



Lookin' Good !!

We are looking good: Jay and I meet at the Transamerica Pyramid Building in San Francisco, 1979. It's Saturday night. Ten years since I moved Out West to "The City" by the Bay. The counterculture thing is dying out. Free dancing has been replaced by steps again. Everyone is dressed. "Disco" is king and we are going to the hottest, hippest place in the city where the most beautiful women in the Bay Area "hang out."

We walk into the grand ballroom that encompasses the ground floor of the Pyramid. The place is pulsating with beautiful people, dancing, drinking, chatting, watching, and just mingling. Heads high, shoulders back, exuding all the confidence in the world, we strut into this palace of San Francisco's loveliest creatures. I'm immediately at home with the music. A waitress glides by and asks what we want to drink. We order a couple of shooters of tequila anejo with lime and salt. We both start to "scope out" the action. After all, we are there for the women. Several minutes pass, the waitress returns. Jay and I toss down our drinks.



All at once, we both spot this spectacular woman in the center the dance floor. Her long blond hair and statuesque body, is writhing to the rhythm of the music. The floor is packed with dancers. The sound is everywhere. The lights flashing off the mirrored balls revolving on the ceiling adds to the whole ambience.

And then it happens ...

She looks around through this mass of undulating humanity and our eyes lock. She slows her movements. I walk through the crowd to her. I put my arm around her and we start to dance.

We are lost in the moment. The crowd parts. Everyone is either dancing on the periphery of the floor or just watching.

We merge, turn, spin, twist, and step to the music. The crowd is mesmerized. We just dance, oblivious to everything except the music and each other. Finally the song ends.

I put my arm about her waist and we stroll over to the bar. I order two flutes of champagne. The sound in the lounge is intense. We exchange names and head back to the floor to dance several more numbers.

I ask her to step outside so that we can talk. It is a cool night in the city. The fog is slowly descending upon us. I ask this gorgeous woman if she would like to come home with me. She excuses herself and goes back inside to obtain her purse and coat that friends are watching and she comes back out ...



“.. we walk to the nearby garage where my car is parked. It's a white '64 Jaguar E-Type coupe that I have lovingly restored. I open the door and Carole slides into the royal blue, glove leather, bucket seat and buckles up. I go around. She reaches over to unlock the door. I get in and fire up the engine. It roars to life, then settles to a loud purr as the engine warms ..”



We head out, over the Bay Bridge to my hillside home in Piedmont. As we walk down the stairs into the living room, the whole panorama of San Francisco. the peninsula, both the Bay and Golden Gate Bridges, Alcatraz, and the darkness of the Bay and Pacific waters lay beneath us through the picture windows. We have the most incredible sex.

In the morning, I take her to where she wants me to drop her off. She asks me for some money as she is a “working girl.” I look at her and say, “You should be paying me.” She smiles, scribbles her phone number on a piece of paper, and says, “Call me.” And with that, opens the door and gets out. -- *Drake Regent*