Althought I didn’t know it when I began my academic career, what great professors must do to connect with their students is in large part a performing art. Great drama, great comedy, great tragedy: whether in class, on stage, or in our own lives, these are what people remember, these are what help organize chaotic reality into something approaching a meaningful narrative. If colleges in general and collegiate teachers in particular forget that truth, as they often do, the crowd – students – always have the power to help us remember.

Most of those who graduate from Pace this May experienced first hand, in the first week of their college lives, more drama and more tragedy than anyone could have wanted. I remain humbled by those students who lived through that and kept on coming to this school through the rubble and the chaos and the smells of the fall of 2001. You pulled me through, and as you begin your loadout to whatever else awaits you, know that I have appreciated every minute that I have shared with you. It’s you I think of to remember why I came.

“A foolish consistency is the hobglobin of little minds.”
- Ralph Waldo Emerson

The first few days of my freshman year were largely filled with the attending of numerous required orientation events that Pace believes serve to help inform and acclimate its newest recruits to life in the big city by insisting that underage consumption of alcohol will lead to nothing but eviction from the dorms and that they are now cherished, I.D. carrying members of perhaps the most spectacular collegiate opportunity in the world. It was at one of these events that I first encountered Bill Offutt and where I first heard him offer the graduating class of 2006 a sentiment that I have never forgotten and that, in recent days, has been coming to mind frequently. He said, “If you are the same person when you leave Pace University as you were when you came in, then we have failed.” As I approach my final days as a Pace
Broadway has always been a touch on the overblown and pompous side, but in recent years it feels that this image has only grown and taken on new, even more pretentious, aspects. Orchestra seats for shows like *Mama Mia!—* an ABBA retrospective — can cost up to $300, and many other shows have similar ticketing practices.

All of the actors on stage primp and croon and do their damnest to convince the audience that this is the greatest thing they will ever see and they’d better appreciate it. And then something like *Spamalot* comes along and upsets the whole damn apple cart.

*Spamalot* is heavily based on the 1975 Monty Python movie *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. The show, written by former Python Eric Idle and directed by Mike Nichols (who recently directed the film *Closer*), features Tim Curry, Hank Azaria, David Hyde Pierce, and Sara Ramirez.

*Spamalot* follows the exploits of King Arthur (Curry) as he attempts to band together a motley crew of knights, such as the ambiguously gay Sir Launcelot (Azaria) and the noncy, cowardly Sir Robin (Pierce), and with help from the Lady of the Lake (Ramirez) find the Holy Grail and get a show produced on Broadway.

If you’ve seen the film, which, as responsible human beings, I have no reason to believe you haven’t, then you pretty much know all of the major set pieces and jokes from this production. Unfortunately, this familiarity kills much of what could have otherwise been hysterical wit.

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student, I have been trying to assess myself in regards to this statement. Am I or any of the people I know the same people now as we were in fall 2003 – and if not, what role has Pace played?

My conclusion: Pace University has many flaws, but it has certainly not left us to stagnate for three years, and, in fact, has managed to keep students very much on their toes. Financial aid alone teaches many lessons about consistency, about trusting people to look out for your best interest, and about the sacrifices that must be made in the name of New York City. Pace demands a certain ingenuity to get things accomplished, perhaps more than other schools. Seniors at Pace have developed higher levels of self-efficacy than I imagine other, more protective schools instill in their students. When you’ve turned the same form into SARS four times before you learn to sit down, lock your legs to the chair and refuse to leave until they process your information, here at Pace, that’s called immeasurable growth. And when the mere physical space that you spend half of your 60 hour-per-week paycheck renting can fit a twin bed mattress, no frame, and a bag of Cheetos, you’re forced to redefine your sense of space. If we can’t throw a Frisbee on the quad, then we’ll march across the Brooklyn Bridge singing and drinking beers. If we can’t hop in our cars and drive to some suburban adventure, then sneaking into a hotel and climbing to the roof becomes a source of freedom.

