

39% left on my computer battery before this message snaps shut. I am reminded of the disciples of Liza sitting in the sun near the kitchen at Malerargues, laptops open, bowed and straining to book a flight, or train between Malerargues and wherever - Belgium, Spain ... Coventry. I watched them from the window of that apartment this May, and occasionally saw Liza coming by, laughing and giving some advice on catching the wifi or something. I was staying in an apartment, I noticed, that was still marked by a resident who had not so long ago left. I grumbled at its gloominess, not giving a thought to Liza's secret and immense efforts to prepare it for us. I hope Linda, who helped Liza get it ready, will forgive me. Liza grumbled too - I read in your email - and who can blame her trying to find some peace amidst technological distractions. I loved this balance of amused tolerance, frankness and wit. For me (skeptic that I am) Liza was an anchor, an essential of my visits to Pantheatre: a beautiful, seductive presence who indulged my stupidity and explained so carefully and repeatedly (knowing full well, that I would forget her directions !) 25% to go - must hurry. I loved Liza and I wish I had seen her perform with Pantheatre. Thanks for uploading those photos of her. They are reminders to me that memory just needs refreshing for the power of someone, their energy, their being, to be revived (although always differently) in oneself. 24% to go. Got to go. See you again Liza.

Richard Talbot