

Here's the secret to my intellectual creativity and singlehood. I got a dual college degree in psychology and biology, I learned Classical Greek and did Biblical translation. I got a PhD in the interdisciplinary field of cognitive science. I have taught 17 different classes and volunteer to teach more. I am always listening to teaching company courses, finishing 90 in the past decade. I run a book club, and I take two classes a semester at my university. I follow my heart and soul and mind in selecting activities, and the degree of my passion in exploring them hasn't always been positive. I believe that if I am good, people will want me.

In addition, a few times a week, I go sit on my porch, light a fire, put on some music, cut a cigar, mix some beerjuice, pack a bowl, and wait for my muse to come give me thoughts. With Homer, I say "Sing Goddess", and if she's in the mood she does. All I can do is take notes. No matter how good I am alone, she helps me make connections I would not see, encourages me to take up new activities I would otherwise avoid, points out observations that I would ignore, and forces an honesty more taxing than any zealot. Intellectual insights seem to require working hard and then taking time off to have a regular date night with my muse.

If there's a downside, it's that she is more than a trifle jealous of any real woman who might take her place, and yet catty at my interest in any who are unworthy to do so. I haven't always had a muse, and given my history with women may not always have one; right now, however, I'm not single, I just find it hard to find a real woman who will share me with a muse like this.

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