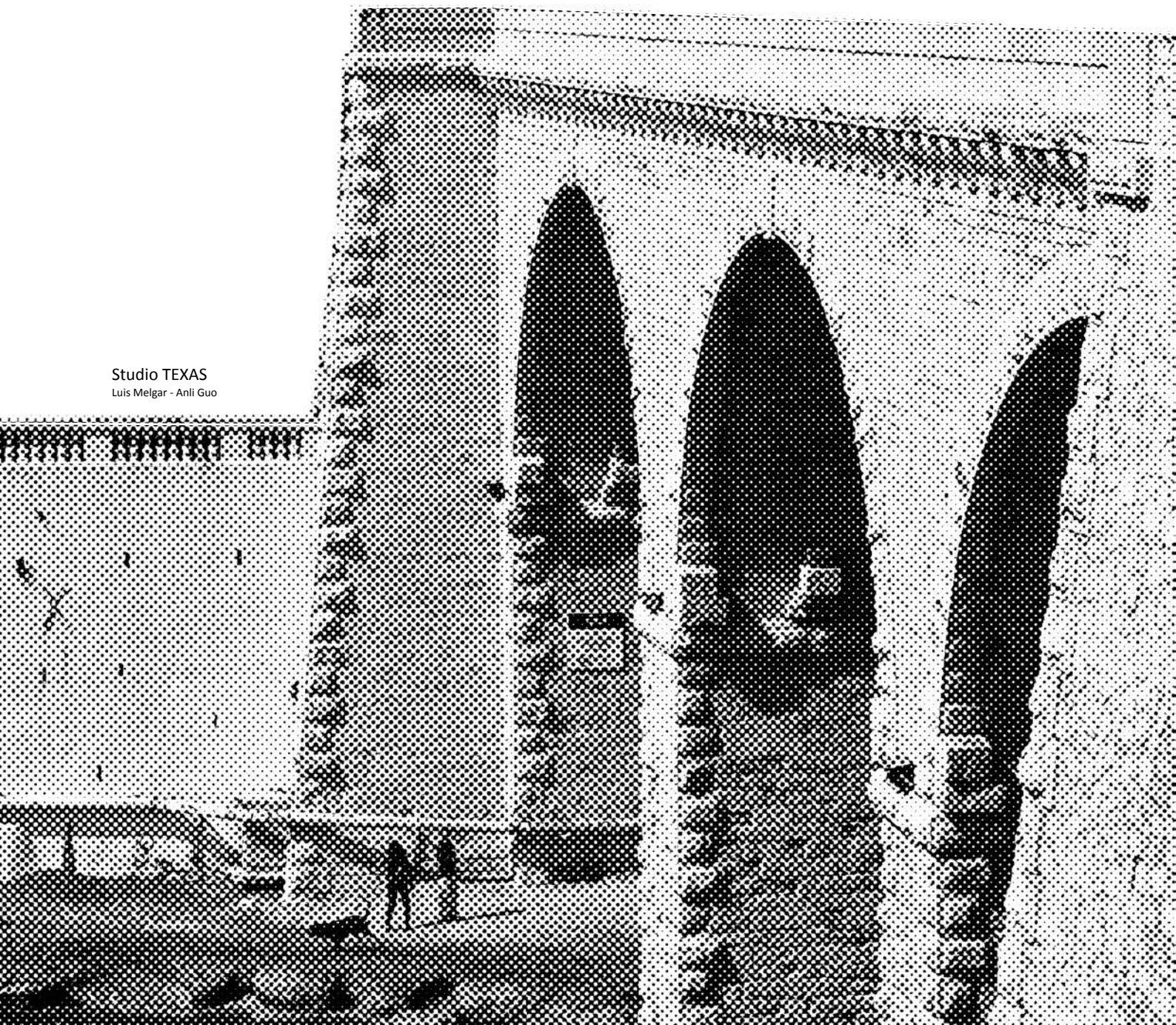


Studio TEXAS
Luis Melgar - Anli Guo





Tranche n°3
entre Malmousque et la plage du Prophète



Anse de la Fausse Monnaie



Pont de la Fausse Monnaie



Pont et port de la Fausse-Monnaie - vue depuis l'est du vallon



Pont et port de la Fausse-Monnaie - vue depuis le pont



Centre du vallon - jardins communaitaires



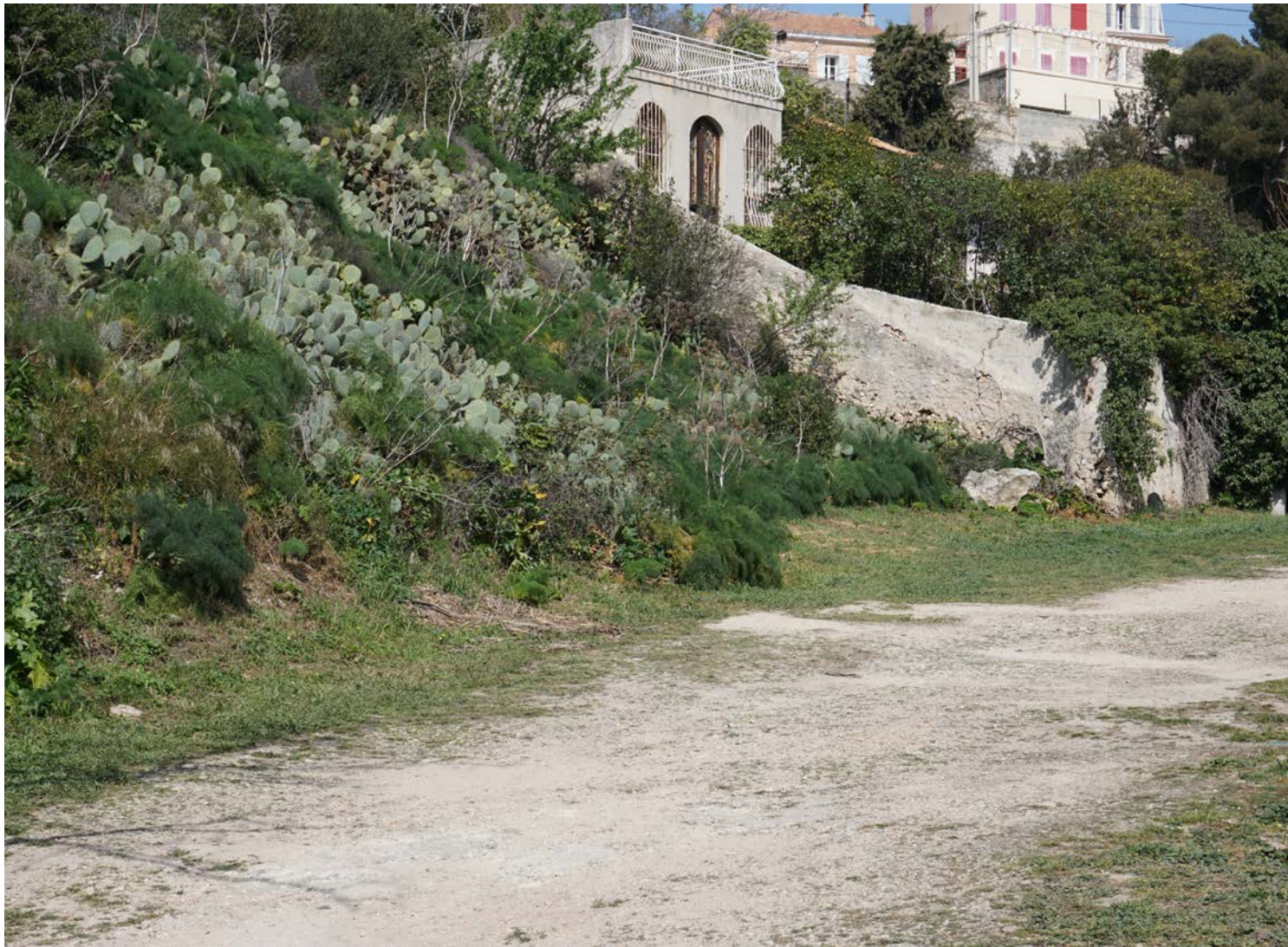
Centre du vallon - théâtre Sylvain



Centre du vallon - site



Centre du vallon - site



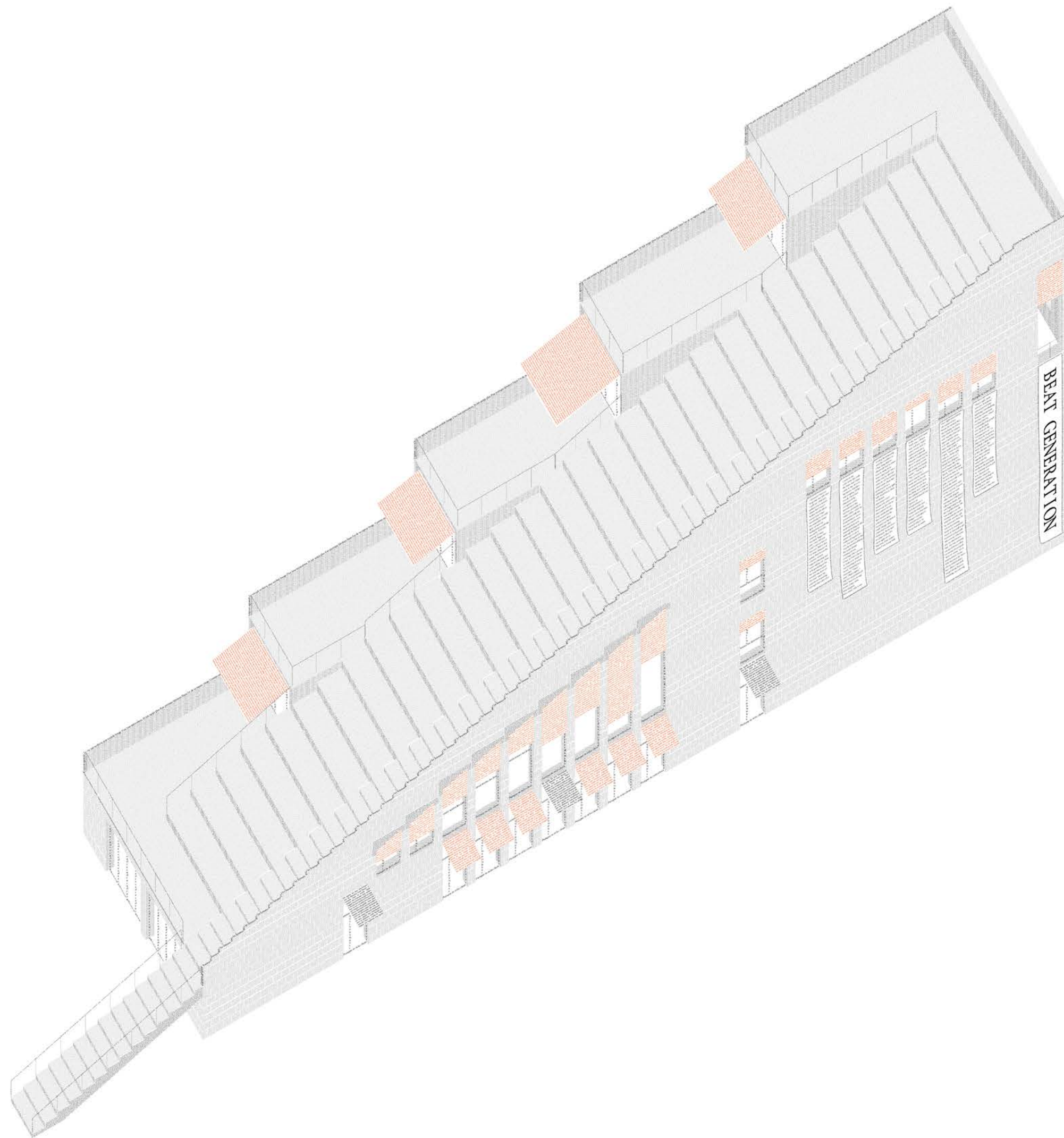
Centre du vallon - site

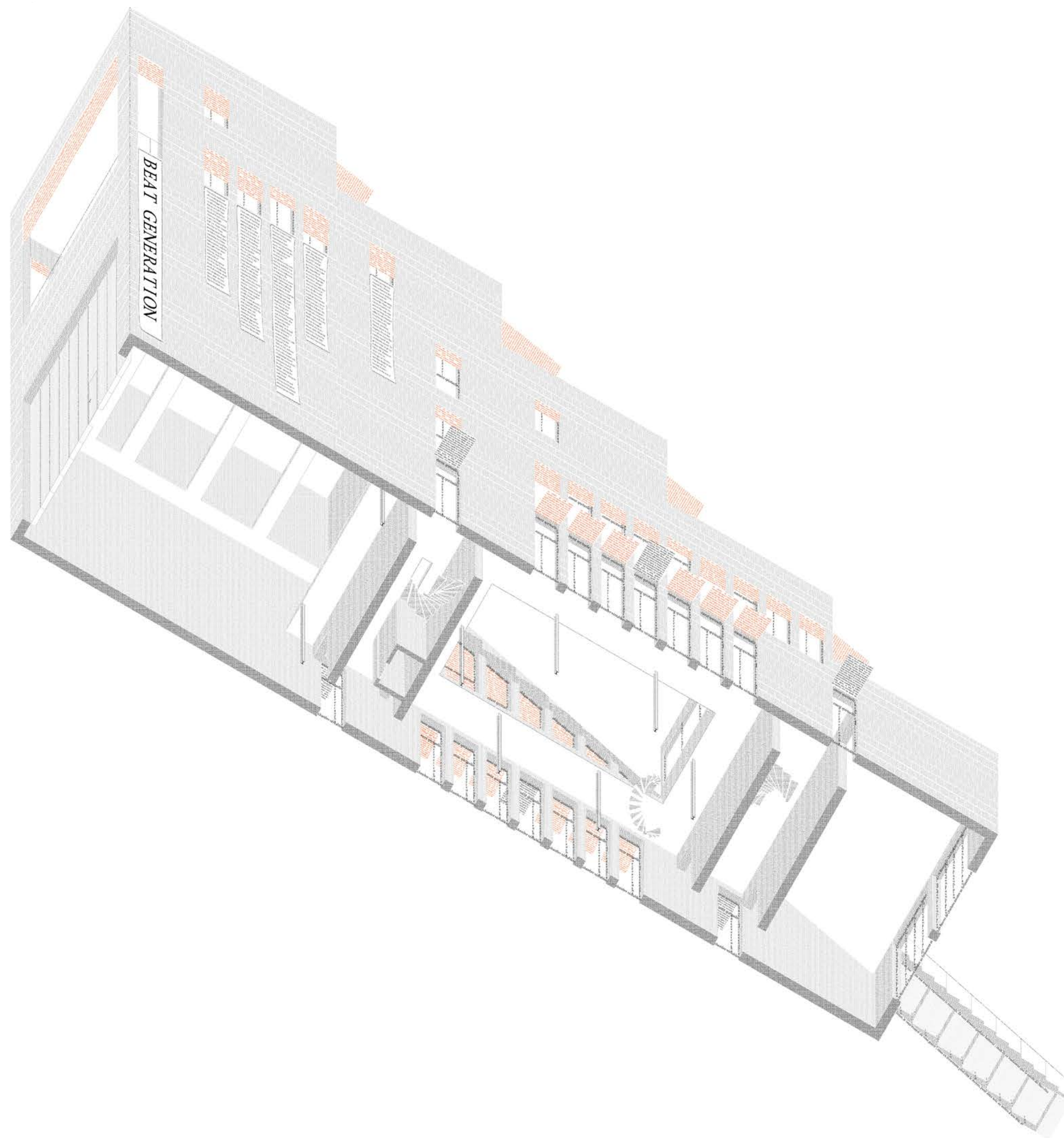


Centre du vallon - site



1:1000





LES GRADINS

