

Outside

itchen wall a flash
owa
grimage
ns, a spiral
on of air, of sky-deserts.
ement windows

ed watermelon.
he sun
g somewhere back of Hoboken.

e Kandel

ERY

ie Kyger

o my womb

ver
ch

ayer, sung bowed down in the dome
d ascending sound
he land reaches
now in the last watch - Lord near us!
toll no hour thrice:.....

endlessly nightlong, a sign
of days, are lain down in stillness;
shold of silence candlelighted. I listen
rush of wind through the trees -

rose, expansion of morning.

bird at my window exulting
just now pure voice of clear water
ags his varying plainchant,
icks some distance immersed
at state as the altitude of bells
ummer to summer
in forest, beginnings Origin, s creature
thorax, and the Reigning of light
and leafal tongue could not tell
light in silver and lifting
one, merged beneath morning
his humming in green among fountains,
et olive leaves. A silence
ing room, grey shades of the window
arity, deep blue beginning
round in the East, and extending
f horizon/ scarlet Ariel hearth until sunrise.

under the branches,
s out of my eye!
dles coinciding at sunrise!
he tolling of bells rolls over me
g in one enormous voice, foretelling

this room within my self wants light
a flowing in with flowers that I take out of you
shot prisms and candles pierced through walls
built of my fear kept hands that now you
bear to earth rich and quick at my door
thrusting aside the vines long grown hanging
about my careful house wherefrom that reasoned place
we would sing the pattern dance dancing
through the ritual hieroglyphs of passion
when we would go moving as people do with
purpose would take apart this room stone
by stone and set ourselves outdoors
to mate with the sun

The World

On the
of shade
swift pl
of pigeo
celebrat
And on
ablaze
of luster
stain of
western

Elise Cowen

BEAT MONAST

I get my period, September 1964

How can I forgive you this blood?
Which was not to flow again but to cling joyously to
To grow, and become a son?

When I turn to you in the night, your sigh, and turn
When I turn to you in the afternoon, in our bed,
Where you lie reading, you put me off, saying only
It is hot, you are fired.

You picket, you talk of violence, you draw blood
But only from me, unseeded & hungry blood
Which meant to be something else.

Anne Waldman

She Said She Said

I am the woman who lives in the woods
she said now standing under the shower
clutching the breast contracting the body
to keep warm now

I understand why
the mountain gorilla never learned
to walk upright as a matter of habit
I walk hunched bent all over the
time standing under brush waterfalls
leaking roofs dripping trees after all
I am the woman who lives in the woods
whose mother said Why do you want
to go back to the apes? (and she knew
by God how did she know)

The goatherd
from his swe
roves from s
in the dusty
and among t
oisoot that b
ina daze from
to chimney-
remote, cool
shadows and

ruth weiss

Beat Monastery

The project is part of the section of the Corniche located near the Roucas Blanc marina, currently undergoing a major intervention for the 2024 Olympic Games, at the northern end of the Prado plage. In this section the Corniche implants itself between the built-up area and the embankment of the Prado bathing park. The area is marked by the transition between the Corniche at a high level and the Prado plain, as well as by the heterogeneity of urban forms, between the gated communities of villas on the hill to the north and to the south the collective housing complexes typical of seaside areas.

It is precisely on a square in one of these housing complexes that the project focuses. The square is built on a platform at a higher level than the Corniche, allowing beneath it a large space that was designed to be used as a garage and office spaces. Two patios allow for the entrance of light and the creation of exterior spaces at a lower level. The plan develops in a relatively regular way, with the main axis perpendicular to the Corniche, resembling a basilical plan. In fact, this similarity with this classic typology allowed for the creation of a hierarchy of spaces that dictated the distribution of the program, as well as the definition of rules that originated the shape of those same spaces. **This act of regarding in a poetic way an apparently ordinary structure matches the spirit of the Beat Generation of having everyday and banal subjects as inspiration for their poetry.**

Following a logic of minimal intervention, the project proposes the **insertion of wooden volumes that contain the program**, as if they were side chapels, leaving the central space corresponding to the courtyards empty as if it were the nave of the church. As the entrance of light is a fundamental concern of the project, the platform is pierced with the insertion of toplights integrated in the structure of the volumes below, with the function not only of lighting, but also creating some spaces that allow the enjoyment of the view. Consequently, the platform level is transformed into a **new landscape punctuated by these volumes coated in wood painted blue** in a logic of reactivation of this public space.

A Skizophrenic Shoreline	p. 6
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1. Poster inspired of Roucas Blanc baths - 1876, Marseille municipal archives
2. Roucas Blanc Beach - unknown date, Marseille municipal archives
3. Skizophrenic coastline evolution - 1820 - present, multiple sources



