



Oh, O!

A Midwinter Night's Dream

By Charles Peeples

No matter what your political leanings, you couldn't help being dazzled by the magnitude and intensity of the delirium Obama-mania visited upon the nation and the world Election Night and Inauguration Day. A happy delirium, and why not, especially coming as it did, as a respite in the gloomiest "winter of our discontent" in recent memory? For wherever his policies may or may not lead us, be it Camelot or not, the unassailable fact is that no political figure in modern times ever transcended politics, nationality, race and culture so spectacularly. Ecstatic celebrations around the globe at his ascendance (I attended one in a Colombian household nearly a week later), super-celebrities virtually eclipsed in his midst, and a universal feeling of historic oneness (however evanescent it might prove), all inspired by a genuine against-all-odds success-story who projects such credibility, confidence, competence and charismatic coolness that top comedians admit they haven't found a way to range him yet.



It doesn't hurt that Barack Obama is a lean, hard model of fitness not only addicted to cardio and weight training, but a competitive level of hoops – quite a contrast to most previous White House occupants. Ba-Bam admits to another addiction: cigarettes. In so doing, not only does he further humanize himself, but he provides another opportunity to set an example – *by quitting*. Oh, he will. Count on it.

No less remarkable is Michelle O, who, beyond her Ivy League, big-time law career and super-soccer-mom credentials, has established herself as a fashion-plate sensation destined to supplant the legendary Jackie O, but in clothing and fullness of figure far more accessible to Everywoman. Of especial interest to the *PhillyFIT* reader should be the way she's all but smashed the physical mold of First Lady. Nothing wispy, frumpy or matronly here; what Michelle brings to this arena was on display Inauguration Night: back, shoulders and arms *out there*, robust and sculpted from several

hours each week in the gym, *meant* to be seen. *Deserving* to be seen! Earlier that day, with bone-chilling temperatures huddling others into full-length swaddle, Michelle faced it with a knee-length dress, proudly and publicly eschewing panty-hose – as do most modern fit females who recognize that the ol' lizard-skin is *sooo* last-century and nothing looks as fine as well-toned flesh. That must be giving the nylons manufacturers fits, but the health-club industry will be giddy in anticipation of freshly-inspired multitudes.

"Paradigm shift?" You bet. Role models? None better. The Obamas will be a tough act to follow. And fun to watch. And... they're *ours!*



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