

Dear Madeline, Helen

I went with the children and climbed the most beautiful and highest mountain around here. Carn Ingli. It was a beautiful misty warm day. We had a modest picnic and thought of Sal. I didn't know what else to do. I wish I was with you. I am thinking of you and Ruby of course. And I am so so sad.

Sally was a shining diamond, a warrior, and one of the funniest people I have ever encountered - until she lost her soul four years ago. It was hard to see her living. It is hard to know she has gone.

Love

JILL

Jill Greenhalgh

Artistic Director, The Magdalena Project

Llangrannog, Wales



I am going to the dunes/seaside with Anouk and Bette later this morning for a small ceremony at the lakeside where Sally, Ruby, Jill Greenhalgh and me and Tomas went for a picnic just after Alan died. I have some bottles sea water from Breaker bay and some stones and shells from NZ and we'll light a candle. I've decided not to come over. If Ruby decides to stay on in NZ I'll come over next year. If she decides to come to Europe she'll have a home away from home here in Amsterdam and she can stay here for as long as she wants. lots of love, Margot
Margot Mollier
Amsterdam



To all those who loved Sally... What a remarkable creature she was. I am so sorry to hear of this loss. She was such an endlessly inspiring, wacky, brilliant, genuine being. Condolences from across the seas. It's tough to imagine a world where her creative productions cease.

*Nor Hall
USA*

Dear Ruby, Madeline, Helen, Deborah, Lilicherie, Jill and all the very many women to whom Sally meant so much,

I arrived home in Holstebro last night from Odessa and the big smiling coloured image of the face made for the fire engine welcomed me in my garage. Sally and Deborah spent many night hours making this face during the last Holstebro Festuge. I remember Sally sitting in the container, dressed in her stripy clothes, her bowler hat on as always, her hands plastered with paper and glue, laughing and making jokes. In the last years it has been rare to see her concentrated and relaxed, even happy and smiling, tired because of a lot of work but able to sleep at night. I treasure this moment now.

Many women have written to me from all over the world to say how sad they were at hearing the news (Felisa from Uruguay, Roxana from Cuba, Maria from Mexico, Ana from France, Emanuela from Italy...). I was also very sad, although somewhere deep inside I had to admit the courage and necessity of Sally's choice and so feel relief for her.

I really liked Sally. She was generous, ironic, quick, engaged, patient, funny. Oh, so funny – how much she made me laugh with the “Magdalena board and grandmother” scene in Brisbane, Australia! During the last Festuge I truly had a chance to appreciate her silent and detailed work with the Ageless participants and her dedicated companionship as a vulture beside Mr Peanut.

She is present in my thoughts, and alive with all the work and friendship she has achieved. My memory goes back to the Magdalena Festival in '94 when I first met her, to the fresh air she brought from the other side of the world together with marching shoes and hideous birds, then to the Festival in Wellington in '99 where I met Alan making a video and was introduced to the Maori background which meant so much to her, then again to her first visit at the Odin, together with Alan, when she gave the theatre an enormous bark painting which hangs in our music room.

Sally stays in my mind as an example. And she has left us with a last lesson. Sally was a most committed feminist, co-founder and director of Magdalena Aotearoa, strong and independent in her work, a woman who knew how to fight for her own and others' rights, a woman who could stand up for herself and for those she cared for, a woman who could go against the constrictions of time and money to organise festivals and newsletters, nevertheless she was still able to recognise that her life no longer had meaning without the man who was her companion. None of us – close friends and colleagues, daughter and co-dreamers of projects, pupils and co-responsible of festivals or workshops, actors and editors – could fill that space, no matter how hard we tried. As a woman she was not interested in filling that space only thinking of herself. She wanted Alan to be there with her to share all that which she moved and was moved by.

Sally was going to come to the next Transit in January 07. She was going to participate in the experiment of “Women with Big Eyes”. I am still counting on her to help me find a direction for this work. I know she will be there with her special intelligence and sensitivity, with her sense of humour and coherence, her intolerance and enthusiasm, her curiosity and experience, to accompany us along an unidentified creative path.

I hope all of you who lived much closer and who shared ideas and plans for the future with Sally are able to still feel her encouraging presence and do not give up the struggle which is also hers. I hope you are able to keep her alive in your minds and hearts as coloured and smiling as the images she created for us. It is our responsibility to give continuity to what Sally started, to help her live on.

Thinking of all of you, and wishing I could be physically closer right now, to hug each of you very strongly, remembering Sally.

Love,
Julia

Dear Sally,

Frances and I spoke on the telephone today about you and we want to say goodbye and wish you well on your way. I can see you now as I think of you years ago, probably circa 1971, in a large red hat, dancing at a party, bubbling, pushing yourself and what you wanted to happen like you did at our rehearsals with Murray and Paul Carew. That was before you met up with Alan in Asia and came back in love/in lust in passion, worshipping this man and so happy and proud and slim and more sophisticated. I will always remember your warmth, your chuckle, your dimples - hunger for life I think it is. What to say, salut sister.

And I remember purple mini skirts and purple hats and purple scarfs and your morris minor car called you called puke - because it was a puky green. And an adventurous spirit who confronted received expectations, refused to obey 'the rules', and knew how to take risks, come up with something different and original. I admired that. I remember you and Deb dancing in the Red Mole cabarets - it was electrifying. And on a more domestic, but no less important level, I have two salad bowls and a mirror on my dressing table that you left with me more than thirty years ago. I use them and treasure them for the times when we imagined a world that did not altogether come to pass but which, all the same, fulfilled some of our dreams. I am sad to see you go, Salut sister. We'll miss you.

Mary Paul & Frances Edmond
Auckland

No sabes cuanto lo siento. En Cuba vi a Salli con un dolor profundo en su alma. Quiero decirte que ella nos hace falta y que te acompaño en el dolor y en el duelo. Sally será recordada de manera especial en el Magdalena de Colombia y en nuestros corazones, siempre

Un abrazo

Patricia Ariza

Magdalena Colombia

Dear Friends

We express our deep condolence for Sally Rodwell.

We will also remember Sally as a person with power and energy. We would like to send to her daughter Ruby strenght and love. We are with you with our thoughts in the ceremony for Sally from Denmark.

Sandra, Annemarie and Hisako

Teatret OM

Denmark

With love to you all over there

I am thinking of you and of Sally

Margaret Cameron (Australia)



It is hard to accept Sally's decision to leave us.

I can although understand

I will miss her a lot, we were good talkers on line

and always will be thankful of having had the opportunity to go to new zealand and meet all the wonderful people and land.

To Rubi a big a warm hug, you always will have a friend here.

Embracing all the dear friends who will be there.

For her passion, her honesty, her tendernes, Sally you will stay in my heart ... I wish I could have seen you and hug you this year.

my love and tears

Silvia Pritz

Buenos Aires

Hi Jill,

My name is Angeline I am a New Zealand musician/artist based in London for the last 6 years and I was friend of both Sally and Alan who worked with them on lots of their projects, Sally talked about you often to me so I wanted to say hello and share in your sadness for the loss of a wonderful woman, I know you were great friends!

I am attaching an mp3 file for you as I thought you may like to hear it. I have sent this recording to friends in the community in New Zealand to share at the celebration of Sally they are having at the Space this Sunday, It was written for her and Alan and recorded about 6 months ago in Norway where I have been collaborating with Terje Evensen (Miff Moores musician partner) I was with them and performed in their Zarathustra show in what was to be the last Red Mole performance and I wrote it to try and capture the feeling of them there together.

I hadn't had the courage to pass it on to Sally yet especially as she was still so deeply depressed but I would be happy to share it with her friends.

Thank you for the photo

Angeline xxxx
Angeline Connoughan
London

I received the stunningly sad news about Sally via an email from Magdalena and felt I wanted to add my voice of praise and celebration of this incredible woman and her life.

My name is Vanessa Carnevale, and I participated in the Magdalena Aotearoa festival in Wellington as a performer with Birds Eye View stilt troupe and in street theatre performances. I remember Sally's warmth and enthusiasm, her support and mentoring and fantastic bowler hat! I remember puppet shows in dark alley ways and basking lizard like on concrete walls as we explored urban sites and created performance together. I remember her welcoming me and other young, green performers into her beautiful house and thinking inside my head oh my god I'm having a gin with Sally Rodwell from Red Mole!! I remember a Red Mole performance in the Fuel Festival in Hamilton with glitter showers cascading from the ceiling and energy and light shining through the show.

I give thanks for these memories and for the vibrant inspirational woman that is Sally Rodwell.

