



Weapons of Choice

TURNTABLES:	Technics 1200
NEEDLES:	Ortofon Concorde Nightclub Stylus
HEADPHONES:	Sony MDR v700
MIXER:	Audiophile Rotary Club Mixer Xone V6
CD MIXER:	Dennon DN-S500
SAMPLER:	Boss Dr. Sample

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Jackie Christie

When Jackie Christie eats a sandwich, she resists the temptation to dig in with hungry abandon and gaping jaws. Rather, she picks it apart, layer by layer, enjoying each slice of tomato and leaf of lettuce on its own before tackling the next. Perhaps she's just trying to convey ladylike politeness, but after speaking with the DJ, it seems Christie is someone who revels in the multilayered aspect of life as much as she does in lunch.

"I've never been one to be pigeon-holed into one thing," Christie says after polishing off a piece of bread. "It's really fun for me in that regard because I get to know so many people and experience so much. I think I have a wider view of human beings because I'm not just stuck in one groove."

Her DJ days began as an aspiring spinner in Detroit who would eventually carve a niche for herself among the P.L.U.R. crowd during the early '90s. "I used to do all these raves, so I always loved ambient, trippy music," she chirps. Eventually the disc jockey got a major break as the house DJ and later hostess of MTV's dance show *The Grind*. "God, don't you wish I could've broke more underground on there?" The redhead sighs, her ponytail bobbing as she takes on the next layer of her chicken paillard.

She's always been hot stuff, flaunting her hourglass figure at gawking straight boys and jealous drag queens alike. Christie cites Cher and Bebe Mackie as influences. "When I was a child, I must have looked at those Guess ads a million times trying to figure out how they did that black eyeliner!" Christie smiles. Apparently Fashion and Music are equal passions for the Motor City maestro.

On her latest CD offering, *Hot and Tasty Beats* (Nervous Records), Christie's M.O. is simple: Create a soundtrack for good times. "A lot of people are busy proving that they can play hard beats," the DJ says of her *Hot*

and *Tasty* endeavor. "Sometimes someone's got to take a chance and put some new vocal records out and let someone sing to you once in a while! I just wanted to make something happy, really fun." Of course, there is a message amid the music. "If you read all the titles on the back of the CD, there's a story about going out at night and dancing." Things start off with the mellow groove of Little Devicous's "So Good," the pace quickens with Purple Kitty's "Bang On," and things wind down with lie's "At the End." You figure out what happens in between.

When it comes to where you're going to find Christie on the weekends, it's always a crapshoot. She works her multi-faceted record collection around Gotham in venues that range from urban-driven beats at Park Avenue's Lemon lounge to the edgy gay grit of The Cock. Afterhours, she's notorious for floating from the dance floor at Jonathan Peters' Sound Factory to a soul-filled set at Shelter and into Chelsea's SBNY all on the same night.

In refreshing contrast to the eye-rolling bitch cases who ceaselessly complain about the state of clubland without the slightest suggestion of how to make things better, Christie has a proposed solution: "People need to be more open-minded. Push yourself to do something different. You never know—you might meet somebody cute at a different party."

The gal practices what she preaches. "I don't just hang out in a room full of straight people. I don't hang out in a room full of gay people. When I [throw] parties, I always try to get a room full of gay women, gay men, beautiful people, ugly people, this, that. That's what New York once was."

And that's the kind of crowd Jackie Christie aims to please—layer by hot and tasty layer.—Gregory T. Angelo