

...

The Makropulos Thing

On the Nature of Perception

Vít Matějček

Srpen 2020

CHAPTER 1

Whatever you make of it

1. *

E PUR SI MUOVE

And yet it moves.

Is that it?

Is that all there is?

Was that even the phrase?

The one that... Well, ?

He was pretty certain someone said something like that. Or at least that someone said something, and maybe it was that, and maybe something else.

It was becoming increasingly difficult to *remember*. All because "And yet it moves".
Despite our wishes.

Despite our courts.

Despite our lives, our despairs and sorrows, despite us.

And what is it that moves?

The Universe.

Everything. Universe, because it's *universal*, because it's everything, a multitude, pluritude, infinitude, omnitude! - of things in one.

The catch was that you could take literally *anything*, and find *everything*, *The Universe*, inside. However small or unimportant that "anything" (or was it something?) would be.

By God, it was getting hard to remember. He was somewhat convinced that the quote belonged to something else, if related, than The Universe he had in mind now.

And yet it moves.

Even if that "it" had been a planet, or anything else for that matter. For even that would be The Universe of its own, should one give it at least half a thought.

The Universe kept moving all right.

At times he believed the world a giant mill, one that keeps ~~grinding~~ *moving* until there's nothing left but dust. One that keeps grinding and crushing us until we're nothing but stardust.

PULVIS ES ET IN PULVEREM REVERTERIS

"For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Another quote came out of nowhere. He felt like there was slightly more to it, perhaps a first part or something, but it has long since fallen into the abyss of unintelligibility. largely because these words have borne the burden of age. In fact, it

seemed to echo in the very thread of existence, at least as far as he was concerned, and who was there to judge him...

Remembrance was indeed no longer a mundane act.

E pur si muove.

He felt himself moving too, again. A relic of ages past, just like the *goddamn* words.

IN PRINCIPIO ERAT VERBUM, ET VERBUM ERAT APUD DEUM, ET DEUS ERAT VERBUM.

The Twelve: The Maiden The Mother The Crone

The Warrior The Builder The Ruler

The Demon The Golem

The Wanderer The Piper The Stranger