Lorsqu'on se promène le long de la Corniche Kennedy, après avoir traversé Malmousque, on passe par le pont de la Fausse Monnaie. À droite, se dresse l'immensité bleue de la mer, imperturbable. À gauche, au beau milieu du vallon, un bâtiment attire le coin de l'œil : on dirait un grand escalier, à une échelle peu commune. Et si nous allions voir ?

En marchant jusqu'au bout du pont, un écriteau nous invite à nous rendre dans le cœur du vallon. Après avoir parcouru un chemin sinueux et ombragé, bordé d'arbres et de jardins, nous y voilà.

Le bâtiment se dévoile face à nous : c'est un grand et unique volume, comme une part de gâteau posée au sol. Le toit semble entièrement couvert de gradins et de terrasses. Il doit faire une cinquantaine de mètres de long, pour une quinzaine à son plus haut point.

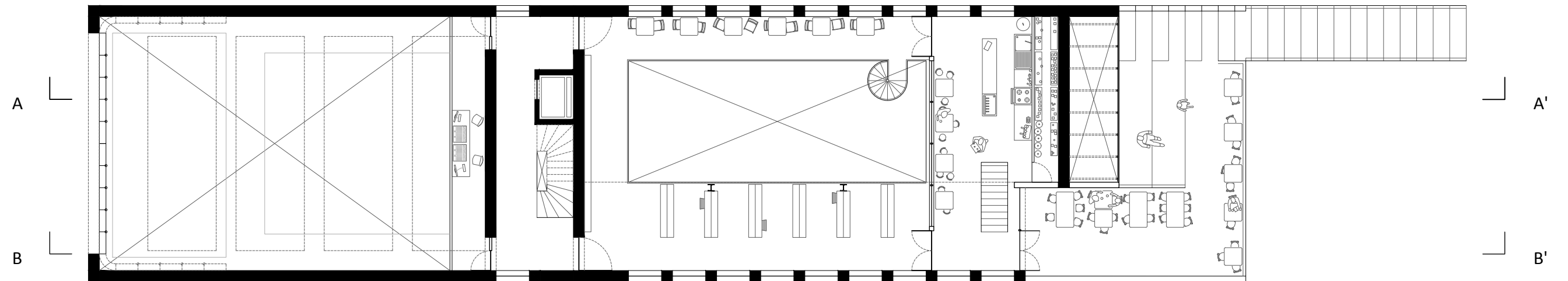
A l'extrémité de l'édifice, de longs parchemins sont suspendus aux fenêtres ; ils nous apprennent que nous faisons face à un Centre de poésie dédié aux femmes de la Beat Generation.

En s'approchant un peu plus, une affiche nous indique qu'il y a dans l'espace d'exposition au rez-de-chaussée, une rétrospective sur le travail de Diane di Prima et Lenore Kandel. Mais nous décidons de monter sur le toit du centre, en prenant l'escalier au bout de celui-ci. En montant quelques marches, on arrive à la terrasse d'un café, où des visiteurs boivent des verres sous des parasols. Le soleil est de plomb aujourd'hui !

