

My most treasured memory of Doreen is in fact from outside of the classroom. After every Saturday workshop I would walk down Chenies St. to the underground. And there, every time, was a Mini-Cooper parked at the side of the road. Waiting next to it stood Doreen's husband, stock still and stoic. He put me in mind of a lighthouse, his bright and patient gaze fixed on the corner around which his formidable wife would soon appear; luminous with his absolute love and obvious devotion to her. I loved that moment that I would catch sight of him there. So tangible was their unity that I felt as if I could pluck morsels of it from the air as I passed.

I loved her too. Doreen Cannon was my acting teacher at RADA from 1990-1993. She had a razor sharp sense for authenticity. If it was lacking in any iota of your intentions, onstage and off, she would call it. How I wanted to please her! Her integrity was so solid that the only way in which to truly bring her joy was to do the work, commit, follow your actions and never give up trying. Even in her sterner moments of chastisement, her eyes flamed with a fundamental conviction in your inherent capabilities. She always insisted that 3 years could never be enough time to learn to be an actor, and that even after 10 years of professional practice, a true artist would only just begin to integrate the teachings of their chosen method/mentor.

It was Doreen's legacy that inspired me to teach acting alongside my practice of it. She is still always with me in my creative practice. She was my first mentor, and her methods and spirit are still ablaze within my approach to acting, and teaching. I am eternally grateful to her, and to Dee for carrying forward her mother's work. And when I look at Dee, I also get to catch another glimpse of the amazing union that was her parents- the loving couple meeting at the side of the road on a Saturday after class.

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