Vanessa Carnevale
Auckland

Dearest Jessica and Rhys,

I read your email this morning but I unfortunately had to rush to a voice class with Linda Wise very early; I could not find any words to describe the sorrow unfolded by Sally's decision. My words will not sound any better right now. It is such a sad perspective to imagine New Zealand without her vibrant presence. I can only imagine the pain floating around the entire country, the silences, the spontaneous gatherings of people who loved her so much. I am thinking of Ruby before all hoping that she will feel this warm stream around her, supporting her endlessly. Please tell me - if you get some time - what has been organised for the funerals. I wish I could have come to New Zealand, I would have liked so much to be there but I have a show on Saturday and Tuesday which will not allow me to do so. I will write longer to you tomorrow, I have to teach tonight. I just wanted to thank you for your letter and will continue this letter with you later.

Je vous embrasse bien fort

A tres vite

All my love

France Herve

Paris

Dear Helen,

this is such sad news. Miff actually called me to let me know and we talked to each other on the phone about it, so that was good. Please give mine and Haydn's love to lillicherie, Madeline and the other magdalenas. We would love to have been able to come to the funeral and life celebration were we in NZ.

I am so sorry, especially for your loss, being such a close collaborator of Sally's.

Take care through this difficult time,

much love

Stasa and Haydn

London

Dear Helen, I just got your message, this is unbelievable, such a loss, Sally has been very dear to my heart since I first met her, and we've had a few adventures over the years. I can't quite take this in. Can't imagine what Ruby is feeling at this time.

I'll give you a ring later, and will definitely be there tomorrow, all the best,

Edwina

Peace Movement Aotearoa

Wellington

MADELEINE AMIGA UN FUERTE ABRAZO PARA TI Y PARA TOSAS LAS
AOTEAROAS

Amigas Magdalenas Aotearoas, tristemente nosotras como magdalenas pacificas (Lucy, Pilar Susana, Pedro Monika) nos enteramos muy muy tarde del fallecimiento de nuestra queridísima amiga, hermana, compañera Sally, durante el Magdalena Antígona, en Bogotá. Allí le rendimos homenaje a esta gran mujer artista Aotearoa.

Y la tristeza ha sido inmensa, ella ha dejado en nuestros corazones la huella de su amor, de su creatividad, de su humor, y porque no decirlo, también de su tristeza. Ella especialmente me ayudó con sus palabras de fuerza, en el duelo que cargo por el asesinato de mis tres hermanos.

A Sally la he llevado en mi corazón siempre, la quise desde que la conocí en 1994 en Cardiff, desde que la vi en la escena, y compartimos las alegres fiestas de la noche, un amor que fue creciendo con nuestra correspondencia en francés, la quería a ella, a su Alan, y quiero a su Rubi, semilla de una unión amorosa poética mágica, que es singular en este planeta. A los tres tuve la suerte de conocer en Magdalena Aotearoa y sentirme acogida por ellos, pero lo mejor de todo en esta relación, fue haber tenido la oportunidad tenerlos en mi casa, compartir la mesa, las palabras, y su gusto especial por la vida, acompañarlos en su viaje por Colombia, sus recitales poéticos, sus presentaciones. Su ausencia la siento mucho, quiero resarcirla con mi amor y mi admiración por todas ustedes Aotearoas, que le han dado tanta energía a mi vida desde que conocí la existencia de su Cultura, cada una de ustedes, tiene para mí un significado especial y el recuerdo de nuestra querida Sally se ha repartido en cada una de ustedes amigas Aotearoas Yo y mis hermanas, y las compañeras de la Mascara. Las acompañamos con el alma y a la vez me acompaño con ustedes hermanas, amigas, compañeras Y esta sea la ocasión para decirles MUCHAS GRACIAS, por ese amor con que ustedes despidieron a mis hermanos en las playas de su hermoso país que tanto quiero. Gracias amigas por existir y estar tan cerca de mi corazón adolorido. Ojalá que la vida nos vuelva a unir para celebrar la vida y acoger con fuerza a la muerte. las quiero inmensamente hermanas.

Pilar Restrepo
Colombia

We are with you all in spirit although we cannot travel bodily from Scotland to Wellington in time. Please give Ruby a hug from us, with all our love, and a letter is on its way.

*Carol Woodward, Janet and Frances Direen
Scotland*

hi Helen,

thank you for taking the time to send this message. I have been thinking of Ruby, and those who knew Sally well, and i extend warm thoughts and sympathy to you and the Magdalena women who've worked, travelled and played with Sally. I know many of you provided great support since Alan died, and as you say, in the face of all that there remained something missing for Sally and she chose not to live with that gap.

Bless you, and take care of yourself,

Julie Clifton

Wellington

I am deeply saddened to hear of Sally's death. So sad for all her friends.

Unfortunatly I will be in Napier on the 22nd - my mother has had a bad fall while I was overseas and I am already committed to going to see her. I shall be thinking of you all. You yourself must be terribly upset and I hope you have support during this grieving time.

Much love,

Annie

Annie Ruth

Director, Toi Whakaari: NZ Drama School

Wellington

Dear Madeline,

bert here from Singapore. I am totally shocked to hear about Sally. What a tragedy. I can't believe it and what a loss for her daughter, first her dad and now her mum way too early. I am with you all in my thoughts from far, hot and polluted Singapore,

Bert van Dijk

Singapore

With love and thoughts for this life just passed.

Felicity Molloy

Auckland

Dear helen,

Such very very sad news. My heart goes out to Ruby and of course all of you who are there who were so dear to her.

I found a photo of Sally from that day on the beach in Paekaekariki after a Mag meeting. I put it on the blog and a link to Magdalena for any wishes don't know if anyone in my circle will send anything but I'll be putting that out to people here I will be with you all in spirit on Thursday and Sunday.

Love

Diane Spodarek

New York

Hi Helen. We were very shocked and saddened to learn of Sally's passing today. She has been an important participant in the work of our department, the Free Theatre and Te Puna Toi over the past ten years, and we will miss her very much. Please accept our sympathies and know that we would be with you if we could this week.

Best

Sharon Mazer

University of Canterbury

Kia ora, Helen, and all Magdalena friends in Wellington.

I am very saddened by Sally's death. Thank you for sending the news. I cannot be at the celebration of Sally's life, but I will be thinking of you all. I'll write to Ruby as soon as I can.

Arohanui

Elizabeth O'Connor

Christchurch

please convey my deepest sympathy to Ruby and all her close friends. She can trully look upon her mother's acheivements with pride!

Becky x

Becky Virgo

Dear Helen, Lilicheri, and Ruby,

I am so terribly sad to hear about Sally. What a loss to us all. She was such a great talent and force of creativity - fearless and utterly individual. I do hope you will gain solace from the fantastic contribution she made - that this will make the sadness of her dying more bearable.

I send you all my heartfelt sympathy.

With love,

Angie Farrow

Palmerston North

I was very saddened to hear about Sally's death earlier this week. I understand what it's like to lose a very special partner, and have felt empathy for Sally's journey since Alan's death. Please pass on my condolences to other members of Magdalena Aotearoa - in particular Madeline, whom I imagine must be feeling the loss of Sally keenly. In the end, we choose what we do with our lives, and in Sally's case the choice she made to end it. It is a very brave act - and one borne out of a great deal of love, and anguish. My thoughts are with you,
Pleasance Hansen
Dunedin

Dear Helen
Just wanting to send my love to all you Magdalenas - guess I'm a fringe one at present, but Sally has certainly been a very special person to me and one I count it a privilege to have known.
Take care
Prue Langbein
Wellington

Dear Helen
I was shocked to hear of Sally Rodwell's death (from Lyne Pringle who was staying with me when she received the news). Such a loss to the community of women artists, and to the dear friends who knew her.
She has made an awesome contribution to the arts in New Zealand, and has always championed womens art practices. She will be greatly missed.
I'm sorry I won't be there to mark her memory.
love
Raewyn Whyte
Auckland

Thanks Helen. We heard the sad news yesterday. I'm thankful that the community has an opportunity on Sunday to meet and mourn the loss of Sally.
Hope you're looking after yourself at this sad time.
James Hadley
BATS Theatre

Thanks very much for that Helen. My thoughts have been with you, Madeline and all the Magdalenas; poor Sally. Maybe see you Sunday -
Much love
Jean Betts
xxx

Thank you so much for the e-mails. Huge sympathy from us both to all who were close to Sally and tried to help her with her fragile state. We do not think we can make it tomorrow but hope to be there on Sunday to help celebrate a special person and her life.

