

BOLDFACE

CAMPBELL ROBERTSON

'Genuflect or Die' Has a Nicer Ring to It

Maxim threw a party at the Borgata Hotel Casino and Spa in Atlantic City on Saturday night, and it was this kind of party: **FLOYD MAYWEATHER JR.**, who had won a boxing title that evening, walked around with bodyguards.

We saw **JAY-Z** and **BEYONCÉ** at the casino, though we didn't see them at the party. But we did see **CARMEN ELECTRA**, **ADRIAN GRENIER**, **LENNOX LEWIS**, **FAT JOE**, **BAM MARGERA** and **DENZEL WASHINGTON**.

The band Jet, which is becoming the **WILMER VALDERRAMA** of party bands, played on a raised stage, which was flanked by two V.I.P. areas. Within one V.I.P. area, cordoned off by velvet ropes, there was another V.I.P. area, also cordoned off by velvet ropes. This area, which we will call the hyper-V.I.P. area, was reserved for **P. DIDDY**.

Mr. Diddy, who has apparently dis-

carded last year's flirtation with participatory democracy for the more enduring pleasures of absolutist monarchy, was sitting on a platform, surrounded by members of his posse.

To populate the hyper-V.I.P. area, these posse members were patrolling the dance floor looking for women, some of whom appeared to be wearing little more than their undergarments, and inviting them back to Mr. Diddy's fief. The lowly men who had previously been talking to these women would accompany them as far as the velvet rope, where they were denied entry.

A man at the casino who was serving as an ambassador told us that Mr. Diddy would answer only two questions, and then allowed our correspondent passage.

Mr. Diddy, who was wearing a pin-striped suit and sunglasses, shook her hand while looking elsewhere, and did not step down from his platform. Standing above her asserted his authority, you see, like **ADENOID HYNKEL** in **CHARLIE CHAPLIN**'s movie "The Great Dictator." So she stepped up next to him on the platform.

At which Mr. Diddy gestured to the

edge of a nearby armchair.

At which she said she was not going to sit down if he wasn't.

After a bit more of this, he finally said he would say something nice about Beyoncé, whom we had been asking about, and then seized the tape recorder and began dictating a little speech about her. We waited through his tribute, then got in some other questions: Did he come to Atlantic City often?

"I don't really come down here a lot."

Do they give you a big suite here?

"Yeah, the Borgata really treats me right here."

Going to keep the party going up there later?

"There's enough going on right here," he said. "I'm going to lay down after this."

Then he handed back the recorder and turned away.

The next night, we saw Jay-Z again, this time at the Cabana Club in Los Angeles, where he and the Reebok people were hosts of a 35th-birthday party for **STEVE STOUTE**, record executive turned marketing executive.

This party was much more laid-back than the one on the East Coast — nothing was roped off — and the guests included **WILL SMITH**, **MICHELLE RODRIGUEZ**, **JERMAINE DUPRI**, **SPINDELLA**, **HEAVY D**, the **GAME**, **WARREN G**, **CRIS JUDD** and **NICKY HILTON**. Mr. Stoute, who arrived looking dapper in a brown suit and accompanied by **MARY J. BLIGE**, spent most of the night sitting in the corner talking with Jay-Z.

Minutes after the three of them left, about 2 a.m., the guests massed out on the sidewalk waiting for the valet.

Suddenly, amid the sea of BMW's and Hummers and Bentleys, a fight broke out involving **AN ANGRY SHIRTLESS MAN**, sending the guests scattering in their short skirts and high heels.

After a few minutes, people slowly crept back to the club to get their cars, and there was **SUGE KNIGHT** standing with a group that included the shirtless man and waving his tree-trunk-size arms and shouting. Mr. Knight's crimson Hummer sat in the middle of the road, stopping traffic for 15 minutes. No one honked.

With Fiona Byrne in Atlantic City and Jordana Lewis in Los Angeles