

FACEBOOK TRIBUTES (RIP) ALAN RICKMAN

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The year Alan Rickman was appearing (brilliantly) on Broadway in a Noel Coward play, I sent him a copy of my one-man play, "*My Chekhov Light*." He responded, thanked me, wrote a bit (positively) about the play, but said that he didn't like appearing in plays alone on stage; that he wanted other actors to play with.

(Come to think of it, the only other major stage star who responded to a direct appeal from me was also British, and also named Alan: Alan Bates.)

Alan Rickman, of course, was the kind of world class actor a playwright dreams about having in one's play. He could do it all. Again, brilliantly: And he had that amazing, distinct, voice that he could project to a last row in the theatre — and who had the chops to say pressured dramatic words with clarity, rhythm, intelligence — and who created characters with strong inner emotional lives. I mourn Alan Rickman's passing and I mourn my never seeing him bring Professor Peter Paradise to life in my, "*My Chekhov Light*." In my mind's eye and ear, it would have been perfect casting and a towering performance. One of a kind. . . .Well.

FG

