

# THE COP OF THE YEAR

Interview by Daphne Davis

How do you get Mick Jagger, when you're already living with Jimi Hendrix? Or as one green-eyed groupie put it when Devon walked off with the cop of the year after the Stones Madison Square Garden Concert, "But Mick usually goes for those skinny, scrawny blonds, those English birdy types." Nobody had thought Devon could possibly cut it. Sitting in Jimi's West Village apartment, she was more than happy to share her experiences. Hendrix's place is decorated in contemporary Casbah with oriental rugs, canopied couches, tapestries, brass hookahs. It's moon over Marrakesh as jasmine incense floats through soft blue lighting. Devon, Jimi and Colette (a beautiful Moroccan friend of Devon's and Jimi's personal couturiere) are spending a normal afternoon at home. The ultimate *rock menage-a-trois: Star Musician/Star Groupie/Star Designer.*

Jimi is hanging around, unsure of whether he's wanted, maybe a little jealous that Devon is being interviewed. The doorbell rings. The groceries. Devon tells Colette to unload them and she disappears. Jimi splits to the bedroom. Posed on harem pillows in a tasty Ossie Clark hostess gown. Devon's movie starts to roll.

"I met the Stones a couple of years ago at their press party at the Playboy Club where I was working. I went out with Brian Jones first. I was closer to him than any of the others. He was the true Rolling Stone.

"Last year when I heard that the Stones were coming for a tour, I knew I would hear from Mick. He called and asked me to go to Philadelphia for their concert. Then we spent the week together in New York. Six beautiful days and nights. Everyone was really happy for me. Colette used to help me get dressed before I'd go out with Mick. A lot of chicks were envious. But I'd get calls from my friends who'd congratulate me and say, 'Hey, you did it!' Like heavy score, right?

What did Jimi think? Oh he loved it but he was jealous, too. Mick and Jimi like each other a lot. The night of the Stones' concert, I gave a surprise birthday party for Jimi at the apartment. Mick came in an out-of sight black and white checkered Zoot suit and a Mafia sized ruby ring on his little finger. It was their big night out and everyone had a fantastic time.

"Most of the time, Mick and I didn't do much of anything. I'd go up to the hotel or we'd visit friends of mine. He didn't want to go to any clubs. He loved to order from room service. Coffee, toast and *crepes*. One night we watched an old, old Erroll Flynn movie. It was a gas.

"Mick is a very sexually electric person. Especially his mouth and eyes. I think he's had his fair share of sex, don't you? He told me he likes either 14 year old girls who look like little boys, or 30 year old women, excepting me of course. I think he's into a heavy spade trip, which had a *little* something to do with us. He was getting telegrams from famous models and calls from hundreds of chicks and groupies who wanted to sleep with him. He knows his appeal to women. He's the biggest sex symbol ever. I've heard a lot of stories from the girls about him, but mine are probably closer to the truth. I teased him about it and he said he wasn't into sex scenes anymore. But he did say he was still open for all suggestions.

"I think he meant it when he said he didn't come to the States to sleep with teenyboppers. A lot of girls I know—who are considered groupies—he's known for a long time. He commented on how some hadn't changed, they were just taking different drugs.

"You know the song *Stray Cat Blues*? He told me he wrote it about a certain chick. He said he usually doesn't write like that but he had this one particular lady in mind. When he was in California, the girl called him and said thanks for writing that song about me. He was shocked because he didn't think she could have recognized herself. But she did and it completely freaked him.

"He understands blues so well because he's into spades. He digs Tina Turner, Taj Mahal, Jimi. He wrote a song about me. *Your mother she was a country girl/ Where's your father, he done left this world/Every brown girl has to pay a due/Every white boy he just sings the blues.*

"He loved being on the road. The Stones like the New York audiences better than the California ones. It seemed to Mick that the California kids had saved up all their heavier drugs for the Stones' concert and said 'let's freak out' and didn't get into the music. The Madison Square Garden crowd was much more responsive.

"The Beatles are like the British Supremes. The Stones are hard and funky. They're like that as people, and their music is them. The words "*Rolling Stones*" have come to symbolize their freedom, wierdness and honesty.

"I think Mick would make a great husband. He loves children. He's very attached to Marianne's four year old son. I don't know why he hasn't married her.

"What I liked about Mick is he doesn't get up very early. The thing we had most in common is that neither of us liked to get up before two in the afternoon.

"So, what can I do for an encore? I don't know, probably marry Jimi. . . . Will you publish my wedding pictures?"



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