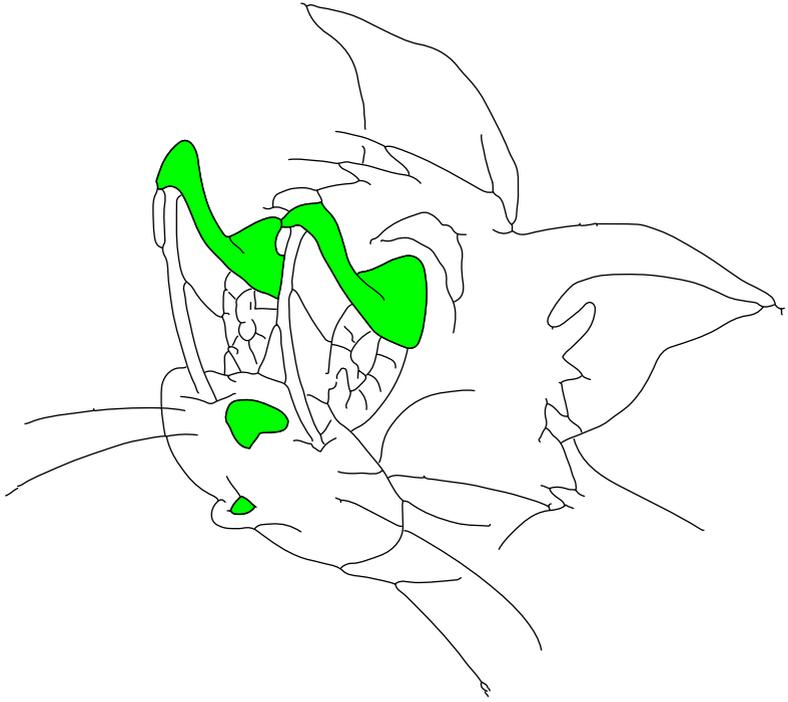


# ДЕТОХ СИБЛИНГС



## Detoxification or detoxication

(detox for short)

[1] is the physiological or medicinal removal of toxic substances from a living organism, including the human body, which is mainly carried out by the liver. Additionally, it can refer to the period of withdrawal during which an organism returns to homeostasis after long-term use of an addictive substance<sup>1</sup>.

[2] In my personal use: withdrawal from toxic environments and information.

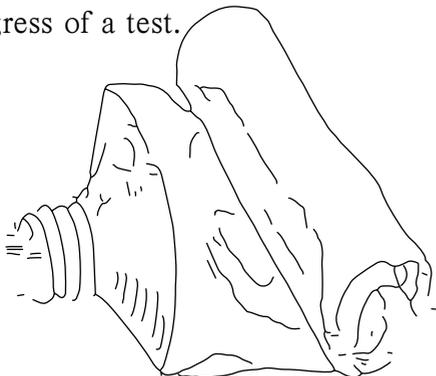


Day 1

*Not taking part in the team-building office parties*



It's time to detox. I like this word because it supposes that we can talk about both the accumulating toxicity in the body and the toxic contexts. Welcome! A lot of us here come from aggressive environments. Come on in! There are no surprises here. The body recycles its surroundings, until they become part of it: resins, microplastics, internalised oppression, trans fats and other fine particles. Time won't heal us, we have to heal ourselves<sup>2</sup>. Detoxing is a charlatan practice of mine and an inaccurate notion at that. This pdf publication logs the details and progress of a test.