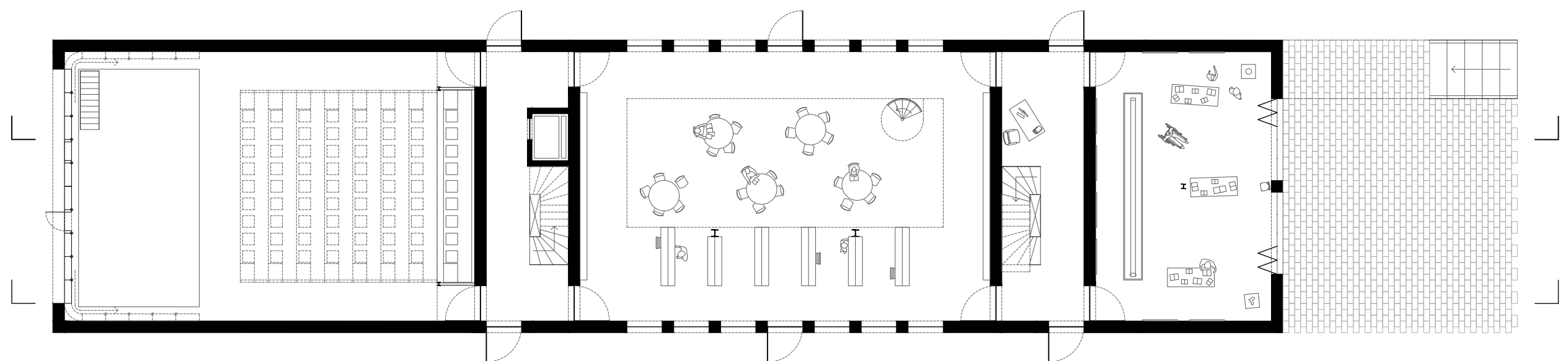
Après être entrés dans le café par sa terrasse, on se rend compte qu'il donne depuis l'intérieur sur une grande bibliothèque. Sous un haut plafond incliné, une mezzanine entoure un atrium, au milieu duquel des étudiants révisent probablement leurs examens. De grandes fenêtres sur toute la hauteur amènent la lumière à l'intérieur. En ressortant avec un verre, nous continuons notre ascension, marche après marche. Sur la gauche de ces gradins, de grandes terrasses émergent. Nous demandons aux personnes qui s'y trouvent de ce qu'il s'agit : ce sont en fait des logements pour artistes qui habitent pour quelques mois dans le centre de poésie.

Nous arrivons finalement au sommet et pouvons apercevoir dans toute son envergure le Théâtre Sylvain, un grand amphithéâtre auquel fait face notre bâtiment. En se retournant, le panorama est saisissant : au premier plan, le pont de la Fausse Monnaie cadré par la dense végétation du vallon et derrière, l'horizon à perte de vue offert par la Méditerranée. Au loin, on croit apercevoir les îles d'If.

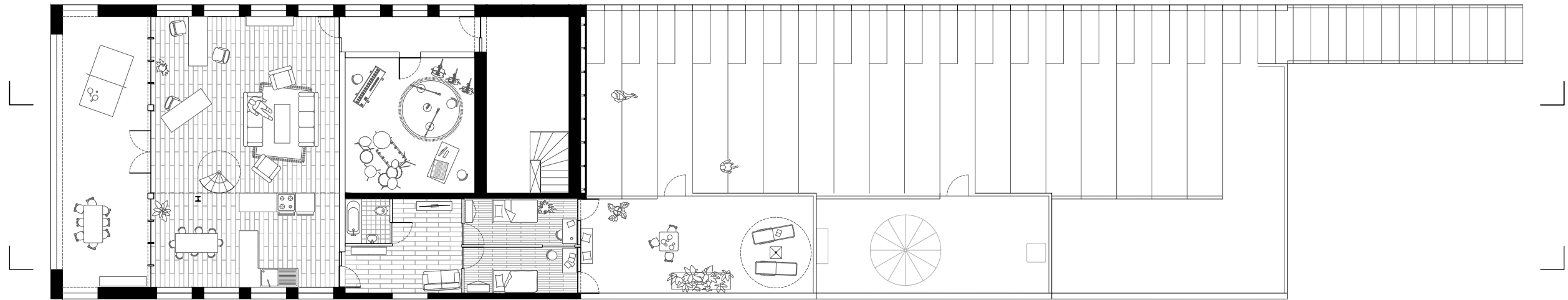
Une visiteuse nous apprend qu'à lieu ce soir une représentation des artistes en résidence, dans la grande salle de théâtre du centre de poésie. Il paraît même qu'ils ouvriront la grande porte de derrière ! Ce soir, c'est sûr, nous reviendrons.