Kia kaha

Arohanui

Sunny Amey and Jan Bolwell

Paekakariki

Dear Helen,

Thanks for letting me know about Sally's death.

I agree strongly with you that Sally has chosen to end her suffering and to go on from her life, and my guess is that with the nearing anniversary of Alan's birthday, that he may have been calling for her very loud.

On Thursday I will be heading down to the ashram/farm near Jelenia Gora in south-west Poland for an intensive meditation retreat lasting across several days, which also celebrates (the anniversary of) a conscious passing. (Of the Ananda Marga guru Sri Sri Ananda Murti from his body.)

I will send some thoughts to you all on Sunday from there, across the lakes, skies, mountains, fields, deserts and seas, and pledge to head out into the forest with the dogs, or up the highest nearby mountain to send Sally on her way with an old Slavic song. If I sing loud enough you all may even hear me!

With Love,

Sandra Dempster

Berlin

Dear friends,

I need to send you my great love to Sally, whom I admire as a sensible artist, a great friend, an admirable woman.

Beatriz Seibel

Buenos Aires, Argentina

Thank you so much for forwarding the photo of Sally through to me. I worked with her on a show many years ago and found her an inspiring woman to work with. A really stunning photo and something I'll keep to remind me of the power of determination and creative passion.

Erica.

Dear Magdalena project team,
Sally came to Athena Montessori College and shared herself. Many of us made masks.
We quickly came to love her. Today we had a memorial gathering for Sally. She blessed
us with her presence and I know she enjoyed Athena.
Love and Peace
Richard Goldsbrough
Athena College
Wellington

this is very very sad - i'm so sorry for such a loss to Ruby, close friends &
family, and to the wellington, magdalena, creative and political communities
respectively.
my deepest sympathy,
karin reid
Dunedin

Dear friends at Magdalena
I know that I will be one of many emails pouring in at this time. Sally was the sort of
person that made big and lasting impressions and you didn't have to know her well to
know her. Last night I lay in bed and read my latest newsletter, including Sally's editorial
so full of her unbelievable creative energy. The loss is indescribable.
My love and thoughts are with the Magdalena family.
Keren Rickard
Gisborne

*There's been a sort of a hole where Sally was ever since Alan's death.
Now, a big one.
Here's love and strength
Tilly Lloyd
Wellington*

The news about Sally's death have been passed on to Bill Direen in Paris. He worked
with Alan and Sally on some shows and had his own theatre company Blue Ladder,
which was sort of like the South Island Red Mole. He says 'can hardly see through
the tears'.
Ksenija

Esteemed Jill.

My deepest condolences for all of you that knew Sally. Please, make extensive this message to her next of kin and to all women at Magdalena Gabriela Borgna
Artes & Actos - Cultural Administration
Argentina

I had heard the news via a txt earlier in the day (Monday) and spent a good deal of that day in a dull sense of shock. Sadly I only had contact with Sally intermittently since the Magdalena Festival and only once or twice in the last couple of years but she was always energetic, amazing and extraordinarily supportive of any work or projects we discussed and I had no idea that she was so unhappy.

I can only say how very sorry I am and pass on thoughts and love to all of you who were so close to her.

Lynne Cardy
Auckland

Hi Magdalena

I learned of Sally's passing two days ago from her good friend Tony McMasters here in Auckland. I am very sad that she has died, far too soon, and send my condolences to all of her loved ones especially to Madeline whom I saw performing with Sally when I met them both at "Not Broadcast Quality" in 1992. And to Sally's daughter, whom I have not met. I have sent an email to Leraime Horstmanhoff, I'm not sure if the office is in touch with her but hopefully she will be in touch soon.

Much love and peace
karen hunter
Auckland

one time, sally, after a solo performance at the Odin when I felt terrible and very alone you came immediately backstage to talk to me, and we smoked a cigarette. You stayed with me until I was feeling better - I was so grateful and will never forget this. I hope we did not let you down in the same way. To me, you are a beacon, of many things, and I salute you, I recall you, and I hold you high in my heart. Thank you for the plumbing of the depths, and the rigour. Your stripes and the way you changed. Now there is another place for you, and a cushioned chair. I aspire to your heights.

Love always
JOANNA RUTH RANDERSON
Brussels

Dear Helen

Thank you so much for letting me know about Sally. Sad news indeed but perhaps now she will be at peace and with her beloved Alan once again.

As destiny would have it, your news came as I am in England preparing for my mother's funeral after sharing her final journey during the past 3 weeks. An extraordinary experience, Helen, one which I shall treasure all my life. She died on Friday and, curiously, I found myself just today thinking of Sally and how devastating it must have been for her so far from home when Alan died. I didn't even know Sally very well, but she had an openness and a way of including people which made one feel like a close friend after only the briefest time. She enriched those she met.

Please pass on my condolences to Ruby, who doesn't know me, but whom Sally spoke of with great love.

With love

Sue Rider

Brisbane, Australia



My name is Mónica Santana. I am originally from Venezuela and now reside in NY. I wanted to share some words about Sally. I met her last summer in Holstebro when she taught the "Ageless" group some of her mask-making skills. I tried to the best of my abilities to humbly word what this absence means. I can't fathom the loss that she must represent to others that enjoyed her life longer.

Goodbye Sally,
Mónica.

AGELESS.

Sólo conocí a Sally brevemente durante el verano pasado mientras experimenté una vivencia particular de algunas semanas en la casa del Odín Teatret en Holstebro. La casa que ellos saben hacer hogar de todos los que la transitan.

Sally fue uno de los maestros que se atrevió con un grupo dispar y voluntarioso de variadísimas procedencias. Junto a Deborah Hunt formaban un par fenomenal. Deborah con sus ojos redondos y abiertos y su voz potente. Sally con sus ademanes más pausados y su rostro apacible enmarcado por el cabello rojo caoba. A veces a duras penas se distinguían sus facciones tan calmadas, pero cuando sonreía sabías que *Sally te había sonreído*.

Y esa sonrisa de Sally cumplía un papel didáctico. Deborah nos daba animadamente indicaciones y pautas para manejar un puñado de varas de madera delgadas, papel, y cinta adhesiva plumiza y con ellas ir construyendo sólidas armazones para lo que serían máscaras fantásticas; nosotros - con distintos grados de destreza - nos afanábamos en tornar las piezas, en doblarlas y contornearlas hasta obtener algo que nos resultaba atractivo pero no estábamos seguros de hacia dónde nos iba a conducir.

Y mientras girábamos entre las manos esos armatostes con incertidumbre en los ojos, ése era el momento en que Sally aparecía sigilosa con sus calzas a rayas (no se si me lo he inventado, pero cada vez que pienso en ella la recuerdo con unas animadas calzas a rayas). Y *te sonreía*. Era como una reafirmación, sentías que había depositado un poco de fe en ese disparate que sostenías, y eso bastaba para que uno siguiera adelante, confiado de que algo iba a resultar de aquel invento si no a pesar, quizá precisamente, gracias a la incertidumbre.

Al final de aquel verano clementemente prolongado, las noches sin embargo comenzaban a hacerse frías. Para lograr que nuestras creaciones de papel-maché se solidificaran, nuestro dúo dinámico didáctico creó bajo la torre de Sanjukta una especie de horno de convección en el que pasaron incontables horas durante noches danesas entre vinos y risas, cigarrillos y bromas.

De allí salieron todas las tropas de los dioses Orixá. Y bajo su ojo hábil fuimos dándoles colores y accesorios a su imposible fisonomía. Y cuando llegó la hora de tomar el pueblo nos acompañaba entre la corte de los "cuervos guardianes" y algo burlones que Mr. Peanut encabezaba.

Lo mismo ví a Sally creando las cosas más sutiles y delicadas (me mostró en una ocasión una marioneta que parecía un bebé un tanto macabro pero que a la vez podría haber despertado toda la ternura de una mamá macabra, por lo tanto: era perfecto) como cosas colosales: como aquella marioneta garagantuana que se elevó el último día de nuestra estadía para escupir una lluvia de agua sobre los presentes desde una grúa de bomberos.

Sally y Deborah me regalaron un par de botellas de vino el día de mi cumpleaños. Lo compartieron conmigo y celebraron junto a nuestra tropa disparatada.

Esta tirada de recuerdos no contiene una historia muy lineal que digamos, ni pretende ser mucho más de lo que es: un saludo a Sally, la del verano pasado, la que me enseñó, la que me acompañó, la que creó, bebió, rió, fumó, bromeó, la que vivió en un horno y se vistió de cuervo, la que hizo marionetas pequeñas y macabras y

marionetas gargantuanas y burlonas, la que en mi cabeza llevaba calzas a rayas, la que sonr e. A esa Sally que conoc  brevemente: buen viaje Sally.

