

STUDIO 35

MOVIES • BEER • PIZZA • MUSIC •

Titles & Times valid 3/16/01-3/22/01

Triple Feature!

O BROTHER
WHERE ART THOU?

(PG13) Nightly at 6:00

SNATCH

(R) Nightly at 7:50

FIGHT CLUB

(R) Nightly at 9:45

Late Show \$2.00

3055 Indianola Avenue
261-1581 • www.studio35.com

DOOLEY
&
COMPANY

REALTORS
Your Midtown Real Estate Specialists



NEW PRICE!

Renovated 3 bed room home, fantastic custom kitchen with quality cherry cabinets and granite tops, huge bath w/ marble floor, 1 1/2 bath off of mud room, 1st floor laundry, a few car garage w/ loft - Mid \$220's
Bruce Dooley CRS 297-8600 ex 101



RATES ARE DOWN!

So why aren't you buying? Great home close to everything, 3 bed rooms, 2 bath, new exterior paint, windows, nice size rooms, fenced yard - \$281

Sharon Young, 297-8600 ex 104



BARBISON WEST

Looking for a cute, private home with a turn of the century look on the outside? This 2.5 story house features 3-4 bed rooms, 2 full baths, large kitchen and 1st floor utility space.

Kathleen Burg, 297-8600 ex 102



NEW LISTING

Wanting to branch out or you own? This brick building can be used as a no. office and living space. Totally remodeled, including 2 full baths, 2 fireplaces & 2 car parking spaces - car garage - Mid \$220's

Kathleen Burg, 297-8600 ex 102

297-8600

252 W. 5th Ave
Columbus, Ohio 43201

Secret City

Flashes of fame

Celebrity-shy Rich Warren spends three terrifying seconds with the Austrian Oak

by Rich Warren

I'm secretly terrified of celebrities. Even minor ones. When any are in my vicinity—even a TV weatherman—I clam up and hide behind a pillar or a large friend, peeking from behind to gaze on their star power as they shop, eat, or just mingle with us Little People.

Heaven forbid I should find myself somehow forced to speak to them. Like a blushing geek picking up his prom date, I'd utter something totally asinine like, "Your complexion looks so much better on television!" Once, I tried to persuade Dave Barry to sign a book "To Rich. I wish I could be half as funny as you are." Mercifully, he laughed—and then refused.

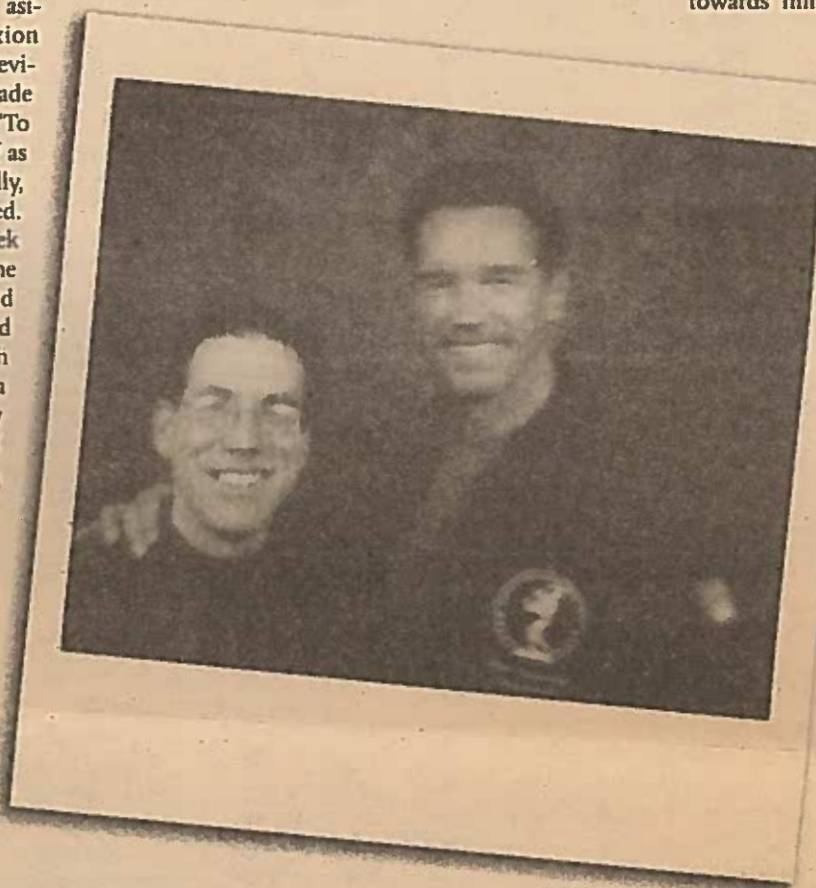
Last week was a big week for celebrity-sighting. In one seven-day period, I found myself in the star-studded presence of Dr. Ruth Westheimer, Bill Bryson (a humor writer I particularly admire) and Arnold Schwarzenegger. I was too shy to ask Dr. Ruth for any sex tips, afraid to discover a Jewish woman in her 70s probably has better ideas than I. And I think so highly of Bryson I thought it best I avoided him altogether. I feared my mouth might form the words, "Do you find you use humor as a shield against intimacy?"

