, through a creaky door, around the corner at the end of a long, echoing hallway, I find myself being led through a dual set of heavy, iron vault doors. Beyond their weighty presence live dozens of Los Angeles Athletic Club artifacts. Photos, awards, artwork, furniture and a file cabinet. Sliding open the top drawer of that file cabinet reveals stacks of century-old patents printed on yellowing paper, each depicting a different, rudimentary flying device.

The year is 1883. Los Angeles is nothing but a horse and buggy town, hardly more than 10,000 people strong. The University of Southern California has been established a few miles south of town as the first source of higher education in the region, cementing L.A.'s early onset determination to educate, create, compete and dream. Similarly, the LAAC has been founded as a space for progressive citizens to focus on their physical welfare and, perhaps more importantly, to have a meeting place where they can share anecdotes and theorize about the future. Frank Garbutt, a 14-year-old boy, joins the club.

By the turn of the century, Garbutt has grown to be a prominent character in the thriving Los Angeles

community. An oil tycoon and renaissance man, he takes the reigns of the LAAC in 1905, providing much needed support for the club to purchase the land on 7th and Olive, and revitalizing a group that needed to advance with the times.

Garbutt was known for a plentitude of accomplishments in the city of Los Angeles. Today, a quick query of his name surfaces information on his 20-room concrete and marble mansion, The Garbutt House, located on a hill overlooking Silver Lake, still standing and currently occupied by controversial American Apparel founder, Dov Charney. But Garbutt was much more than a fancy house. He helped found what would one day become Paramount Studios, was a founder and vice president of the Southern California Automobile Club, established a boat building business in San Pedro, and much, much more. The man was a visionary and a business leader.

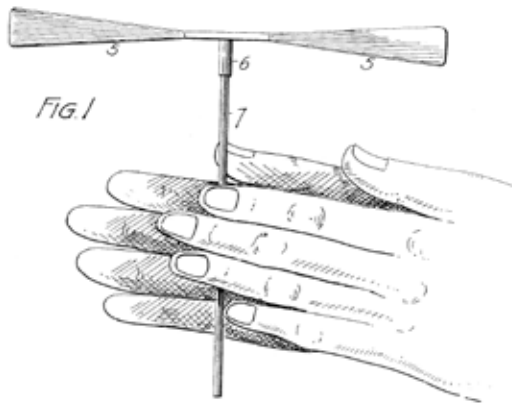
Ultimately, one piece of Garbutt's legacy feels so pertinent to the tenets of the LAAC that evidence of that work is locked behind the double-doored vault deep within the basement. Clear signs of a need for innovation and the zeal of the club's members of the time: stacks of century-old flying machine patents—some of which have been replicated and framed in the Invention bar. These patents aren't all Garbutt's—in fact, most are



Frank Alderman Garbutt: inventor, industrialist, movie pioneer, and president of Los Angeles Athletic Club from 1937 to 1947.

not—but they tell a tale of the research that he and friend Glenn Martin had been doing in the early 1900s. They are evidence of a time past when dreams were inspired by the wonder and whimsy of the natural world—a moment when we peered out of our windows, beyond the banalities that clutter our desks, past the glare of our computer screens. Testimony of a time when we hoped to replicate the natural majesties that surround us, rather than mix ones and zeros together in an effort to make a buck. Garbutt and his pal Martin dreamed big, creating some of the world’s very first airplanes and founding a company in 1912 that would one day become an integral part of the Lockheed Martin aerospace company.

Technology was an obsession at the turn of the 20th century, just as much as it has been at this beginning of the 21st. The difference is that the founders of the LAAC, and the thriving community of Los Angeles in the early 1900s, were excited by machinery and exploration rather than by computer programs and bottom lines. The technology of the time might even be described as childish by today’s standard, but childish in a covetous way that presents itself while observing the innocence and gaiety of youth.



One patent found in the archives is quite literally for a children’s toy. It is a document from 1902 describing, in detail, a wooden dowel attached to a makeshift propeller that can be sent flying into the air with a swipe between two hands. A patent as simple as this was studied by folks like Garbutt and Martin because they were able to see the elegance and ingenuity in the way that cogs and gears could fit together, mirroring—or perhaps bettering—the beauty of nature.

Other patents in the archives are far more complex, if perhaps exceedingly more ridiculous. For instance, there is the 1889 patent, framed and hung in the Invention bar, depicting a man wearing a pair of makeshift bird wings, looking something like an angel awaiting the director to call “action” on a Hollywood backlot. It’s unclear if the inventor thought his concept truly viable, but six pages of detailed diagrams and several thousand words describing the intricacies of the flying apparatus make it clear that this was no joke. A dream not to be deferred.

