

I have a confession to make

I did something I'm not proud of this weekend. It made me feel kind of dirty. Tainted. Unclean. I went to [the Palace](#). And it was all that I hoped it could be.

Unfortunately, gone were the Sunday night \$1 drink specials. The "promo" bar was selling beer for exactly the same price that the rest of the place was: a hefty \$4. Fortunately, the clientele hadn't changed much. Still there were the women not dressed in much (read: 'skanks') and the lecherous old men (read: 'me'). Somehow, it just wasn't the same without Jerry's though.

But the best part of all? The Palace is now completely non-smoking (except for the man-made stuff released over the dance floor).

Completely by accident, I happened upon a DJ competition. The competitors were not really remarkable, with the exception of the last two (who ended up placing first and second). The second last guy performed his entire, flawless set without the use of headphones. I still have no idea how he was able to cue up the next record or to beat mix with the previous song. Truly amazing.

The last guy, who goes by the name of "Skratch Bastard", did some of the craziest mixes I have ever seen. Imagine the line "Shake that thing" taken from Led Zepplin's "Black Dog" mixed with Sean Paul's "Shake that thing" and you have some idea of what I'm talking about. Done live, it's even more impressive. Without a beat missed, he mixed in a new baseline and turned Guns'n'Roses' "Welcome to the Jungle" into the newest dance hit. If Skratch Bastard is ever playing, I highly encourage you to go see him. I will definately be seeking him out again.

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