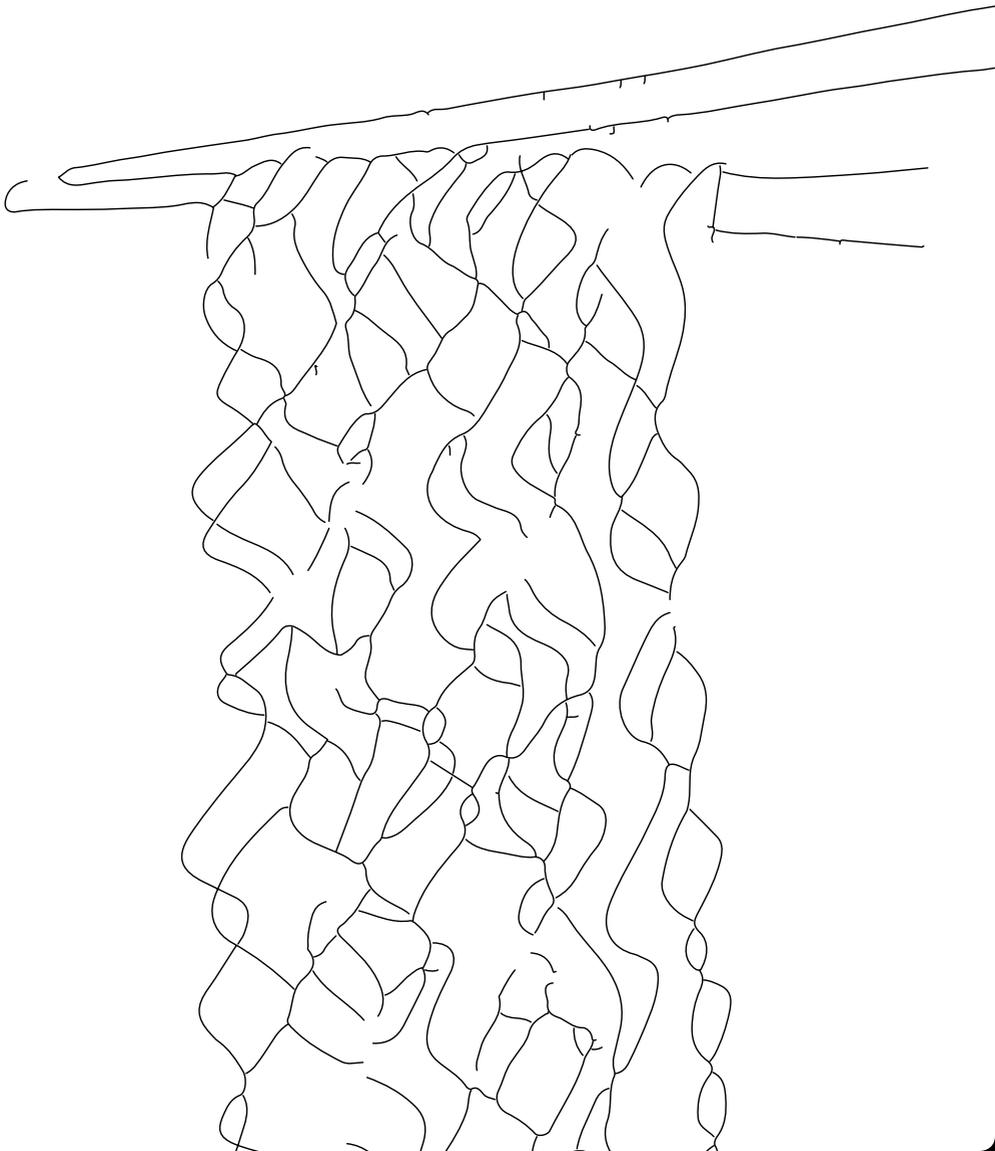


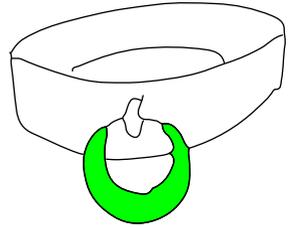
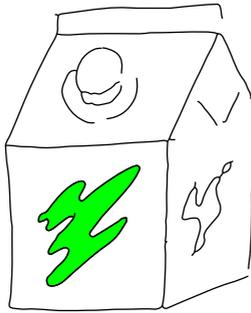
2 — Words said by the curator Adomas Narkevičius during a conversation about the long-awaited political changes that are expected to happen naturally.

No short-term detox can purge the things that have grown inside me, in the same way that a one-off remark at the family table won't change anyone's beliefs. I can't say I sincerely believe that one must always and immediately adhere to the practice of self-medicating and cleansing, because an illness can also be an uprising and a protest. Recently I read Nina Power article "Artist, Heal Thyself!"<sup>3</sup> and felt the need to stress the fact that discussions around detoxing are incomplete without acknowledging that various wellness practices are just another mechanism to put the labour force back to work. While mentioning the Socialist Patients' Collective who declared in the early 1980s that "to be healthy means to be expropriated and exploitable", Power observed that one must view illness as an apparatus against capitalism, because it works as a form of sabotage. An ailment is that which resists perpetual productivity and slogans of efficiency, an ailment is a detox from exhausting circumstances.

3 — Power, Nina. "Artist, Heal Thyself!"

