

**MENT;A L  
FURRNITURE**



# MENTAL FURNITURE

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VerySmallKitchen



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It isn't. It isn't that house/kitchen/garden/window. It. It is none of these things that can be pointed to. Before the fire

Before-the-fire is not a specificity of place, it is infinite and unstable. Sitting before the fire, the act of it, the image of it will always signify mother will always signify mother will always signify another unstable symbol, shifting, unbound, facing a television set, kneeling as a quiet child would kneel, facing away from the gaze, through the right ear the pony tail visible, all things I can point to, can reference, can beg of, can handle

Summon Before-the-fire!

It isn't. It isn't that image/detail/memory/reference. It. It is none of and all these things that can be pointed to. Before-the-fire can not be summoned cannot be commanded and still to turn in its direction

sits on her arse

and still to turn in its direction is to gaze, to see, to be still, unblinking, unblinking toward it , creation, active unstable present

Enough now.

All rooms are the same inhere

All rooms are the same in here; all spots before the fire are equal. All  
is so bev

because they are nothing in themselves but are all linked as symbols  
to prevent madness. If it all hangs together we/I am safe NO

WE are safe. I is WE. I is  
many selves breathing and dying and breathing and dying never remaining  
constantly shedding itself renewing like skin shifting like symbols.

Had a good fuck.

Couldn't give a fuck.

Fat as fuck.

Broke to fuck.

Fuck is empty. Like fuck it is. Fuck is full. Full of all possible forms  
of itself because it is unstable, transferable, nothing as such.

I am fuck. NO.

Is

I is fuck.

I is fuck all. All forms of itself and nothing simultaneously.

Before-the-fire anchors me to mother's face to the hair about the side of  
mother's face to the fact of everything that is no Before-the-fire, how  
occupying that space is the same thing as not doing anything else and tha t  
is what he did not like. She prevented the heat from circling the room,  
she was unavoidably visible, inert, turned away.

I enact Before-the-fire not to feel at home. That was , that is now irr  
irrelevant. I enact Before-the-fire to occupy with my body the symbol of  
mother, one of the symbols of mother, to embody instability as an unstable  
thing myself, to be transported to time travel to make all places one and

the same  
I am pissing on reality like a cat.

Mother not me mum. Me-mum in speech because me-mumse  
Moy  
Mother. Not 'Me mum  
Mother, not me-mum. In speech: me-mum. Not here. Mother. Motherhood.  
Mother is a role. Mother is part of the symbolic order is universal.  
Me-mum is me-mum is a fabrication is many things like Before-the-fire.

Before-the-fire  
Before-the-fire  
Before-the-fire has nothing to do with physicality it is a label. It is  
a box. It is a narrative , a reference, a rational  
reference, a rational  
rationalisation to preserve  
my selfhood which in itself is a lie. To stop me  
myself  
To keep from going mad I look for  
narratives, I refer to the past.

Shawled and smoking, she comes in blues and greys and plumes of smoke  
and scratchy fibres and I breath it in I inhale it all as she bends to  
begin the record. Even through recording this memory, even through this  
noise of punch

punching and the ringing of the bell, I can I am living some  
-thing that is new. Thing. It is not that t that house. I am living some  
-thing that has never happened before.

punching

twats my fucking head  
i  
it twats my fucking head in that does

What? Tell me, what is it that twats your fucking head in? Maybe I can help.

it twats my  
twats me fucking head in that every thing is new is  
always being new in time whether you are looking at it or not.

Yes. Mother is old now but is new as the day she is born. Every image  
every imagining of her before the fire is new and dead.

Yes. it is unmanageable?  
It is unmanageable: Do not think of Before-the-fire.

Impossible.

§

Brendan Brady was abused by his father as a child.

Brendan Brady is a criminal.

Brendan Brady is gay.

Brendan Brady is violent and is a murderer.

Brendan Brady's mustache delineates the evil in his character.

Brendan Brady dresses smartly and has an accent from Dublin.

Brendan Brady is exotic and bad/wrong/fucked in the head.

Brendan Brady's got a habit of standing very close to people when he speaks  
Everybody knows these things about Brendan Brady but I only know about the  
first one. Me, Brendan Brady and his father Seamus whose accent is not  
authentically Irish but is Scouse veiled in a presumed historical

similarity. They must have thought he'd be good at it. He is not. I hate him.

