

What kind of derelicts were these Steve Jobs? I said again, “Steve Jobs? Savez-vous Steve Jobs?” All he said was, “Que’st ce que? Hein?” I didn’t have anything else to say, so we looked around at everyone else for a little while and then I shrugged and motioned to him and he did likewise and we sat down.

I looked around at all of these old guys with great interest. They said nothing, but seemed to be surveying the hill intently around. Whereas they had seemed like primates as they loped about earlier, they began to look positively avian as they squatted on the hill and peered about them. They were universally thin and grey, with hair in disarray, some were shorter, most had fascinating crooked noses, maybe this is what had made me think of birds, and, again, they all wore the black turtleneck and the jeans. They were certainly disheveled, but the attire had such an air of practicality and nonchalance that I couldn’t help but wonder if maybe Jobs had struck gold with this, had discovered the universal fashion.

I felt no discomfort or desire to leave, but felt immense curiosity about this group and was possessed by a desire to blend in. For me, old men are very appealing, much in the same way that children are very appealing to many people. Actually, I see very little difference between old men and little children. Well, no, that’s not quite right, I feel a difference, but I feel the same air from these two groups. Neither group is entangled at all, in the ridiculous seriousness, in the business and economics, in the urgency of time. However, if a child or an elderly person IS caught up in these things, it is fantastic to see, it is hugely comical, especially when done earnestly, how it mocks the adult world, how satirical it is! (This reminds me of a time when I came upon a set of brothers who had a drink stand, and it turned out they were selling Arnold Palmers, in polo shirts no less, but they and the other children were calling them “Amora Palmers” which sounded fiendishly delicious: lemonade and iced tea and an aphrodisiac.) And so I find old men to be a great delight and I think fondly of the times when I would chat on the lawn with my neighbor many years ago, a German man, and he would tell me stories of being drafted in the German army, of fighting the Poles up and