Weaponising Speculation

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— Oscar GIVE HIM THE GOODS or he will burn him alive in his bin. He will slash his eyes and force himself to eat a ripped in half coke can and kick his face. No actually give it up or he will hug him. He will love himself and caress himself and spoon him. He will make him watch episodes of glee with him in bed on his own laptop on a wet Sunday afternoon eating Monster Munch and Percy Pigs and taking breaks between episodes to have lazy sex.

— His eyes are large white balls with a large black pupil in the centre never moves. Probably polystyrene or plastic or something which will outlast the rest of his body in the future when he is disposed of and curls into his degradation decay and communion with rubbish. They are framed by a furry brown unibrow the same texture but a different colour to the rest of his body.

— Whole figure of Oscar the fat bloated head of the later day Elvis singing the song of pig-headed individualism Frank Sinatra’s ‘My Way’. His jowls turgid with beef fat valium and ketchup. Elvis with his hips is the conduit for violent teenage lust and summons idol riots from loins. For years the rich electricity runs through and out of his body its split ends gradually curling through the softest parts of his flesh swelling him with the remainders of horny juices. Gout (but bigger in excitement in the case of Elvis) where a prolonged diet of rich foods leads to the crystallisation of uric acid in the blood Elvis becomes slowly tumescent from the corrosive flow of adolescent energies. Same thing with Oscar from the ingrown hopes of the 60s instead of teenagers.
— I have an old sneaker that’s tattered and worn, it’s all full of holes and the laces are torn, a gift from my mother the day I was born, I love it because its trash

— It is 70s in Britain all the rubbish gets left out on the street because of a bin man strike it just piles up for ages and in Trafalgar square there are mountains of it twitching with rats and putrefying in the thick summer heat all day long the perfect habitat for Oscar. Filthy and fecund ground for the cultivation of an attitude of emphatic refusal. If the world is generally shit then you should be generally angry. Oscar his original bright orange fur or ever bleach his hair and the hair of the nymphish Johnny Rotten.

— His fur is green, matted and dirty. It is especially matted in the space between his eyes and the mouth which have the effect of giving more definition to his face. The combination of his eyes and mouth are what make him recognisable. When these two features are placed on a green ground he is instantly invoked.

— A rusty trombone.

— First season of Sesame Street Carol Spinney controls Oscars mouth with his left hand even though he is right handed because of how the set is designed. They fix this after the first season but the left hand is evil the hand that’s controlling Oscars mouth is evil. Nuns beat his mother for using his left hand in school. But then again the boy scouts shake hands left-handedly since the left hand is closer to the heart.

— Oscar hates himself an anxious and paranoid mess. The only time he feels o.k is when he realises he is sad he is content when he realises this. But as soon as he realises he is content he becomes angry because his nature is to be cranky and unhappy he can never stay steady settled down he is a mess of neurosis and anger but is ultimately motivated by love.

— Fur around the rest of his body is characteristically too long but not long enough to be a characteristic. As you would not say he has long hair but you might say he needs
a haircut it is too long and a mess and kind of unmanaged. His hand for instance has too much fur. It unfurls from the tips of his fingers in long wisps of grime. He would find it difficult to use a key or tie his laces with how long it is the fur would get caught in the laces

— Was once orange but due to orange being harder to read on a black and white TV screen they turn him green. He was originally orange in the first episodes of sesame street but due to damp habitation and poor hygiene he grows a layer of green mold all over his body which produces penicillin products. Unprocessed and still growing though it is poisonous. It is not as bad as black mold in his bathroom but can still cause breathing problems. He gasps through words his laugh is gaspy ‘heh heh heh’. Green mold can live anywhere moist around the house in the fridge or attic or bin.

— Fur is damp with rubbish juice. Stench liquid mostly brown or orange and usually leaks out the bottom of cheap binbags in a trail through the hall. And smells acrid and sweet and it smells bad, stinks like it is decayed. He says in landfills it is called leachate and is highly contaminated with ammonia halogenated hydrocarbons other chemicals.