[https://artreview.com/features/ar\\_september\\_2018\\_feature\\_nina\\_power/?fbclid=IwAR30yFyNFUg9f9UqWclLRF-XOs\\_wPBLnKOKIOhI2WaJhc\\_3NVm-9TeBFbx4g](https://artreview.com/features/ar_september_2018_feature_nina_power/?fbclid=IwAR30yFyNFUg9f9UqWclLRF-XOs_wPBLnKOKIOhI2WaJhc_3NVm-9TeBFbx4g) 2018.







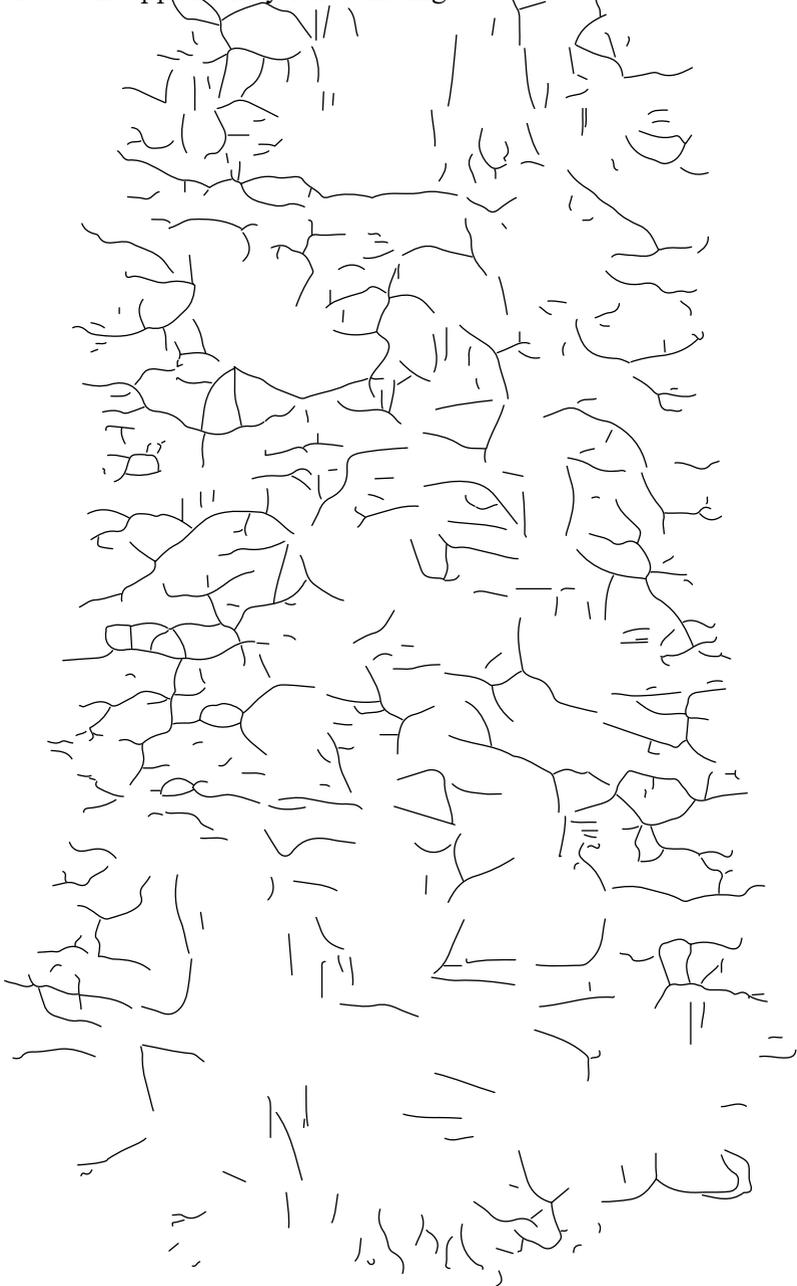
Day 2

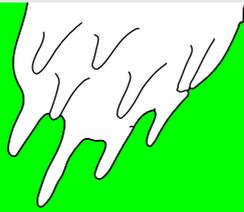
At home we are no less displaced than abroad<sup>4</sup>

