

**PARTING SHOT**



## SPICE GIRL

YOU DO KNOW HOW TO PRONOUNCE **Sara Ramirez**'S FIRST NAME, don't you? You just open your mouth and roll your tongue: "Sa-r-r-r-r-a." Oh, this Mexican-born beauty has tongues wagging all right. Ever since she sprang full-blown, like Venus, from the foam of Arthurian legend as the Lady of the Lake in *Spamalot*. Well, not full-blown exactly. Theater aficionados saw it coming in her three false starts: *The Capeman*, *Fascinating Rhythm* and *A Class Act*. But then, finally, for an audience sated with perky little ingenues, here

she was: big, bold and beautiful W-O-M-A-N, one who could not have cared less whether she was "pop-U-lar" or not. In a cast of hammy rat packers, she's the curvy cat burglar who steals every scene she's in. But as the actress herself has observed, "I'm not just there to walk around with a nice rack." No kidding. Whether sending up Liza Minnelli in spangles or torching a ballad à la Dietrich, there's the sly, self-mocking wit of a master at work, all cunning and control. And she's not yet 30. From Mazatlán to San Diego to the Great White Way, Sara—sorry, Sa-r-r-r-r-a—has the salsa picante to spice up our days (and knights) for a long time to come. —Patrick Pacheco