Carte de l'Etat-Major 1820-1866

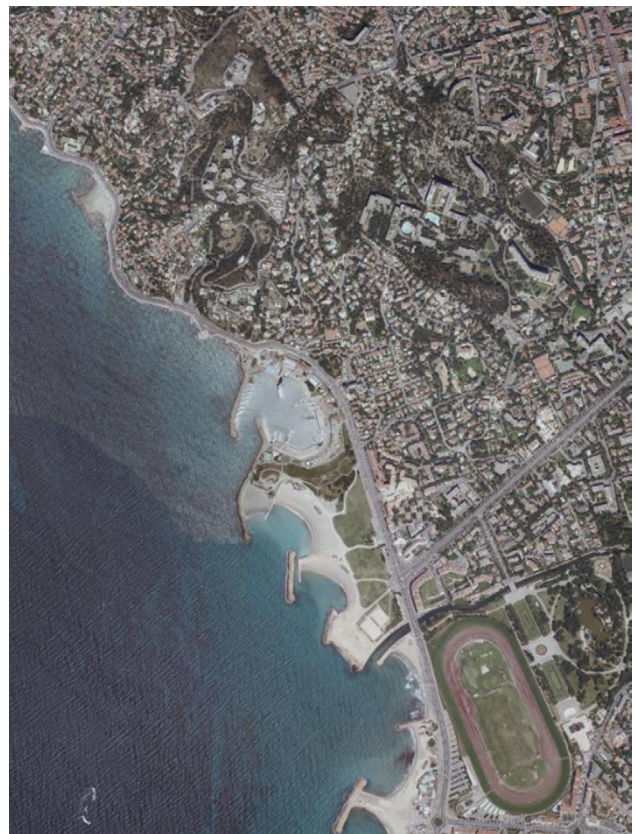


1926

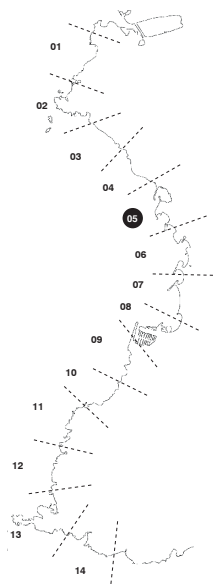


1976

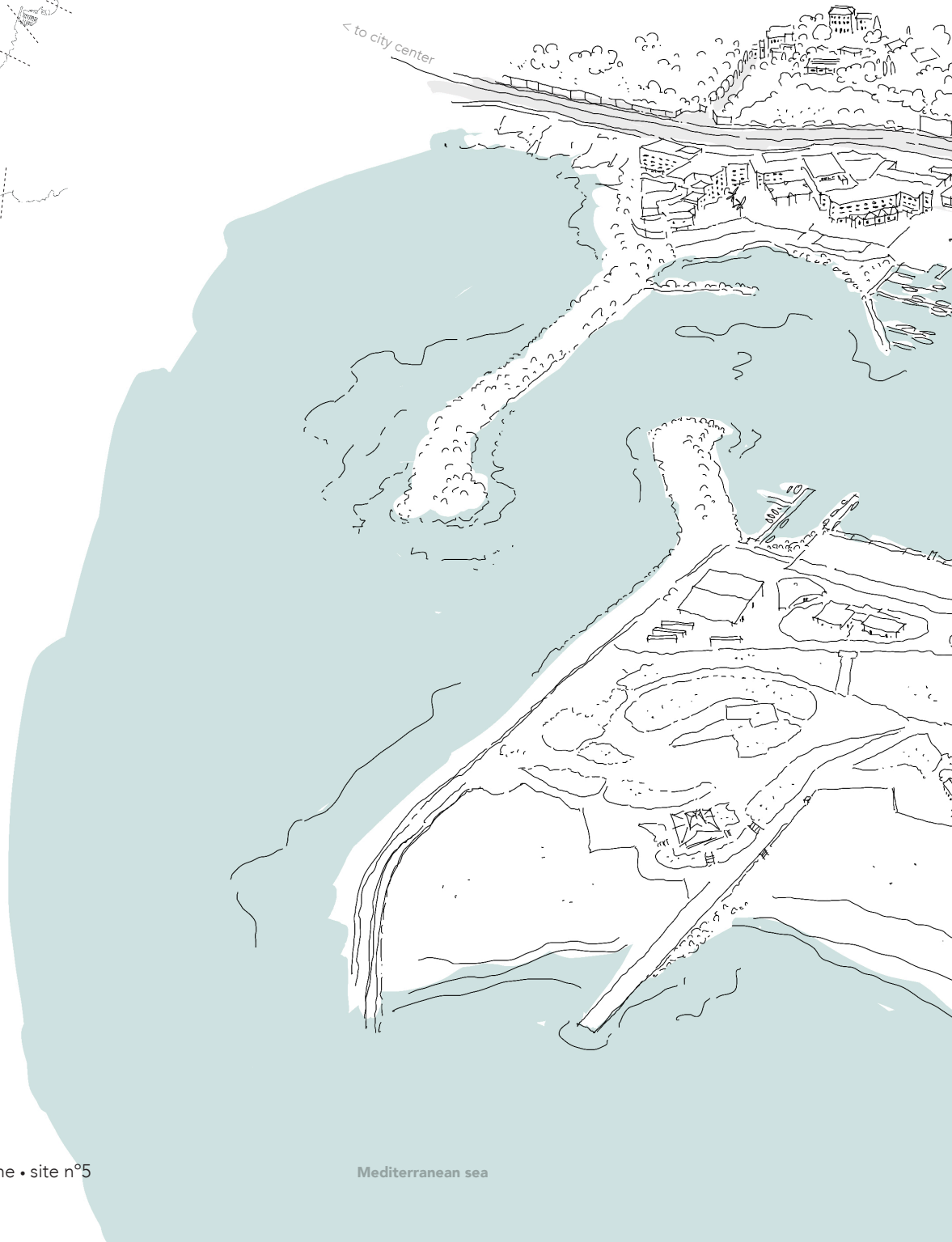
3



Present

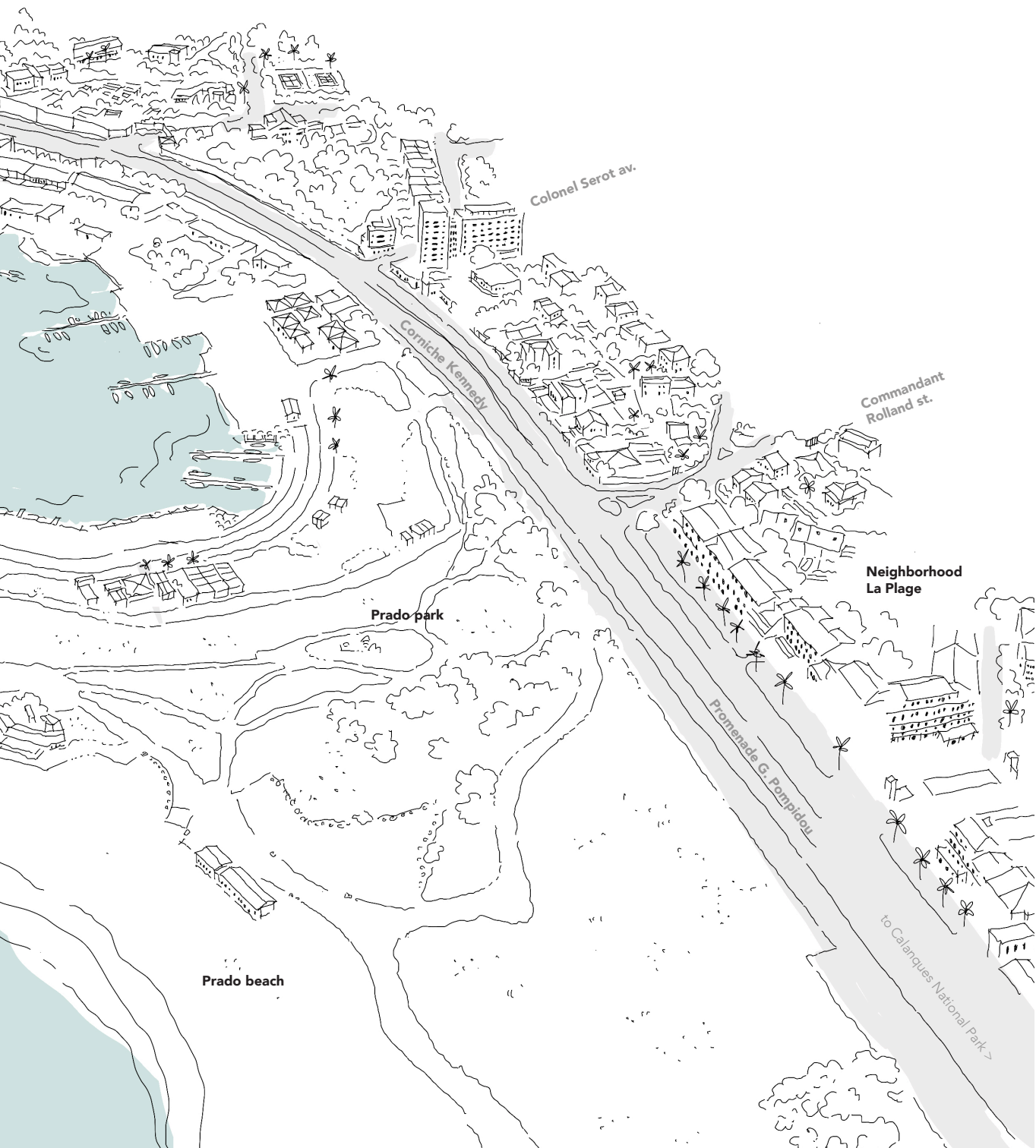


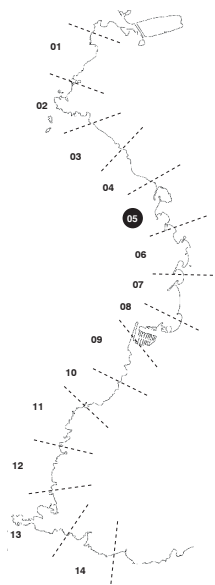
Neighborhood le Roucas-blanc



La Corniche • site n°5

Mediterranean sea





Corniche Kennedy
← to city center

Hotel Nhow

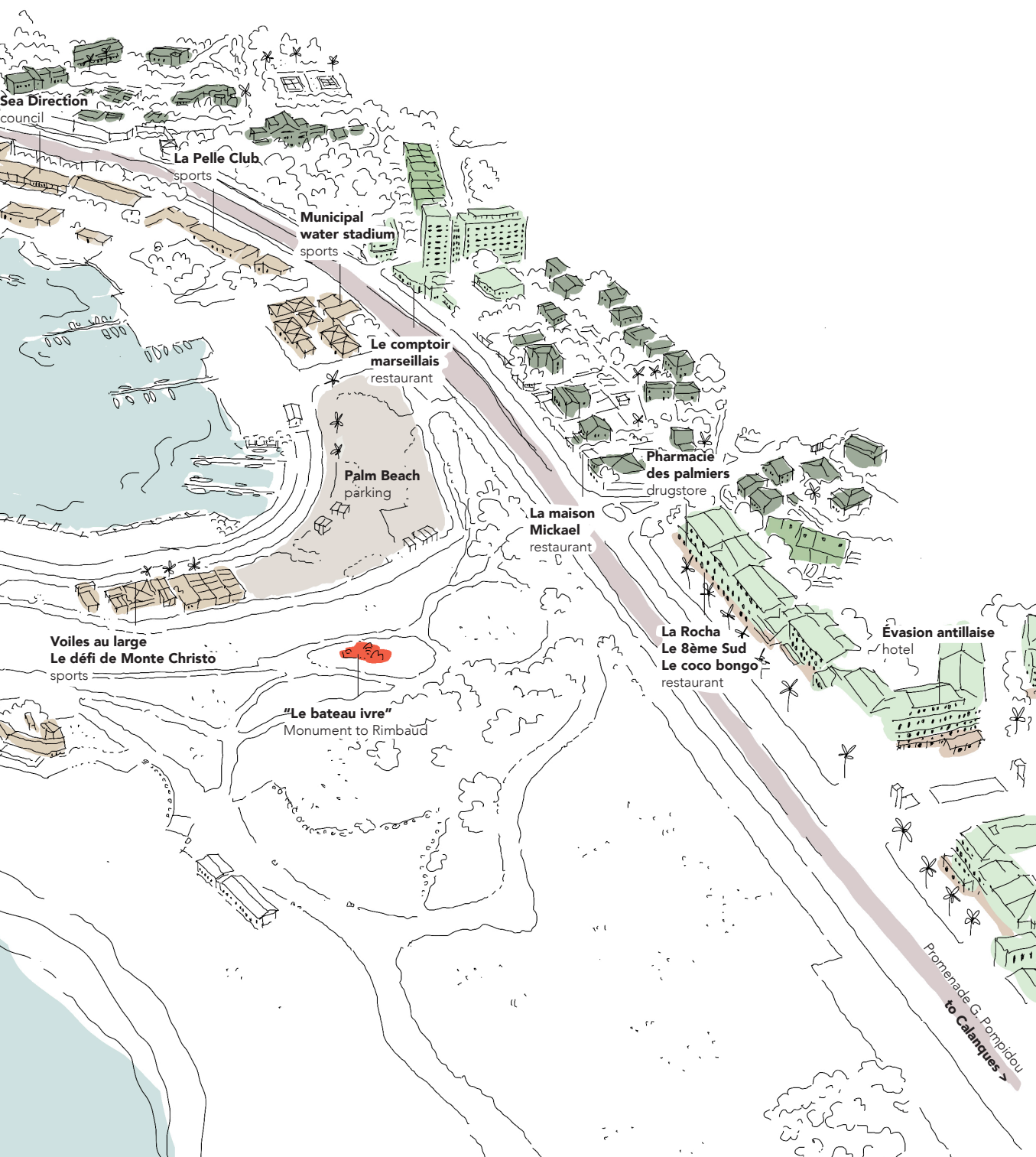
Weather station

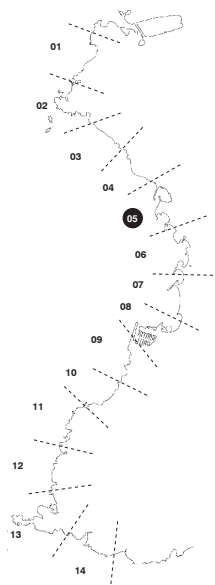
La cabane des amis
bar

Mediterranean sea

Functions and typologies

- Landmark
- Activities
- Parking
- Residential:
 - Detached house
 - Semi-detached house
 - Collective housing





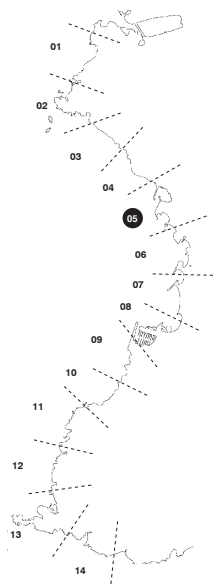
Landscape

- Trees
- Grass
- Asphalt
- Stone
- Sand
- Timber
- Water
- Deep water
- Level gap

