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Just take it all off, honey! Don't be shy now...

## [I Will Take Everything Off for You, Baby...](#)

### *Laying the truth bare*

Don't you just love strip joints? I mean, you go there, pocket full of small bills and lots of willingness just to have some good-old fun, without other people judging you or with the fear that your lover will elbow you very subtly right in between your ribs for looking at a hot girl that is not her (not that I personally do that! \*grinning) and you do just that: you have fun while some chick that you couldn't care less about is showing you all that Mother Nature (and maybe Father Surgeon as well) gave her. Yes, those are the times!

Then again, don't you also love it when you see a celebrity doing just that – which means that you don't even have to pay for it? That's like, you get to see all the goodies without even coughing a buck – save for the ones you pay for your Internet connection. And all in the same spirit of having fun... So, today we're gonna talk about stripping, since we all like it that much. But, mind you, this is not the kind of stripping you might have expected from this long introduction but rather taken in a more non-literal way. What happens when a celebrity begins to shed, along with her clothes (like essential pieces of wardrobe such as skirt and pants and bra and panties), her superstar layers that made her an iconic figure? You get Britney Spears in return, that's what happens!

You might have heard that, last week, Britney went [berserk](#) for a yet unknown reason and that she held her own two children hostage for almost four hours in a police standoff that was really worthy of a "Cops" episode. This was yet another step downwards for the former Princess of Pop, the woman we all loved and held in high regard for at least the past five years. It was the last layer that she shed and that left her completely naked in front of us, stripped as she was of all the misconceptions and smart PR strategies that had built her in our eyes as some sort of untouchable, unbreakable, untainted goddess. Well, if the goddess likes to be worshiped by having her feet tied down to a hospital gurney while she doesn't even seem able to comprehend why all these people in white robes are swirling around her looking concerned, then I guess Brit Brit is still high on her throne...

This is not meant to make you feel any kind of sympathy for the pop idol (?); this is, just as I said, meant to lay bare the truth about our own pop culture. We raise our idols to watch them fall, we thrive on their mistakes because that's what makes them more human, more like you and me. We adore them blindly (and I'm not talking only about Britney here) and then, when they do fall because of the pressure we and the grinding wheel of showbiz put on them, we are the first to point fingers and cast stones. Of course, it's easier that way because it's not like they're going to come after us to reprimand us, isn't it? But, and you'll have to agree with me on that, Britney Spears, as far as we're concerned, did have her chance. And, if she blew it, she did it all on her own, without us even interfering.

In Brit Brit's case, the industry has been more than lenient. We all knew she couldn't sing but her "comeback" of last year was probably one of the most-hyped and anticipated musical events ever. The fans were there for her, the media was showing around the clock support and even her most bitter critics were on their toes, waiting to see what she would come up with next. All in all, everything was looking up for Brit, which is more than we can say for other pop stars who don't even get a first chance, not to mention a second one. And a third. And a fourth. And the millionth one as well. Despite all the rumors and bad media that Britney was getting, from things like hooking up with [barely legal college boys](#) or with

[a paparazzo](#), to being no lady in the presence of strangers and [passing gas indiscriminately](#) (I know, gross!), Britney's album, what was supposed to be the breakthrough of the century, was still on everyone's lips. And, instead of meeting our (rather justified) expectations, she came up with [THIS](#), an album that clearly showed that, as far as her "artistry" went, if she ever had any to start with, she was completely done. Dunzo. Over. Kaput.

And then, it was like that was only the beginning. Slowly but surely, our former Princess of Pop began to shed away her superstar layers and to show herself as she truly was: a country girl who just happened to be once at the right place at the right time, who got one major lucky break and who now was obviously in no position to cope with everything that was going on in her life. A regular person after all, whom we worshiped for no logical reason and who had disappointed us in many ways, but only because we had expected so much of her. The events of last week, the yet unknown tragedy (if that's not too strong a word for it) that went down at The Summit, the gated community where Spears resides, just showed us that she was no better and no worse than any of us. But, for some, [the paparazzi](#), she is still the Princess of Pop, the same idol and killer woman who had just had one unlucky day.

If you're looking for Britney Spears as you once knew her, look no more. She has stripped of all that she once was and is now laying naked as the person she really is. Just like when you peel an onion, we did the same with our very own Princess of Pop and, trust me, the effect was basically the same because Britney, as the core of the onion (feeling a bit philosophical today, you might have noticed) stings your eyes and makes them all teary. And you thought you like stripping, didn't you? How 'bout now?!