Only the three of us know what he did to Brendan Brady when he was a child.  
The nan knew. She was dying of cancer and she knew and Brendan Brady blew  
up her house and strangled her to death on the lawn. She is dead now, so  
only us three know.

At first I thought that Seamus, Scouse-Seamus, had raped Brendan Brady.  
That's what I wanted it to be. I wanted Brendan Brady to be the ultimate  
figure of dissociation, to commit

commit an epic patricide and still not be a

That's what I wanted it to be: I wanted Brendan Brady to be the ultimate  
figure of dissociation (severely detached) , to commit patricide and to  
feel unsuccessful in ridding himself of rot because that is, that would

be the truth. He would then go mad or kill himself. That's what I want.

Scouse-Seamus battered Brendan Brady with iron poles, fists, bottles, furniture, feet, and would spit on him and make him dress up like a girl. Nobody else knows this apart from the three of us. It has been fine like this for weeks, months but now Scouse-Seamus has arrived in the village and threatened to stay. Patricide.

Unsuccessful because Scouse-Seamus woke up and climbed from the burning shed. He came back, from what Brendan Brady must have thought was beyond the grave - real, classical, honest evil that is not delineated by mustaches and exoticism but by a fear transmitted by unstable violent memories, shifting, mistaken, regurgitated scenes of violence. This is not the fear of horror films - the fear in the symbolic - this is fear bought into your physicality by instability by lack of order. Brendan Brady is not real and he is not a fictional character, he is fear, he is a product of instability

nobody in Hollyoaks has seen Hollyoaks Late because they don't know they are a TV program. If they had watched it, as I have they would know the truth about Brendan Brady and would regard him as a figure of pure philosophical instability as I do. They would wonder if they too are such figures as I do.

Brendan Brady I love you and I will kill your father.

§

First limbs:

First limbs; arms like eyelids weighted down, knees in legs quiver then give. Foot, no ankle, turns inward as that of a fetus, of a former fetus returning. Then down, the fall.

Secondly skin

Firstly limbs; arms like eyelids weighted down, knees in legs quiver then give. Ankle turns inward as that of a former fetus returning. Then fall.

Secondly skin; base of palm on side of ankle hits, grazes with thrust. Cheek, the opposite cheek makes the briefest contact with curb before the bone of the temple

Return.

Come to the King's Palace tonight!

ok.

Can you get me on the guest list B?

YES!

Great I'm looking forward to seeing you.

Firstly limbs; arms like eyelids weighted down, knees in legs quiver then give. Foot turns in

Firstly limbs; arms like eyelids weighted down, knees in legs quiver then give. Foot turns inward as that of former fetus returning. Then fall.

Secondly skin; base of palm on ankleside hits, graze with

trust. Oppositecheek

Opposite cheek makes the briefest contact with curb  
before temple, before the bone of temple  
Return.

Come to King's Place tonight!  
ok.

Can you get me on the guest list B?  
YES!

Great, I'm looking forward to seeing you again.

Memries: a terrace house back yard, plants in broken draw and  
pots, washing lines, unused bikes in coal shed; basement kitchen  
counter top holds tesco bag of new-picked nettles; her bending  
shawled to release the needle, gramophone plays women sing the  
blues; small-rolled cigarettes.

It's good to leave the house, it's good to get dressed and  
leave the house, to use the subways and stations of the city, to  
move my limbs, to function, to use my body purposefully, to get  
to King's Place, to see people, other people, look at me as I get  
to King's Place

to King's p  
to King's Place tonight!  
ok.

Can you get me on the guest list B?  
YES!

Great, I'm looking forward to seeing you again.  
Firstly limbs; arms like eyelids weighted down, knees in legs  
quiver then give. Foot turns inward as that of a fetus. Then  
fall.

Secondly skin; base of palm hits, grazed with thrust. Cheek makes

contact with curb before temple, before the bone of the temple  
knocks the floor.

Return.

The back yard of a terraced house; greens from plants in  
broken draws and pots, scored by washing lines, sitting on a  
coal shed of unused bikes. Move down into the basement kitchen.  
A bag of new-picked nettles waits as now she comes, shawled, to  
cook, pausing to release the gramophone's needle to let women  
sing the blues.

It was good to use my limbs, to function, to use my body  
purposefully, to see people, other people come towards me,  
looking down to me, mouth to me.

I'm looking forward to seeing you again.