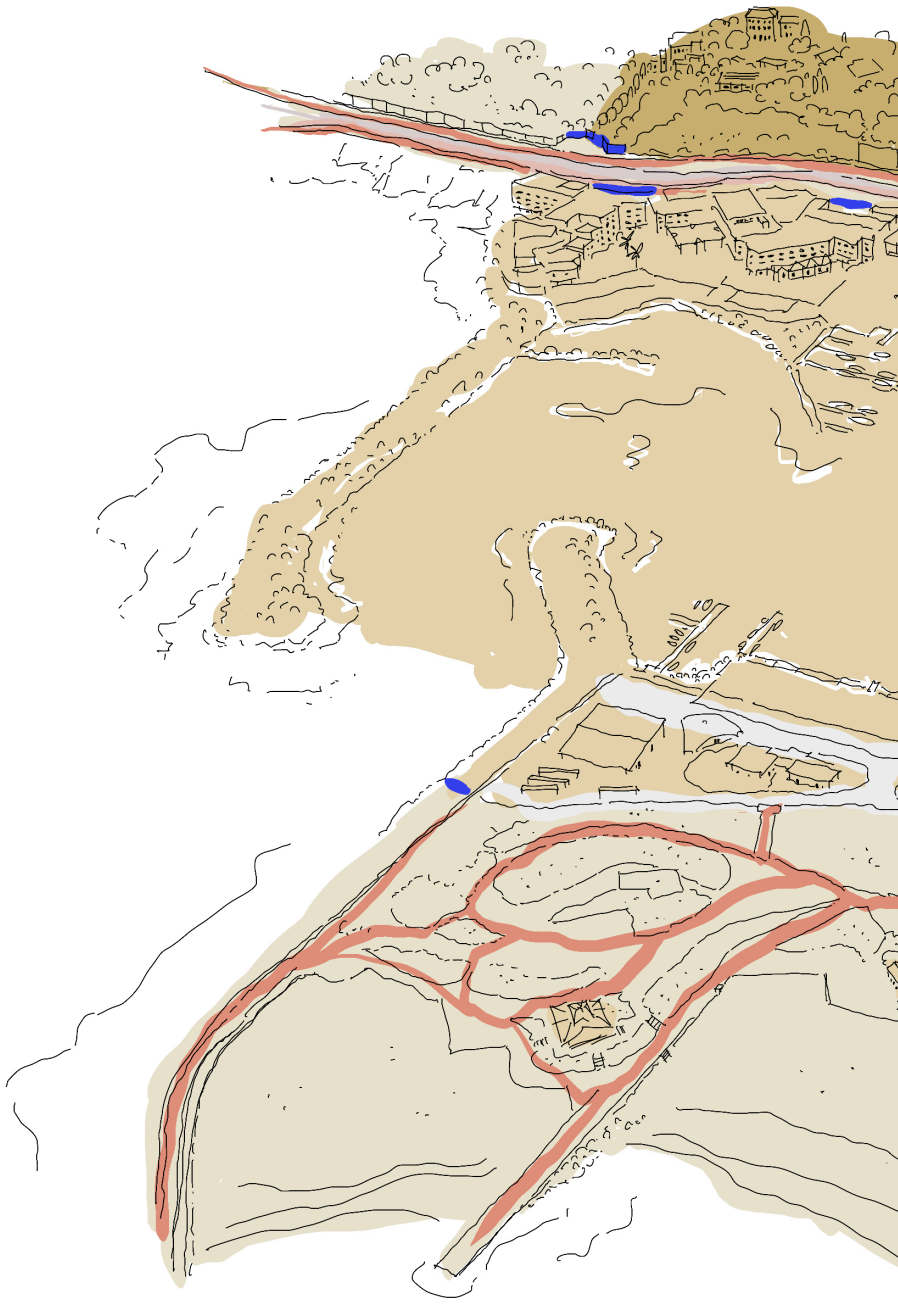


Mediterranean sea

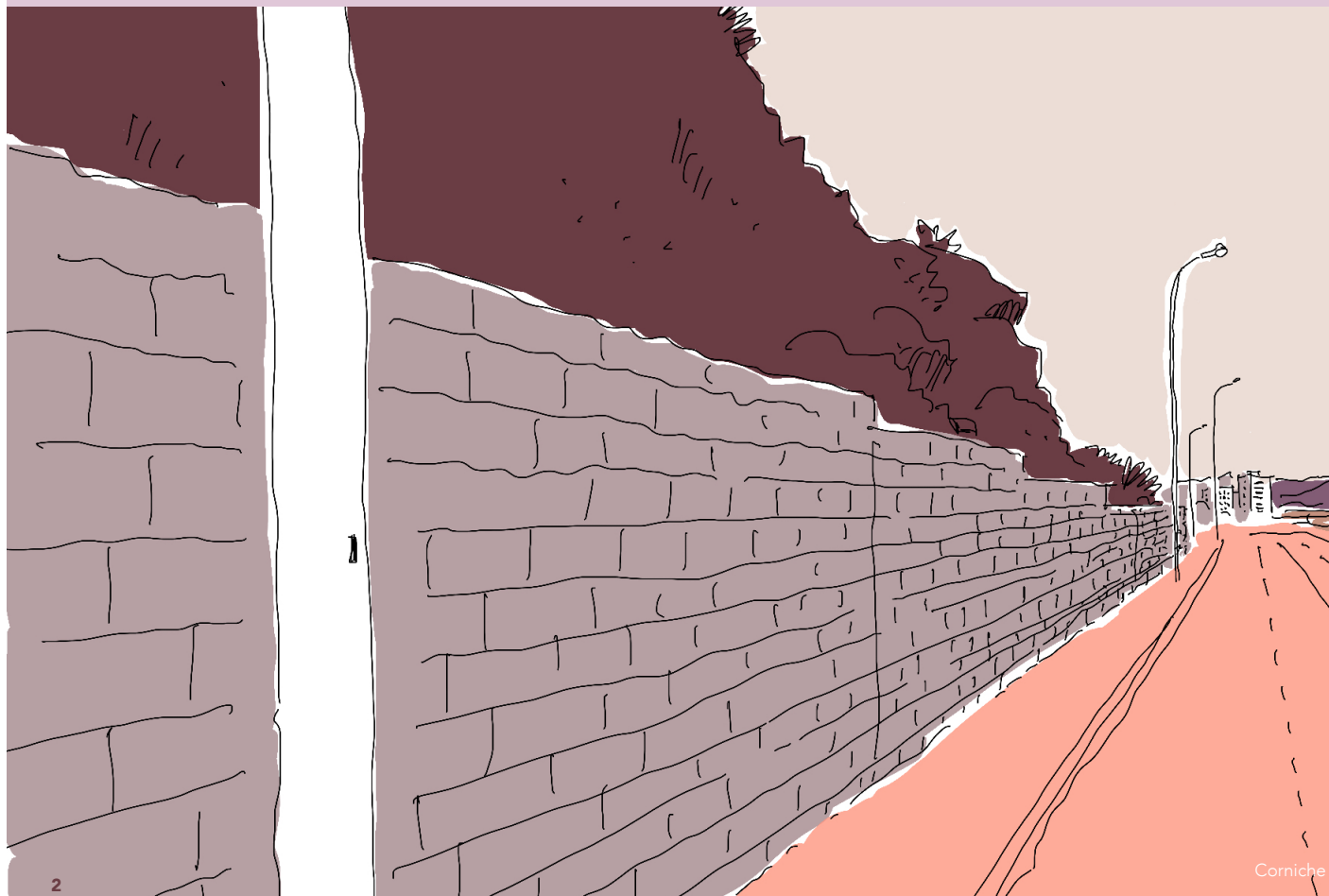


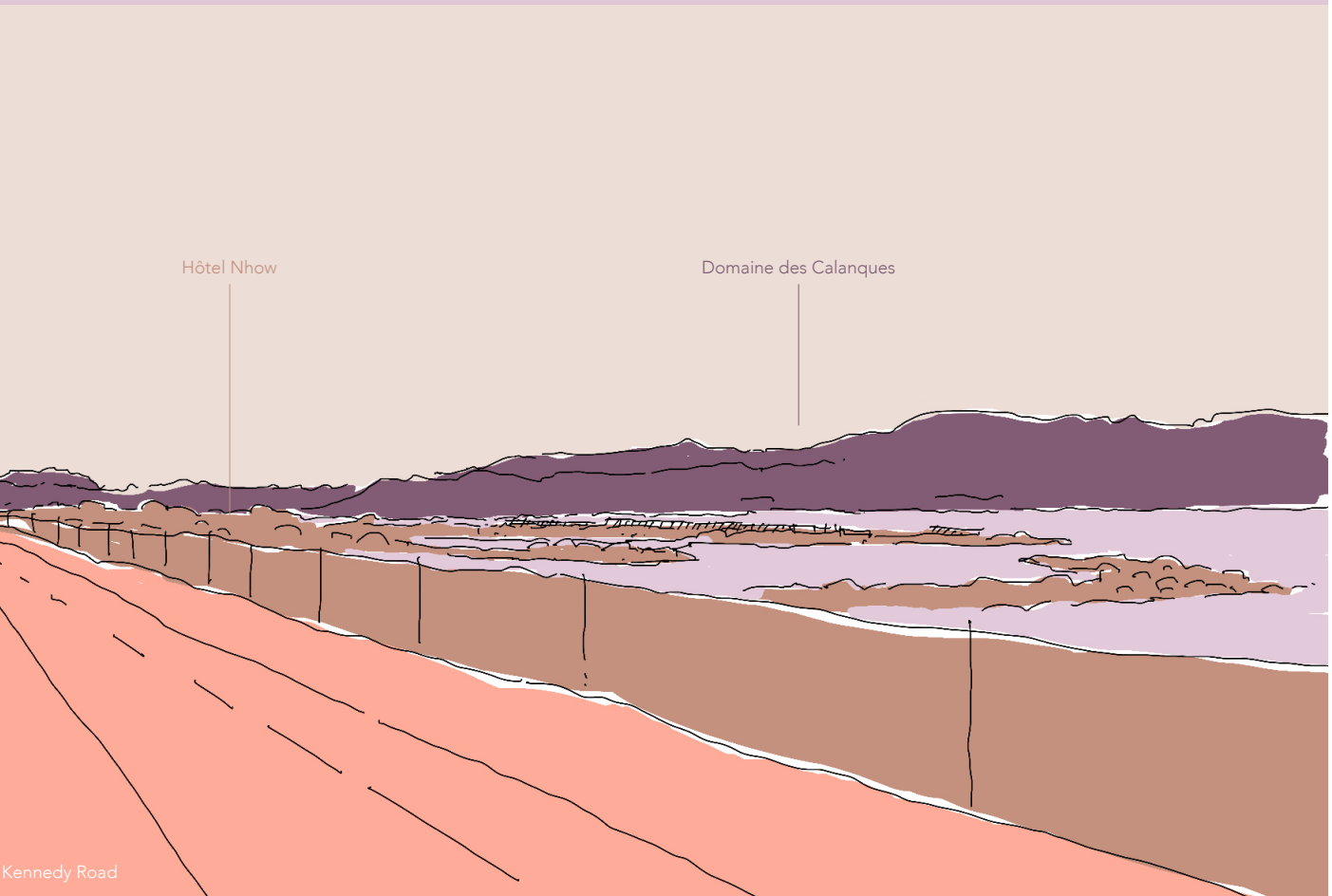


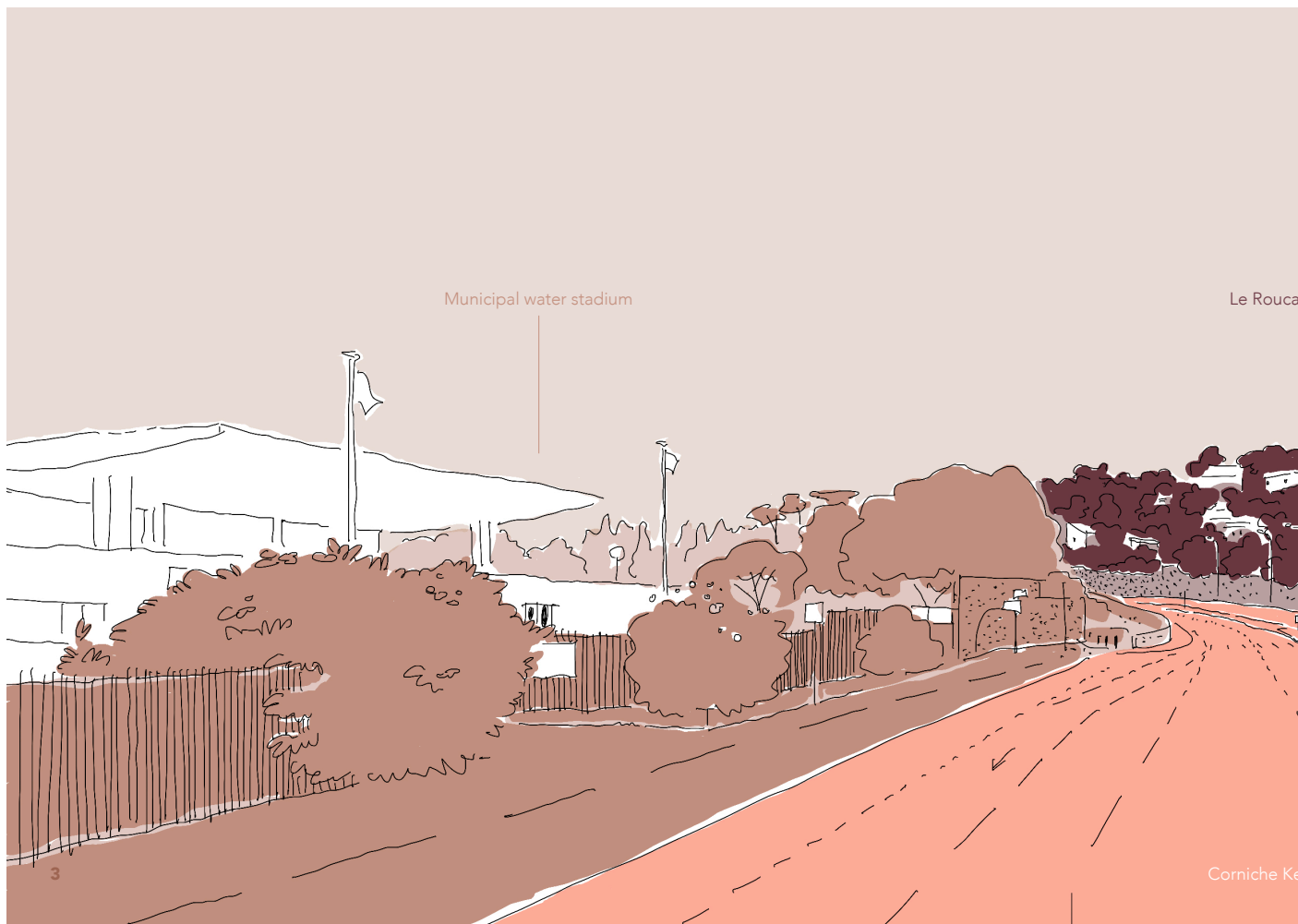
- Accessibility
-  Access gates
 -  Free access
 -  Access under conditions
 -  No access
 -  Main road
 -  Secondary road
 -  Pedestrian path

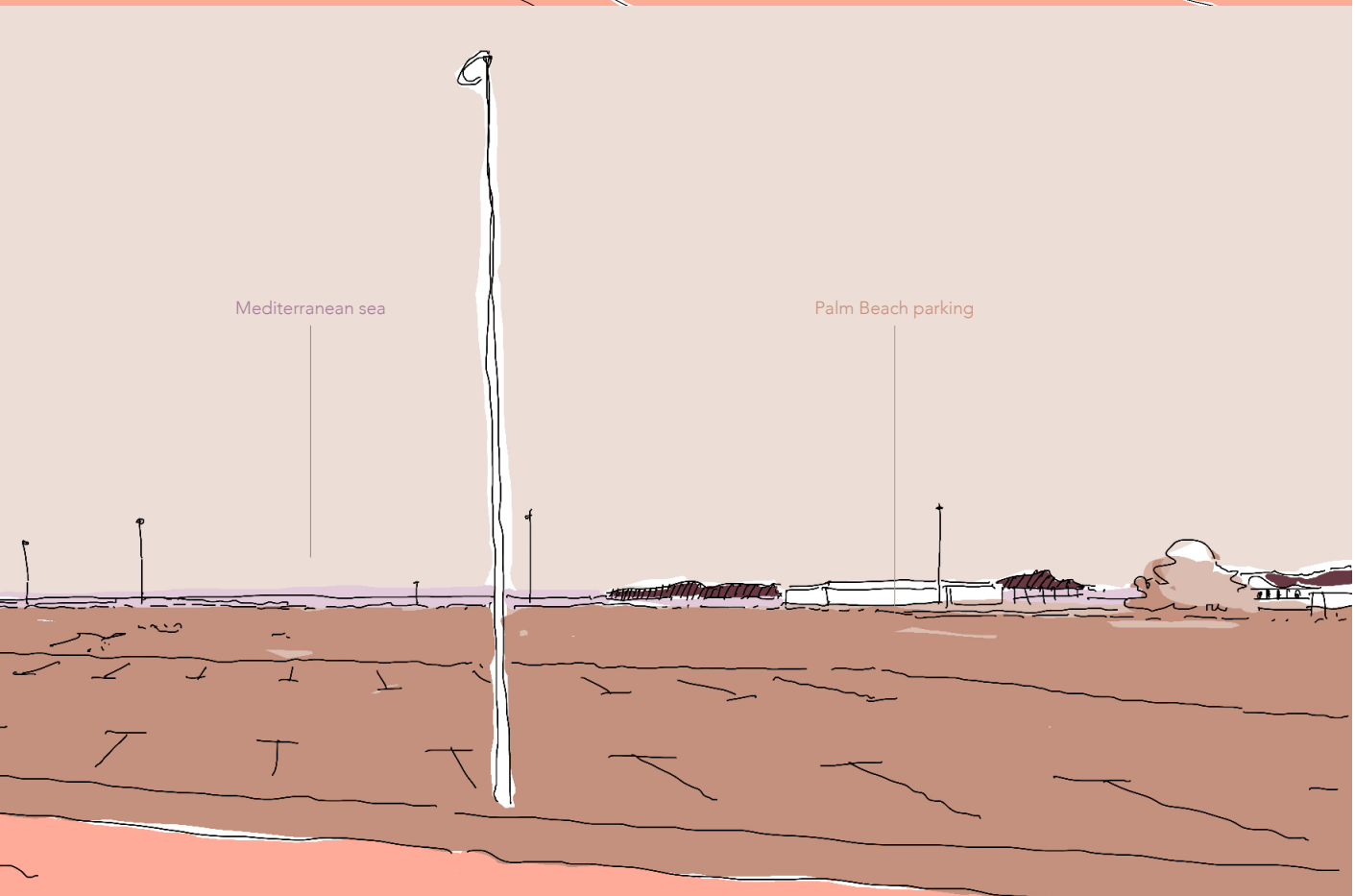
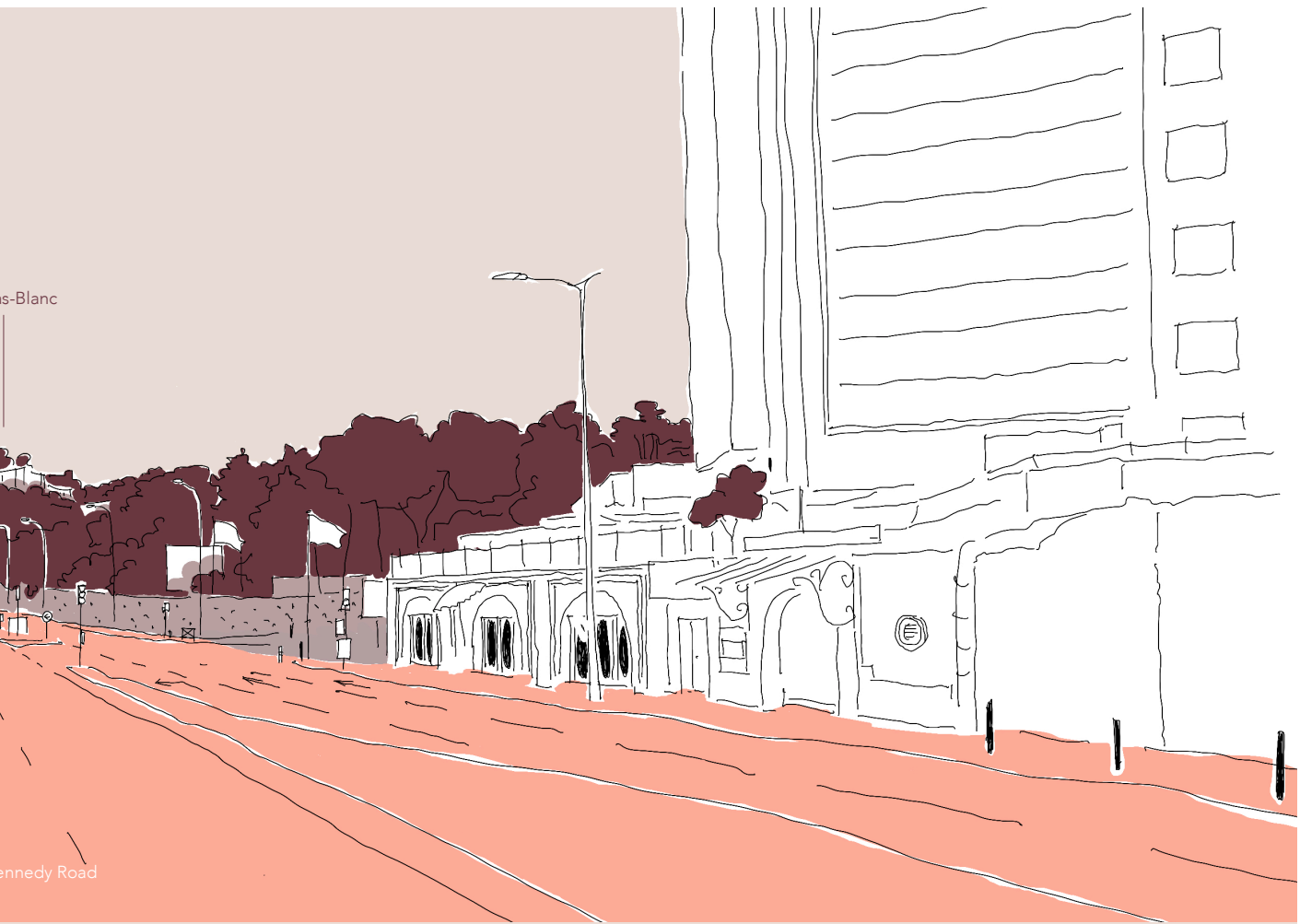














