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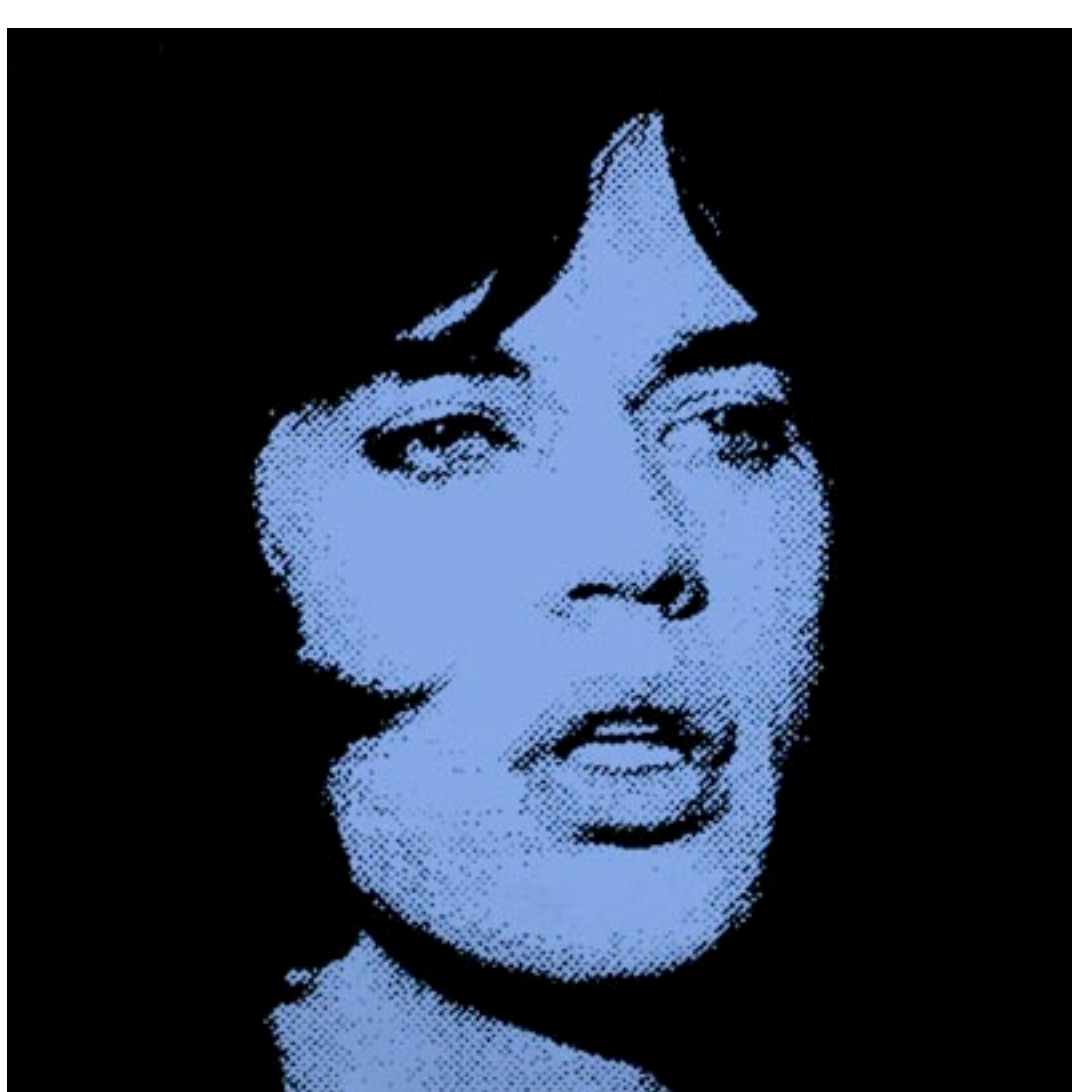
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The Real Mick Jagger

Posted on August 16th, 2008 by Adrienne Papp



Mick Jagger, Artwork by Martin Orsleff

I was sitting at the Whiskey Lounge when Mick Jagger spotted me from across the room. A throng of people separated us, but that didn't stop him. He pushed his way through the crowd and, when he still couldn't reach me, leapt onto my table.

