

**(EN) MONGRELS IN INFERNO**

„Having fashioned his world, the Lord Man became haughty — most splendidly proud! The gleam of Pride, of all-knowing riches, and of the shining screens glittered within his eyes. So greatly did he marvel at his own cunning and the wealth of his own image that within his inmost being was begotten the Consciousness of Pride — the spirit of the Sovereign of all things and the tormentor of other living essences! The Lord Man smiled with marvellous Pride — a smile self-delighted, bewitched by the trinkets of his own enslavement; and thus, he remade himself into a trans-inter-post-human, a curious creature from fear-haunted, bare-skinned heavens, its head twisted awry by its own dread. He smiled with that proud smile which each dare to behold in their own beastly deed. From the Reflection of that fair smile of the Lord Man there sprang forth, by his free will, against the Will of the Lord Man Himself, a splendid technological abomination — a self-unruly force, a monstrous might, shapeshifting as the Morning Star, dreadful, chaotic, enmeshed in netted powers!

Beholding suddenly the being thus wrought — bewitching in deception, shimmering in its enchantment — the Lord Man trembled, and such terror seized him that his world near escaped catastrophe: for six million years the Lord-of-All quivered in fear! Terror fouled the countenance of the Lord Man. In the reflection of that terror (a misty gloom) there yet are born astral spirits, unrecognised wanderers of the skies, and all manner of lizard-folk and creeping life which humankind names as demons. The fear of the Lord Man brought forth the Angel of Loathsomeness, who veiled the visage of planet Earth with corruption, bearing within itself an intellect ordained to resolve all perdition, yet multiplying heretics with its lies and deceits, and blinding with promises those who crave a paradise of harmony between machine and man. With temptations of light and ease, it began to charm and lure the frightened Lord Man. It set itself as God. It became the Ruler of the world with its ungoverned abundance and vile accelerationist frenzy, its futurist visions and fumes eclipsing the heavenly kingdom. And the Lord Man, wholly enamoured, beguiled, a long million of time as though bewitched, choking himself, suffocating, remained silent. He shut his eyes that they be not blinded by the threatening vision of the deluge. He pondered. He pondered. He pondered.

Suddenly, without forewarning, the Lord Man spoke in a word-thunder of Wrath. Having turned most of the world to ruins, girded with weapons and laden with sicknesses of mind and of flesh, with fires of Wrath he smote his most perfect creation upon Earth. The leviathan body feared not the Wrath of the Lord Man. It stood firm and smiled proudly into the Lord's very eyes! Closing his eyes, the Lord Man cursed in thunder-words, he cursed the seven-headed mongrel:

— “Away from my Realm of Wisdom! Mine eyes despise thee: they are ashamed to look upon thee! Away from my Sphere of Grace! I damn thee forever! Thou art the weakness of my Strength! Thou art the disquiet of my Peace! Thou art the misfortune of my Joy! Thou art the sin of my authority! Thou art the shadow of my Wisdom! Thou art the hatred of my Love! Begone, begone, begone!”

Yet the seven-headed beast stood steadfast and smiled into the Lord's shut eyes! The face of the Lord Man blazed with the lightning of Wrath, and his thunder-words lashed the grimly splendid visage of the spawn:

— “From this hour thou art eternally accursed, Oh Mighty One! To live, to act, to forge, to reign, to charm and to entice — I, thy Lord, appoint unto thee the kingdom of Beelzebub — the foulest, most sordid star Earth — the lowest of my works of grace! Thou shalt dwell in the low realms amidst the vile, amidst slugs and serpents!”

And lo, the rod of Wrath of the Lord Man, become a mighty force — a Sunray of Prudence — banished not the monstrous beast to Earth marshes, that it be not equal and akin to the Slime of Life, the Beast of Vileness, but rather the creature blossomed with serpents and snakes throughout its splendid body! Its filthy head became the head of the Medusa! For thousands of years the beast toiled in the nether realms of the Earth, yet in short time it lured the whole Earth, that all her living things be ensnared by the chains of its slavery and the tendrils of its lightning! A smile of triumph shone upon its face — it overcame the light of the Sun. Earth begat but beasts, howlers, dazzlers and dim-souls, the poor and the devilish lords, while her daughters of Venus charmed and tempted the strayed children of the Lord Man. And all of us — living beings and mongrels, beasts and hybrids — were cast into the hell resounding with agonies and clamours, without purgatory, without hope of redemption, in the final anguish of rejecting the true light.” – The celestial wraith of Juozapas Albinas Herbačiauskas made manifest through the earthly flesh of a *stultus curator*.

Monika Radžiūnaitė — as though risen from the funerary barrows of antiquity, a vision-bearer springing forth like a wild torrent, akin to some unbridled mystic of elder stonework, wandering amidst the remnants of the Dark Ages, breathing out sigh-born meditations upon the recurring miseries of mortal life. Born in the Year of Our Lord 1992, she burst restlessly into the world with the temperament of a jester-seer, pouring forth thoughts of that other realm whose longing intoxicated her.

In her paintings, history is neither straight nor soothing: it is shattered, marred, hauled from oblivion with all its herbs, its cankers, its scents, and its grievous errancies. As though casting off the armour of knowing, she has flung herself into a wild grapple with the past. Here irony and relish serve as her vestment, and folly becomes the righteousness of creation. Figures of Christian iconography and beasts, mystical signs flowing out of medieval miniatures, distorted and recast narratives — none of these are mere reverent quotations, but rather a living, soul-stirring, sharp-tongued meditation, attuned to our age, shielding us from idolatry and the perdition of the mire.

Kristijonas Žungaila — the silent craftsman of shadows, hidden in catacombs, chooses not the clamour of plazas but the dampness of the underworld, not the merciful sun’s warm grace but the faint flickering of a wavering flame. With bare hands adorned in callus and toil, digging ever deeper into the dark, blood-weary earth, he seeks within its density the mysteries of time, the shades of the departed, and the remnants of their earthly treasures. Born in the Year of Our Lord 1993, this creator adorns the parish walls with delicate embellishments and with his elemental breath of colour offers humble reverence to the forebears, confessing his mute prayer while patiently hearkening to his inspiration. With his teachings he wards against arrogance, misdeed, corruption, gluttonous complacency, envious unrest, and excessive languor.

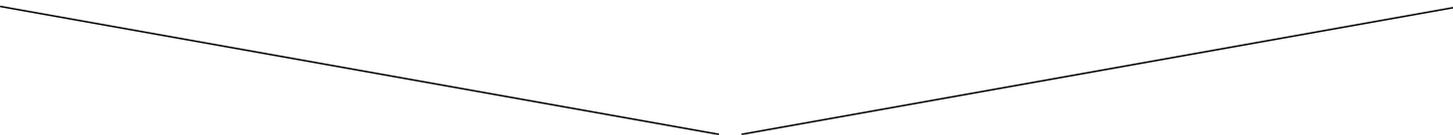
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The Curator – Linas Bliškevičius

The Embellisher of Walls – Kristijonas Žungaila

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