

In the days after her death I found myself remembering Liza's voice, her sweet mails, and her ways. She definitely had 'ways'. Her own way of navigating life and relationships. I'd known her off and on for 20 or so years but didn't know much about her. This was, I think, because she seemed to inhabit her present, she clearly had a great deal of past, of stories, of things which had happened to her, but she didn't want to dwell on them and I didn't want to pry. And so the present was always the focus. But also there was a sense that there had been big losses, her losses - perhaps most obviously, her voice, and she kept these pretty much to herself, not defensively but rather as things which she didn't want to give importance too. So I can't say I knew her well, or knew much about her, yet I also felt i *knew* her. Knew her in a spirit of a quite unsentimental, practical love. She communicated often, and these communications always were those of a loving, warm friend. A supporter. Someone who was ready in words and deeds to support, to encourage. To commiserate with life's setbacks but also to imply, like one says 'there there' to a crying child, that it's time to move on.

I remember one morning at La Chartreuse after some idiots had chalked feminist slogans on the walls. She summoned everyone to a meeting in the courtyard and, like a betrayed, benevolent headmistress, made it crystal clear that this (the chalking, not the content, that was just irrelevant) was unacceptable behavior and that if it wasn't remedied immediately she would, without more ado, cancel the whole festival. She showed her teeth. Most often one saw Liza's sweet side, and the indefatigable backroom side, tirelessly filling in the gaps, devoted, giving, ready, but she also had teeth and used them. Ready to steam in to sort things out if she felt idiocy was afoot. And at those times she would speak her mind in a most direct and earthy manner, as if to say, don't mess with me, I can see through right you...

Farewell dear Liza. Rest in peace. Lots of love.
Nick