

László Hortobágyi
Gabevaildenor 2010

(fragments)

"Do but mark," - I resumed - "peculiarly esteemable, beloved friends, that you deal here with a God-forsaken and desperate man, whose corpse does not belong in a place consecrate for pious deceased Christians, but upon a shambles for the carcasses of dead beasts. Upon its bier, so I prophesy, you will find it ever lying upon its face, and though you wend it five times, it will yet lie perverse. For long before I dandled with that poisonous moth, my soul, in its conceit and pride, was upon the road to Satan, and my datum was fixed that I should strive after Him from my youth on, for as you must know, man is made and predestined for bliss or for hell, and I was born for hell."

"Item, my desperate heart did trifle it. Had indeed a good fleet brain and gifts graciously granted me from on high, which I could have used in all honesty and modesty, but felt only too well: It is an age when no work is to be done in pious, sober fashion and by proper means, and art has grown impossible sans the Devil's aid and hellish fire beneath the kettle Yes, ah yes, beloved fellows, that art is stuck fast and grown too difficult and mocks its very self, that all has grown too difficult and God's poor man in his distress no longer knows up from down, that is surely the guilt of the age. But should a man make the Devil his guest in order thereby to go beyond and break through, he indicts his soul and hangs the guilt of the age round his own neck, so that he be damned"

"But whatever a sinner I was, my friends, a murderer, an enemy to man, a votary of Devilish concupiscence, yet notwithstanding did diligently and steadfastly apply myself as a worker, never roistering - once again he seemed to stop and consider and corrected the word to "resting," but then stayed with "roistering" nor sleeping, but gave myself to drudgery and accomplished what was difficult, according to the word of the Apostle, '*He who seeketh hard things shall have it hard*'. For as God does no great things without our melting grease, neither does the Other. Only the shame and mockery of the intellect and what in the age was contrary to the work, those He did keep apart from me, the remainder I had to do myself, though only after strange infusions. For there often rose up in me a sweet instrument, of an organ or a positive, then the harp, lutes, fiddles, sackbuts, fifes, cromornes, and flutes, each with four voices, so that I had well believed myself to be in heaven had I not known otherwise. Of which I wrote much down. Often there were also certain children with me in the

room, boys and girls, who sang me a motet from pages of notes, smiling right craftly the while and interchanging glances. And pretty children they were indeed. Sometimes their hair would rise as if upon hot air, and they smoothed it again with their pretty hands, on which were dimples and ruby stones. Sometimes little yellow worms wriggled from out their nostrils, crawled down their breasts, and vanished-

„Thus the Evil One sustained his word in fidelity through four and twenty years, and all is finished but for the very last, midst murder and lewdness have I completed it, and perchance what is fashioned in wickedness can yet be good by grace, I do not know. Perchance God sees, too, that I sought out what was hard and gave myself to drudgery, perchance it will be reckoned to me and put to my account that I have been so diligent and accomplished all with pertinacity-! Can not say and have not the courage to set my hope therein. My sin is larger than that it can be forgiven me, and I have driven it to its height sin that my brain speculated that a contrite unbelief in the possibility of grace and forgiveness may be the greatest provocation for eternal goodness, even as I recognize that such brazen calculation renders mercy wholly impossible."

(László Hortobágyi 2010. www.guo.hu and corresponding member of "Puppies & Kittens of Budavár" website)