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Even as a child, I had a passion for simple, reclaimable, and brilliantly transformable materials. As such, cardboard is both my inspiration and instrument. From three-dimensional lighthouses, to relief paintings and theater set models, I can always depend on the material to structure my ideas. Between 1998 and 2007, I lived in Canada. During this time, I used it to create “happy homes,” colorful replicas of everyday Montreal housing, fishermen's wharves and lighthouses (once again!) from Eastern Canada's Maritime Provinces. The theme of the home, the symbol of refuge and self-reflection, was a product of my experience as a city dweller that always had strong connections to wandering, even in my hometown of Paris.

When I returned to France, I began “boxing” the dwellings and rooftops of the city of light. I stripped the cardboard of its painted decor appeal, initially well suited to the homes and vibrant facades of Montreal. At the same time, my efforts to use recycled materials came full circle through the research of “natural” products, rendering my creations biodegradable. These evolutions resulted in my first “maisons hautes” (tall houses) and the sensation of grasping something new: vague architectural references, Paris and its rooftops, towers and lighthouses (yes, more of those), and wild, baroque objects. Bare, uncolored, uncoated, the cardboard assumed distinct forms in a defiant process of trial, error and affirmation. In this period of transformation, the scrap pile became a reservoir of ideas.

Experimental horizons are expanding giving rise to a potential cardboard Manhattan or San Geminiano...

