

O MONSTROUS VOICE LIKE MINE

Gregory Whitehead: an occasional live-to-air speech
(2002--?)

cryptophonic soundtrack in deep mix

It is a privilege, and indeed a pleasure,
to share with you this evening
the results of intense research activity
initiated over a decade ago when,
just a few depressed hilltowns from here,
during an opaque Five College conference
on the faint and slightly sticky residue
of the sublime that still enlivened
the gassy corpse of High Modernism,
I announced an inquiry into the vast but fogbound territory
of the forensically indecipherable
and biologically untraceable voice,
the cryptophone.

So began a journey that soon became
my all-consuming passion,
a sustained and detailed investigation
into the mysterious ether of invisible,
faceless utterances,
castaway without signature or passport,
an investigation that drew heavily
upon my deep, hermeneutic reading
of the seminal writings of the legendary

French surgeon and raconteur, Ambroise Paré,
notably his definitive 16th century study,
On Monsters and Marvels,
in which the perverse multiplicity
of the human subject is articulated
with the concentrated fervor
of an intoxicated hermaphrodite -----

From a methodological perspective,
we must be careful to distinguish
the depressive incantations
of the post-mortem cryptophone
from the manic gobbledygook
of the living schizophonic.

As is well established in my published monographs,
and amply confirmed by legions of slavish graduate
students hypnotized by my hypothesis,
clinical schizophonia is marked by the presence
of voices imported from elsewhere,
a psycholinguistic otherness traditionally interpreted as
telegrams from God, but that in recent years is more likely
to be understood
as the excess radiations of professional psychopomps, and
crazed middle eastern warlords.

By contrast, the chronically depressive cryptophone
is rather the product of a prolonged degradation and
decay, random solitary phonetic remains collapsing and
bleeding into each other to create a kind of atmospheric
mud, a deep acoustic miasma that I refer to as The Big
Sloppy, in my widely circulated 1995 treatise, *The Dead,
the Dumb, and the Butt Ugly*.

Thus in 1997, working mostly in the rich electromagnetic muck that seeps and slithers between Princeton, New Jersey, and Greenwich, Ct.,

I established the *New York Metropolitan Archive for Untethered Cryptophonic Phenomena*, and through many long nights of scouring the Big Sloppy for the loquacious flotsam and jetsam that is its life blood,

I have managed to identify thirteen cryptophonic types for further delectation and general public dismay:

1. Onanistic ablauts in the form of small brown birds.
2. Epenthetic dysphasia in a pathetic logocentric posture;
3. Dangling participles with generative organs fully exposed to boot
4. Lento glossolalic monologues appended by superfluous limbs;
5. Cross-gendered tautologies pierced by rude dead letters;
6. Densely affricative spring vegetables with a curry glaze;
7. Weak paralytic verbs on anabolic steroids with a pomodoro spin
8. Urgent exclamations suffused by deep growlers and faint whiffs

9. Fossilized patronymic puns capped by the horns of a mad bull moose.

10. Palato-aveolar ragout with collapsed pneumatic inflections,

11. Uvular antanaclasis suggestive of colonic irrigation.

12. Back slang chiasmus with crow feathers and gentle flux

13. Experimental anacoluthae in the shape of true bugs and jellyfish ---

in the shape of true bugs
and jellyfish

in the shape --- of jellyfish

song:

Like a wind escaped from paradise

Or a tyrant wrapped in an old fur coat

Like a songbird trapped in artic ice

Or a fire burning in a lover's throat

O monstrous voice

O monstrous voice

O monstrous voice

Like

Mine