Despite Myself I love my Mother:

If anyone but you Dawn were looking at the polemic poetry of Jeremiah you’d think I had a wonton disregard for the sanctity of my mother’s marriage. I have, however, a contrary objective of saying the unclean or profane in my relationship with people. The arguments I want to present are always linear or polemic in purpose in great contrast to the self conscious mother’s way of couching a point. My mother always presented an argument in contradictory terms. She did this by using the phrase “Despite myself”. If you look the definition of notwithstanding up you’ll get a less emphatic version of despite, describing the presence of an obstacle. But with the definition of despite you’ll get a description of an active force or opposition with strongly adverse considerations to be encountered. Something so much in opposition it may be disabling.

It may seem with “Despite myself” I’m reaching for a schizoid response from my mother’s colloquium. But I want to set an example of discipline that I know my mother had.

In the memo ‘exposure of fun and games’ I said it is my impression that God wants me to come out of my deceitful existence instead of addressing my needs. The process of not addressing my schizophrenic needs and addressing the deceit or lie of my sinful existence (fantasy over reality) is a disciplinary task.

“Despite myself” is a clarion call of mental health, it explains itself by being in opposition to whatever (sickness) is going on in the person’s life or mind. I think from a mental health point of view this is the best example my mother could give to my beleaguered life. The spiritual “An ill wind blows, sometimes” is an example of the immediate benefit of not annihilating my family. But this is better it is actually a workable stance in mediating insanity.

“Despite myself” in opposition to whatever fancy’s are going through my head can be said silently like a prayer and doesn’t have to pepper my speech like it did my mother’s. I’m going back on the pronouncement in ‘Jeremiah’ and I’m saying my mother was prudent. She had no need for the sexual gratification I envisioned everyone needs on a regular basis. I can say this honestly because only recently I became prudent. I now have more sexual freedom than I ever had as a libertine. It’s alright to be promiscuous if you have an object you desire but it’s a drag if you think it’s a bodily function. Sex is now a choice and I can have it with whomever and whenever I choose. This new found willful and contrite outlook has changed my perception of my mother and father’s marriage. Things like making children were done willfully and humanely not in a hot house. The predictability of the pregnancy’s each for the three retards two years apart and then five years for John and I, didn’t need a bag of tricks. People in Mom and Dad’s society discussed reproductive practice as being done by animals. I can see by the affection they had that sex would cheapen the relationship. It’s true that my upbringing was claustrophobic so that when I got a chance I got the ugly sex that the animals had. And my first sexual relationship was with a virgin who I repeatedly sodomized. We made love this way because our upbringing in both of our Irish-American family’s taught us vaginal sex was intolerable.

I claim as you remember in ‘Jeremiah’ that people generally fall into two categories: One honest (sexual) or two dishonest (sexually aberrational). I made the statement that you can be truthful sexually if you are homosexual. The ability of white people to subvert the truth and claim whatever sexual position they want in a relationship threw a curve in my thinking from the breakup of Kathy Kissane in 2002 till last year. It took that long for the animal in me to subside. .

What makes me most comfortable with my new found sexuality is I’m not one of the animals that my parents were convinced made up the world. The inheritance that I missed though is the self conscious attitude of being right. That righteousness would have to come with being willful or prudent. Since I spent so much time in a modern discomfiture of being wrong and right, not wanting to be right. If I was wrong and deliberately wrong in my attitude toward women I can always say that’s the way it is.

Without self-control that’s the way it always is.

I started out by describing my new found love for my mother with the phrase “Despite myself”. I can still go back and pick up jewels from it. For instance did you know in speculative reasoning all concepts must obey the law of contradiction? That means as an example St. Aquinas definition of Wisdom: A person’s speculative reason in matters of judgment about the truth; must because its’ speculative reason undergoes the test of contradiction.

Another words Wisdom is thought to occur ‘despite’ the person saying it ‘myself’. I can never claim to be wise. For the fact that I have possession of it I am conversely dispossessed of ever claiming it to be my own.

Another discipline of “Despite myself” is the obvious presentation of giving someone something that you don’t really want. That can happen in many and varied way. My intimation is that my fantasy life as a Rocker and belligerent anarchist would come under the category of contradictorily thinking because it doesn’t represent anything real. I would have to admit its existence despite my innermost thoughts and put the machination on the shelf. There’d a reality and unreality going on here and both have to be dealt with severely.

The actual lesson of the essay writing is that all appears like it should be if you let the contradictory sit side by side with the objects of your imagination. And choose whatever you’re going to discourse with. Don’t develop a polemic like Jeremiah. You’re not a Jeremiah and the exchanges don’t hold up to inspection. You can’t improve on speculative reasoning (birds’ eye or clear vision) even to despite yourself. Or as my mother use to say don’t cut off your nose to spite your face.