



The smartest link to entertainment

Video

THE NAKED TRUTH

An Intrepid EW Writer Bares More Than Her Soul for 'The Art of Exotic Dancing' Review by Erin Richter

My future as a stripper looks dim. I've just demonstrated some moves I learned from this saucy instructional/exercise tape, *The Art of Exotic Dancing* (2001, Philadelphia Films, 60 mins., unrated), and a colleague has started humming the theme from *Sanford and Son*. I'm not sure whether that's more a comment on my technique or on the kind of junkyard strip joints he frequents. Either way, exotic dancing has turned out to be more difficult than I ever imagined.

My bumpy bump-'n'-grind start can't really be blamed on this informative how-to vid, which trumpets itself as being "for everyday women." I'm an everyday woman, and as such I'm alone in my living room, awkwardly standing in front

of my television and a full-length mirror, as instructed. Contemplating whether I should move the phone closer in case I get stuck with a muscle cramp, I meet my on-screen classmates--women of various ages, shapes, sizes, and motivations--all of us nobly searching to empower our inner sex goddesses with the help and encouragement of 23-year dancing vet Laurie Conrad.

We start off with the basics: seductive walking. Physically the easiest, psychologically the most demanding. Staring at yourself with your best come-hither gaze is challenging work for all but the most dedicated narcissists. And there's only so much strutting back and forth in front of a mirror I can do before the uncomfortable image of *The Silence of the Lambs*' preening psycho-killer Jame Gumb creeps into my mind.

We move on to trickier tasks that demand my full concentration (I even work up a sweat; those ladies sure do earn their stacks of singles). We gyrate through a myriad of hip rolls ("stationary," "revolving," "squatting," and "kneeling"), hit the deck with some slithering floorwork (boy, my carpet needs vacuuming), and then we conclude with a mini G-rated striptease with the aid of a man's dress shirt (take that, Demi Moore).

But my newfound headiness dissipates the moment I remember I'm alone, and that doing all of this in front of a prospective paramour would take something this well-meaning vid can't teach in an hour: the right frame of mind. And until this aspiring g-string diva masters that--or tosses back a few drinks--the "g" will stand for giggling.