Corniche Kennedy road



Corniche Kennedy road from the Prado Park



Prado Beach

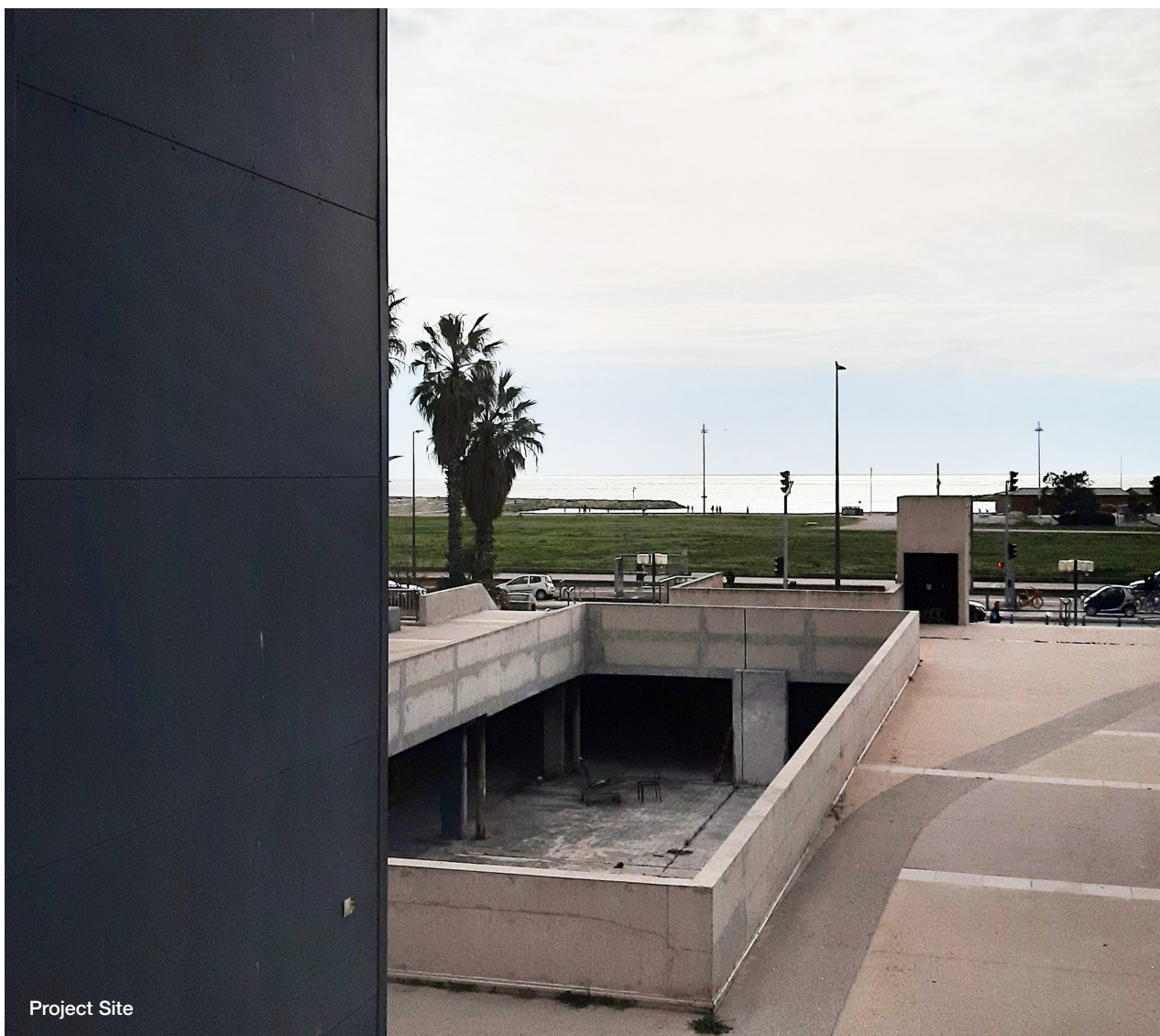


La Cabane des Amis, Prado Beach



Project Site Aerial View







Project site



Earl Bostic and his trumpet player playing chess, Burt Glinn, 1960

No Problem Party Poem

first glass broken on patio no problem
forgotten sour cream for vegetables no problem
Lewis MacAdam's tough lower jaw no problem
cops arriving to watch bellydancer no problem
plastic bags of melted ice no problem
wine on antique tablecloth no problem
scratchy stereo no problem
neighbor's dog no problem
interviewer from Berkeley Barb no problem
absence of more beer no problem
too little dope no problem
leering Naropans no problem
cigarette butts on the altars no problem
Marilyn vomiting in planter box no problem
Phoebe renouncing love no problem
Lewis renouncing Phoebe no problem
hungry ghosts no problem
absence of children no problem
heat no problem
dark no problem
arnica scattered in nylon rug no problem
ashes in bowl of bleached bone & Juniper berries no problem
lost Satie tape no problem
loss of temper no problem
arrogance no problem
boxes of empty beer cans & wine bottles no problem
thousands of styro foam cups no problem
[...]