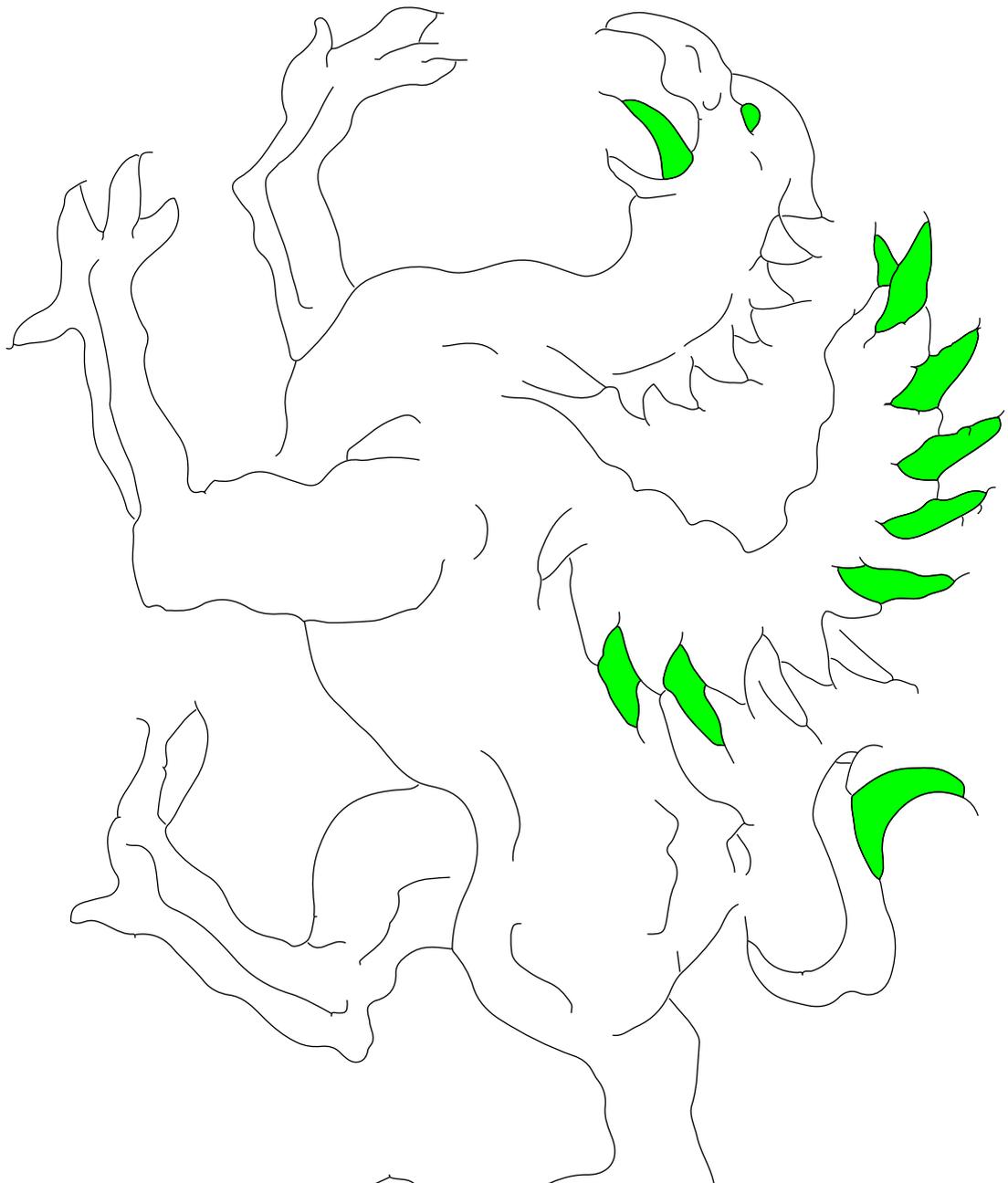


<sup>4</sup> — Excerpt from “The Slavs” published in magazine 032c, issue 11, 2006.

Advice for those who want to rid themselves of bad habits is not to bind the healing process to other people. That is, for example, not to quit smoking with your buddies. One can infer, that in the case of detox it is not desirable to become attached to your companions, and that, in fact, one should dissociate oneself from a harmful environment or burn some bridges. But on the contrary, I believe that detox provides an opportunity for bonding.







To be siblings is an infinitely weird bond. We are born in a kind of single context, intertwined in common links, but manage in that unity to be damn estranged. Bonding is the recognition that we are close, but we don't know each other. We're a tribe of total strangers. We sit at the same table, everyone from the same wacky family, but like water and oil we push each other apart. Maybe this is the reason I freely allow myself to use the word "Siblings".

