

Joe Fab

Manicured in a navy sports suit his gym shirt is tucked in. Sterling hair, a cell phone, and bright white sneakers, his laces tidy as he steps out to take a call. He walks with his legs turned out marching down the sidewalk chest first, talking loudly into the phone.

“...You know we can't get away with that at our age...okay Cindy, be good...”.

Retired and svelt at 10am outside Joe Fab's on 11th Street. A crowd of aging vanities swiveling on the stools inside.