

Favorite exercises are arm-bending and building excuses

My idea of exercise is lifting a few 16-ounce beers and fishing the olives out of a dry martini. However, I've come to the realization that my clothes are not mysteriously shrinking to Taiwanese sizes, but that I am fat. Loosing 35 pounds is at the top of my resolution list for 1988, but then again it was in '87, too.



Sometimes He's Funny

by John Howell

I was recently in a Meijer store trying one of those automatic blood pressure machines. I had never used one before because of a particularly grizzly classic movie scene in which an unfortunate health nut meets an untimely death. After waiting the long minute as the machine computed my fitness, a simple message appeared on the screen "Is Your Life Insurance Paid Up? You're a Gonner."

I realize at the age of 27 it's now or never. Get in shape or remain overweight for life. Darn! Who says cellulite isn't a turn on.

I could take up jogging, but all joggers seem to look suspicious, running up and down the streets in designer sweats with a dangerously insane look on their face. It reminds me too much of Munich. I always find myself feeling threatened and jealous, as if all joggers are members of a secret fraternity. At times I'll shout "Stop Thief!" and the insulting commotion seems to persuade them to run elsewhere.

I've considered renting the Jane Fonda video. But it's like riding a moped — fine until somebody sees

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you. Some folks say jumping rope is the perfect exercise; seems to me it's perfect for getting evicted and slurring your speech. Have you listened to Muhammad Ali lately? Bike riding is the choice of many, but who wants to ride outside this time of year? A Schwinn aerodine stationary bike costs \$600 and the scenery never changes.

Swimming 50 or 100 laps a day is recommended, however, you have to be prepared to look like a human split end: wrinkled and teased. Not to mention that if you take a "breather" during the workout you could sink to the bottom and never breath again.

Definitely the trendiest way to exercise in the '80s is to join an expensive health club and partake of several aerobics classes a week. This will insure you're considered to be a hip-cool-with-'80s kind of guy whether you're in shape or not. Sounds good to me except for the fact that I wasn't a cheerleader in high school and I don't plan on becoming one now. Besides, I could never decide to shower before or after my Perrier and lime at the juice bar.

I'll let you know what I decide on for my workout program, but for now I think I'll sit down in an easy

chair, in front of a roaring fire with a cold one and read one of my favorite authors.

"I have never taken any exercise except for sleeping and resting, and I never intend to take any. Exercise is loathsome."

— Mark Twain

John Howell hosts the morning show on WGRD-FM.



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