AGELESS.

I only met Sally briefly during last year's summer, when I lived a singular experience for a few weeks in Odin Teatret's home in Holstebro. At the house that they know how to turn into a home for all that pass through it.

Sally was one of the teachers that dared take on an unlikely and willful group with the most varied origins. Alongside Deborah Hunt they formed a phenomenal pair. Deborah with her big round eyes and her potent voice. Sally with her quiet demeanor and peaceful face framed by mahogany-red hair. Sometimes you could barely make out her features, they were so calm, but when she smiled you knew *Sally had smiled at you*.

And Sally's smile played a didactic role. Deborah gave us indications and guidelines for us to apply to a handful of thin wooden rods, paper and duck tape, so we could build sound structures for what would later become fantastic masks; we struggled –with varying levels of skill- to transform the pieces - bending and twisting them – until we achieved something that was somehow appealing to us even though we weren't certain about what it was leading to.

And while we turned this contrivances between our hands with uncertainty in our eyes, at that moment Sally would sneak up before you with her striped stocking (I don't know if I imagined this, but every time I think of her I remember her wearing these cheerful striped stockings). And then *she smiled at you*. It was a sort of reaffirmation, you felt as though she had just deposited some faith in that doodle you were holding, and that's all it took to make you forge on, believing that something would result from that invention in spite of, or maybe because of, the uncertainty.

Towards the end of that mercifully long summer the nights had still turned chilly. To get our paper-mach  creations to solidify, our didactic dynamic duo made some sort of convection oven out of the space under Sanjukta's tower. There they spent countless hours of Danish nights on work, wine, laughter, cigarettes and jokes.

All the troops of the Orixia gods came out of there. And it was under her skillful eye that we colored and decorated their improbable physiognomy. And when the time came to take possession of the town she joined us in the ranks of the "guardian, and-slightly-mocking crows" headed by Mr. Peanut.

I witnessed Sally creating the most subtle and delicate things (she once showed me a marionette that looked like a somewhat macabre baby which could have awakened the most tender feelings in a macabre mommy, that is to say: it was perfect); and also the most colossal things: like that gargantuan marionette that was raised on the last day of our stay and spat from a firemen's crane a shower of water on the people present.

Sally and Deborah gave me a pair of wine bottles as a present on my birthday. They shared their time with me and celebrated with our nonsensical troop.

This tirade of memories doesn't contain a very linear story strictly speaking, and it doesn't aim to be much more than what it is: a salute to Sally, Sally from last summer, the one who taught me, who created, drank, laughed, smoked, joked, and lived in an oven, and dressed-up as a crow, who made small and macabre marionettes, as well as gargantuan and mocking marionettes, the one who wore striped stocking in my mind, the one who smiles. To that Sally whom I met briefly: buen viaje Sally.

All my thoughts are with the family Rodwell and friends! I am sorry to hear that!
Strength, Love and help!
Karen Breece

Thank you for sending me this picture Jill. I never met Sally. But I sense
how dear she was to everyone. My deepest regrets.
Sincerely, Sharon Feder

Dear friends of Sally and Magdalena,
Thank you for letting me know about Sally's death.... Even though I don't really know
Sally she has been a great inspiration to me via Magdalena. What a woman, and what
creativity, courage, alertness and care for the world she has expressed. A great and sad
loss to us all. My thoughts and love to you at this time. But what a love she has known...
And what a rich rich life she has lived. My love goes out to you and hers.
Helen Moran
Christchurch

Thanks for that Helen
and my sympathies to all of you who were close to Sally.
I'll miss her and I hardly knew her. A major part of the theatre landscape has gone
now with her and Alan, but oh what a time it was!
x Penni Bousfield
Wellington

*Thank you for the photo Jill. I did look her up on her website to get to
know her a bit after receiving the first email about her death. The
photo you sent reveals a woman I would have enjoyed knowing.*
Marty Pottenger
New York

I didn't know Sally personally but i would just like to pass on my condolences- she
sounded like an amazing woman, really sorry to hear that.
Jessica Manins
Wellington

Sally was a member of the Island Bay Residents' Association, and a Trustee of Save Erskine College Trust. It was fitting that Sally's funeral service took place in the Erskine Chapel in the Erskine College buildings, which she and her late husband Alan Brunton had done so much to protect for the benefit of the people of Island Bay and Wellington.

We also recall how Sally and Alan contributed their unique dramatic talents to the Island Bay Festival over the years. Sally and Alan were very well known throughout New Zealand for their work in "Red Mole".

Sally and Alan were instrumental in persuading a City Council resource consent hearing to turn down an unsightly development on the knoll between Brighton Street and Bristol Street in the mid 1990s. Sally and Alan prepared a model of the knoll, and brilliantly demonstrated to the hearing how the knoll would be mutilated by the proposed development. dramatically demonstrated to the hearing how the knoll would be earthworks would damage the landscape. It was apparent that this powerful presentation was what convinced the hearing committee to decline the unsightly development, much to the gratitude of the local residents.

Alan and Sally were also members of the Southern Environmental Association. They planted native trees on the protected City Council land on the hills between Island Bay, Kingston and Owhiro Bay, as part of the very first SEA treeplanting working bee in the winter of 1995. This was on land which had been burnt by a fire in March of that year. The cabbage trees they planted in 1995 are now quite tall trees.

In recent years, Sally has continued to be one of the key people in the Save Erskine College Trust, and has also been active in helping with the Island Bay Surf Club.

It was a great shock for everyone (especially the family) when Alan suddenly passed away four years ago. Now Sally's passing is a huge loss for our community and her many friends.

The Island Bay Residents' Association extends its deepest sympathy to Sally's daughter Ruby at this sad time.

Sally was a well-known and much-loved member of the Island Bay community. We extend our deepest sympathy to Sally's daughter Ruby at this very sad time.

*Hai kona ra,
from the Southern Environmental Association*

Dear Madeline and all Magdalena friends

I was shocked to hear the news and remembered the grief Sally was in when I saw her last in Brisbane in 2002. I will never forget the dance piece you made for her in Brisbane - for some reason this piece has always stayed with me maybe because it touched on feelings and images that felt familiar, having been struggling with the grief of losing my brother four years ago. The night I heard the news - Wednesday night - I was seeing a dance piece in Melbourne, called "structure and sadness", based on the collapse of the Westgate Bridge in Melbourne in the 70s. Again images of collapse, faltering, that is grief. I have been feeling very sad and wanting to send love to all of you who are close to Sally and whose lives are interwoven. I wish you strength at this time and hope.

My prayers are with her daughter and with her community.

Dani Powell

Alice Springs

Australia

Dear Jill

I'm very sorry to know this about Sally, I can remember her sad face since her husband passed away, I think she wanted to follow him in her heart. She's happy and peaceful now ... I believe.

All my love...

María Merry

Mexico

Jill, I've deeply felt Sally's passing. She will be from now on a light in our way.

Affectionately,

Lidia Villarreal (Magdalena)

Buenos Aires - Argentina.

I'm writing to express our sympathy from The Big Idea team to members of Magdalena Aotearoa for the loss of Sally this week. We are well aware that she made a huge lively contribution to the New Zealand performing arts community over a long period especially to women's performance.

Kind regards,

Jacquie Clarke

SALLY RODWELL

Siempre llevaré, en lo profundo de mi corazón, los momentos compartidos

Natalia Marcet
Miss Capital Letters

Dear Ruby

I am shocked and deeply saddened by the news of Sally's death. I'm still having trouble really believing it. She fought so hard to survive/live despite her despair at the loss of Alan. To never see her face again is a painful loss.

This must be such a difficult time for you. I am glad you have the support of Noel. This poem I was going to send to Sally. Perhaps it will have resonance for you too.

Shelter

**We come to each other
out of various storms
and in each other
find shelter, for
a little time
a lifetime - who can
tell such weather?
Highest & lowest,
no more than this,
no less, creatures
coming in from
the rain, to the touch
of a hand, a kiss.
We answer to an
answering pain -
the double minus
that makes the plus
that drives the sun
drives us.**

L. Lambert

My very sincere, heartfelt sympathy and condolences.
I loved Sally.
Jan Morganti, Golden Bay

The guiding lights of my life are in this room today - as they would have been on Thursday's service. My heart and thoughts are with you - in your grief, confusion, reverance and joy of remembrance - suffering the loss of one so dearly loved in our community.

