founders, Virginian Kevin Lindamood, says they scored the establishment’s rental skates from “a roller-skating maven named Luther” in high-pressure negotiations, during which Lindamood and company actually stormed out into the parking lot and were chased down by Luther’s minions, ready to bargain—challenging the wisdom of that rollerrink standard, E.L.O.’s “Don’t Walk Away.”

NEW VIDEO ARCADE
GAME TIME NATION
111 East 12th Street
(212-228-4260; gameatimenation.com)

ROCK-AND-ROLLER SKATING
OFFICEOPS’ SKATE PARTY
57 Thames Street, Bushwick, Brooklyn
(718-418-2509; officeops.org)

De La Soul, the hippie hip-hop band, once sang a catchy song about the joys of weekend roller-skating (“Five days you work / One whole day to play / Come on everybody / wear your roller skates today”). Now there’s a distinctly rock-and-roll version of this most social, not to say healthy, form of R&R: Every month, in a converted factory in the part of Bushwick that’s been renamed East Williamsburg, hundreds of enthusiasts from all walks of city life skate around and around a large metal cage, while a band plays fast, loud music. OfficeOps also hosts skateless concerts, plays, and yoga and photo classes, but nothing matches the appeal of the rock-and-roll skate party. It’s like Xanadu meets Slacker meets Hackers (the event is broadcast live for the homebound in an online Webcast). One of OfficeOps’ seven

WHEEL LIFE: Rock-'n'-roller-skating in Brooklyn.

Maybe, maybe not. Just hope you don’t end up at his table.

Ceci n’est pas une arcade... The French guy who runs Game Time Nation prefers the term gaming lounge, and the lofty hall full of flat-screen Sonys, eighteen Xboxes and PlayStation 2s, comfy couches, video-game launch parties, and Japanese D.J./art nights certainly makes the former Kozmo.com headquarters feel much cooler—and cozier—than the sweaty, cacophonous video arcades many of us grew up in. The games, however, will be pleasingly familiar to anyone who’s ever handled a joystick: You can kill terrorists (in Rainbow Six 3), outrage SUVs and muscle cars (Project Gotham Racing 2), and pretend to be a hot, if digital, Asian girl (Soul Calibur 2). Or if you want a game that won’t interfere with that bag of Doritos at your side, there’s always the Sims.

“MOVIEOKE”
TWO BOOTS DEN OF CIN
44 Avenue A
(212-254-0800; twoboots.com/thedden)

If you’ve ever stared into the mirror and snarled, “You talkin’ to me?”, you’ve

OVERRATED
But Not Fore Me
People ooh and aah over the Chelsea Piers driving range (golf in the city!), but in truth, hitting balls there stinks. It’s so far west you might as well go on to Pebble Beach. Balls are ridiculously expensive. The wait is often an hour-plus. The AstroTurf mats can produce small but catastrophic changes in your swing because you can’t take a proper pivot, and the automatic teeing machines encourage the kind of manic flailing that can prompt an otherwise rational adult to snap a $600 marvel of sporting technology over his knee. And that’s nothing to ooh or aah about.

TOM CASE