



Back Lots Parking Lots

ISSUE 01
APRIL 20, 2019





SKATE SCORES





S A C R E D
D W E L L I N G S





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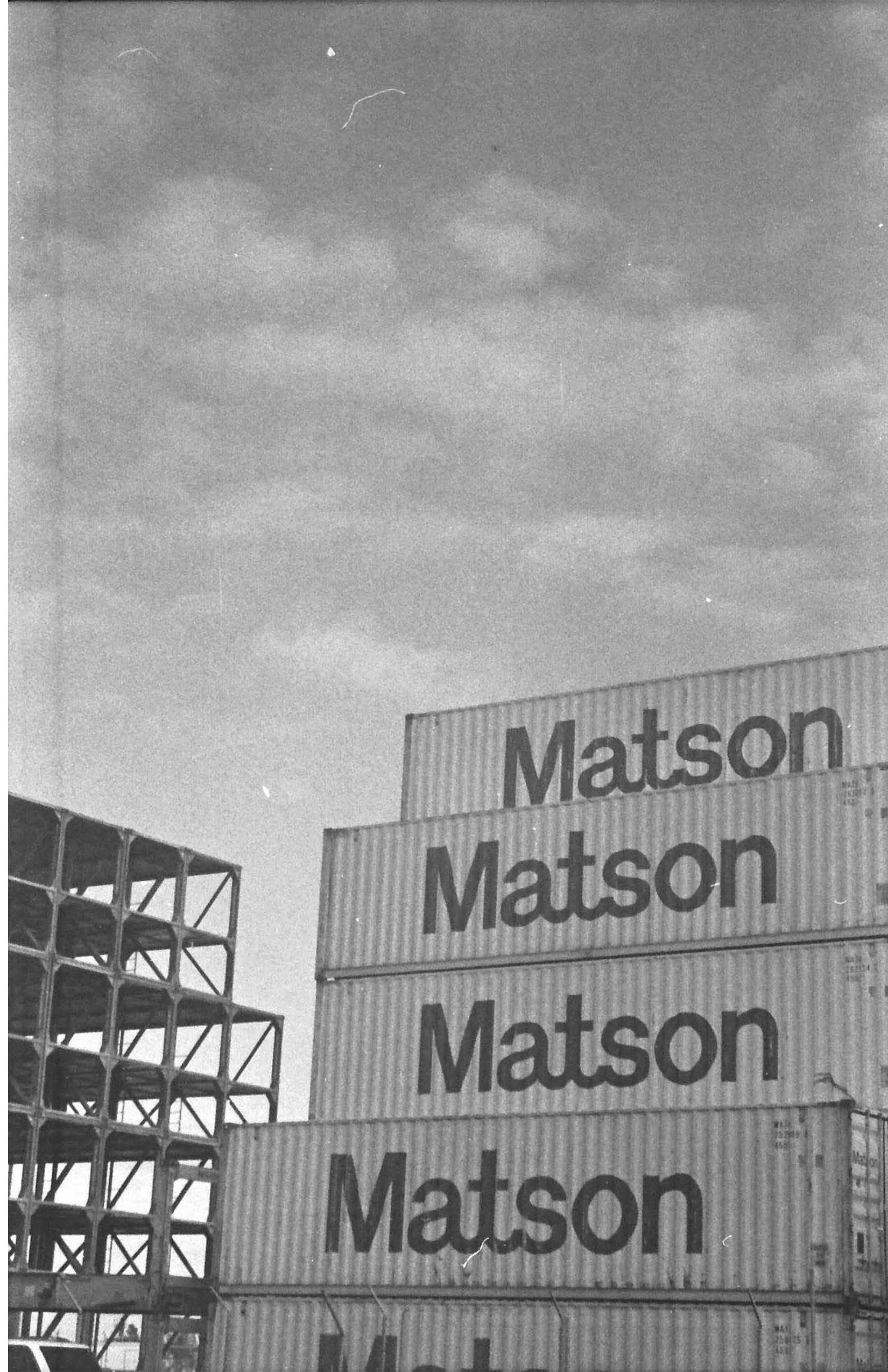
S U N D A Y

DID YOU APPRECIATE YOURSELF TODAY?
THE TYPE OF APPRECIATION THAT MELTS
INTO YOUR BODY & RADIATES AN
EFFORTLESS GLOW. EAR TO EAR IN THEIR
BEAUTIFUL MARBLED PEARLS. WHAT IS &
WHAT SHOULD BE - ALIGNED. ALLOWING
YOU TO BE EXACTLY WHO YOU KNOW YOU
ARE.