*Big love to you all,
Leila Adu*

i don't know how to express the inspiration that sally provided for me and i hope that she knew that. i loved working with her. i learnt so many lessons from her that i continue to draw on. she changed my way of being a musician, a performer and as a person. the importance of her outlook inspired many people and her strong presence in our lives will be sadly missed.

Jonny Marks
Mongolia



I'm writing in shock and a deep sadness at the loss of a very special woman ... the Magdalena Aotearoa whanau are in my thoughts and heart. I have very fond memories of Sally particularly her support and absolute professional dedication to her craft in supporting us during The Chronic Ills process. She was truly inspiring! It doesn't seem right...I have no more words right now.

Anny Freitas
Scotland

Dear friends,

I am a writer from Bangladesh working with a leading theater group here as backstage worker and a playwright. I read all your mails with great interest. I join with you to share the sadness you all have learnt on the death of your dear friend Sally Rodwell, artistic director of Magdalena Aotearoa. May god let her soul rest in peace and many of us get the energy she had shared with us during her lifetime and beyond, to fight, for our vision and love for life and theater.

My love to all you in Magdalena.

Jahanara Nuri
Dhaka Bangladesh

Dear friends,

Life overtook me this weekend, and I was unable to get in for the celebration of Sally's life. I know you will have honoured her so wonderfully. I just want you to know, I share your sadness at this time.

Jamie Bull

*International New Zealand Artists
Otaki*

I am very sad that Sally Rodwell had gone.

I know she was suffering by Alan's death and she used to try very hard pull herself together.

I always remember her powerful energy.

Ya-Ling Peng

Uhan Shii Theatre Group

(Taipei)

Dearest Helen and all the friends and colleagues of Sally.

I read about how you took Sally on her last travel as we know of, and I feel she is lucky to have you. I can also clearly imagine the bowler hat on top of the coffin as you ride along the seaside.

The bowler hat, and the works of Sally and Alan, has also been present and important here in Norway, as they presented it at our Porsgrunn International Theatre Festival.

We have in our cafe a picture of us all, the last day that Sally and Allan was here, before they went to Amsterdam. So, I see them every day as I go into the kitchen. And they are seen by many, many others, for all the work they did, that cannot go away, as it stays with us all.

I think of you all, and I light the candles.

Geddy,

Grenland Friteater

Dear Helen, This is such dreadful news. We have lost an important member of our womens performance family. Can you please express my aroha and condolences to friends and family and -would you also please let Lilicherie know that i am thinking of her as i fly today to Long beach cal for my conference. I will be in touch when i return.

How terribly sad.

arohanui, kia kaha,

Ali East

Dunedin

i saw about Sally in the paper last week, was very saddened to hear... Sally and Alan were such a huge influence on my life, my poetry & my career... one of the first shows i ever saw (in '89 or 88?) was a Red Mole production, somewhere in Newtown. i was very new to Wellington (and very young, barely 19 i think): it really awoke in me the power of theatre and spoken word.

Alan always had such nice things to say about my writing - was a huge influence on me. & i remember meeting Sally again last year (during one of her shows, just before i moved down south again)... she was so sad and alone without Alan. i hope they are together again now, somehow. their combined creativity inspired so many people... together (and alone) they shone so brightly, lit the way for so many lost souls... in this world we need work as vital as what they created, so pure, so filled with wonder, so political, so funny and so touching...

...my heart aches when i think i'll never see them on stage anymore.

Brent Harpur

Timaru

Kia ora Magdalene Aotearoa,
Drama New Zealand add their voices to the local, national and international 'Greek chorus' of lamentations for the death of Sally Rodwell. We acknowledge her inspiration and dedication over decades of making theatre. A special aroha to Ruby, Madeline and Dale who have been at the heart of the gatherings over this past week to celebrate Sally's life.

Kia Kaha,
Hilari Anderson
(Chair, Aucland branch, DNZ)

Dear Magdalena

I was very sad to hear of Sally's death. I had not seen her for many years but followed a little the news through the Magdalena and other friends. For you and the theatre world in New Zealand it must be a huge loss. Her suffering must have been enormous to choose to take her life and one can only pray that her soul has found some relief in whatever essence there may be after death.

My heartfelt thoughts are with you - and with her daughter.....

Linda Wise

PANTHEATRE

dear girls

so hard that is one super women also not any more with us.

i remember that she & alan told me how from his house is beautiful picture of

whales who play in front of her house,

she told me that this is the most super view,

hope that now she play somewhere far with whales,

huge hug from beograd,

lot of love for all

zoe gudovic

amigas. se ha apagado una luz en el escenario, las candilejas lloran sus penas mientras un acordeón suena largamente mientras Sally se despide levantando el sombrero entre las bambalinas, hasta pronto Sally.

Maria Teresa Zuñiga Norero

Grupo de Teatro EXPRESION de Huancayo - Perú.

To the family and loved ones of Sally Rodwell!

We are trully sadden to hear about Sally . Sally was very patient and kind to the youths that was involved in the last mask and costume workshop (2006 Magdalena Festival Singapore) at Gracehaven. Her work with the youths has made a significant impact on the youths.

Our prayers and thoughts are with you.

Regards
Elizabeth de Roza
Creative Arts Specialist
Youth Department
Singapore

*Hi Helen and Madeline and Deborah
Audrey, Sheela and I met briefly yesterday morning by Marina Bay,
not far from the Esplanade, to light a candle and throw a stalk of
orchids each into the water in Sally's memory.*

*We chose the spot because Sally had seen the Bay from a food court
where the Magdalena (Singapore) girls had lunch with her and
Deborah. And we thought the act of throwing orchids into the water
(and so possibly breaking some law - hee, hee, hee ...) would be
something that Sally would have appreciated.*

*Verena Tay
Singapore*

It was so sad to go over to Lychgate to sit with Sally, with Kate and Rose and Madeline and Helen and Dale and think of all the other staunch and brave artists - mainly women - who make up this amazing community of ours, and feel so powerless to have been able to stop Sally's untimely passing.

But it seemed to me that one day, without warning, when Alan died, Sally was catapulted into a deep dark space and though she fought valiantly and though she received visitors, she could find no way out of that painful place.

I first met Sally in 1977 backstage at the Wellington Town Hall after a vigorous fire-eating act for a Split Enz concert, and became the enthusiastic unofficial photographer for the Red Mole cabarets. What a time that was. It was nothing like I had ever seen before - outrageous, challenging and funny. I remember one night Sally and Deb and my sister Jan all wearing pretty well nothing other than a real (dead) fish each. I was so sorry when they left Carmen's balcony and Wellington for places else. My world got greyer in their absence.

Sally was a creative force that's certain, but she was also as practical as she was creative. I don't know how many different jobs she held down at various times, but I remember watching in awe as she worked as a short order chef in the sweltering kitchen of Tin Pan Alley, a hole-in-the-wall dive in Times Square in New York in 1983. As she flung the "eggs and ham" out of big iron pans and flicked pancakes on the griddle, she fed several itinerant New Zealand actors and musicians who turned up - obviously a well-worn habit - and told me what I should make my next film about - in detail, while keeping the "regulars" out in the dining room under control.

In a different and more enlightened time, Sally would not have had to struggle so hard for recognition, and for financial support of her work, but she was ahead of her time, I believe. That she kept doing it, under more and more difficult personal circumstances is testament to her stoic commitment to, and love of, the art of theatre.

Sally shared this love with very many of us in various ways, and it is an understatement to say that she will be greatly missed. I salute Sally's strength and creativity and lament her passing and wish Ruby all the love in the world.

A mighty tree has fallen. A warrior is lying down.
Ka hinga te totara o te wao nui a Tane.
Haere ra, te Rakatira.

Gaylene Preston
Wellington

I am writing from Taos, New Mexico. Many years ago, Sally, Alan and Deborah Hunt came to Taos and stayed a while, doing theatre (Circu Sfumato) and affecting and tranforming the lives of many of us here.

I had been in contact with Ruby and Sally a few years ago and now none of the email addresses I have are current. It was during my search today for contact information that I read about Sally. She was a remarkable woman. I offer condolences to those who knew and loved her.

*Carlene Christie
Taos, New Mexico*

I arrived in the Magdalena Aotearoa Office fresh out of the airport from the Uk in Febraury 1999 to offer my help with the International festival. Sally and Madeline took me under their wing, made me feel welcome, wanted and useful. My memory of Sally, her warmth, her generosity and desire and ability to create spaces in which adventures big and small can bloom has been an inspiration ever since. I feel so sad and my love and thoughts go to you who will miss her from your worlds.

Thank you Jill and Helen for your sensitive emails and for the photo.