— Ughughugh Oscar sees him get sick in the river and to his left is a good looking thin him arguing with a himself in a camel coat with long straight hair died blond at the ends. Immediately he knows who it is and panics and runs in the other direction cursing. They are arguing and gesticulating himself is probably drunk and belligerent in the wafting vapours of his vomit the argument mixing with the vapours or miasma of burrito and whiskey in stomach fluids caught by the wind off the river.

— He is a mop for it soaks up those juices in his texture and attitude they taint his breath and his tastes and customs. He soaks up the rubbish juices and contains them because he is a mop. They are contained but spill over sometimes and produce a lesson in liberal tolerance of non-normativity. Tolerance quarantines the non-normative in a cheap binbag. Tolerance destroys difference by passing it through indifference of a cheap binbag. Oscar asks why is it better to put rubbish in landfills. Sesame street puts the question in the bin and calls it Oscar. Oscar is tied into a moral universe he has a proper place it is his nature to be grouchy. Ghettoized contained unable to lance himself as an abscess farmed for the production of bad taste garnished with charm.

— His birthday is the first of June.

— Carol Spinney invents Oscar. He bases the voice of Oscar on a New York cab driver who says ‘WHERE TO MAC?’ in a thick New York accent. Carol Spinney makes tacky paintings of big bird in different environments around the world like the Great Wall of China. Flying over the Great Wall of China. He does public speaking allot. He has a white bowl haircut and mixed with his white goatee and jackets with no collars or cardigans makes him look creepy but he gets away with it because he is the most invincibly benevolent man because of his involvement with Sesame Street. He is the now familiar image of a sexless monstrously benevolent eccentric.

— He says gangrene is where a part of the body dies and begins to decompose whilst still attached to a living body and is caused by poor circulation and gangrenous limbs have to be amputated unless it is dry gangrene where the limb will shrivel up and just fall off at a point where blood supply is adequate to keep tissue alive and this is called auto amputation and wet gangrene happens in moist tissue and organs like in the mouth bowel lungs cervix and the vulva and the affected part is soft putrid rotten and dark.

— His matted fur is sick. It contains putrefying food, it is damp with rubbish juice is stained from bloody condoms and coffee grinds and burst open nappies. These juices seep through to his interior where Carol Spinney can feel them stain his shirtsleeves up to the shoulders. He always remembers to keep his nails short before putting his hand up Oscar. He wretches but reminds himself he is made of the same stuff as Oscar basically.
— Truly Oscar sucks is when he is taken out of sesame street and put with a ‘straight man’ who provokes him with expected normative tastes and opinions but knowingly. Oscar then responds unknowingly but his dialogue and the drama it creates is necessarily knowing as the voice of the puppeteer. This conceit does not exist on Sesame Street where characters are cartoons (exaggerated caricatured scripted as being actually annoyed at Oscar’s behaviour) or children (who kind of believe in the sentience of Oscar). Oscar and Michael Buble Christmas special. The Emmys where he sits in a golden bin wearing a tuxedo and complaining to a presenter.

— He lives in a barrel and he lives on a diet of mostly onions and his only real friends are stray dogs. He is called the dog. He thinks virtue is better revealed in action than in theory which means he does what he thinks. He goes to the oracle at Delphi once and he gets told to ‘deface the currency’ so he sets about defacing roman coins for a while. After this he realises the oracle probably means to deface the currency of custom. So he sets about being outrageous in public as a means to show the contingency of things like common sense taste and good behaviour masturbating in the market and saying ‘If only I could get rid of my hunger by rubbing my stomach in the same way as it is easy to get rid of my erection by rubbing my penis.’

— Fuck you Oscar bad project. He is full of nostalgia and his appeal cancels everything else about him out. He can only use his fur to absorb his liquidised complaints and lazily half baked notions that there might be something interesting about over identifying with him in a lazy way that mix his laziness with his enthusiasm but the intensity of the laziness is stronger than he anticipated. A ton of laziness is the same weight as a ton of enthusiasm but laziness smells worse its flavour taints everything it touches it is more overpowering it muddies parts that might be more convincing without it when he spills milk in the back seat of a car in summer the car always smells a particular way.