

A layer, the outermost that reflects light and holds forth darkness. It meets the gaze and lets it bounce. The surface is.

It is possible to conceive of a plane as a membrane. A membrane that can filter things of a certain dimension. A binary membrane, with a front and a behind. A possible dialectic here and there. Exposed, concealed. It is not impossible to claim that necessary information is to be found exactly there. A surface has no depth. When something happens on the surface it is the surface one has to trace. The surface does not hide anything but shows all, open or closed to its own shallow character. If the surfaces are many they stand in relation to each other.

What happens if one conceives of *information* as surface or membrane, that which is here and there, which exposes something or conceals it? Information pertaining to a limited territory of knowledge that is activated when one, approaching, prods it, prodding maybe the very surface. Rhetoric as an intelligible layer of information. Rhetoric as a deliberate coating of colouring attitude and intended level of cognition. Rhetoric as a surfboard of language that sweepingly refers to the scope of information.

Seek, invent, the relations that words establish vis-à-vis other words. Words with overlapping meanings can be different in how clearly they are delineated, or in how close or distant they are to each other in their similarities. As synonyms. The discrepancies in similarities join them together. In the ethereal nature of listening... and in one person's singular brain with its knowledge and habits of association.