With love
Eileen Haste
Briston, UK

Carissime Jill Greenhalgh & Helen Varley Jamieson,
siamo veramente colpiti dall'improvvisa notizia della scomparsa di Sally Rodwell, di cui serbiamo un ricordo dolcissimo degli incontri degli scorsi anni, in Danimarca e Norvegia. La sua presenza sarà sempre sentita e ricordata in tutto il mondo, anche qui da noi tutti della Scuola Sperimentale dell'Attore. Nel ringraziarvi di averci avvertiti con un messaggio così delicato, rispettoso e partecipe, vi preghiamo di estendere il nostro sentitissimo ed accorato saluto a tutti gli amici e ai parenti dell cara Sally Rodwell.

Claudia Contin & Ferruccio Merisi
Scuola Sperimentale dell'Attore – Italia

Dearest Maddy,
Hiya kiddo. I'm writing to you from Mexico City. Before I left I got on the phone to Jeannie McAllister at the house in Island Bay. It's just so incredibly sad. One tells oneself clearly, this must've been what Sally wanted but ... it's incredibly hard for the huge extended family who truly loved her ... I am sure you're in touch with Ruby. I'm sure she'll find her way to your door before too long, and try to connect some of the dots. Still, what a journey for her this will be, this laife. Sally must've been quite sick on some level, (that's not a judgement, just my experience of suicide) - a dear dear friend of mine died like this 3 years ago, and very few of us realized it would actually HAPPEN, though the signs were all there ... I guess what I'm saying is, the place it comes from must be a deeeeeeeply dark one and hard for us in "this" place to get in some ways eh?

It was good to hear Jean's voice. Must be so terribly hard for them to be in the house. I can't imagine what Ruby is going through. How was the farewell ceremony? Please let me know. And if you have Deborah's e-address I'd love that.

Anyway, yes. This deserves a glass of something. (Not port!) I heard the sad news via Kate JasonSmith who knew of my long connection. I first met Alan and Sally and Deb in 1976. Sally gave such a lot in her life, and was a truly brilliant artist. I really LIKED her and respected how much ... how VERY MUCH she loved Alan and needed to be with him, acknowledging the shock (and huge one at that) that comes with such an action. She mentored me, and I admired her a lot. A true gentle spirit. I know now she is at peace with the one she loved most. Oh Maddy. Life is full of strange twists isn't it?

I know you must feel this all from very deep in your solar Plexis. I send you a lot of love
Debb Filler
Mexico City

*Dear whomever this may concern,
I have just read the email with the news of Sally's death.
Sally's death is truly a tragedy. I was lucky to have met her during
the International Theatre festival Transit 3 in Denmark ... I haven't
forgotten her since.
I am deeply saddened. I would like to send a personal message to
Sally's daughter and would appreciate it greatly if you could email
the contact address so that I can send this message as soon as
possible.
Thank you very much again for your messages. I look forward to
your response.
Sincerely,
Cyle Pollard*

I remember walking with Sally in the streets of Singapore, and we talked about her sadness and life in very open way like I never talked with her before. I felt how much she is longing to go.

I couldn't imagine then this but now I can understand. I am happy that she went with smile.

must be for all of you, close to sally, very hard.

I wish I live closer now to be able to come for 19 and 22. oct.

my thoughts will be there and I will accompany sally to the place she wanted to go.

lot of love

jadranka

belgrade

Dear Madeline,

I thought the service on Thursday was beautiful, and very appropriate and very sad. I think Sally would have liked it ... I keep thinking about her. It's funny, I never knew her well. Not like you did. And yet, I felt I knew her. I wish I had.

I also liked to know that she was there somehow. Just there. Each time I met her, I felt better. She made me feel I could still do something, even at this late stage. And as someone at the funeral said, that was her gift. She made you feel that you could do anything. She was a fine teacher.

I wanted to do something for her, so I went down to the beach this evening, and made a woman out of sand and seaweed. I wrote a message in the sand for her and let the tide take it away.

I think the strongest feeling I have out of all this is that we must continue to nurture the creative spirit in all of us. To see that it does not die, but continues to grow. Someone at the service said much the same thing. This is Sally's legacy. I feel this most strongly.

Ann Hunt

Waikanae Beach

Chère Ruby,

Je pense bien à toi en ce jour. Nous ne nous sommes croisées que peu de fois à Wellington et avons échangé plus de regards que de mots. Nous nous connaissons ainsi de si loin, pourtant l'élan qui me porte à t'écrire est bien plus fort que la logique. C'est un instinct fraternel, Ruby, qui souhaite te rejoindre où que tu sois, et t'apporter le meilleur de moi-même.

La nouvelle de la mort de ta maman m'a profondément attristée. Je n'ai pas réagi tout de suite sur le papier quand j'ai reçu l'email annonçant son décès. Etant à Paris au moment de cette nouvelle, ce que je ressentais était aigu et ne parvenait pas à se poser; j'aurai voulu être là pour célébrer sa mémoire avec ses amis et avec toi. Je suis peinée par cette distance aussi, je souhaite de tout mon cœur qu'en dépit des milliers de kilomètres qui nous séparent, mon regard trouve le tien une nouvelle fois et puisse te soutenir dans l'épreuve que tu traverses.

J'ose imaginer la profondeur des sentiments que tu ressens. Chère Ruby, toi, tu connais le pourquoi du comment mieux que personne et je sais combien tous ceux qui t'entourent sont émus par ton discernement. Je pense bien fort et tendrement à toi. Perdre ses parents est un événement sans mesure que nous sommes pourtant tous amenés à vivre un jour ou l'autre mais face auquel nous ne pouvons nous préparer véritablement. Bon sang, il est difficile d'apprendre et construire sans douter ni perdre courage. L'inconnue que je représente, ne possède pas les mots du réconfort absolu, ni le moyen de franchir les défis sans blessures. J'aimerais moi-même apprendre comment remédier instantanément aux craintes les plus tenaces.

Si seulement nous pouvions tous suivre une vie pleine et sans ruptures, fluide et intense, sans renoncements, sans déceptions, sentir les émotions qui nous gagnent devenir des alliées et jamais des freins, devenir héroïques en pensée comme dans nos actes. Aimer sans limite le rêve d'accomplissement de soi. Le temps ne nous apprend rien sinon de chercher à devenir meilleurs.

Quelques soient nos choix, c'est cette pensée intime qui guide nos pas. Ce combat peut paraître infime voire invisible aux yeux des autres ou même sembler être une fausse route. Qu'importe, au fond de nous, sous la plus banale forme que ce soit, nous savons que ce besoin de s'élever vers une condition meilleure est une lumière précieuse. Je vois ta maman être en paix dans cette lumière.

Et si je pense à tes parents, je me dis que dans leur relation créatrice, ils sont parvenus à une telle prouesse. Leur témérité n'a jamais failli et a pris jusqu'au bout la forme d'un phénoménal pied de nez à l'impossible. Leur engagement artistique était bel et bien un pied de nez à deux têtes, chacun mettant avec humour le pouce sur le nez de l'autre.

C'est cette image que je garde d'eux. L'envie fusionnelle de liberté avec laquelle ils s'électrisaient l'un et l'autre sur scène et dans la vie. Un jeu d'enfant, quoi!

Je les imagine ensemble à présent, veillant sur toi de toutes leurs forces retrouvées. Veillant sur toi, Ruby d'un amour infiniment puissant, pour que tu continues de chérir le talent et les rêves qui sont les tiens.

Quand je suis arrivée pour la première fois en Nouvelle-Zélande, en 1996 j'avais aussitôt entendu parler de tes parents et je les ai souvent observés de loin, du public ou du sofa, en lisant leurs poèmes. Je travaillais avec Stephen Bain sur les projets de notre compagnie et pendant plusieurs années, j'ai suivi leurs performances sans avoir l'occasion de briser la glace des salutations formelles. Ce n'est que plus tard, avant leur tournée en Europe lors d'une soirée organisée à l'occasion de l'anniversaire de Jeff Henderson que je les approchais véritablement pour la première fois. Tu étais là aussi je crois. La fête avait lieu dans notre appartement de New Town, celui-ci était bondé de monde ce soir-là. La musique était forte et la frénésie battait son plein aux quatre coins. Et tandis que tout le monde s'agitait, je remarquais ton père et ta mère en pleine conversation assis côte à côte sur le rebord d'une grande baignoire blanche victorienne dans laquelle nous avions entreposés des boissons fraîches.

On eût dit qu'ils flottaient tous les deux à part comme des oiseaux étranges portant des chapeaux sur leurs têtes. C'était une image spectaculaire; digne d'une scène de Beckett je ne sais pas ce qu'ils se racontaient mais c'était un splendide moment de grâce. Même quand ils n'étaient pas sur scène ces deux-là, leur complicité était poétique.

