



A short parable and digital thought Christine Buci-Glucksmann, 2000

So in this immense line-universe, Icarus stopped. And he found a book which recounted the history of men. Perhaps it was a book by Jules Verne or Borgès, a book of invented worlds and fictional multiples. He who had come from so far, from the Crete of the labyrinths, or the painting by Breughel, he understood that a story was ending and another was beginning. He did not know what time was, nor its true measure. But he recognised this world: it was that of the labyrinth, that built by his father Daedalus in the palace of Knossos and which imprisoned the Minotaur, the devourer of children. Then he had some sensations of time. For in this ephemeral world, of synchrony and eternal presence, given over to all kinds of aesthetisation, where were the Minotaur, the falls and rises? Accidents, nothings, routes and sites of a time that carry along everything - the real, the hyperreal and the virtual - in an indifferent nomadism. And Icarus, fluid and suave, took off again, in his planetary machine for travelling back to the infinite of space-time.