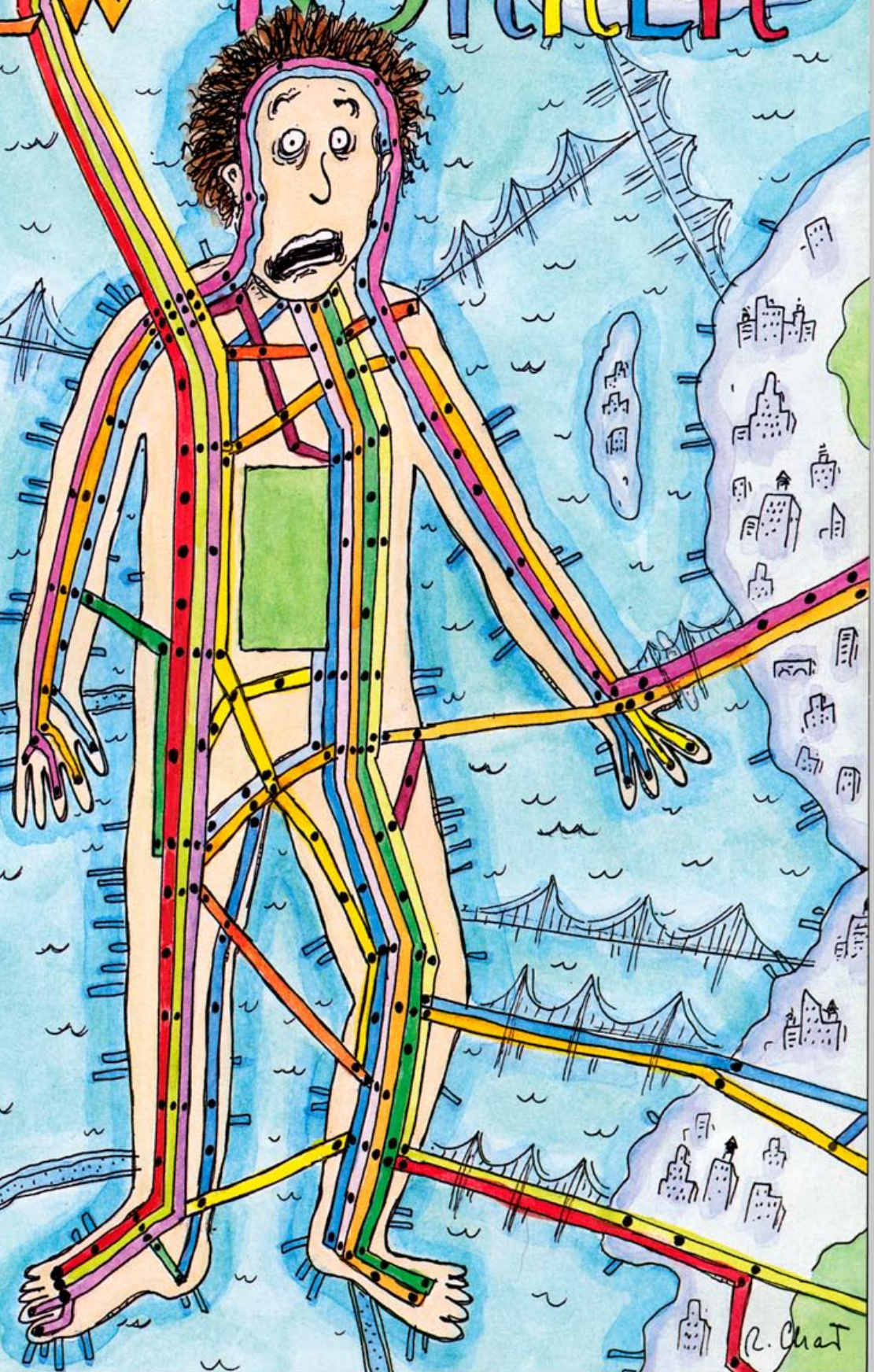


PRICE \$5.50

JUNE 30, 2008

THE NEW YORKER



CANADA \$5.50



R. Crut

THE NEW YORKER

ON TELEVISION

by Nancy Franklin

If it's legal hot summer sex you're looking for, there's only one place to turn. You guessed it—Canada. SOAPnet is showing a CBC series called “MVP: The Secret Lives of Hockey Wives,” which aired earlier this year up north. The opening credits combine funny and sexy better than any show I've ever seen: synched to the propulsive beat of Sloan's 2006 hit “Who Taught You to Live Like That” is a quick succession of *really* closeup shots of gorgeous men getting dressed to play hockey and of gorgeous women getting dressed to go out and get those men who play hockey. The thirty-five-second sequence is as gloriously over-the-top as can be, and no show could live up to it, but “MVP” is a good beach read, so to speak, if you need a break from all that Goethe and Plato. Its template is “Footballers' Wives,” the British soap, which was shown here on BBC America, and it also calls to mind such past treasures as “Dynasty” and almost every other nighttime soap you can think of. I had no idea that hockey had its groupies—“puck bunnies”—or that hockey players were anything but giant battery-operated throw pillows under their uniforms. I'm going to sit right down and send Canada a thank-you note. ♦