C'était très maladroit de ma part mais je n'ai pas pu me retenir d'aller à leur rencontre pour le leur dire. Ma remarque un peu brusque a fait rigoler ton père et a fait lever les yeux au ciel de ta mère. Tu sais, ce petit mouvement des sourcils, un rien provocateur! Je me suis sentie comme une épaisse idiote avec mes petits fours d'une main et mon verre de l'autre. C'est alors qu'Alan a fait un clin d'œil à Sally et m'a proposé de porter un toast à la maladresse justement: "To the lovely failures", he said with a smile. Yes "to the lovely failures" we all claimed to each other.

Je ne sais pas si cette phrase était une allusion à ce que tes parents s'étaient murmuré avant que je n'arrive mais nous avons ensuite conversé librement sur la magie de la maladresse dans le processus de création. L'idée que sans doute, les meilleures trouvailles ne sont pas raisonnables et que la spontanéité sans retenue est même la clé de toute aventure, qu'elle soit humaine, sociale ou artistique.

Alors soudain, je ne peux m'empêcher de penser très fort à ta maman en me remémorant cet instant. Son départ anticipé et qu'elle a souhaité ainsi me paraît comme un écho à ce que ton père avait si subtilement nommé: "a lovely failure". Il n'y a pas de "lovely failure" sans promesse d'ouverture et de renaissance. Ta maman est au plus près de ses rêves ainsi. Au plus près de toi dans son amour pour toi, infiniment aussi.

Je n'ai jamais été une amie proche de Sally. Mais tout ce que je peux affirmer c'est que l'on vit parfois des moments si intenses avec les personnes que l'on aime que le temps n'a pas de fondement. Parfois le temps passe ainsi, avec des journées longues comme des années et des années courtes comme des jours.

Durant l'année qui a suivie la mort de ton papa, j'ai dirigé des classes de training théâtral et chorégraphique à the Space. Sally est venue régulièrement participer à ces séances de travail. C'était si stimulant pour moi et en fait pour tout le groupe que nous formions, de la regarder jouer et donc d'apprendre. Je sentais bien que sa fragilité était à fleur de peau mais qu'elle s'impliquait avec beaucoup de générosité et de panache dans cette démarche parce qu'elle avait l'instinct du jeu et du risque en elle.

Avant mon départ de la Nouvelle-Zélande en 2003, nous avons filmé avec ce même groupe une version du ballet que nous avons présenté au festival Magadalenia de Brisbane. Ta maman tenait le rôle central de ce court métrage dont elle avait trouvé le titre: "Hades Window". A mon retour en France, j'espérais trouver le temps de m'occuper du montage des ces images mais le sort en a décidé autrement. J'ai perdu mon père cette même année et ainsi mis de côté tous les travaux personnels ... pendant plus de temps qu'il ne m'en faut pour le dire. Dans mon inertie, j'ai grandi tout de même.

Mon père était un homme très généreux mais même si nous nous voyions souvent et en dépit de tout l'amour que nous nous portions, des attentions protectrices qu'il me démontrait sans cesse, il existait une forme de pudeur entre nous, une distance empêchant les confidences et donnant un sentiment d'inachevé. Depuis sa mort, c'est comme si notre relation n'a jamais cessé de s'enrichir. Nous conversons l'un avec l'autre par tous les chemins de ma mémoire, en pensée mais aussi par les objets qui lui appartenaient ou dans les lieux qu'il avait lui même traversés. Oui, je cherche des réponses, des signes et j'en reçois; mon père et moi nous rejoignons. Je sais que ce n'est pas un face à face aussi vif et sonore que lorsque qu'il était vivant, et parfois cela me remplit de tristesse mais je sens profondément en moi que chaque partie de ma chair porte son histoire, que je suis faite de sa mémoire et de celle de ma mère, et que le trésor de leurs silences comme leurs éclats de rire sont une très grande richesse.

Si je te dis tout cela, c'est parce que tu sens sûrement aussi que l'amour est un parcours sans limite. Chère Ruby, je te souhaite de trouver la sérénité jours après jours dans la continuité de la tendresse dont tu es faite et de t'épanouir dans l'amour et l'amitié de tous ceux qui t'entourent.

J'attends de recevoir les prochains jours les images du film dont je t'ai parlé et qui étaient restées à Wellington. C'est malheureux de n'avoir pas trouvé plus tôt les ressources créatives de terminer ce travail pour que Sally puisse le voir. J'aurai tellement aimé voir ses yeux se lever au ciel en m'accordant de vives et constructives critiques. Je sais que ce film n'a pas été parfaitement réalisé, mais il y aura j'espère dans cette maladresse d'exécution quelque chose de spontané que ta mère aurait sûrement pardonné. Je lève mon verre à la célébration de sa beauté et à la grandeur du chemin qu'elle a su tracer par sa vision.

Chère Ruby, mes pensées iront vers toi en achevant ce travail. J'espère que la prochaine fois que je viendrais à Wellington, nous trouverons l'opportunité de nous rencontrer et de nous connaître d'avantage. Si tu viens à Paris avant cela, sache que tu seras toujours la bienvenue chez moi.

Je t'embrasse affectueusement.

France Hervé

Paris

I was lucky enough to experience working with Sally on many occasions both in Roadworks and Red Mole; she was a mentor, an inspiration, and a friend, scary, chaotic, funny, charming and just wonderful to know.

I have seen Sally a few times on visits back to New Zealand in the last four years but my most potent memories of her are of the time that we spent in Porsgrunn, Norway where I joined her, Jeff, Daphne and Alan to perform there, of course none of us knew it would be the last time for Red Mole.

I found this part of an old email (I am a shocking hoarder!) that Sally sent not long before coming over on that trip. What struck me about it was the way in which she speaks about everyone, Sally championed people! She was so open and generous with her work and her praise of others, always opening doors for people, this was one of the things I found so special about her! The thing I will most remember!

At the end of the email she refers to a "drummer boy", Terje is Miff's partner and subsequently has become a music collaborator of mine. I have since taken numerous trips back to Norway to record an album, a place where I think of them a lot! and the track I am sending "Blue light" is something I wrote for Alan and Sally (I hadn't the courage to pass it on to her yet) and it hadn't seemed like the right time but I hope it captures something of them there at that much happier time!

My thoughts and love are with Ruby and all of Sally's friends in the music, theatre and Magdalena communities and all the various strands of "Her Fantastic World", I wish I could be there to celebrate with you!

Angeline
UK

*"Dear Angeline,
Thank you for the great letter. I will immediately post you a Magdalena Aotearoa newsletter. Just out. We are all working at a ridiculous pace – getting ready for two Roadwork's shows at the Fringe. Maybe the last with Daphne who is getting ready to head out for Berlin! Bridget in charge of music for one, Jeff for the other, but excellent contributions from everyone, Chris Palmer hanging in there and playing Nietzsche! Great scripts by Alan! New cellist, Kieran's sweet English girlfriend called Chrissie (plays clarinet, but like all musicians, wants just to act!!) new voluptuous young actress called Cheryl, very keen, Nik doing well – really enjoying acting. Wish we still had Tahi!!!! She has offered to come and stay here and be with Ruby while we are in Europe. That makes me feel so happy!*

*Planning on coming to Norway. Applying for travel assistance to CNZ. It all sounds too amazing, esp knowing you will come over too! Tom Callwood is playing on the Zarathustra show with Jeff – he is a very good player, nice to work with, seems to be enjoying it all. He says Miff's drummer boy is lovely! Such a small world!
!"*

Sally, writing to Angeline in early 2002.

Dear Helen,

I have only now just read all the messages everybody sent in after Sally's passing.

It is dawn now and I remember that chalky overdrawn feeling and I never send messages at the right time.

Perhaps on a totally topical note, Sally was one of five people who one night entered an expropriated hospital in the barrio where I live and we all poured red paint down the sides of the building. That pouring has become a symbol in Puerto Rico for la lucha against expropriation and the forced removal of people from their homes..

Deb

For Sally, the honour is mine

Birds of Paradise, I remember well

Sitting on our shoulders

Strutting strange ungainly steps as we

We tangoed and we apached
And we knew the Bride
when she used to rock and roll.

And for each show we dyed our hair with henna, black or red.

I miss your low whisper

And your patience with the troubled youth of our times.

Slender feline woman,

The pleasure has been mine,

As I recall you happy and walking up vertical pathways,

I honour your work

Oh yes above all else I honor your work.