Bank of England by Joan Soane, Joseph Michael Gandy, 1830

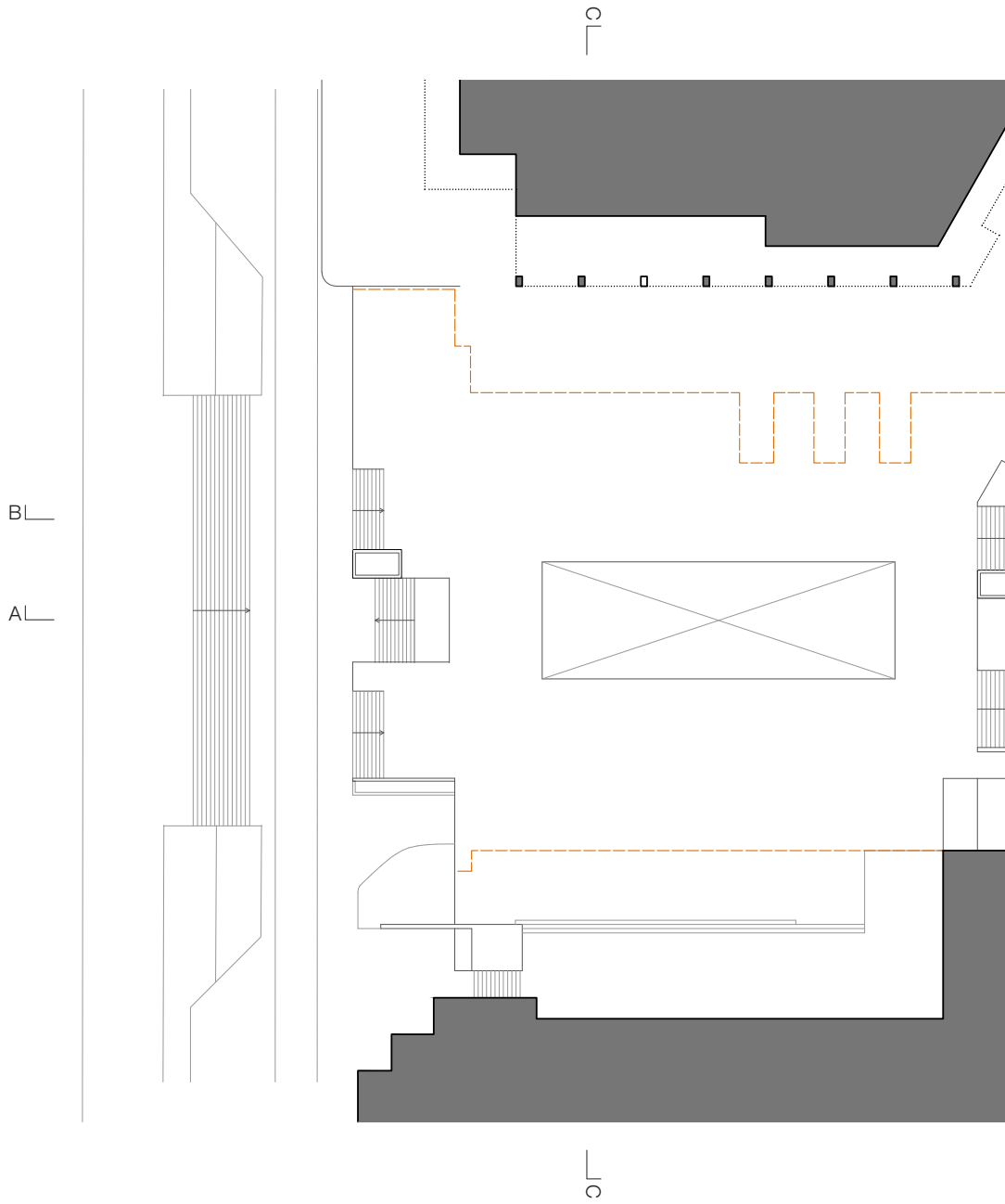




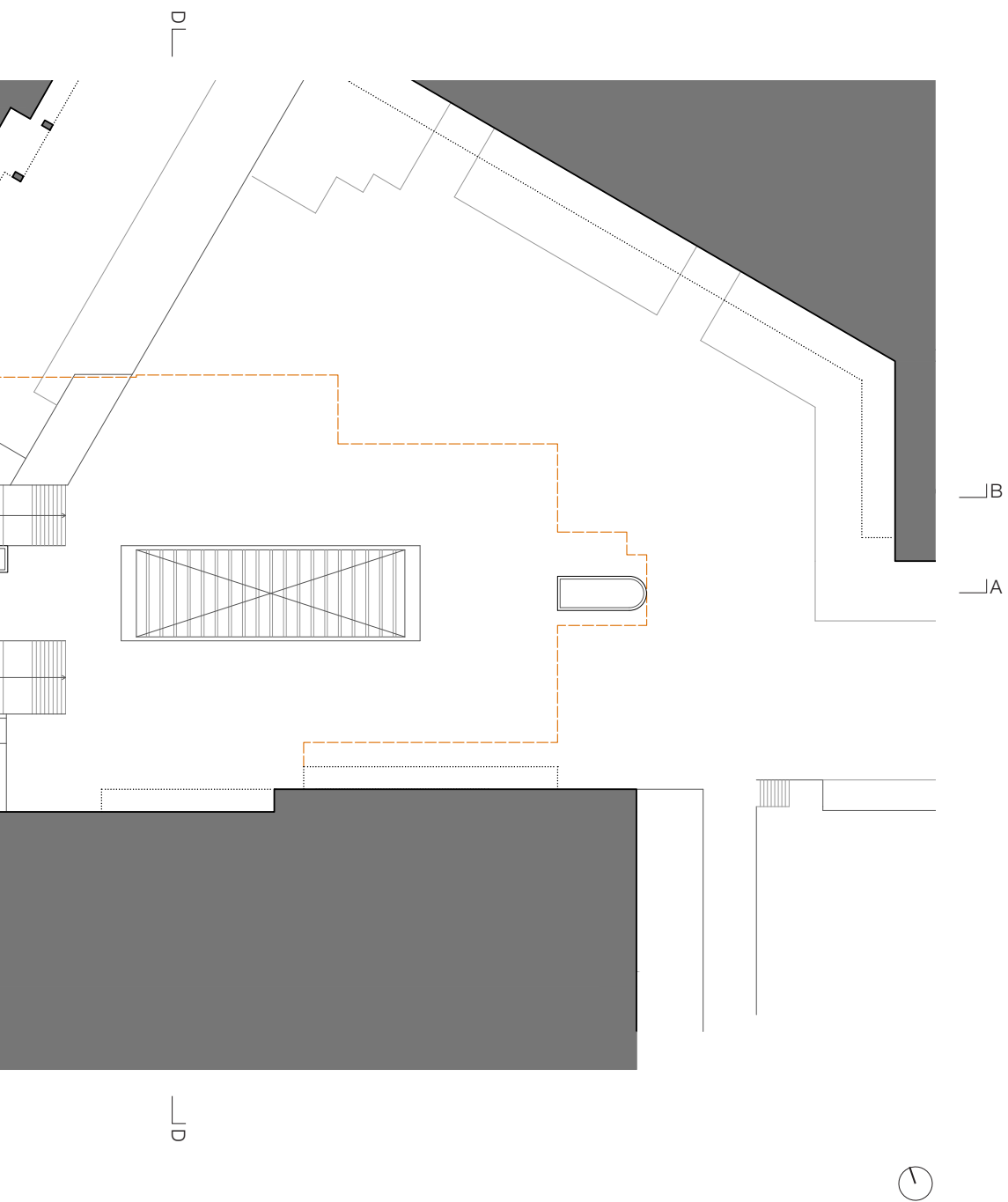
Context map

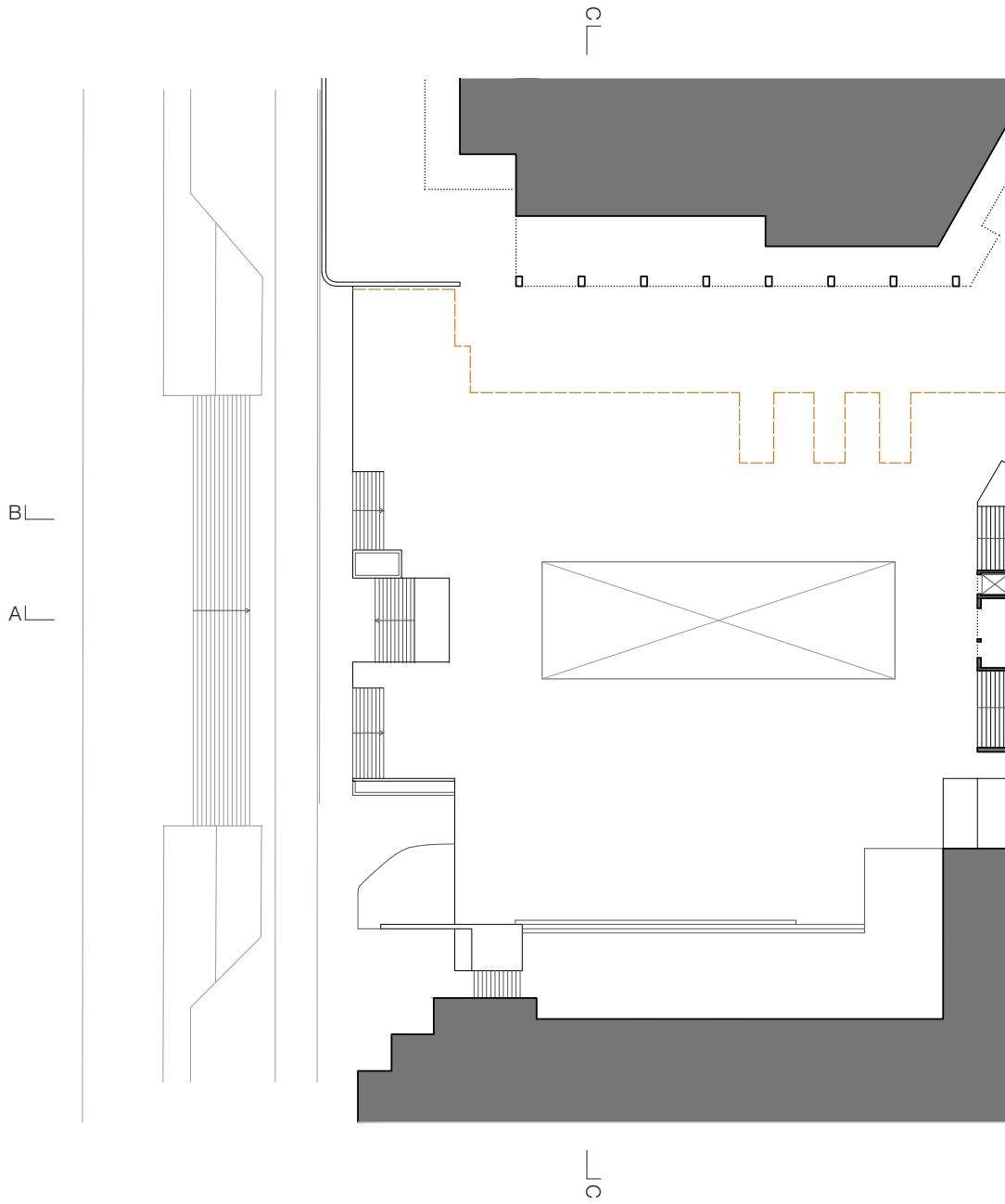
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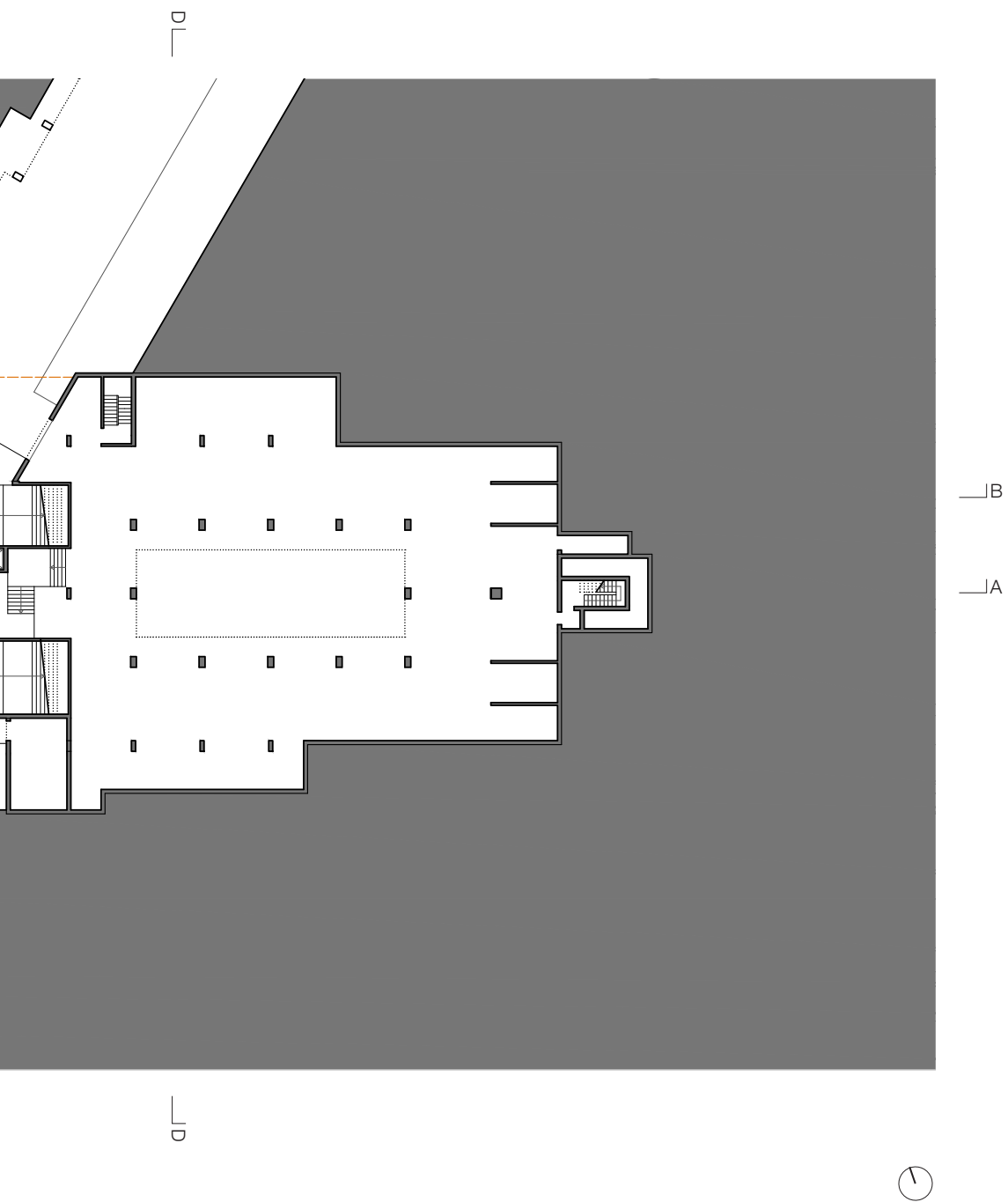