WHEN WE ARE NO LONGER CLOUDED BY OUR
INNER THOUGHTS, IT ALLOWS US TO
NOTICE. IT OPENS THE WINDOW TO THE
VIBRANT FLOWERS ON A SPRING DAY
MOVING WITH THE BREEZE LIKE A SILK
CLOTH. OR SEEING THE YOUNG CHILD
BEAMING WITH JOY LOOKING UP TO HIS
FATHER WHO LOVES HIM SO DEARLY.

IN THESE MOMENTS, WE ARE TRULY
ALIVE. ALLOW THE ETERNAL GARDENS OF
YOUR INNER BLISS TO SHINE THROUGH
THE NOISY STREETS. TAKE A MOMENT TO
APPRECIATE. YOURSELF. YOUR
EXISTENCE. YOUR WORLD.

MANAN





ECHO

In a space full of gray, our human tendency to inject color into colorless spaces comes alive. In a way, parking lots are places of binaries to manifest and coexist, unquestioned and in precarious balance. In a space so easily used for hiding, secrecy, and more, it's also a space where people may be readily found, discovered, and heard. Maybe it's this fine line that we must walk when inhabiting spaces that makes them perfect for creation.

Sometimes at night, when the parking lots have closed, you can hear the sound of skateboard wheels grinding with opposing force against the microscopic grooves of the cement floor. The sounds of the wheels pulling at the ground is similar to chalk dragged across a chalkboard. But you don't have to be able to hear to know that skateboarders are present. Close your eyes, and you'll learn that the long vibrations, accented with the staccato of flips and falls reverberates through each tier of the parking lot, emanating from the epicenter like an earthquake, entering the bodies of those above and below so that you feel you can

skate vicariously through the vibrations. In this way, those not directly involved in skateboarding may become a part of it, both as witness and participant. The space melds these opposing roles into one. Those without permanent homes utilize public spaces in ways we may treat a home. The urgency to anchor something permanent in times of transience onto solid structures is apparent. Symbols of identity — tennis rackets, an American flag, and stickers — are splashed on walls and indicates a poignant relief that even without a permanent home, there is still a sense of self. This allows color to infiltrate lots in more intimate forms. An eclectic mix of personal belongings and knick-knacks are strewn about without order. Flags wave about in the wind with perfect freedom, lounging chairs draped with warmth lean against walls. Two chairs are placed against a chain link fence with a table between them, much like a porch might be decorated. The presence of a second chair expects, and maybe even invites company.

Even when empty of vehicles and people, public spaces are never really devoid of activity. There are signs of motion and presence everywhere. You just have to look. The parking lot is rife with signifiers that people have created to be interpreted. Gum on the floor indicates the previous presence of others — albeit



with blatant carelessness or terrible aim — both characteristic of the negligence that the absence of surveillance allows and, to a certain extent, forgives.

But there's a fine line between a desolate space and an empty space. Sometimes, the less people there are, it feels as though we may bear witness to human creation with an even greater clarity. A woman hula-hooping in a lot may be lost in a crowd of many, but when the space is empty, all eyes are on her, entranced by the sound of the hula hoop beads swishing around with each rhythmic twirl. The right amount of emptiness, ironically, is one of the most spectacular characteristics of these spaces, generating air so pregnant with wonder you become breathless.

