If there is one pathetic thing I got right, I know a woman wants to go on a walk with a man. That’s really the best date. For one, it’s cheap. Secondly, it’s in public so it’s safe.

People love my personality. They love the combination of cheerfulness with brutal honesty. Brutally honest and yet upbeat about it. But they don’t like when hits too close to home. There’s no reason it should, not really.

I have been starved for inspiration. I think it makes sense. I mean, I’ve been waiting about three years for some inspiration to strike me with my professional career. Maybe I’ve been looking in the wrong place. Maybe I shouldn’t seek inspiration in a thing but in someone. A woman. A muse. Maybe that’s what I lack. I mean, muses are not just for artists. A muse is also there for an athlete or a businessman or a doctor.

Maybe the reason I’ve never had a career is I just have never had a girlfriend. So I’ve never really had that motivation to prove myself to a girlfriend. That may be a big part of it, honestly.

She would have to be a wife. Not just some random floozy.

I honestly don’t care if my wife would be Catholic. I would have a strong preference for Christian, that’s for sure. And she would have to be willing to raise the kids Catholic. Whether she chooses to be Catholic herself or not, that would be her choice. I’ve had too many rather unpleasant experiences with Catholic women of all sorts to limit myself to that purview.

She would have to be modest. She would have to dress modestly, like a lady not some street tramp. No booty shorts, that’s for sure. I could not have a wife parading around in Daisy Dukes, showing off everything she has to the world.

I think I could start commenting on what I like in women’s clothing. Obviously, I can’t tell women how to dress, but I can have an opinion on the matter.

I have no desire to order my wife around but I do reserve a veto right. Basically, I have the final say. Not that I plan on using that veto much. I actually really don’t like lording over other people. It’s not in my nature. I very strongly dislike it.

I’m also not into purity because that usually leads to a kind of androgenous sexlessness. Also, purity is like any other form of self-discipline, it has to be ordered towards some greater good. Just like an athlete watches what he eats so he can perform better, not just to inflict suffering on himself.

Could I marry a woman like the 5 oclock mystery lady? She did smile at me during the exchange of peace, she did look quite like a lady with her dress and jewelry and red painted nails.

I like my eggs medium boiled. I don’t like most vegetables except broccoli.

Needs to be a decent enough cook. Actually, more into how good at cleaning. I can do plenty of cooking myself, but I don’t really enjoy cleaning.

Women definitely want to be desired. They know when they are and when not. Being desired is almost always a compliment or at least something good. They may not enjoy being desired carnally, but they do want to be desired that way but just in more ways than just that.

I was always quite the romantic. Ready to swoop in and wrap up my beloved in my arms. Sweep her off her feet and away into the moonlit night. Who knows?

The Highlands. To sweep up my one true love in the Highlands. I ache for that beauty.

As the music slowed, so did our steps. A soft summer’s breeze floated across, the torchlights flickered, the gentleness of the evening melted in with hers. Her shoulder was up against my chest, I could feel her hair brushing against my face.

The Loss of Modesty

The culture of relentless self-aggrandizing is noxious. Placement counselors in different institutions of education are constantly encouraging their graduates to rewrite their resumes as if they were inevitable Noble Prize winners. But this immodest behavior also belies the underlying reality that excessive boasting often serves as a mask for extreme insecurity.

This isn’t about forcing people into self-hating self-abnegation. It’s about promoting real self-confidence and self-assurance, and not this ersatz, pathetic imitation we see on full display on social media. It is no coincidence that we see study after study show heavy use of social media as a sign of both narcissism and also real self-loathing.

The person who knows the true value of what they have feels no compulsion to show it off. It’s also about keeping that which is of great value hidden from public view, all the more to cherish it for the eyes of the worthy.

I would much prefer a modest woman. But it’s not even about modesty. It’s mostly about mystery. When I see these young women wearing exercise clothing that are what they are, I wonder what more is there to discover? There is no mystery there. There is nothing more left to discover, at least not much more.

Modesty doesn’t mean wearing ugly,drab burlap sacks covering every inch and curve of your body. On the contrary, I think women should absolutely wear beautiful clothing that draws attention to many of the features of their beauty. But you want a young man to be drawn to your beautiful eyes and smile, not what he’s naturally drawn to.