Existing Plan
Level 1
1:500

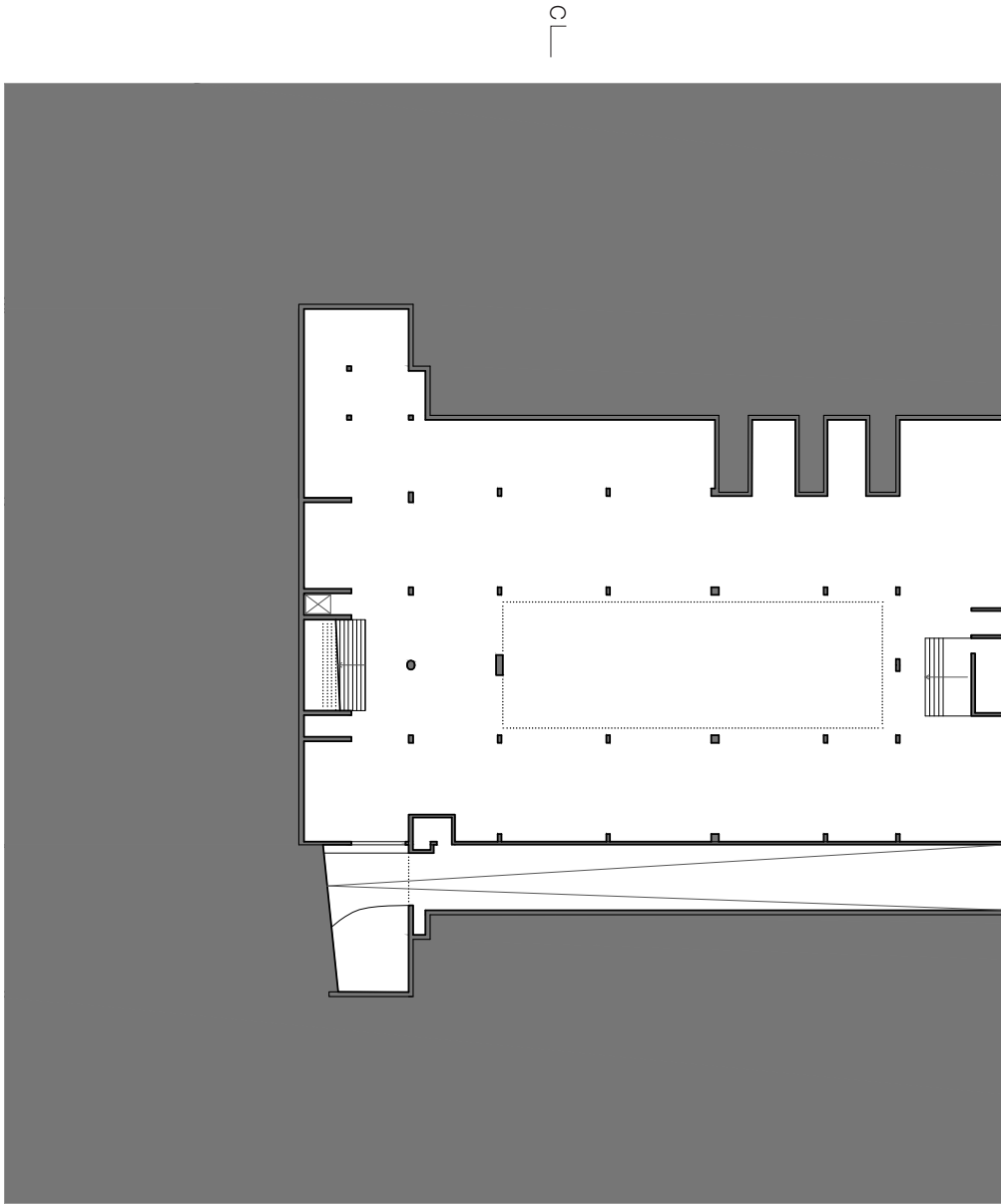




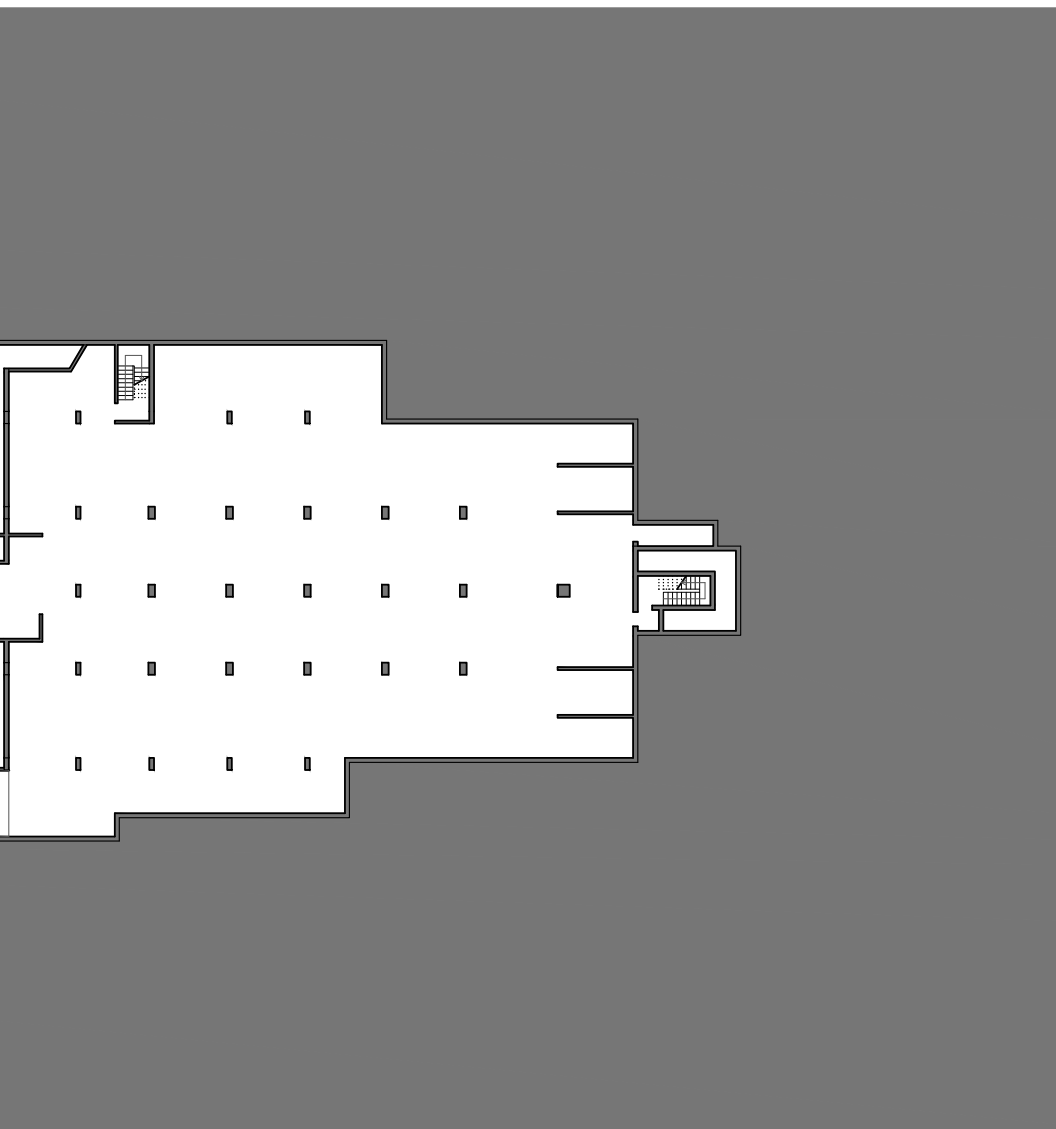
Existing Plan
Level 0
1:500



BL
AL



Existing Plan
Level -1
1:500



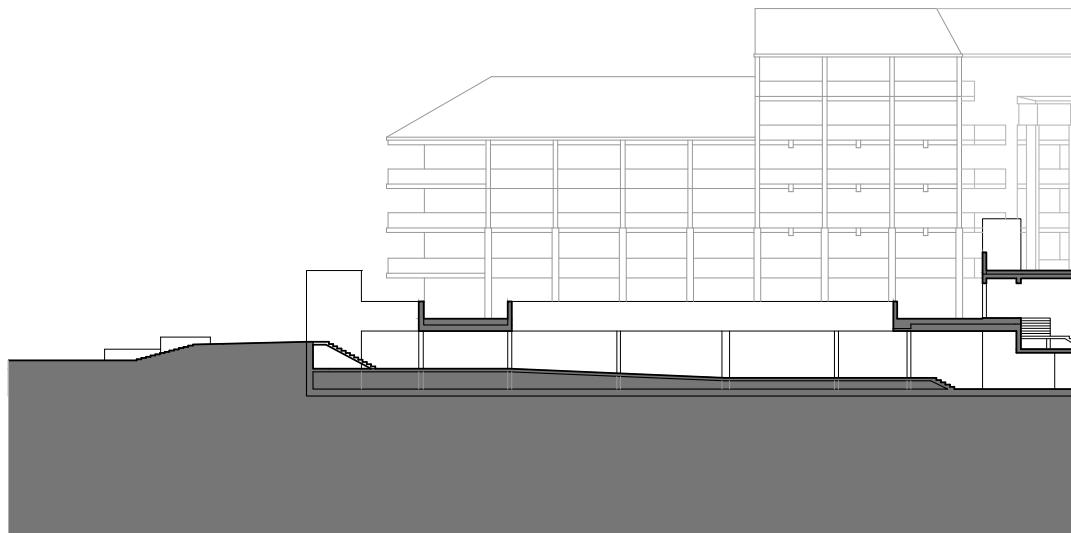
DL

JB

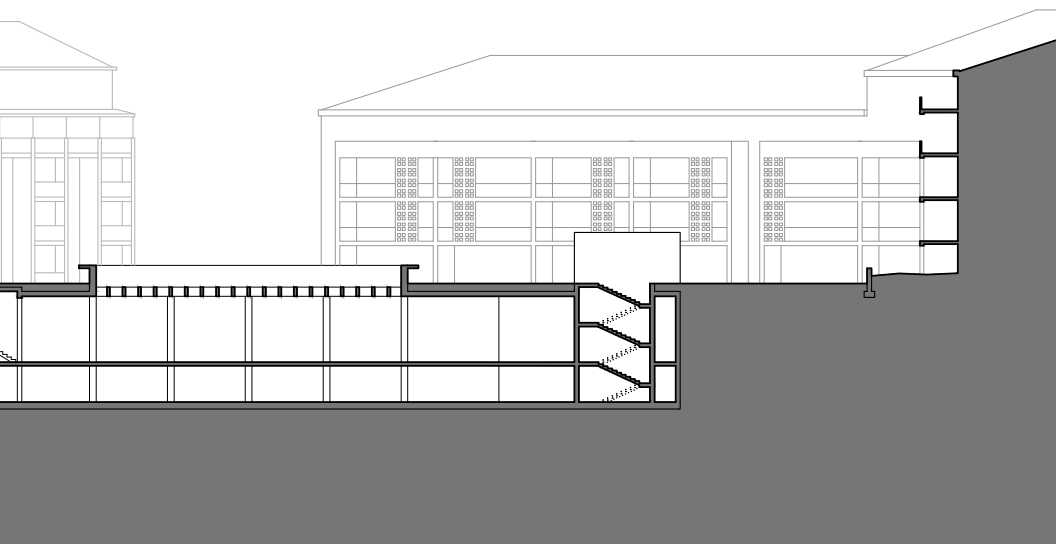
JA

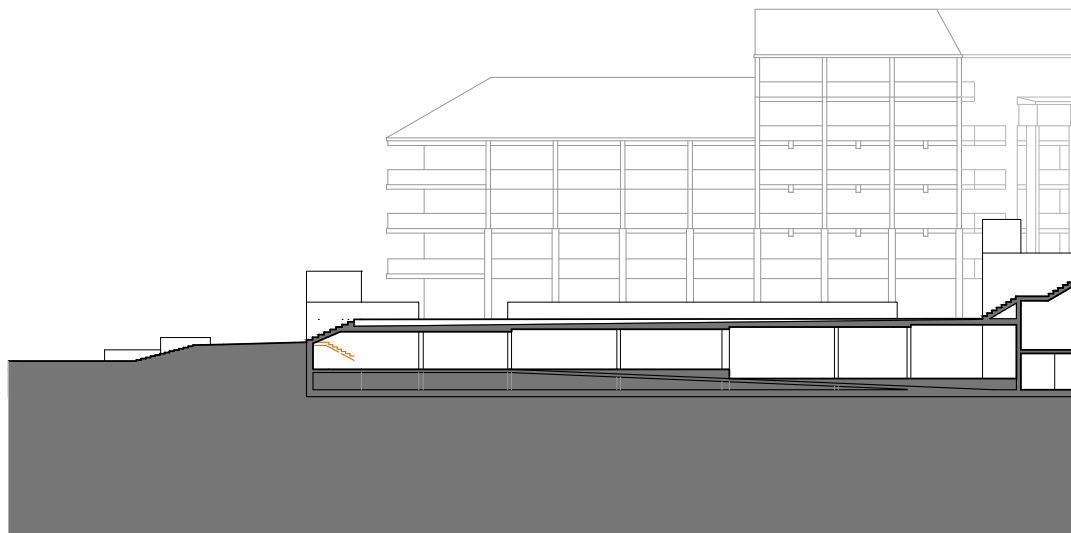
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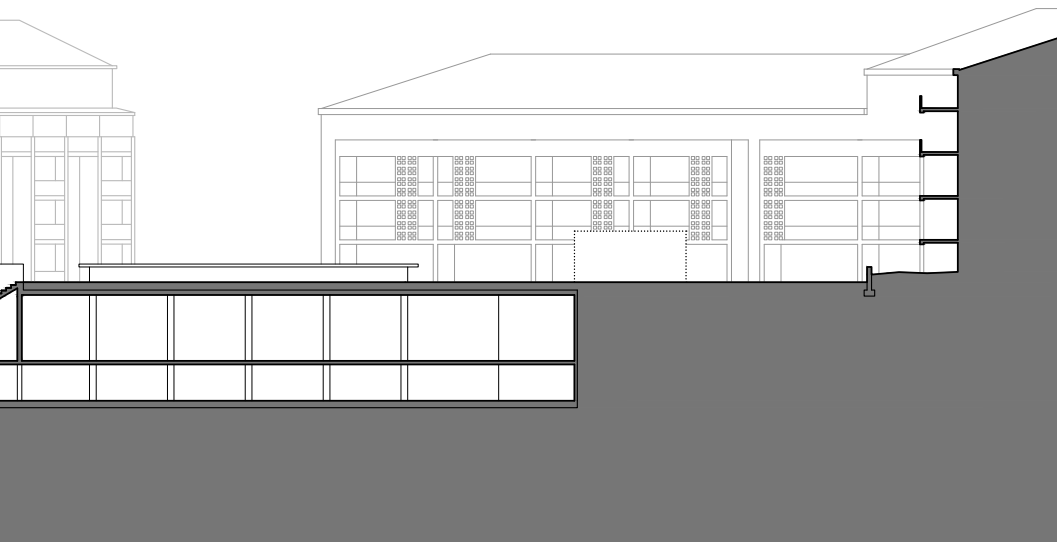


Existing West-East Section
Section A
1:500





Existing West-East Section
Section B
1:500

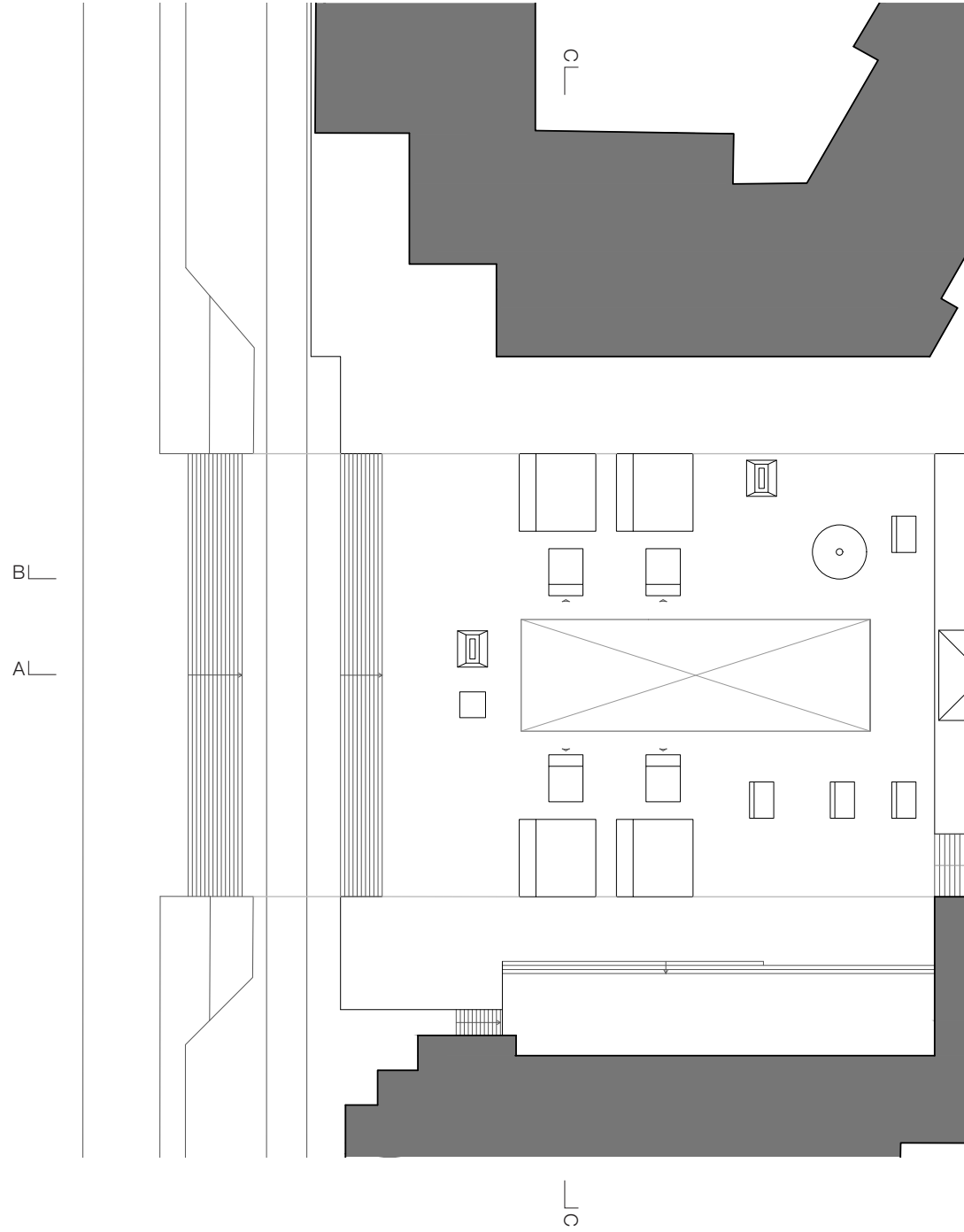




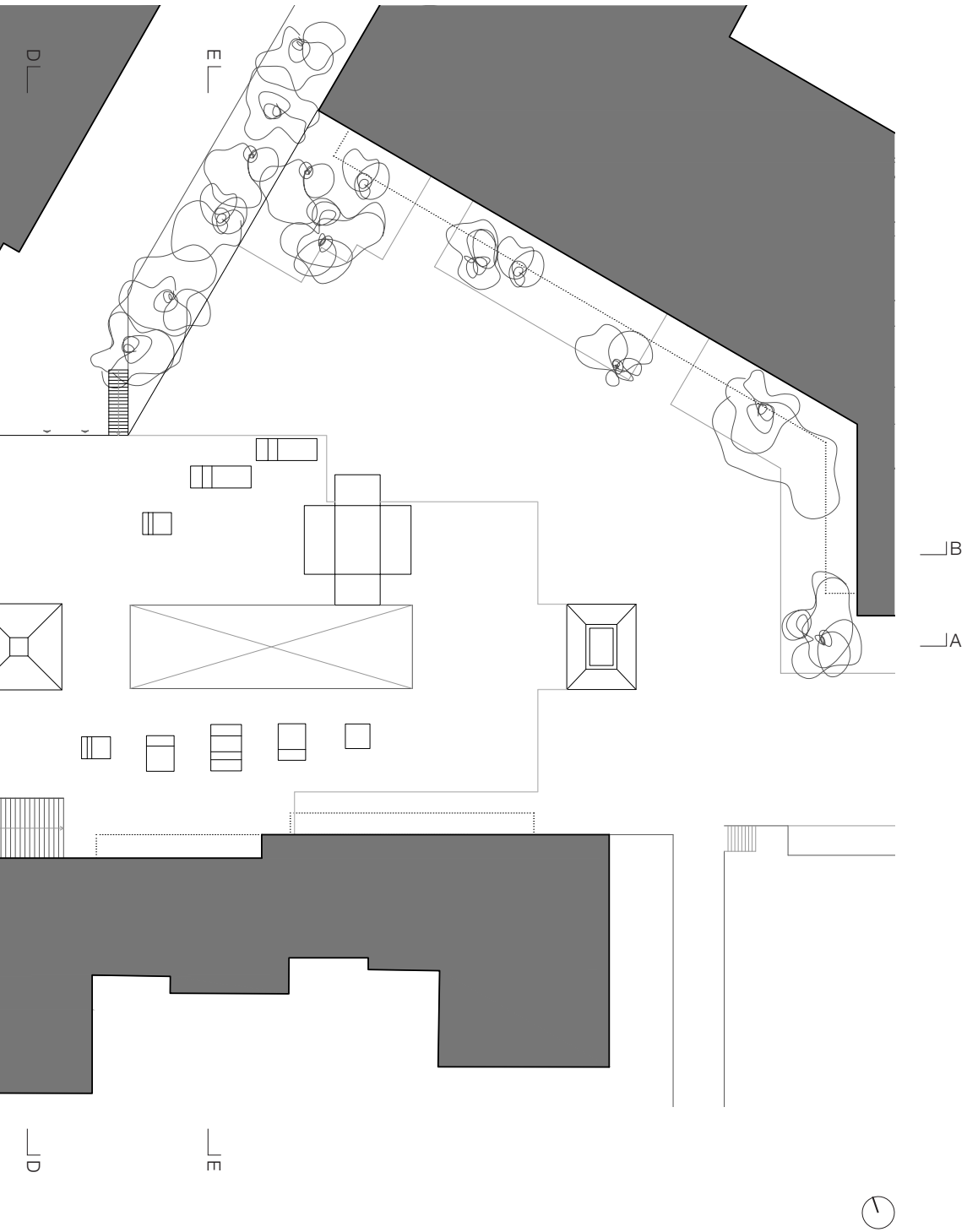
Existing North-South Section
Section C
1:500