Spaces are desolate when the rhythm of cars and people decrescendo into a permanent silence. Parked cars are there to stay — abandoned and left rotting. Friends don't loiter around anymore, and skateboarders cease to skate in these spaces. This disruption of the circadian rhythm of a space often signals a breakdown of vibrant signifiers of life, creation, and activity. The death of urban spaces is mediated by its decomposition, which mirrors systems found in nature. When lots become dead, they undergo a type of cement decomposition,



picked apart by high reach arms like the way tiny bacteria, fungi, or worms break down organic matter. Dynamic energy is removed, and we are forced to take a step back and witness a gradual deflation of space, leaving nothing but a carcass. But not to worry — human spaces can be found everywhere, and they don't need to be encompassed by cement and steel beams to exist. Even in the dust, the rubble, and the dirt, new beacons of light are reborn and rebuilt from scratch.

Making spaces shareable and public, no matter how gray or uninteresting will illustrate the intimate, ordinary ways that dichotomies within them are mediated. People will populate it, making it their own, decorating it with life, with air, with footsteps. With sounds, music, flyers, graffiti, and gum. The collective buzz of people and movement will electrify and excite the air, eventually turning the space into a communal beacon of white-hot incandescent light. Touch the black asphalt, and you'll feel euphoria emanate into your palms as you bear witness to and participate in the creation of something, anything, big or small.

~ Chelsea Song



**TOW-AWAY
NO PARKING**
1:30 AM ^{TO} 6 AM
TO RECOVER IMPOUNDED VEHICLES CALL 311

**NO
UNHITCHED
TRAILERS**
L.A.M.C. §0.69.1(c)



ARE WE HOME? ARE WE HOME? ARE WE HOME?
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HOME ISN'T A PLACE.

IT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE.
IT'S NOT FOUND IN THE LIVING ROOM
OR IN THE HASHED OUT NUMBERS
ON A MAILBOX. IF IT WAS A PLACE
THEY WOULD HAVE ALREADY
EVICTED THOSE LIVING
BENEATH THE UNDERPASSES
AND IN THE ALLEYWAYS BETWEEN
OAKLAND AND BERKELEY.

HOME IS A SHARED FEELING.
IT'S FOUND IN THE PRESENT,
SOMEWHERE IN THE RELATIONSHIP
BETWEEN FRIENDS AND IN MEMORY.

IT'S A COMMUNITY OF PEOPLE
BOUND NOT BY BLOOD
BUT EARNED THROUGH COMPASSION.

ARE YOU HOME?

NICK





**M O T
O F R
D E S
S**

A N S P O R T

**“WOW! WHAT A RIDE”
~ HUNTER S. THOMPSON**

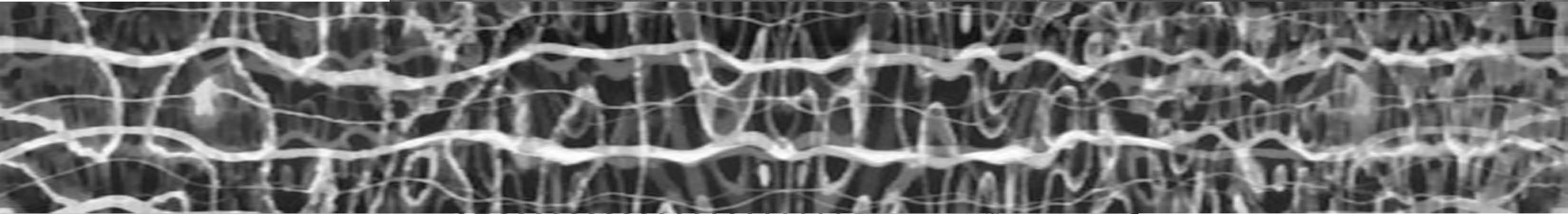




“THE BIGGER THE BUS
THE BETTER THE BOAT”