Ultimately, what we learn when flipping through the many patents collected and studied in the early 1900s by Garbutt and early members of the LAAC, is that the spirit of the times was such that it encouraged the creation of curious, fantastical machines. Our ancestors were guided by an enthusiasm for invention and exploration, leaving profit and monetization for another day. Inventors wanted to push the human race to new heights, both figuratively and literally. They were brave enough to embrace their childhood fantasies, and dedicate their adulthood to bringing them to life.

What makes people like Garbutt and Martin so fantastic was their ability to not only invent, but innovate. It doesn’t necessarily take much skill to invent; presumably, any person with a pencil and a vague imagination could sketch a flying machine and describe how it would potentially work and, with the proper lawyering, receive a patent. But that alone does not indicate that the invention has any use—or that it even works. It takes truly great minds to study the inventions of the time, innovate upon them, and devise something that does work—and could potentially change our way of life.

Over 100 years ago, these archived flying patents served as an inspiration to great innovators who studied the simplest ideas—even those that might have seemed insane—understanding there is a special beauty within them all. Today, some are framed in Invention, serving as a reminder and an inspiration once again to the members of the club. Ones and zeroes are incredibly important in 2016; computer technology is what has advanced society so quickly these past 20 years. But cogs and gears are not just a thing of the past, and childlike imagination will continue to drive our community forward. We must always remember whether dreams are of flying contraptions or having tiny computers on our wrists, they were all once just juvenile fantasy—inventions awaiting innovation.



Good Used Goods

A Library Collection

Words by David Agatstein
Photography by Josh Telles

I have been collecting books all of my life, during the course of which I've acquired and liquidated several libraries. At present, I have rather extensive collections in each of my three residences and in my office. Apart from my fine, rare, new and antiquarian books, most of my collections consist of "good used books," by which I mean nicely bound, hardcover works of serious nonfiction, especially history, art and classical literature. Collecting these good used books is my hobby; I acquire most of them at library sales and in thrift shops, and get real pleasure when I see inferior copies of the books I have purchased—often for as little as \$2 or less—on sale in traditional bookstores for many times what I paid. Because I am constantly buying books, my bookcases are always full, and the overflow goes into cartons until I donate them or use them to stock some other library.

I was, therefore, delighted when the Los Angeles Athletic Club established its library. I had long thought a fine library was exactly what the club needed. At the time, I had on hand a few cartons of books which I brought into the club to help fill the shelves.

When the LAAC library was inaugurated, it contained, to my taste, a rather uneven collection. Most communal free libraries consist primarily of current fiction, which people read, contribute and exchange for other similarly ephemeral books. Because the LAAC library is in a formal and beautifully furnished setting, I thought the library collection should also be formal—as close as possible to the leather-bound collections that (at least in my imagination) characterized the gentlemen's clubs of 18th century London. I set about to upgrade our collection, buying books and sets specifically for that purpose, and I have been doing so since the library was established.

The collection includes the *Harvard Classics*, the *Great Books*, and the (English) *Dictionary of National Biography*, "broken" (i.e., incomplete) sets which, for that reason, I acquired at little cost. We have a complete set of the *Interpreter's Bible* (albeit in rather shabby condition) and

many reference books, especially pertaining to music. We also have many and varied esoteric works, which I and other members contributed. The collection most closely resembles (I think) the reference wall of a public library or the open stacks of a university library.

Club members and hotel guests are invited to look at the titles on the spines of the books on the open shelves and to glance through whatever volume catches their fancy, free to borrow the books on the open shelves, and some do—particularly collections of short stories or volumes from the *Great Books* or *Harvard Classics*. Although, having the OCD traits typical of a collector—I am quick to fill in the gaps with other volumes kept in reserve—I am delighted (and somewhat surprised) to report that most of the borrowed books are soon returned in good condition.

And, of course, members are invited to help upgrade the library by donating even better books than those we now possess.

Highlights

William L. Langer's one volume *Encyclopedia of World History*. Long before Wikipedia, Langer provided a concise, accurate and readable chronology of significant historical events, which I often consult to this day.

The Dictionary of National Biography has the virtue of concise and well written entries, and I browse through its many volumes from time to time.

David J. Agatstein is a Federal Administrative Law Judge and has been a member of LAAC since 1998.

Club Details

This portal on the fifth floor was used for decades by diving coaches to critique pool entry when training Olympic divers.

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