College in the city has shaken from me some idealism about New York and the world. We are not isolated, youthful groups promising better tomorrows, but aging adults with bad habits and too much work. We work strange jobs, we live in *strange* places, and our parent’s tuition checks cannot wall us inside rolling fields and keg parties. We have an advantage, graduating into the city. We have an advantage when, after the graduation ceremony, we all spill out of Radio City Music Hall’s doors onto 6th Avenue and 50th Street. We see injustice, we see poverty, and we are young – idealist or not, we get to make the decisions on how to treat difference to an extent that the whitewashed world of suburban schools do not. No matter from where we came when we entered Pace, we are not those same people now. We are exposed, altered, and offered the choice whether to stay and make difference work or to leave and find somewhere more comfortable.

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*Spamalot*: A Review

By C.J. Kershner

Broadway has always been a touch on the overblown and pompous side, but in recent years it feels that this image has only grown and taken on new, even more pretentious, aspects. Orchestra seats for shows like *Mama Mia!—* an ABBA retrospective — can cost up to $300, and many other shows have similar ticketing practices.

All of the actors on stage primp and croon and do their damnest to convince the audience that this is the greatest thing they will ever see and they’d better appreciate it.

And then something like *Spamalot* comes along and upsets the whole damn apple cart.
Try and remember the times you died laughing when you first saw the film and then add onto that all the subsequent viewings and now this. You’ll laugh, certainly, but you’re more expecting than surprised at what comes next, whether it’s the castle of the French or the knights who say “Ni!”

It’s all here, it’s all still classic Python, but 30+ years of viewing have killed the freshness of the humor. Which is absolutely not to say that Spamalot isn’t funny. Actually, at times, it will have you rolling in the aisles. While most of the material is the same tried-and-true canon, the new stuff is simply brilliant. The mock Playbill, written completely in Finnish, the introductory musical number — a celebration of Finland’s “fisch-schlapping” holiday, is simply side-splitting.

The musical numbers are also wonderful. The vast majority are not show-stoppers, but they’re entertaining nonetheless. The few that do halt the show in its tracks are so brilliantly performed by the cast as to leave your jaw hanging. Curry’s still got it after all these years, Azaria’s always been a top notch performer, and who knew David Hyde Pierce had such showmanship in him? Watching him strut his stuff on stage, it’s hard not to think that Frasier was almost wasting his potential. And Ramirez’s voice has such range, depth, and power as to make Shania Twain look like a kid at a middle school concert.

The real star of the show, however, is the irreverent, self-deprecating potshots the show takes at the rest of Broadway. The overblown musical numbers of Andrew Lloyd Weber, the necessity of a show full of Jews that’s required for any show to really succeed, and the attention needy nature of many top performers are all deftly mocked in songs like, “This Is The Song That Goes Like This”, “You Won’t Succeed On Broadway”, and “The Diva’s Lament”.

There is so much more than can be said for Spamalot. It was a real treat to get to see such a great show, and my thanks go out to St. Bill of Offutt for providing tickets. Even if you missed out on the Honors office’s raffle, this is one that might be worth seeing at least once on your own dime. Something this laden with humor only comes along once in a blue moon.

In closing? Spamalot: You know it, you’ll love it, your mother’s still a hamster, and your father smelt of elderberries.