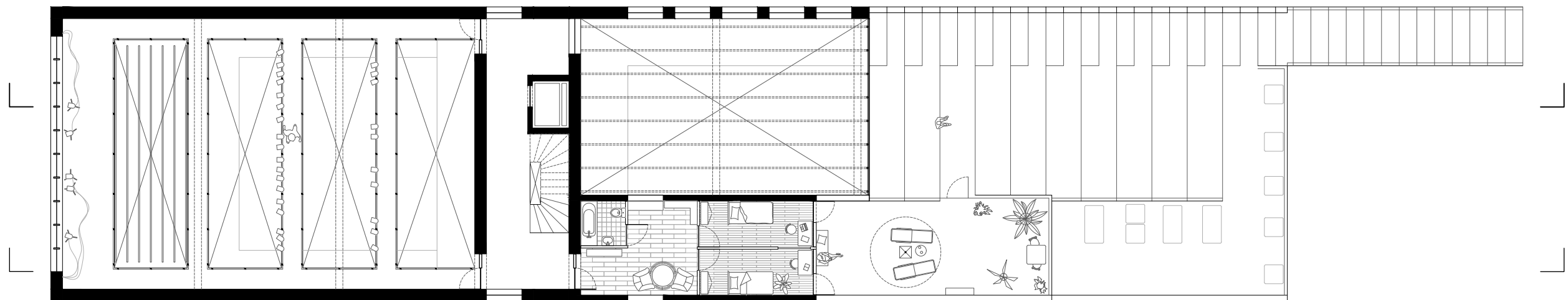
Plan R+1 1:200



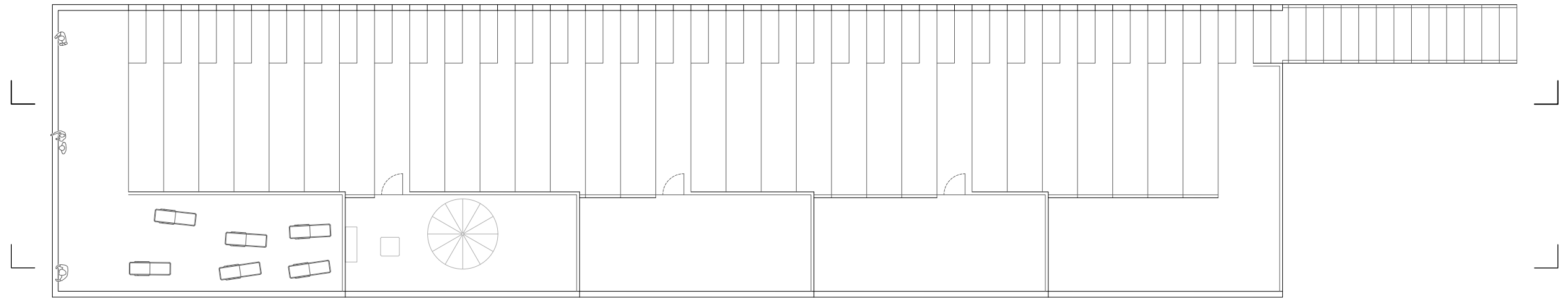
Plan RDC 1:200



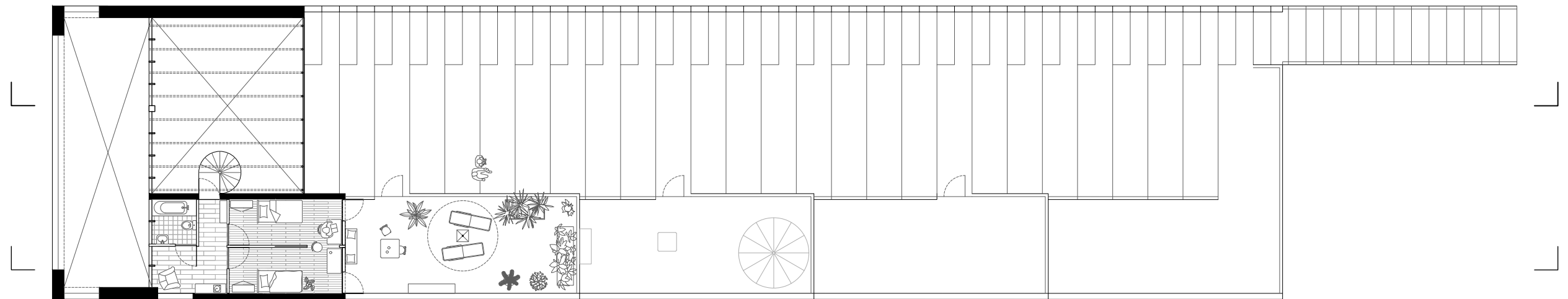
Plan R+3 1:200



