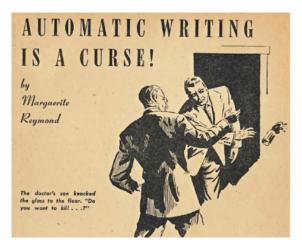
The Fictional Voice, Literary Version of the Musca Depicta



The author as impostor is an ancient device, by far more ancient than actual authors signing their work 'legally'. There is the *nom-de-plume*, the ghost-writer, the voice that in trance contacts dead souls and allows them to speak through her own vocal apparatus. Yeats transcribed his wife's automatic writing, which was a transcription to begin with, into a 'holographic' manifestation of spiritual wisdom.

Our project is all of the above, under the guise of works signed in the conventional way, obscuring the fact that any living author is the vessel of dead authors who use mortals for immortal purposes, 'crossing the lines' between Being

and Speaking to live up to Lacan's idea that the voice is fundamentally an act of ventriloquism.

The Other's voice, like the Other's command to Enjoy! is ambiguous. It asks the living to do the will of the dead without saying just what the dead are indicating as 'that which must be said'. This is evident in the device of the *musca depicta*, the painted fly that presents the illusional paradox of not knowing whether the fly is inside the frame, a mimesis, or *on* the frame, an indicative annoyance. The French, it is said (by no less an author than Proust), are never indifferent to flies. Lacanians, similarly, are never indifferent to frames.

This essay, which is what Robert Musil would call a posthumous paper of a living author, allows any of us who would wish to do so the opportunity to elaborate our thoughts without the certification of an egobased virtuality, a 'writer supposed to know'. Francis Conrad was invented some years ago to bear the burden of telling the tale about an Analyst whose Analysand dreams of hysterical houses. That novel has not taken shape, just as hysterical houses avoid the embarrassment of Euclidean depictions.

Is Francis Conrad a member of iPSA, you might ask? On behalf of all such secondary Lacanian voices, I would say that he was 1 of the first.





