

Arnie's Back

Just Because a Girl Can't Vote Doesn't Mean She Can't Share Her Political Views

OK, I admit it. As a green-card holder and not a U.S. citizen, I find elections both a little frustrating and annoying at the same time. I can't vote, but I can have an opinion; but since I live here, other people's decisions affect me.

There's definitely a feeling of being left out when lobbying candidates accost straphangers eager to catch their 6 train in the mornings before polling. But then, I'm quite happy to tell them, "Can't vote," before they try to brainwash me into their politics. All this before the first cuppa joe has yet to take effect.

But what I really hate is when candidates promote themselves at me while I'm strolling casually on a Sunday, minding my own business, meandering among the corn and lemonade stands



bodybuilding antics (and other more salubrious physical pastimes) in private than make serious policy issues.

Mind you, after actor Martin Sheen's outspoken words on Iraq (boy, did he overuse his role as the fictional prez to voice his political antiwar opinion), it seems purely natural that acting and politics go hand in hand. It's a case of life imitating fiction.

But maybe that's just Cal-ee-four-nyer for you.

But maybe this is just one of the West Coast's privileges. Somehow, though, I can't get past the idea that Arnie is more suited to fitting into one of my Celebrity Style rants about exercise and physical fitness rather than one affecting voters, chads, polls, lobbying, and — eek — the magic word, *election*.

Part of my brain's anatomy can't even keep on the subject of politics with Arnie's name in the same paragraph.

I keep wandering off, thinking about the old (but newly revived) Kettle Bells training, which, by the way, for those who are looking for a spruce-up in the workout department, is set to be the new workout sensation at Equinox Gyms (equinoxfitness.com).

This Kettle Bells thing is a bunch of exercises using odd-shaped weights — picture a cannonball or small bowling ball welded onto an

iron suitcase handle — and the movements resemble Olympic-style clean-and-jerks, side presses, bent-over presses, snatches, and dead lifts. I mean, in short, it's the kind of workout fit for a Terminator.

I can just see Arnie doing these unusual drills with K-Bells, swinging them like a pendulum or a tennis racquet, getting a combined aerobic and catabolic (muscle-building) workout. I guess I'm just more comfortable seeing Arnie in a suit on the red carpet, not in City Hall.

But go for it, Arnie, and make me eat my words.

If you do a halfway decent job (and I have celebrity spies in Cal-ee-four-nyer), I will at least try this hard-core Terminator workout once — for punishment. ■



Muscle Man: Arnold is groped by lovelies

and the Guatemalan knit stalls at the New York City street fairs.

Naturally, then, since no immediate political decision in New York is within my control, my mind wanders to the shenanigans of the West Coast.

I just can't help making the correlation between the newly inducted Arnie (Schwarzenegger, that is) and Ronald Reagan, since Arnie's recent landslide as new gov'nor of Cal-ee-four-nyer. The fact is that both are actors with political aspirations and strangely both possess a sort of vainness.

Good old Ronnie R. was a dapper old prez for sure — slick hair, slick suits, slick one-liners (even if they were rehearsed and delivered just as his Hollywood scripted words were), and, of course, Arnie seems more like he still could carry out his preening