



LA MAISON DE
Poupées

DEEP in the heart of southern France, amid the lavender, lemon groves and cicadas, rests an extraordinary house.

In most respects it is like any other of the region: rendered stone walls under a roof of Roman tiles, convolvulus rising into a wire fence, the yard baked dry by blistering summer heat. Window shutters lay pinned against dusty walls, cracked with flaking paint and seldom used.

Text and
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Over the front door a temporary porch of corrugated plastic has found unexpected permanence behind a hedge grown high for privacy.