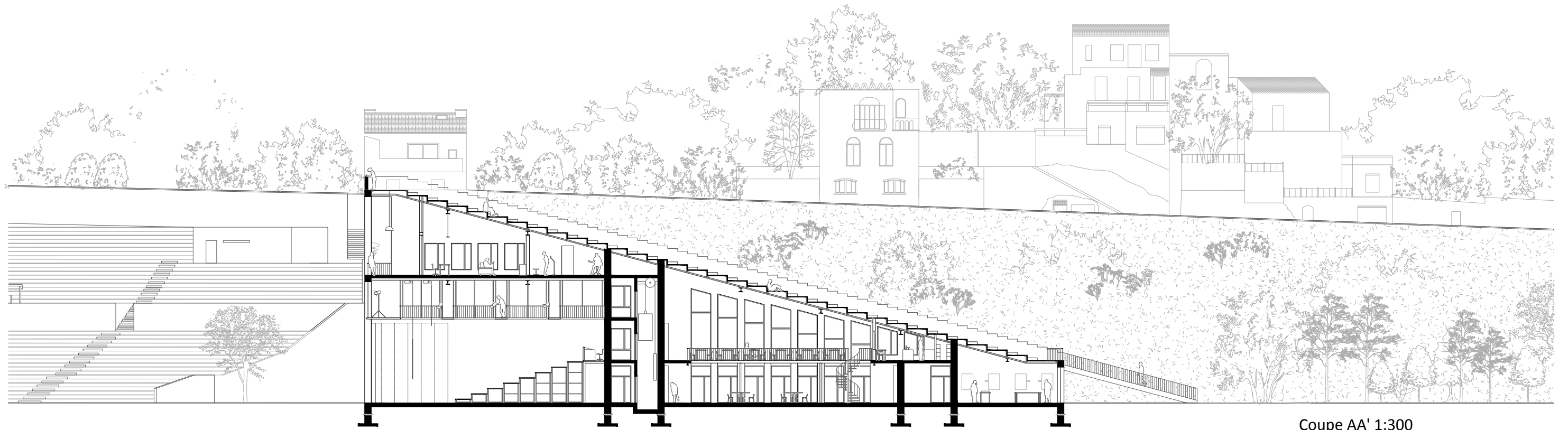
Plan R+2 1:200



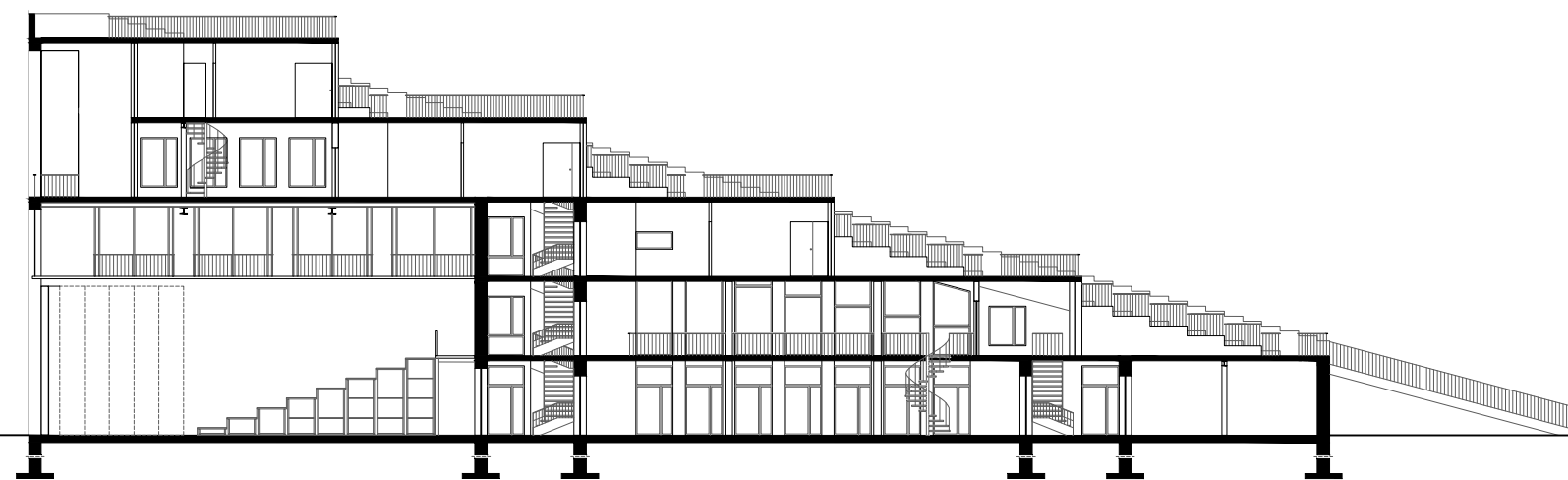
Plan toiture 1:200



Plan R+4 1:200



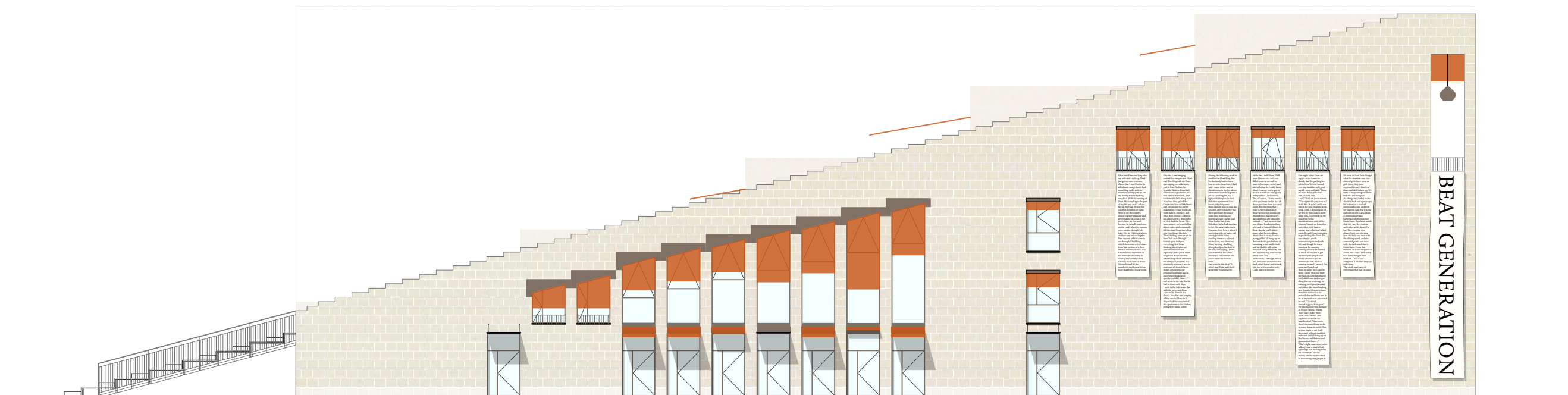