AN ARTFUL LOT



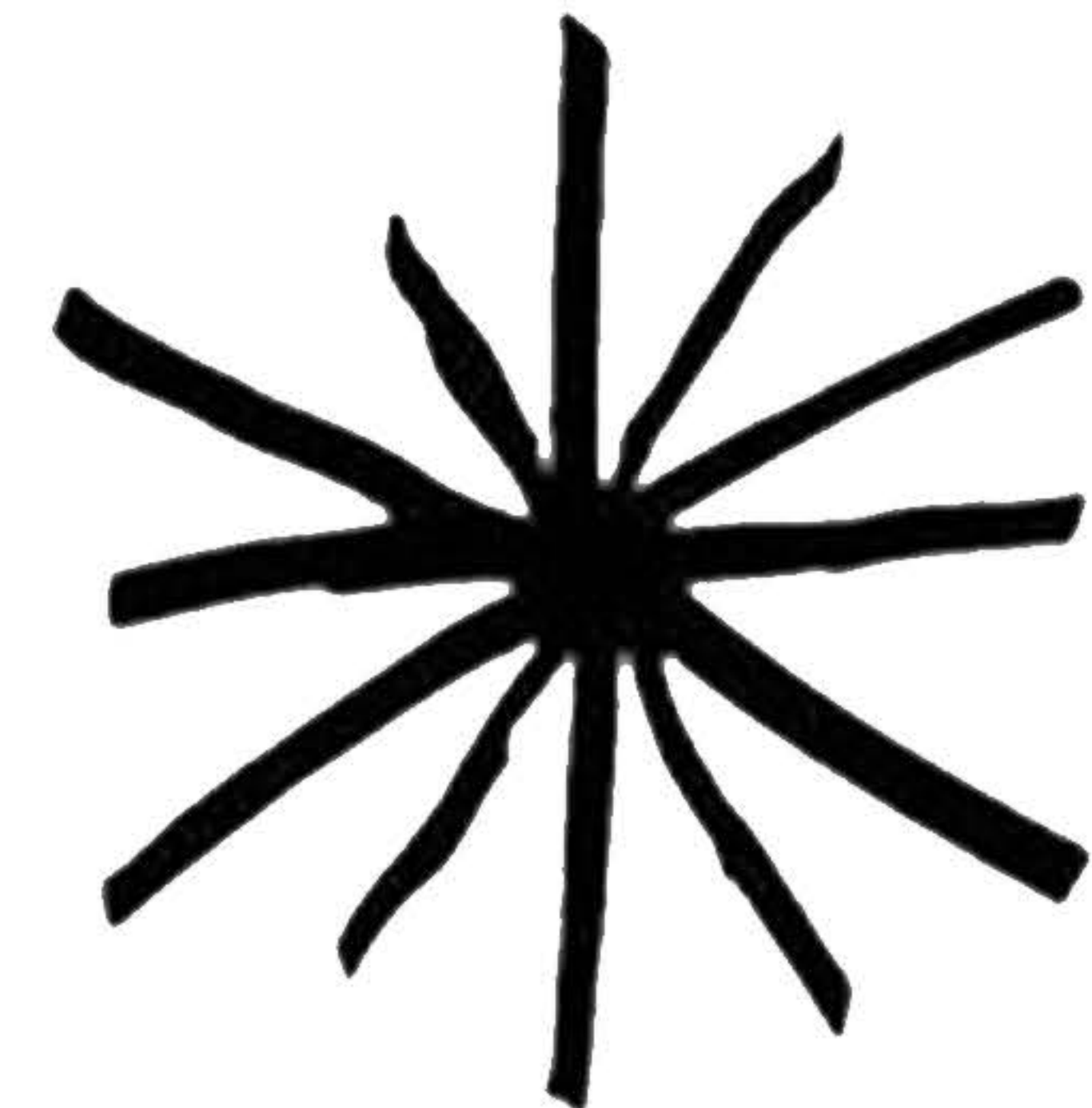
*“if graffiti
changed anything
- it would
be illegal”
~ banksy ~*



“HERE WE ARE, TRAPPED IN
THE AMBER OF A MOMENT.
THERE IS NO WHY”
~ KURT VONNEGUT



DECONSTRUCTION





*photos by
manan kothari
nick burt
sam chew*

*writing by
chelsea song*



OFF.
CREW