

Weekend Store Manager – Or, How to Be David Spencer

1) I welcome people as they enter the half-three-score-&-ten, potentially transformative Holter/W Museo, & have done for some time (In fact, all but two years of its eXistence as a post-engineering-firm -- in which literal dynamite was stōred -- cutting-edgy showcase for Contemporary Art. These days we tend to eXhibit 'dynamite' of a subtler nature :)

Interpretation: Man the store desk on weends, welcome patrons, answer questions, complete sales and count visitorship.

2) Among other duties, my Inner Flake-Buster HoHoHorribilis also keeps Snōw Fort Holter accessible to the public when the weather turns frightful, sometimes in eXtreme, 35-beloW conditions, sans even factoring Wind Chill into said equation.

Shovel snow.

3) I also contribute a 'Musings' column to our monthly 'HeArt of the Holter' Newsletter, which my wannabe wordsmith values as a beyond-price-precious creative outlet. Am likewise among the de'sign'ated readers for our our semiannual 'Mead & Read' eXtraVaGonzo, which I've done since its inception. For the record, this eVent has become increasingly popular.

I'd like to thlnk of these rōle{!}s as my modest contributions to the woefully beleaguered state of the Humanities in this country, wherein this central means of nourishing the soul tends to be deplorably underemphasized & underfunded, which I personally view as contributing to what without eXaggeration might be deemed an eXtremely concerning authoritarian turn.

In other words, I do what I can to inculcate why the likes of Homer, Socrates, Plato, Horace, Virgil, Dante, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, Vermeer, et al. -- the Humanities, in a word -- Matter, in fact, Matter Supremely, in this ongoing eXperiment to become the kind of Civil that befits a True Civilization.

Write a David's Musings column for the monthly e-newsletter; participate in Mead & Read.

6) Thanks to the good fortune of having devoted my twenties to living & studying mostly in Europe (Specifically Vienna, France, Greece, & Britain, with more eXotic forays to Egypt & the Himalayas), I've been 'eXposed' to all of these uppercased Players, which I'd like to believe adds dimensions to my being a mōre-or-less-informed proselytizer for Vitamin A for Art.

Contribute literary and philosophical musings, sidebars, and distractions as needed.

7) I suspect a central reason the Celts of yōre regarded the Salmon as the Oldest & Wisest of all the animals is that it famously swims against the stream (Which in this pARTicular case would very much include such obstacles as {cyber}distraction, seeming indifference, &/or willful ignorance). For, verily, in my own estimation -- to 'echo' Socrates & Co. -- The Undisciplined Life Is Not Worth Living.

Being David Spencer is a Full Time Job.