THE NOW! ISSUE

NORE SPEARHEADS REGGAETON 2.0
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DUNGEN SWEDISH PSYCH OUT

BAY AREA HIP-HOP
LONDON AFTER THE LIBERTINES
ECO WARRIORS
Here in Bushwick, Brooklyn, it's your standard Friday-night tableau: Inside a converted factory space, a few hundred post-collegiate types stumble around in circles, crash into walls, fall on their asses. But oh-ho-ho, Grasshopper, take a closer look. Tonight, these kids are on nothing but rollerskates.

Like the world’s other great PG-13 pleasures—Judy Blume’s softcore opus Deenie, every prank call you made in 1991—the monthly Rock ’n’ Rollerskate party traffics in the kind of giddy adolescent diversion that was all but forgotten once we got our driver’s licenses and fake IDs and turned all dusty and over-it. Thrown by a band of benevolent rascallors called Office Ops (who also bring you gems like The Hasidic Hip-Hop Show and something called Fire Breathing Robots), the party is basically a middle school dance on wheels, minus all that hormonally-blasted nastiness.

The whole deal began in 2003, when the Office Ops crew came into two chance acquisitions: a stash of old rollerskates purchased from a Texan gentleman named Luther and a giant metal cage salvaged from the Guggenheim trash heap. Seeing potential in these unlike ingredients, they stuck some local bands in the cage, loaned out skates to anyone who wanted them, plugged in the disco ball and made magic happen. "In the towns we grew up in, the roller rink was where all the fights and lovin’ in town went down," says Kevin Lindamood, one of the event’s producers. "We could probably do well with a little more of both."

More than anything, Rock ’n’ Rollerskate gives tencapance locals a rare opportunity to completely go out in the company of their peers. You can’t take yourself too seriously when you’re flumming around the room on rollerskates to a speed-metal cover of "Walk Like an Egyptian."

It’s getting late, and inside the main room, the scene is pure Fellini. While Cameohead kicks out power-pop jams from inside the cage, a dude dressed as a Gay Pirate whips around the room like a stealth assassin. Two girls in fishnets clutch each other, shrieking,

**high school high**

**rock ’n’ rollerskate is light and fizzy**

as they roll slowly into a bank of lockers. A beaded alpha-male in a GWAR shirt wobbles serenely toward the refreshment stand. The energy is as light and fizzy as a sugar high. Every once in awhile, someone wipes out spectacularly, but no one really seems to notice or care. CAROLINE MCCLOSKEY
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