

KRISTIЈAN MUCK, **TIME OF MIRACLES** - fragment, translation Tesa Drev

As we are captured between words, but at the same time extremely doubtful about their origin, their place of birth, and consequently also of our sense and meaning, we wander on an unusual edge between the loudness of the national, and global victory and raged desperation, as almost everything is reachable by exploiting the world, but only as matter and appearance at the same time. Therefore, only as a pure delusion.

Past events can be molded in one way or the other. However, the events of the present, which are still passing by and as such carry the causes and consequences of their existence, could never be interpreted as the actual reality, let alone touted as a path towards the truth. Unless a crucial anniversary is sunk into individual's absolute loneliness or human disaster.

As the Western civilization is witnessing ideologies and great structures, unifying words and images as well as sounds and stories, diminish, a new global system is coming to life, destined to enable development beyond all limitations. However, the chasm between the ideology of a word and the postmodern simulacra, also defined by the idea of exponential growth, is so vast that – in spite of the concept of chaos's potential to preserve existence – it will in all likelihood massacre the body of humanity. That is why we worship the present, and evoke the future and its potential horrors. We are running away from the word and at the same time choose to let ourselves be bound by it.

The truth of a certain time is mostly inherent to relations between birth and death. Each individual comprehends time differently as each moment is dubious, whereas the acts of arranging and unfolding individual moments constantly change in our perception. The history seeks to capture their reality. However, time is not a measurable unit in personal perspective, but an ever-dynamic matter of new relations.

The timeframes within us that we confront among each other can explain a more genuine relationship with ourselves, the world, and other people. The time unit lies within our readiness; with this, we consent to the ways life and death move through us. By being aware of our own volatility and consequently the individuality of a person, each human moment can become an impulse for creativity –by one perceiving himself as a unique individual who is aware of his diverse nature and tries to account for them within the scope of his actions.

Could a radical creativity connect the never-ending movement with an infinitely small, and as such definable, moment? Or does such an idea, if feasible, conceal a formula for an infinite explosion? For the birth or the death of the universe? And for our actions in them?

Should we alter our thoughts? Dismantle our words? To the images, which we face upon pronunciation unconsciously in our depths; to the stories long forgotten, in which humanity was conceived simultaneously with the sounds of meaning? To blood and fire? To body and God? What with? How? With the structure of words, the way they conjugate? Or with an action, the moments of which are reduced to a fraction of a moment, in which... Eternity comes to life? Or a different time emerges? A time liberated of the idea of its own definiteness and is thus always the Other? As it is the only real value?

The meaning is embedded in each moment if we catch it in its brief existence, a current differentiation. In that what we simultaneously are and are not. The distress of someone else that I can feel as my own. The time that aligns itself into the foundations of humanity and is submerged into the story about the world, coming into being from deep within me. But that does not make it my property.