Another Review: All Shook Up

All Shook Up was a musical comedy that told of the story of a small boring quiet town in 1950’s America that was “all shook up” by the arrival of a dancing singing motorcycle riding “roustabout,” as the town mayor calls him. He quickly livens up the town and the citizens begin dancing, singing, and challenging the decency laws of the town. Natalie, the mechanic’s daughter, falls for the roustabout, but since he doesn’t like her, poses as a boy to be his sidekick. The sexy new educated woman in town falls for the sidekick, but the roustabout is already after her. He feels like he is falling for his sidekick and when he finds out he is Natalie, no longer likes her. Of course, in the end, he realizes he loves her, everyone finds their true soul mate, and a number of weddings between all the main characters of the town take place. This musical consists of only Elvis hits and is very lively. I was skeptical about going to see it because I’m not a big Elvis fan but I was pleasantly surprised. Though it was a corny story with a predictable outcome, it was definitely quite comical and kept my attention. I enjoyed All Shook Up and would recommend it for any romantic comedy or musical fan.
Time to Say Goodbye

Michal, Art, and Katy are off to the real world soon. Who are we kidding...we'll still be here everyday, look for us passed out of the couch.

And don't fear...

Charles is Here!

Charles Hallmark, the new Honors hired hand, is a sophomore psychology major that loves Chex Mix.

Find out what happens when you put sixty kids on a bus and people stop being polite and start getting...drunk.

Spring Break 2005: Toronto

“Toronto, compared to the splendor that was Montreal, just didn't impress me too much. It was hyper-commercialized, and not even in a cool way (if that's even possible, anyway). The kicker? Getting denied access to a bar by a bouncer! What is this, New York Jr.? Kensington rocked, however, and was the highlight of my trip. Too bad I didn't discover it until just a few hours prior to our trip back to the city that never sleeps.”  -Shawn McGinniss

We went to Kensington Place, but it was not the marketplace that Bill told us it would be. It was a tiny little side street with howling cats and chainsaw sounds in the background...

-Anna Novoselov

My favorite part of the trip was the hot tub and navigating the metro system. I thought it was great city with lots of friendly people. I've been considering moving there in the future...  -Audrey Brutus
If you are a graduating senior read this!

In order to receive your Honors College medallion and certificate before graduation, you must attend the Pre-Commencement Award Ceremony for your school. The award ceremony schedule is as follows:

*Dyson College of Liberal Arts, May 19th at 5:30 PM in the Student Union*

*Lubin School of Business, May 19th at 5:30 PM in the Schimmel Lobby*

*CSIS, May 19th at 5:30 PM in the Multipurpose Room*

*School of Education, May 19th at 5:30 PM in the Cafe 101*

### Dyson

Jessica Andrepont  
Nataliya Baytalskaya  
Nevita Bailey  
Rosa Celeste  
Barbara Clauson  
Jennifer Cole  
Daniel Daley  
Kathleen Desmond  
Shimrit Diner  
James Fulton  
Luiza Gontowska  
Elisabeth Hansen  
Mark Hayes  
Cassie Haynes  
Charles Hudak  
Michale Iwankiw  
Victoria Johnson  
Monsur Khan  
Olga Korol  
Nazreen Laffir  
Michael Lee  
Marjorie Lewit  
Beatriz Lopez  
Arthur Lowe  
Agnes Markiewicz  
Matthew Masterson  
Anita Mignone  
Bethany Nelson  
Tai Nickel  
Lauren Parker  
Laura Perry  
Ethan Phillips  
Elona Pira  
Eriola Pira

### Lubin

Lidiana Rios  
Julia Royter  
Lauren Saper  
Maryann Soliman  
Jonathan Tallman  
Andrea Tello  
Karen Wang  
Renee Yewdaev  
Lorraine Yumul  

Aldo Lau  
Jin Liao  
Regina Libina  
DanDan Liu  
Johnathan Medina  
Michal Motykiewicz  
Rebecca Novak  
Hiral Patel  
Marina Rivilis  
Daniel Salvador  
Cristina Sciortino  
Sigappi Selvanathan  
Bhoomi Shah  
Puiisee The  
Christina Vricella  
Nancy Waung  
Xiang Jie Zhu

### CSIS

TaNisha Greene  
Eduardo Hernandez  
Amit Jagnarine  
Maksim Kogan

### School of Education

Alashia Mahabir  
Meeta Mahtani  
Nicole Ziccardi