

PULSE

# Burn, baby, burn



## Working hard on a beach-buff bod

By SARA STEWART

**D**ROP and give me five!" This is my warm welcome at Pure Power Boot Camp, where I hope to whip my body into bikini-worthy shape.

Yes, it's that time of year, when women all over the city experience full-fledged panic attacks.

Not only is beach season nearly upon us, there's an inexplicable short-shorts trend to contend with. (Does anybody look good in those?)

So I set out on a weeklong expedition to find the most effective workouts in town. My first stop, boot camp, is an all-out physical assault.

Upon stepping out of the elevator into the Chelsea loft space, I'm ordered by a drill sergeant to do five push-ups in my street clothes, with a messenger bag still on my back. A promising start, indeed.

The room here, modeled after an actual army boot camp in Fort Knox, Ky., is outfitted with a complete obstacle course — hurdles, tires, climbing wall, monkey bars, rope net, log rack.

And once you walk in that door, brash owner Lauren Brenner is fond of saying, "Leave all your other s--- outside."

No matter who you are out there, in here

See **WORKOUT** Page 40



**WORKOUT** from page 39

you're in for a humbling hour of physical exertion and army-style abuse that could reduce the fittest of the fit to tears.

When you see Brenner's rock-hard body — which she shows off in a teeny, camouflage string-bikini top while putting you through your paces — you'll be more than willing to join the crew of masochists who've shelled out upward of \$800 for her six-week class.

With results like that, why would you go anywhere else?

I head to the "changing room" (no fancy locker room here; it's a camouflage tent), don my standard-issue fatigues and prepare for a hellacious hour of endless exercises.

And, oh, what an hour it is.

No pansy warm-up stuff for Brenner and her assistant, C.J., a heavily muscled former Marine.

Our 11-person group starts by running laps around the room. Then they start timing the laps.

If someone falls behind, and doesn't finish in 10 seconds, the whole group has to redo the lap. (There's athletic motivation for you — the ire of weary teammates.)

Low endurance? Too bad. Brenner will throw twice as many squat-thrusts at weaklings and whiners, just to prove they can do it.

"Nice gets us nowhere!" she screams as



J. Scott Wynn (3)

**Class:** Pure Power Boot Camp

**Gym:** 38 W. 21st St., second floor,  
(212) 414-1886

**Objective:** Shape up, you little maggot!

**Next-day burn:** everything

**Role model:** G.I. Jane

we struggle through a gut-wrenching series of leg lifts.

On the obstacle course, I begin to have flashbacks of Goldie Hawn in "Private Benjamin" as I struggle lamely over the hurdles. I have even more when Brenner has to boost my butt over the tallest wall.

Still, I make it through to the end, when we all lie on the ground, link arms and do 35 more sit-ups. Wait — make that 50, Brenner decides, as we writhe in pain.

I finish without vomiting, which I consider a resounding success. My abs hate me. I sort of want to come back tomorrow.