As for Ah-nuld, since he was the biggest name, my terror of him was all the greater. What's more, I had an appointment to have my photo taken with him. I couldn't run. I couldn't hide. The Terminator would lock his steely gaze upon me, wrap me in a bear hug, and flash bulbs would flash. I would just have to face my fears.

Allow me to explain. A pair of VIP passes to the Schwarzenegger Classic had fallen into my hands, which afforded me full access to every event of that musclebound weekend. One perk these tickets entitle you to is to have your photo taken, assembly-line style, with the Austrian Oak, as he was once known. Not exactly an intimate photo op, but I reckoned we'd need to exchange pleasantries of some sort—and therein lay the terror. What would blubbling, bashful me say to someone in the upper echelons of Hollywood stardom? How could I avoid making an ass of myself? I struggled for days, trying to settle

on just the right little quip I might offer him.

Finally, a friend suggested I speak to him in German, which struck me as a way to trick Arnold into believing I was urbane and cosmopolitan. Never mind my textbook German is limited to phrases like "Heute hat Wolfgang Geburtstag" (Today is Wolfgang's birthday) or "Herr Müller und seiner Hund Maxi fahren mit dem Zug nach München" (Mr.



Miller and his dog Maxi are traveling to Munich by train). Finally, I decided to opt for a simple "Guten Tag. Wie geht's?" (Hello. How are you?) He would probably answer in a torrent of unintelligible gibberish, but so what? I just planned to grin stupidly, one of the things I'm really good at.

The fateful morning dawned, and my hyper-excited friend wished to arrive an hour early for the men's prejudging event, where the big boys stand next to each other and flex, as if to say, "My muscles are bigger than yours." It was also the appointed time for the photo op. It's good we arrived so early because the line for photos with Arnold was several hundred people long, snaking up and down the many staircases at Vets Memorial.

Once the line started moving, it just zipped along. Backstage we were led past the area where the bodybuilders were pumping

up. What a sight to see these massive men in Spandex underwear frenziedly pushing dumbbells in rapid reps, oiling themselves up and assuming postures I didn't think the human body could undertake. There was so much panting a blind person might have wondered what was going on.

Then we rounded a corner to the room where the celluloid legend stood bathed in hot light, mechanically throwing his arm over one person after another and grinning so hard his face must have ached. There was no time to gawk—about 10 beefy bouncers kept us moving like lambs to the slaughter. Dawdle just one second and these gorillas were on you, tensely suggesting you might want to get a move on. And we were already moving like Lucy and Ethel in the chocolate factory.

About 20 people away from Arnold we were ordered to turn to one side and step towards him sideways like crabs. I started chanting silently, "Guten

Tag! Guten Tag!" I have no memory of the lady in front of me getting shot in this execution-style photography. When she was gone, I was quickly shoved into place—sideways—beside Arnold.

Something like "Gu—rrr!" popped out of my mouth, but Arnold didn't bat an eye. He must be used to getting growled at.

Embrace. Grin. Flash.

And push! I was on my way again barely able to catch the Polaroid as it fell from the camera. "Thank you," he said, eyes straight ahead, in a tone you doubted he meant. And off I went. The whole thing lasted a maximum of three seconds.

Afterwards, the feeling was exactly like when you get off a roller coaster (another of my great terrors). My whole body felt noodly, and my friend and I giggled like two fifth-graders who'd just discovered what a whoopee cushion does. We waited for the Polaroids to develop. His turned out fine, but in mine Arnold's face is gauzy and blurred, although my own "Ten Most Wanted" mugshot is all too clear. I might as well have been standing next to a cardboard cutout.

The rest of the weekend is a muscular blur. I sauntered through the Fitness Expo, picking up my copy of *Testosterone* magazine and munching on Chocolate Malted Muscle protein bars, shoulder to shoulder (or deltoid to deltoid as they might say in the trade) with many. But of all my memories of this brawny weekend, none will compare to my Kodak Moment with Arnold, my all-too-brief time in the limelight. If it's correct that we all receive 15 minutes of fame, I'm still owed 14 minutes and 57 seconds.

ca