

Vivian Suter
Panchito & Maxsi

To consider a name is to summon a world.

Vivian Suter's, née Wild's¹, conjures even by its sound alone;
the three consecutive vees — a vibrant, orange tempo —
pulse bright in the heart of fresh, untamed greens;
she is *the true Daughter of Fire*.²

Her mother is Elisabeth.
She is behind her now.³
She crossed the ocean three times to find a home.

V crossed it twice.
Upon sight of the stranglers fig's aerial roots she decided to stay.

She now lives among three volcanoes and a large body of water pooling in an
ancient crater.
Further out is a golden hill; an adventurous pilot once crashed nearby.
By the time he recovered, the hill had turned into an elephant swallowed by a boa.⁴

V's garden is a jungle.
She grows it every day.
In its centre is her house.
Her son Panchito and his son Maxsi live nearby.
Here they are, all together with the dogs:

*Mango tree, Coral tree, Pino, Cipres, Limon criollo, Limon persa, Lima
limon, Limela, Mandarina, Bananas tallo mordo y tallo blanco, Gigante
palmas diversas, King Areca Palma, Abanico Palma, Cola de pescado, Pacaya
Gravileas, Jacaranda, Pito tree, Sauce Burgonviglias div colores, div vines
with purple flowers, white flowers, orange flowers, Oja de cuero, Bamboo
amarillo,*

MATAPALO

Arbol con bolas rosadas

Bamboo amarillo

Bonzo

Tintin

Nina

ELISABETH

VIVIAN

*Panchito &
Maxsi*

Sofi

Disco

*Bamboo verde, Bamboo corredizo, Pitaya on the trees, Areca a fina
y Areca Canarino amarillo, Cameron rojo, Papyrus Camelotes, Arbol de flor
roja como candelas, Ceiba arbol, national arboles
desconocidos de madera dura que propagan mucho, Arbol Llama de bosque,
Macadamia tree, Palo de pita Papaya, div leaf plants, Tandura, Oreja de
elefante, Hibiscus Isotes, Mano de leon, Misperos⁵*

V makes pictures of colors.
 Like all flames, she is afraid of water.
 By the second time the sky came pouring down, they became friends.

She now lets her pictures soak up the rain.
 Sometimes they stretch out on the canopy where there is more sun or hang among the foliage or even lie on the ground with the dogs.
 They are mauve, pink and orange, cerulean and yellow and indigo and scarlet, almost always bold and rarely verdant.
 Being opposites in pace and on the colour wheel, they harmonise perfectly with the calligraphic viridians, phthalos and cobalts of the trees.

People flock to them as if on a pilgrimage.
 They flock to witness something.

Perhaps their virtue is to lead, *by paths often long, various and indirect, to the essence of things.*⁶

1 Pronounced "Vilt" in German.

2 In his essay on Gerard de Nerval, Marcel Proust writes on Nerval's novella *Sylvie*: *Sylvie's color is purple, reddish-purple, or a kind of violet velvet [...]* And this name itself, purple on account of its two i's-Sylvie, the true Daughter of Fire.

3 In Anne Carson's *Autobiography of Red* a mother sends her son to school: "She was behind him now. *This would be hard for you if you were weak but you're not weak*, she said and neatened his little red wings and pushed him out the door"

4 Legend has it that Cerro de Oro in Guatemala, inspired Antoine de Saint-Exupery's *The Little Prince*.

5 List of plants as told by VS to Lorenzo Giusti for his essay *Vivian Suter, Where is it home?*

6 From Roland Barthes', *Proust and Names*.