

Vancouver. During the winter of 1922.

Yvonne crashes her car. Fire.

Her head is stuck near the gear stick. The left side of her face is burnt.

Memories begin to surface.

In the school playground she loved to mix the fruit of the If tree with saliva.

Crushing it with chalk stones to make a poisonous paste.

The suffix gives additional information about the person : Yvonesque.

Yvonne mixes up everything. Discontinuous mood composed of matter and vacuum.

Vacuum cleaner, she mixes it up.

Already thinking off the transplant. They make beautiful things today.

Why not a woman-slug? Or a face of shrubs.

One word comes to mind: «If».

It's where her name comes from. (The common *If* or *Taxus baccata* is a species of conifer).

Transplant. A woman-if, woman-amphibian, man-rubber, man-corkscrew, woman-knotty, woman-trunk-lobster tail.

Who knows?

Man-eater and woman-aquarium.

Yvonne would like to swallow 220 liters of water in, let's say, 2 hours and 30 minutes.

Just to refresh.

Then she will swallow live salamanders and blind fire.

A Salamander is so cold that it can extinguish a fire when it touches it.

Ask *Pliny the Elder* : a fabric made of salamander's hair cannot burn.

Whilst keeping them in the warm setting of the stomach, they would become more alive and wriggle more than ever (the living salamanders and the blind fire).

However be careful with fatal accidents. Salamanders could cruelly bite the stomach of artists.

Modernity requires: swallows, knives.

Neon tubes, at least 60 centimeter long.

Beams, plaster.

The stage is set.

Ammius  
Biturette  
Courgeauphobe  
Dourdonaphobe  
Euphot  
Floppeur  
Gloopsy  
Hurlantisme  
Ipliipi  
Jarbiz  
Klitox  
Krakophone  
Lubilucus  
Mimitte  
Nurette  
Nénéphobique  
Oulaoupette  
Pipitte  
Qloiquoitre  
Rorloter  
Sucurette  
Tracoïde  
Ubum  
Vipivergea  
Wiwite  
Xlaxonette  
Yvonesque  
Zironne