Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, over many a quaint and and curious volume of forgotten lore—While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. "'Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in bleak December; And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor. Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—for the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—Nameless here for evermore.

Edgar Allan Poe, The Raven, 1845 (first two verses)
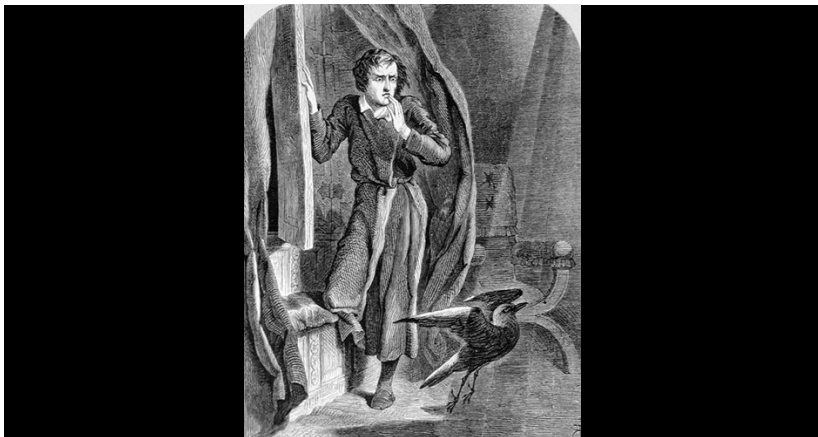
The kind of turns that extend the idea of a *ground zero*—and its lateral drift —featured in the conference [Renewing Opera] at KHiO in the *passage*: **1)** *from* voice *to* text [in Franzisca Baumann's workshop]; **2)** *from* interaction to *intra*-action [Kristin Norderval]; **3)** from *performance* to *lecture* [Alex Nowitz].

I want to linger at this passage as a threshold thereby opening up a space-time between **1-2-3** above. That is, an interstitial space-time to come up with *alternative* propositions to writing as a *pharmakon*—gr. for 'drug'— subverting the living knowledge of the spoken word: working forgetfulness.

The workings of writing that works forgetfulness, and the Ancient Greek critique of the Egyptian concept of knowledge and wisdom (featuring the Egyptian deity Thoth): a topic we know from Derrida's essay [Plato's Pharmacy]. What if we conceive the problem *differently* at ground zero?

Here it is the ideality of the spoken word—as the reverberation of *logos*— which is *under siege*: that is the firstness of the spoken word, as the vehicle of authentic knowledge and wisdom, *before* the trace. Let us therefore start with the passage from voice to text in our tail from Franzisca's workshop.

After developing the terrain of *voice* with the participants—according to her method—she introduced some *text* materials: the first verse from Edgar Allan Poe's poem *The Raven*. The second verse is also included into the quote [*recto*] to mark the time *passed* since the workshop, and the *problem*.

The last strophe of each of the poem's 18 verses are iterative, in the quasi repetitious completion of each verse, giving the reader the sense of a *refrain*. The second verse of the the poem [*recto*] is the only one to end with the word *evermore*. Otherwise there are 6 *nothing more* and 11 *nevermore*.

What is meant by *iteration* here is a quasi-repetition with a slow progress— or, underlying process—featuring a lateral drift: evermore, nothing more, nevermore. 3 times -more (ever- ⊕ nothing = never). The final strophe: *And my soul from that shadow the lies floating on the floor shall be lifted.*

Nevermore! Arguably, Poe brings up *agency*—prompting the agent intellect —where Plato (pace Derrida) summons *dialectics*. Behold the Plato's phar-macy in Poe's performance. We are in the actor's *chamber* where everything is within an *arms-length's* distance (**#01**). All but the pecking sound.

The raven's peck is located at the *border* between the chamber and the nocturnal December atmosphere. At the boundary *between* ever *and* never: *nothing*. Yet, by the iterative movements of emerging signs—bespoken by the poem—there is a lateral drift. The tail and its successive investments.

As readers, we are hither the poem: neither in the chamber nor outdoors, but perhaps—as the raven—pecking at the *window*. We can choose between the path of ravenous words (Plato) and the path of performance, which was the option explored in group improvisation with Franzisca.