You see, a few years back, I led a charming life in New York City - black tie parties, fundraisers, galas galore. I was juggling a fairly new business venture and a hobby-like modeling career in the City that never sleeps, and neither did I. To put it simply, I was a party girl in the chic Manhattan party scene.

Making friends was easy. One early summer and before I headed out for a run-around European trip, I let a socialite-hob-knobber, - who I never really got to know very well, stay in my midtown apartment because, well, that's what we "cool-hipsters" did at the time.

While I was cruising the streets of Europe, Socialite phoned me daily until I agreed to meet her in London for a 3-day music festival. The lineup was grand with every big name in rock and roll performing from Rod Stewart, Eric Clapton, and even the Rolling Stones. Not that I was gung ho on going, but the persuasion was inexhaustible. So, in the end, I gave in to her grandiose plans to hook up at Heathrow and take over London from there on.

Upon my arrival, it was dark and stormy - a typical gloomy London afternoon - and, standing in the pouring rain, nothing was going right. I had the worst cold of the century and to top it off, Air France had lost my luggage. I had nothing to wear! It was not unusual that Air France was on strike, but I did not have the faintest clue if a commoner's lost luggage would rank high on their to-do list. It made me edgy at best. Not that chaos was unusual in the three-ring circus I called my life, but with a runny nose and constant sneezing, it seemed to be the point of no return. Without wanting to deadhead back, I had Socialite swear that everything would be okay for the very fact that I was in London was to be blamed on her.

11 Cadogan Garden, a boutique hotel in the middle of London, unbeknownst to me, was famous for hosting rockers. Little did I know what was yet to come; much less did I care if the world caved in. After all, what else could go wrong?

We both headed to the hotel in one of those black taxicabs I always thought was a funeral car. I was accused of being cranky, which turned out to be a pittance compared to the roaring lion I transformed into my mind's eye, - holding off with meditative techniques - when I stepped into our joint hotel room. Expecting a sanctuary with hot tea, various brands of aspirin and a long English bath with complete privacy, the place was smaller than my luggage Air France could not locate if they tried. They did not try. Equipped with a New Yorker's fighting spirit, I declared complete independence and offered to pay for two hotel rooms as if this was my last wish, or if it cleared out my bank account. Then I called the airline and threatened them with everything I could expel in my ever-growing feverish spirit. My cold, which by now I was convinced was a terminal flu, made my voice lighter than the London fog despite my every effort to sound scary and authoritarian. But it was no competition for the French; they out-cursed me in less than a minute. And so went my \$ 50,000 wardrobe-luggage.

Just as I was getting ready to give up on life in general, the phone rang. The voice on the other end was a man's to-die-for British accent. "Hi. Is Socialite there?" Unamused, I roared into the receiver "telling" him to get lost at once. However, in an attempt to honor my better Zen self, I asked who he might be (just to make sure I wasn't eviscerating the nice boy downstairs who sorted out my room complaints). "It's Mick." "Mick, who?" I asked short-tempered to which he pronounced his full name while sounding a little surprised: "Mick Jagger," he said. It dawned on me that I might be out of my mind, or hallucinating explicitly, but in walked Socialite signaling with massive body language as my mind froze instantaneously. I stammered with a surprisingly high pitch into the phone three or more times, "Oh, hi!", desperately trying to find the next thing to say. "H... H... How are you, Mick?" I was in mid-stutter when Socialite took over unquestionably saving my life. She talked to him as if he was the boy next door while I stood there stupefied. We were going to dinner with Mick Jagger in less than an hour. Socialite handed me a dress, not anywhere close to my style, but not wanting to be a prima donna, I rolled over and avoided the mirror instead.



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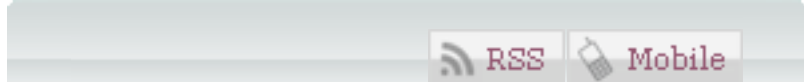
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