And I miss you forever.

Deborah

MADELEINE AMIGA UN FUERTE ABRAZO PARA TI Y PARA TOSAS LAS AOTEAROAS

Amigas Magdalenas Aotearoas, tristemente nosotras como magdalemas pacificas (Lucy, Pilar Susana, Pedro Monika) nos enteramos muy muy tarde del fallecimiento de nuestra queridisima amiga, hermana, compañera Sally, durante el Magdalena Antígona, en Bogotá. Allí le rendimos homenaje a esta gran mujer artista Aotearoa.

Y la tristeza ha sido inmensa, ella ha dejado en nuestros corazones la huella de su amor, de su creatividad, de su humor, y porque no decirlo, también de su tristeza. Ella especialmente me ayudo con sus palabras de fuerza, en el duelo que cargo por el asesinato de mis tres hermanos.

A Sally la he llevado en mi corazón siempre, la quise desde que la conocí en 1994 en Cardiff, desde que la vi en la escena, y compartimos las alegres fiestas de la noche, un amor que fue creciendo con nuestra correspondencia en francés, la quería a ella, a su Alan, y quiero a su Rubi, semilla de una unión amorosa poética mágica, que es singular en este planeta. A los tres tuve la suerte de conocer en Magdalena Aotearoa y sentirme acogida por ellos, pero lo mejor de todo en esta relación, fue haber tenido la oportunidad tenerlos en mi casa, compartir la mesa, las palabras, y su gusto especial por la vida, acompañarlos en su viaje por Colombia, sus recitales poéticos, sus presentaciones. Su ausencia la siento mucho, quiero resarcirla con mi amor y mi admiración por todas ustedes Aotearoas, que le han dado tanta energía a mi vida desde que conocí la existencia de su Cultura, cada una de ustedes, tiene para mí un significado especial y el recuerdo de nuestra querida Sally se ha repartido en cada una de ustedes amigas Aotearoas. Yo y mis hermanas, y las compañeras de la Mascara. Las acompañamos con el alma y a la vez me acompaño con ustedes hermanas, amigas, compañeras y esta sea la ocasión para decirles MUCHAS GRACIAS, por ese amor con que ustedes despidieron a mis hermanos en las playas de su hermoso país que tanto quiero. Gracias amigas por existir y estar tan cerca de mi corazón adolorido. Ojalá que la vida nos vuelva a unir para celebrar la vida y acoger con fuerza a la muerte. Las quiero inmensamente hermanas.

Pilar Restrepo
Colombia

SOLIDARITY ON SALLY'S DEPARTURE MADELEINE, MY FRIEND, A BIG HUG TO YOU AND ALL THE AOTEAROA WOMEN

(translated by Ines Ferrer-Bergua)

Dear friends of Magdalena Aotearoa,
Very sadly we, Pacific Magdalenas (Lucy, Pilar Susana, Pedro Monika), found out too late about the death of our dearly loved friend, sister and colleague Sally, during Magdalena Antígona in Bogotá. While we were there, we paid tribute to this great woman artist of Aotearoa.

It has been a great sadness; she has left in our hearts the mark of her love, her creativity, her humour, and, if I may say, her sadness too. It was Sally particularly who helped me with her words of strength for the grief I carry after the murder of my three brothers.

I have always carried Sally in my heart. I have loved her ever since I met her in Cardiff in 1994, from the moment I saw her on stage and during our happy parties at night. It is a love that has grown through our correspondence in French. I loved her, her Alan and her Ruby - the seed of a loving, magical and poetic union, something very unique in our planet.

I was fortunate to see all three during Magdalena Aotearoa and be welcomed by them, but the best thing in this relationship was to have the opportunity to welcome them into my home, to share our table, share words and her special love of life, to accompany them on their trip though Colombia, their poetry readings, their presentations. I miss her very much and I wish to fill the void she has left in me with my love and admiration for all you women in Aotearoa. You have filled my life with so much energy since I came in contact with your culture. Each one of you has a special place in my heart, and the memory of our dear Sally is shared with each one of you friends of Aotearoa.

My sisters and I, and my colleagues of La Mascara join you with our souls in your grief. I take also this opportunity to say MUCHAS GRACIAS for the loving way you farewell my brothers on the beaches of your beautiful country that I so love. Thank you my friends for being there and for being so close to my grieving heart. Let's hope that life brings us together again to celebrate life and to receive death with strength. I love you very much, dear sisters.

Pilar Restrepo
Colombia

Jan. 30, 2007

Dear Emma,

I am greatly distressed to learn of the passing of Sally Rodwell as you have mentioned in your recent missive. This is indeed terrible news.

I knew Sally many years ago in New York. She along with her husband Alan were much involved in performance art on the New York scene. I considered Sally to be my friend, just a wonderful, exuberant lady full of life and optimism.

She was someone who exuded a worldly wisdom and yet, had the capacity to make you feel comfortable and at ease, as though you came from her home town. It was a long time ago, and yet it seems like yesterday. Many years have passed ... and I'm embarrassed to say I have been regretfully and recalcitrantly "out of touch". Where have the years gone ..?

...Who knows where the time goes ?

..And now that Sally is gone, I wistfully ponder my missed opportunities to spend more time just being around her.

sorrowfully,
Peter Rizzo

It is with great sadness that I just discovered Sally's death. My condolences and thoughts go out to Ruby.

I worked with Sally and Alan in the late 80's and early 90's, doing lighting for Red Mole shows and helping with Erskine College. Both were highly influential to me - I loved the time I spent with them. I was therefore devastated when I heard about Alan's death. My living in Australia meant I couldn't give Sally and Ruby the support I would have wished. I managed to speak to her, and leave some messages on her phone saying I was thinking of them, but I wish I could have done more.

Reading about Sally's death today, I'm sitting here crying. The world has lost an incredible and amazing person. Both Sally and Alan will live long in my memories.

Scott McAlister

Dear Madeline,

I am filled with sadness, having just found that dear Sally has died october last year. I am an old friend of Sally and Alan and Ruby from Amsterdam (I live in Rotterdam now). We worked together in 1986/1987/1988 in Amsterdam on a puppet play that my theatre group called Spektakel Theater wanted to do. Sally And Alan directed the play and worked with us on the realisation of the puppet show, that was called 'The Little Black Fish', based on an Iranian children-story.

The last direct contact I had with them was with Alan when they were coming to Amsterdam in june 2002, but the day they arrived (and Alan died) was the day I left for a trip to Italy, so we couldn't meet up. I assumed that they were back in NZ later and it wasn't untill much much later that I found out about Alan's death. I got in touch with Sally through email, but only briefly. She expressed her sadness about Alan's death and I sensed how deep this must have hurt her. I was (and am) overwhelmed with sadness about this. I tried mailing some more, but did not get any replies, and I left it there. What can you do so many miles away, being old friends.... Friends come and go, but the good memories stay. But alas, the sad ones too.

I met Sally and Alan when they just arrived in Amsterdam on invitation of the English Speaking Theatre Co. in the heart of old Amsterdam. My daughter Lilian is about a year younger then Ruby and the two girls could play together, which was fun. They performed a show in the tiny ESTA theatre in Amsterdam where we did puppet shows for kids. The show left a big impression on me and when we were granted a subsidy for making a play based on an Iranian childred-story, we decided to ask them to help us making it and directing it. They agreed and we could pay them some money so they could stay longer in Amsterdam, which was their big wish. They lived in our house part of the time and in the studio that we maintained and Ruby went to the Macrobiotic kindergarten that we started with a group of people in the area. Making the puppet play with Sally an Alan was a feast of learning techniques and experiences and privately we enjoyed eachothers company and talked about idea's and politics and the world

But times changed I moved to Rotterdam in 1995...

Recently my daughter Lilian, who is 21 now and studies in Amsterdam, expressed her wish to travel after her exams in june this year. She has set out a plan to go to NZ and maybe Australia. I reminded her of Sally and Ruby and advised her to contect Sally. That was what I was doing this morning: checking Sally's Red Mole e-mailadress and typing in het name in Google. So That is how I found out about the sad news. Sally was good friends with Margot in Amsterdam, who I know, but I have no contact or email adress from her. I read Margot's entry in the emails.

Please forward my love and greetings and condolences to Ruby and tell her about Lilian from Amsterdam who has plans to visit NZ. My condolences to you too, Madeline, because I know that the loss of your friend Sally must be a heavy burden on your heart too. Thank you for your time reading this. If I can be any of your assistance or the Magdalena project, don't hesitate to get in touch.

Love and greetings from Rotterdam

Ab Stammeshaus