

# Parting Shot

## phi beta fitness

MIAMIANS ARE DETERMINED TO BE FIT AND WILL DO ANYTHING FOR A GOOD SWEAT—BUT DOES ANYONE JUST RUN ANYMORE? BY BETSY F. PERRY

Pumping my heart rate to the heavens by frenetically pedaling a SoulCycle to ear-shattering Rihanna rock anthems, followed by a 60-minute chaser of hot yoga—to cool off—is a great Monday to start my week. However, as the song says, “Ain’t no mountain high enough,” or rock-climbing wall in our case: Miami-ians view fitness as a cult (for sure better than playing follow-the-leader with the Kool-Aid crowd but equally addictive), pushing us to master high-intensity Zumba steps on Tuesday and run through ankle-deep Biscayne Bay overflow on Wednesday. While my muscles plead for a reprieve and I wash down ibuprofen with my morning caffeine, Thursday’s priority is juggling CrossFit, kickboxing, and Krav Maga, along with a soupçon of ocean breaststroke, even with a riptide warning. So now that I’m scheduling my life around workouts, have I morphed into yet another fixated Miami-ian in desperate need of the daily high from a really good sweat?

In a city where Rollerblades, runners, and bikes have bullied us into picking up the exercise habit, we’re now confronted with a buffet of options. For Miami’s fitness fanatics, mapping out the week isn’t really about scheduling clients, drinks, or a night with Netflix; it’s about fitting in casual Friday workouts so every muscle group gets an equal opportunity to yelp. Fortunately, the shared misery endured also bonds us. At gyms like Primal Fit—which calls itself an “adult fitness playground”—it’s easier to suffer hours of gorilla crawls through 600-pound tractor tires when you’re not alone. In fact, my Miami BFF Jennifer Dobin and I met while

stepping and sweating at Equinox Runway Ready classes. This lawyer, legal recruiter, and mom says her addiction is simple: “It’s just part of the Miami DNA, like sunshine.” (I think she’s secretly taken up spinning behind my back!)

While many of us dress for the day in Lululemon in case there’s time for a Saturday pop-in at JetSet Pilates, others don spandex under corporate wear, peeling off layers as the day progresses, until finally exiting the office in full gym regalia. Picture Clark Kent, only we’re more Olivia Newton-John in neon and faux ballerina leg warmers, off to pull sandbags, wiggle up ropes, climb jungle gyms, and jump through fire. Even my favorite interior designer, Tracy Dunn, who scoots up and down I-95 for her clients, appears in Pilates pants dressed for her daily workout. As she says, “Why change and waste time, especially if the job’s about moving furniture around?”

The obvious takeaway from this fitness frenzy is our reflection in the mirror and all that talk about blood pressure, fat, and pushing back against aging. But we’re also confronted daily with the sight of our nearly naked selves, and with no place to hide, we compel and contort our bodies past where they were designed to go—unless, of course, you’re descended from a long line of circus performers. On the other hand, the sight of a perfectly sculpted derriere once brought me to my knees with envy (unfortunately, it took me a while to get up again). Meanwhile, according to the pedometer I’m wearing on my wrist, I just burned 11 calories typing this column. **OD**

*Only in Miami!*



ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL DICKINSON