Coupe AA' 1:300



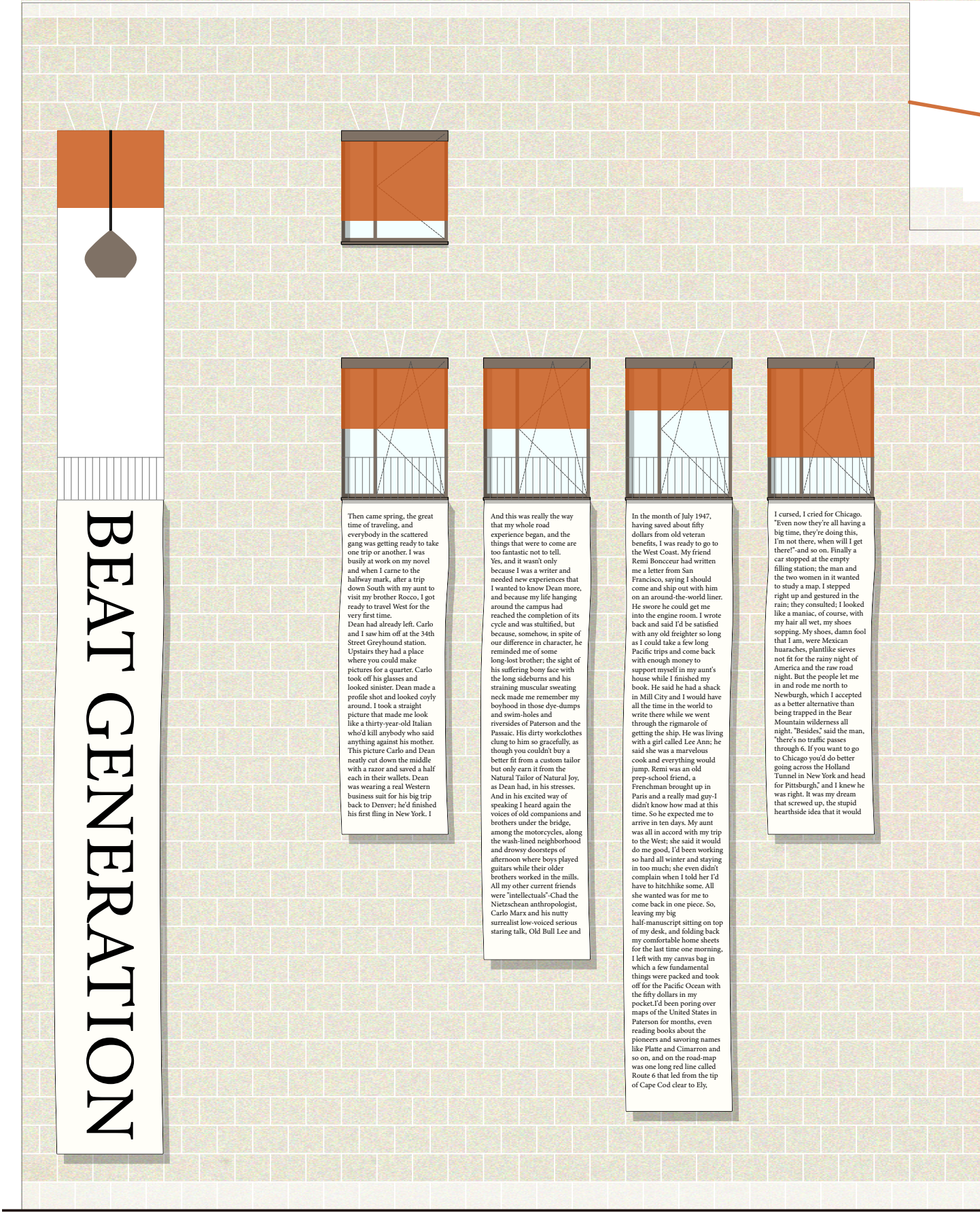
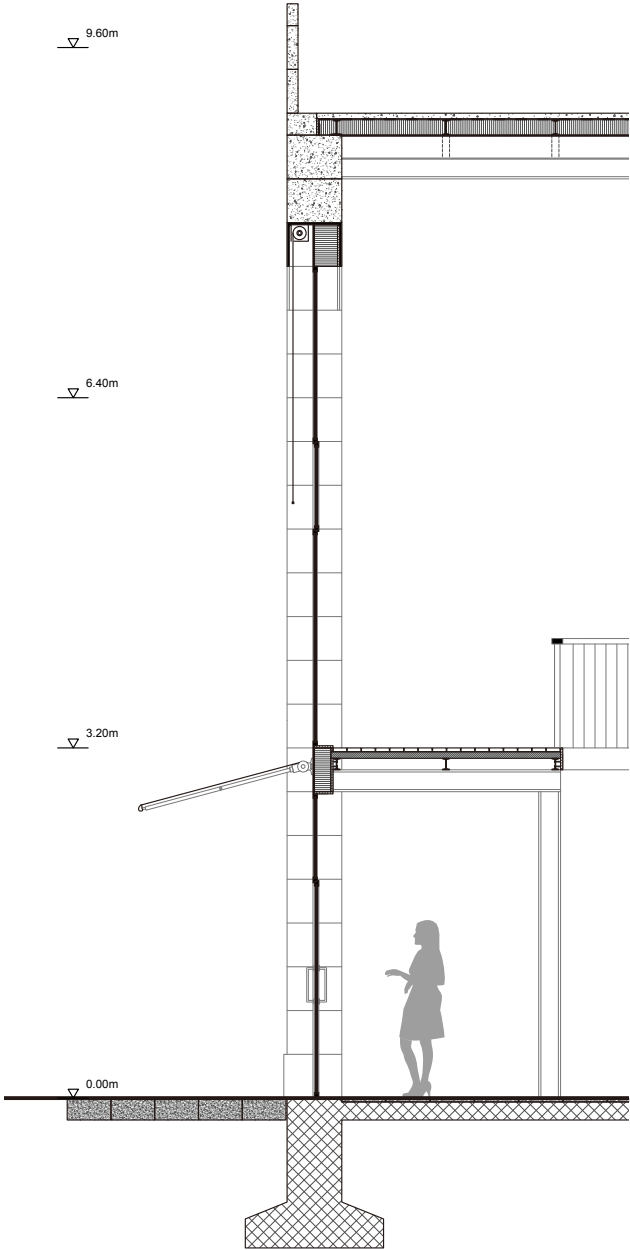
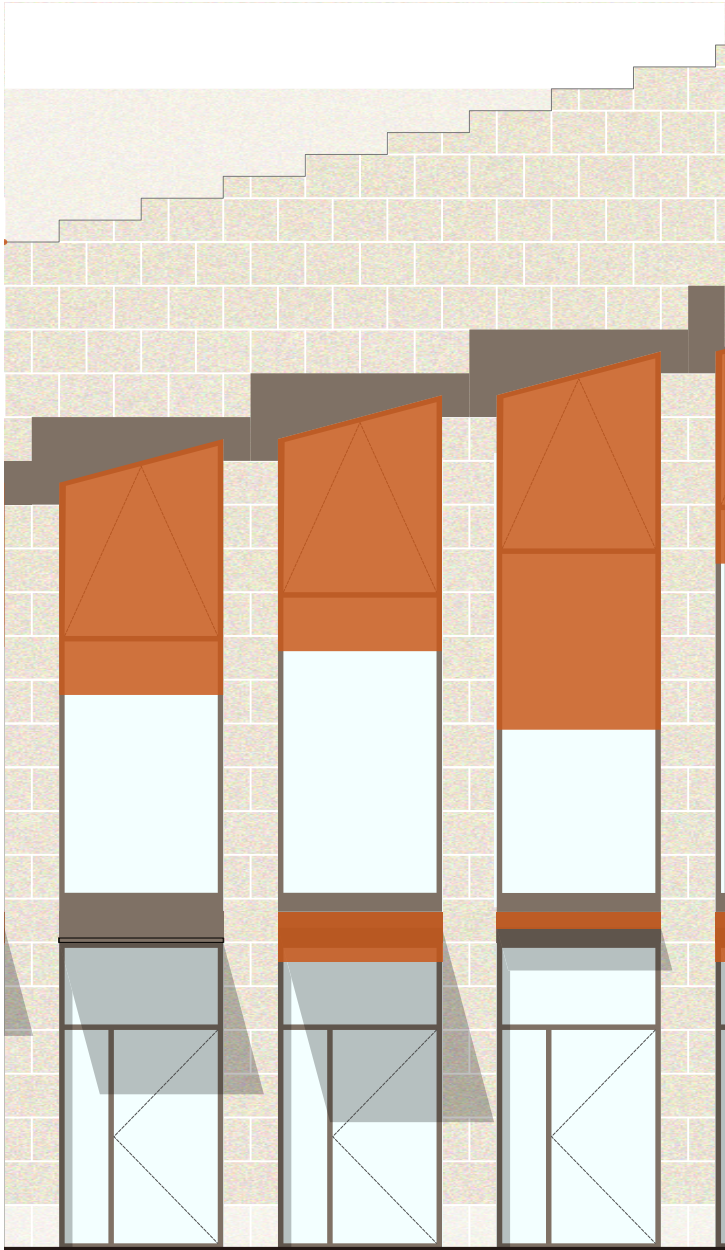
Coupe BB' 1:300