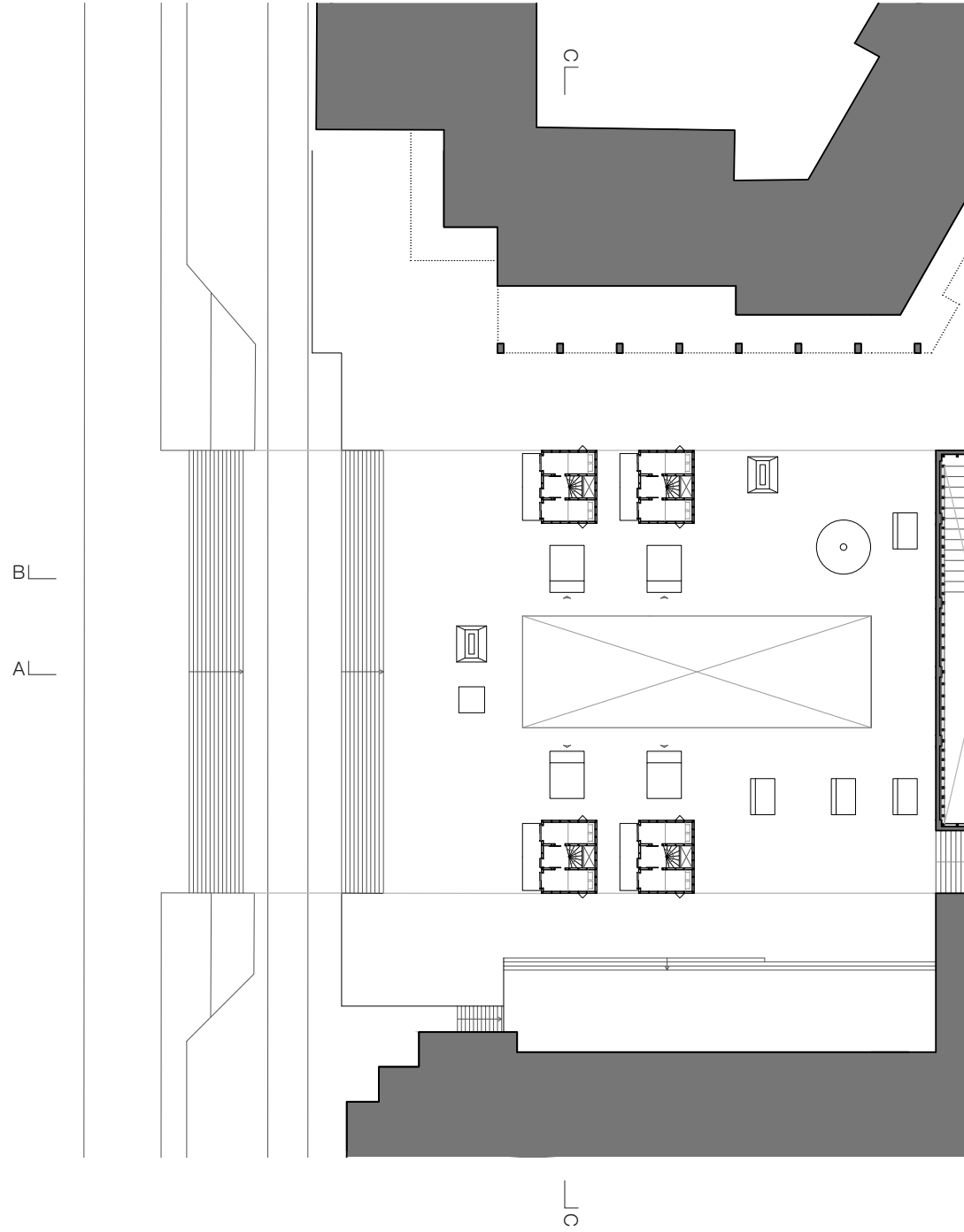


Project North-South Section
Section D
1:500

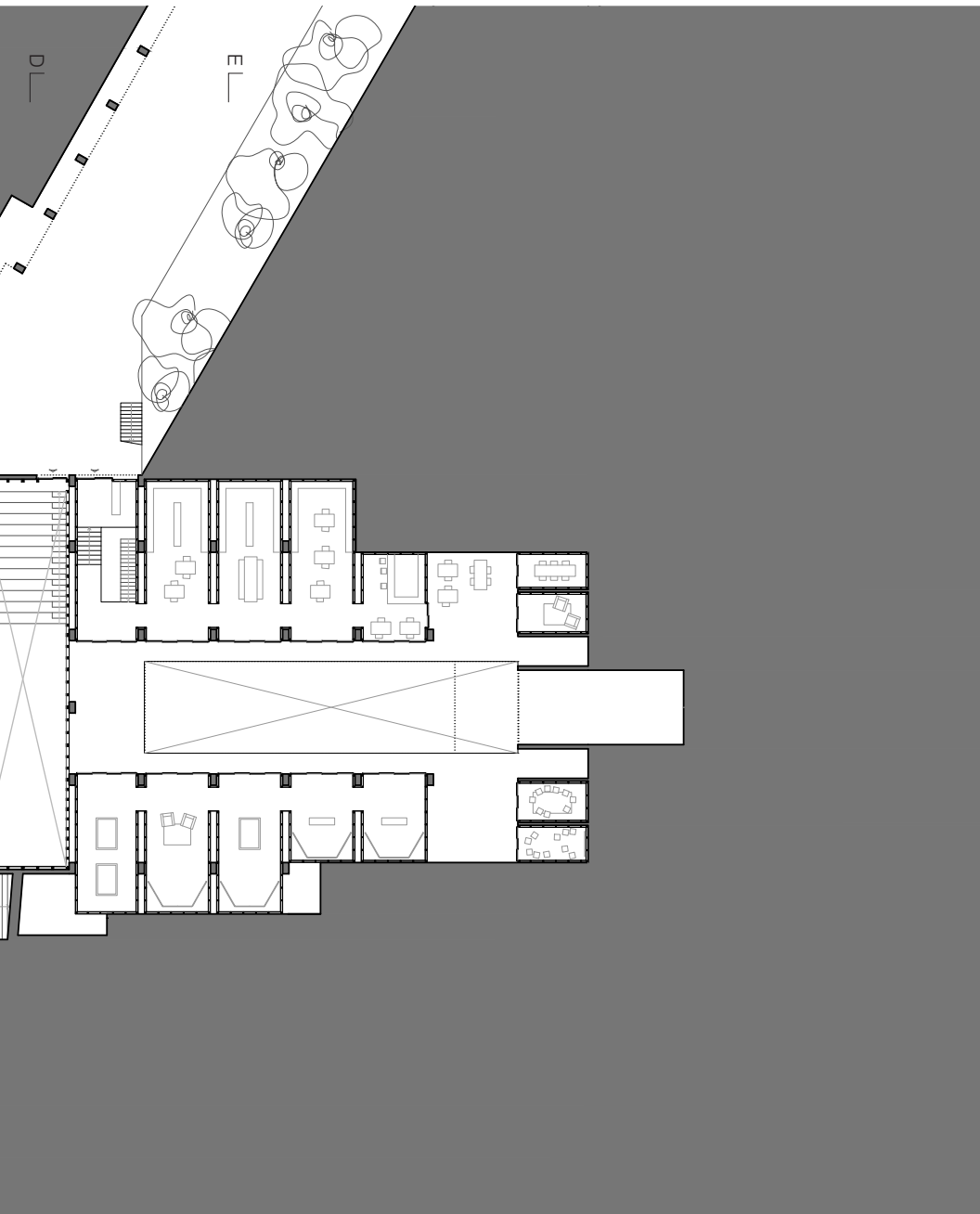


Project Plan
Level 1
1:500





Project Plan
Level 0
1:500



—JB

—JA



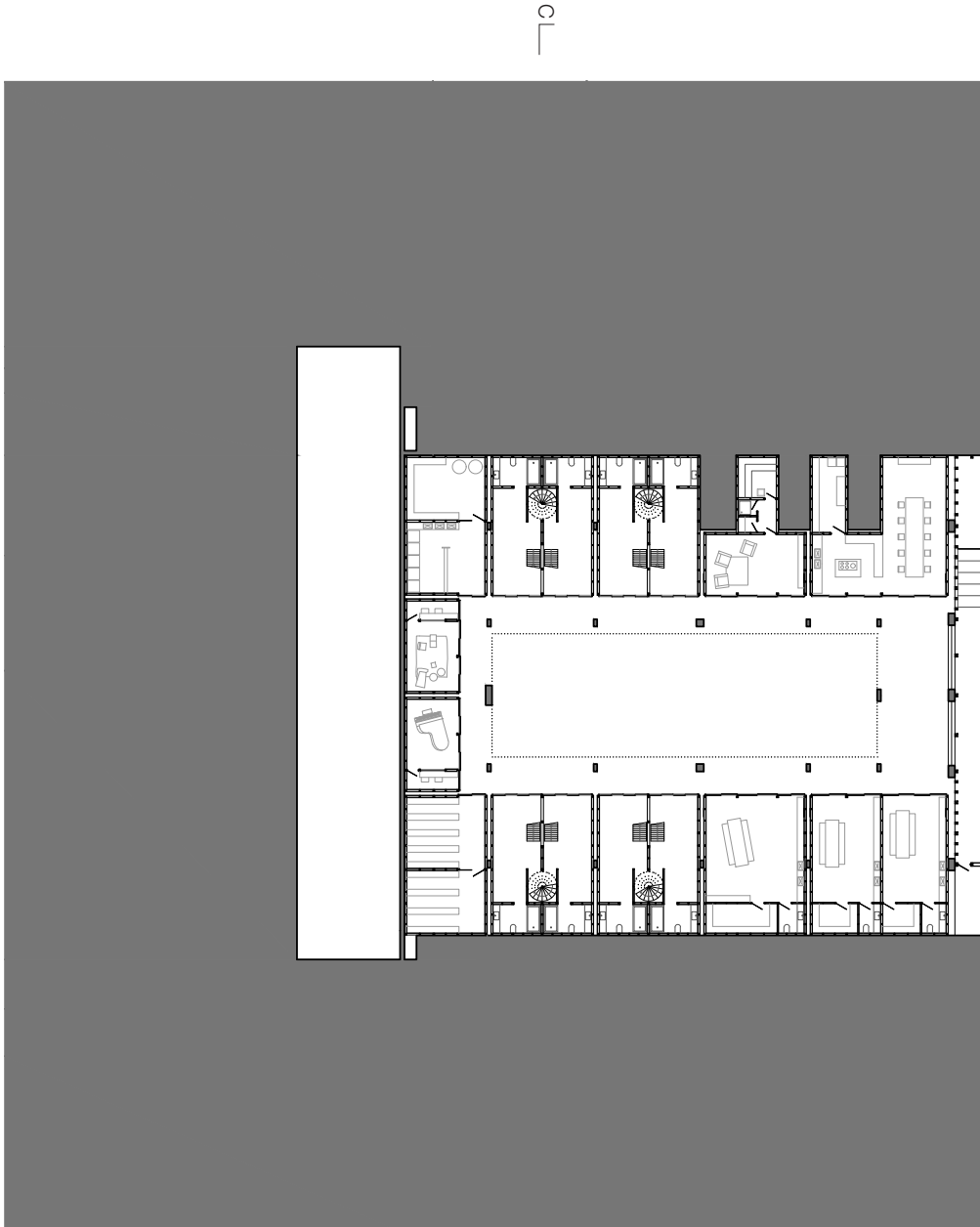
—E

—E

—D

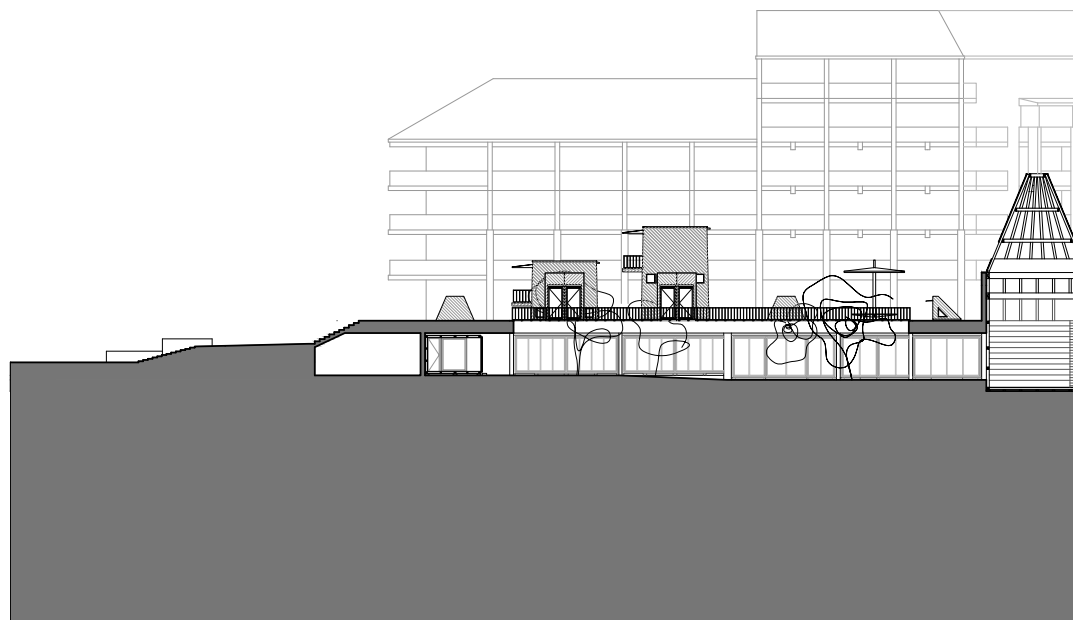
—D

BL
AL

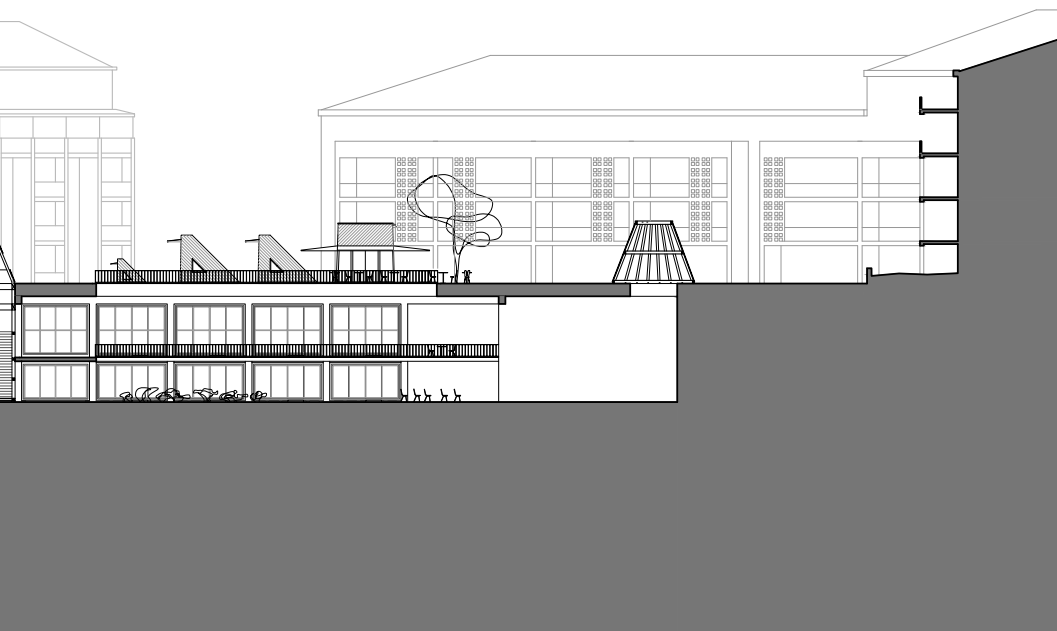


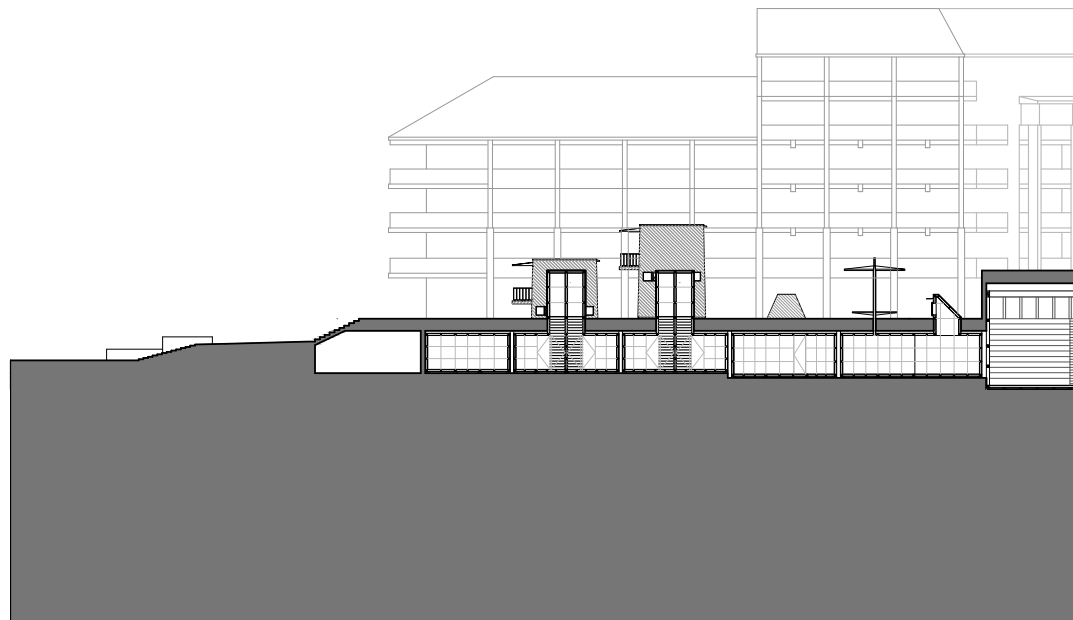
Project Plan
Level -1
1:500



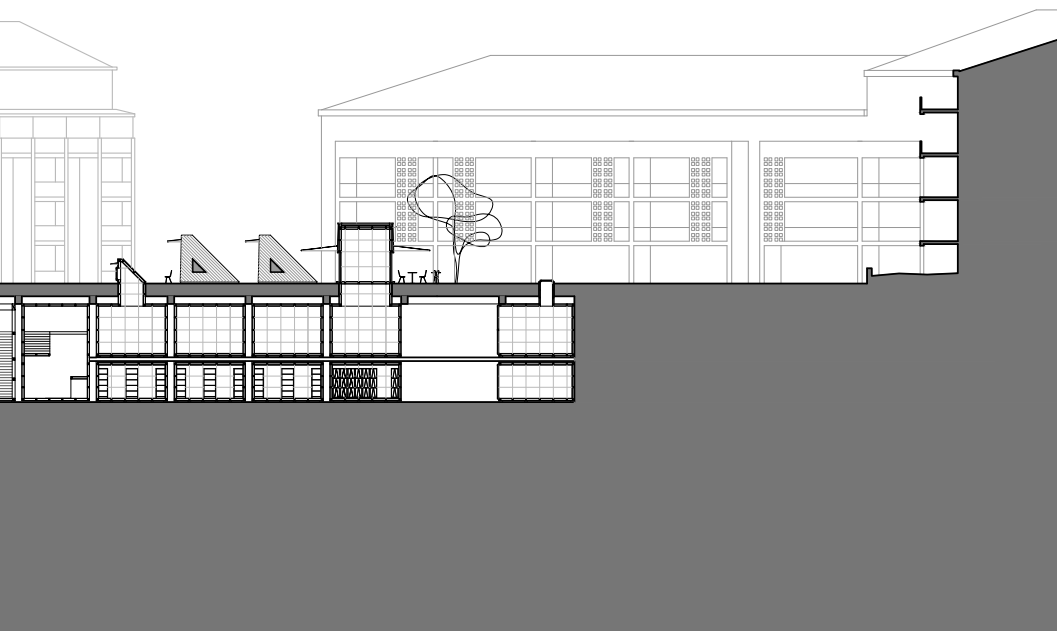


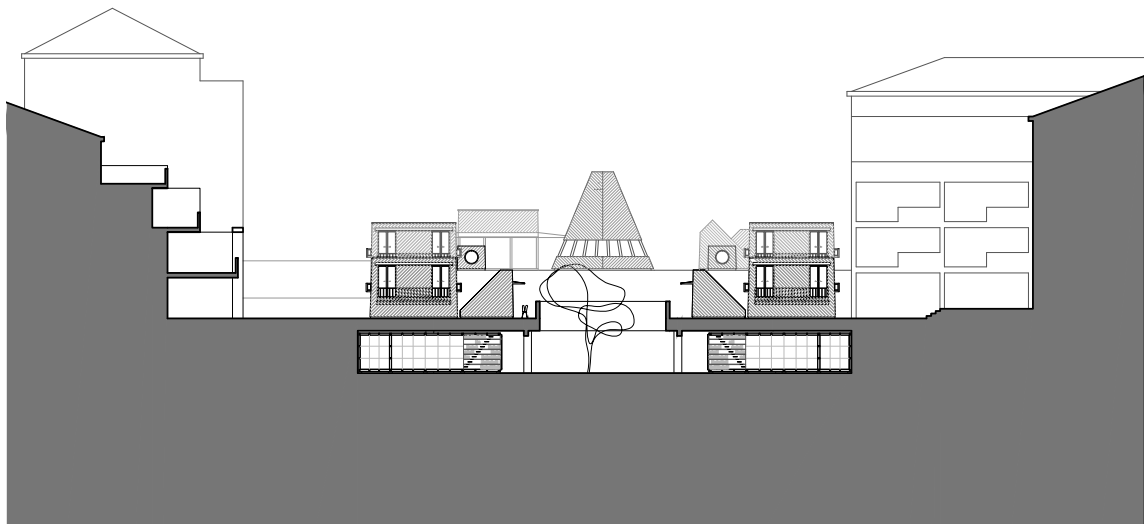
Project West-East Section
Section A
1:500



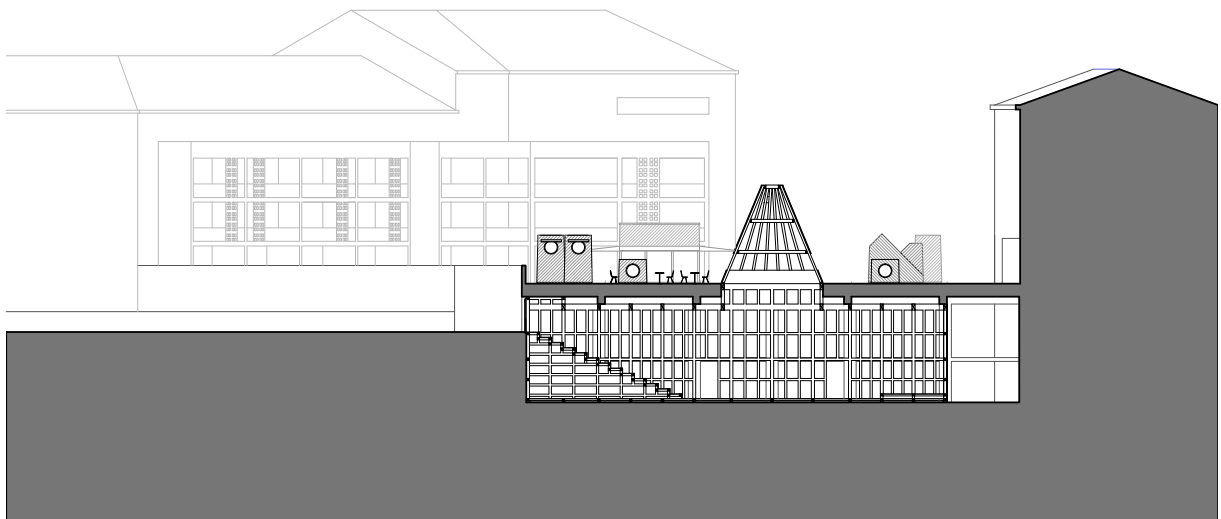


Project West-East Section
Section B
1:500





Project North-South Section
Section C
1:500



Project North-South Section
Section D
1:500



Project West-East section
Section E
1:50

Ruth Weiss

shadows and
remote, cool
to chimney-
and among
in the dusty
roves from
from his we
The goatherd

By God now did she know)
to go back to the sheep; (and she knew
whose mother said Why do you want
I am the woman who lives in the woods
leaking roots dripping trees after all
time standing under brush waterfalls
I walk hunched bent all over the
to walk upright as a matter of habit
the mountain goats never learned
I understand why
to keep warm now
clutching the breast contacting the body
she said now standing under the shower
I am the woman who lives in the woods

She said she said

under the branches
a out of my eye!
lies coinciding at sunrise!
the tolling of bells rolls over me
in one enormous voice, for telling
the tolling of bells rolls over me
