

Dear Enrique, Linda and family,

I have just opened my emails and read the news of Liza's passing. I am so very sad, I treasured our short friendship. Liza was the first person I met when I arrived at Malerargues in the summer of 2004. It was a reconnaissance trip, as I was to return in October for the intensive course. Perhaps she sensed my anticipation.....fear? I remember her showing me around the studios, walking me through the garden. Above all, it is her voice and her smile I recall.....a warmth and a knowingness about the state of my 'heart in flight'. Liza was the 'gatekeeper' for me, and I was ever grateful for her generous and calming spirit. She was my first connection with the Roy Hart family.

We enjoyed each other's company during the intensive and became friends. I remember with great affection shared meals and conversations in her apartment. We spoke of many things - voice, song, theatre, politics, beauty..... I cherish these few precious moments in her well lived life. How blessed I was to get to know her.

Towards the end of my time at Malerargues I splashed out and bought some exquisite clothes and accessories from Selene in Anduze, and ceramics from Le Mazelet. Liza was keen to visit our gite and peruse my treasures. We were both like a pair of girls giggling over the spoils.....Liza lovingly turning the garments, investigating the cut and finish...."oo-ing" and "ah-ing".....slowly spinning the ceramic vase and caressing its voluptuous shape and Chagall-like forms. I loved that Liza had such depth, wisdom and knowingness, accompanied by at times an 'unbearable lightness of being'.

Since 2004, we have enjoyed little email exchanges, her writing inhabited by that same warmth and engagement. Liza introduced me to 'the duende' and the writings of Lorca. I directed a production of Lorca's *Yerma* in 2007, and so often during that proces Liza was my 'private audience' (even though she was unaware of this fact).

In October this year I once more visited Malerargues and had some wonderful singing lessons with Carol and Saule. I was heartbroken to hear of Liza's renewed battle with cancer. She invited me to afternoon tea and insisted on waiting on me. She was very brave and there was a stillness to her. I held those big beautiful hands and looked into her eyes. I somehow knew this would be the last time I would see her, and I savoured every second of that short visit. How fortunate I was to share that difficult time with her.

We had one more email exchange in the middle of October:

"I'll be going to Paris at the end of the month and looking forwards to it - a little city life will be a good change!" .....again.....that levity of spirit.

I feel the loss of Liza deeply, yet I knew her only such a short time. I can count the actual number of face to face moments we shared on the fingers of one hand. I guess this says something of her considerable and lovely spirit. I can only imagine what her loss must mean to all of you who journeyed with her for so many years. I offer you my small story with the wish to somehow soothe any resonances of grief.

I can honestly say I loved her....indeed....love her....present tense. It is now a few hours since I read of Liza's passing, and I can hear her voice all around me, it continues clear and deep and strong.....mellifluous.....

I am full of gratitude for Liza's life and our short time together at the crossroads. I would love to donate a peony rose to Liza's garden.....not sure how I go about this...

My thoughts are with the Roy Hart family, and Liza's first family.

Jill Brown

Sydney, Australia