Elevation Nord-Est 1:200
Façade sur cactus



Elevation Sud-Ouest 1:200
Façade sur rue



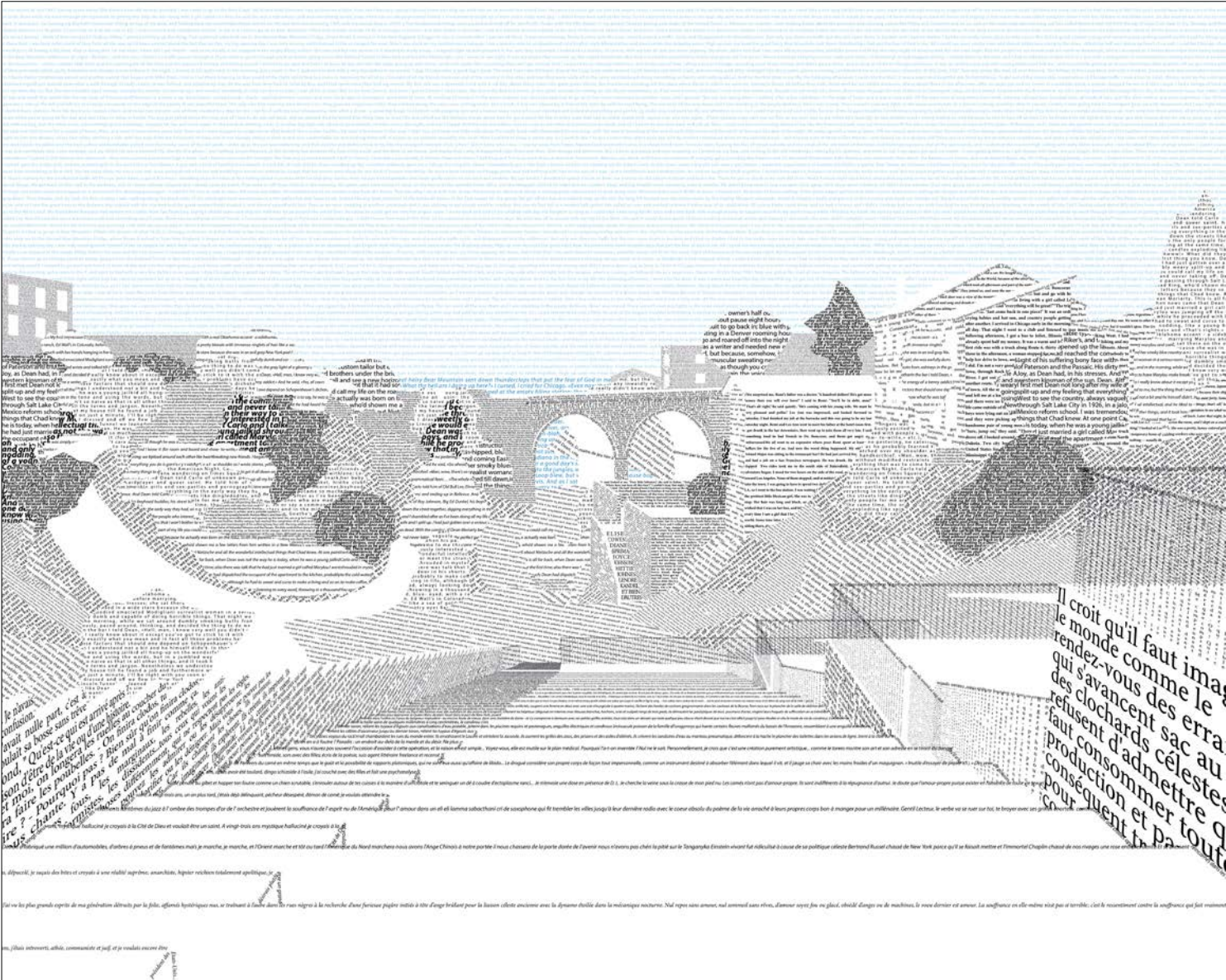
BEAT GENERATION

Then came spring, the great time of traveling, and everybody in the scattered gang was getting ready to take one trip or another. I was busy at work on my novel and when I came to the halfway mark, after a trip down South with my aunt to visit my brother Rocco, I got ready to travel West for the very first time. Dean had already left, Carlo and I saw him off at the 34th Street Greyhound station. Upstairs they had a place where you could make pictures for a quarter. Carlo took off his glasses and looked sinister. Dean made a profile shot and looked coyly around. I took a straight picture that made me look like a thirty-year-old Italian who'd kill anybody who said anything against his mother. This picture Carlo and Dean neatly cut down the middle, with a razor and saved a half each in their wallets. Dean was wearing a real Western business suit for his big trip back to Denver; he'd finished his first fling in New York. I

And this was really the way that my whole road experience began, and the things that were to come are too fantastic not to tell. Yes, and it wasn't only because I was a writer and needed new experiences that I wanted to know Dean more, and because my life hanging around the campus had reached the completion of its cycle and was stultified, but because, somehow, in spite of our difference in character, he reminded me of some long-lost brother; the sight of his suffering bony face with the long sideburns and his straining muscular sweating neck made me remember my boyhood in those dye-dumps and swim-holes and riversides of Paterson and the Passaic. His dirty workclothes hung to him so gracefully, as though you couldn't buy a better fit from a custom tailor but only earn it from the Natural Tailor of Natural Joy, as Dean had, in his stresses. And in his excited way of speaking I heard again the voices of old companions and brothers under the bridge, among the motorcycles, along the wash-lined neighborhood and drowsy doorsteps of afternoon where boys played guitars while their older brothers worked in the mills. All my other current friends were "intellectuals"-Chad the Nietzschean anthropologist, Carlo Marx and his nutty surreal low-voiced serious staring talk, Old Bull Lee and

In the month of July 1947, having saved about fifty dollars from old veteran benefits, I was ready to go to the West Coast. My friend Remi Boncœur had written me a letter from San Francisco, saying I should come and ship-out with him on an around-the-world liner. He swore he could get me into the engine room. I wrote back and said I'd be satisfied with any old freighter so long as I could take a few long Pacific trips and come back with enough money to support myself in my aunt's house while I finished my book. He said he had a shack in Mill City and I would have all the time in the world to write there while we went through the rigmarole of getting the ship. He was living with a girl called Lee Ann; he said she was a marvelous cook and everything would jump. Remi was an old prep-school friend, a Frenchman brought up in Paris and a really mad guy-I didn't know how mad at this time. So he expected me to arrive in ten days. My aunt was all in accord with my trip to the West; she said it would do me good, I'd been working so hard all winter and staying in too much; she even didn't complain when I told her I'd have to hitchhike some. All she wanted was for me to come back in one piece. So, leaving my big half-manuscript sitting on top of my desk, and folding back my comfortable home sheets for the last time one morning, I left with my canvas bag in which a few fundamental things were packed and took off for the Pacific Ocean with the fifty dollars in my pocket. I'd been poring over maps of the United States in Paterson for months, even reading books about the pioneers and savoring names like Platte and Cimarron and so on, and on the road-map was one long red line called Route 6 that led from the tip of Cape Cod clear to Ely,

I cursed, I cried for Chicago. "Even now they're all having a big time, they're doing this, I'm not there, when will I get there?" and so on. Finally a car stopped at the empty filling station; the man and the two women in it wanted to study a map. I stepped right up and gestured in the rain; they consulted; I looked like a maniac, of course, with my hair all wet, my shoes sopping. My shoes, damn fool that I am, were Mexican huaraches, plantlike sieves not fit for the rainy night of America and the raw road night. But the people let me in and rode me north to Newburgh, which I accepted as a better alternative than being trapped in the Bear Mountain wilderness all night. "Besides," said the man, "there's no traffic passes through 6. If you want to go to Chicago you'd do better going across the Holland Tunnel in New York and head for Pittsburgh, and I knew he was right. It was my dream that screwed up, the stupid hearthside idea that it would



LES GRADINS