around in the East, and extending
unity, deep blue beginning
ang room grey shades of the window
er olive leaves. A silence
the morning sun shining down
ing merged beads morning
the rain silver and filling
nially tongue could not sit
the rain, and the remaining of light
a little things Original creature
winter to summer
Kiss me as the attitude of bells
the varying plainchant,
mist now pure and clear water
and at my window exulting
nose, expansion of morning.

Anne Waldman

Which meant to be something else.
But only from me, unseeded & hungry blood
You pick, you talk of violence, you draw blood
It is not, you are rich.
When I turn to you in the night, you sigh, and turn
To grow and become a son.
Which was not to flow again but to cling to me only
How can I forgive you this blood?

I get my period, September 1964

EVERY BEAT MONAST

the Kangel

ed watermelon
the sun
a soft white ball of broken

Outside

ement windows
tion of air, desert
its, a spiral
in a spiral
in a spiral

to mate with the sun
by stone and set ourselves outdoors
propose would be a stone
when we would be people do with
the night, the night of passion
we would sing the pattern dance dancing

about my careful home where from that reasoned place
turning aside the vines long grown hanging
pear to earth and under my door
built of my least kept bands that now you
shadows and candles pierced through walls
adowning with flowers that I like out of you
light

Elise Cowen

The World

western
stain of
of insect
aplace
And on
celestial
of piggy
swift by
of shade
On the