A toxic family table: there's a line between burning bridges and building them, and usually it's across this bloody piece of furniture. I want to borrow Sara Ahmed's thoughts<sup>5</sup> about the family table as a metaphor to talk about feminism. In the text "Feminism Is Sensational" she describes a painfully familiar situation:

"Someone says something you consider problematic. You are becoming tense; it is becoming tense. You respond, carefully, perhaps. You say why you think what they have said is problematic. You might be speaking quietly, but you are beginning to feel 'wound up,' recognising with frustration that you are being wound up by someone who is winding you up. In speaking up or speaking out, you upset the situation. That you have described what was said by another as a problem means you have created a problem. You become the problem you create."

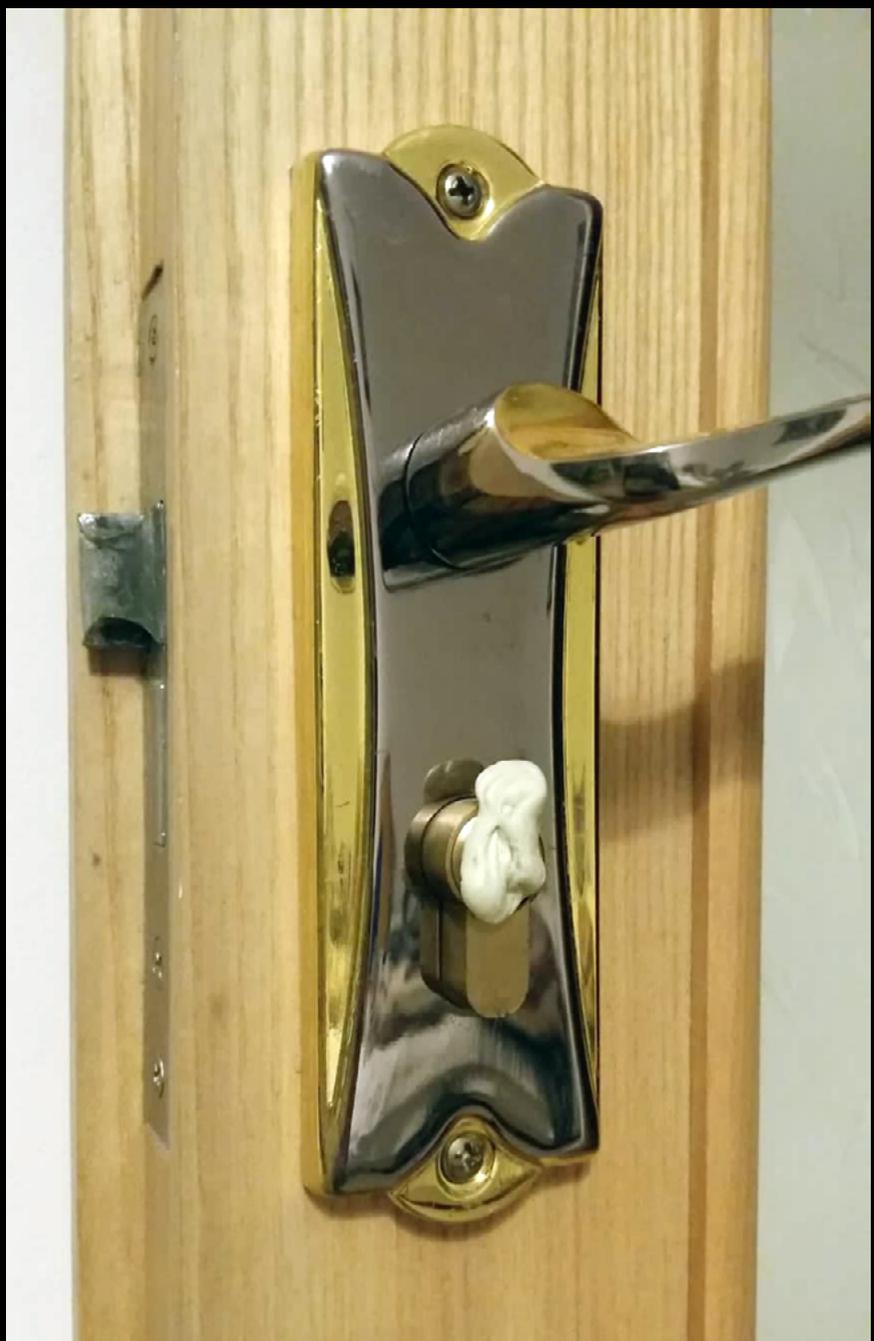
Becoming problematic is probably inseparable from detox. Suddenly everything about this attitude seems to gain weight: our bodies and footprints, diets and their larger social agenda. Aesthetic cultural choices. We become silent, but there are signs all over the place relentlessly spouting various declarations.

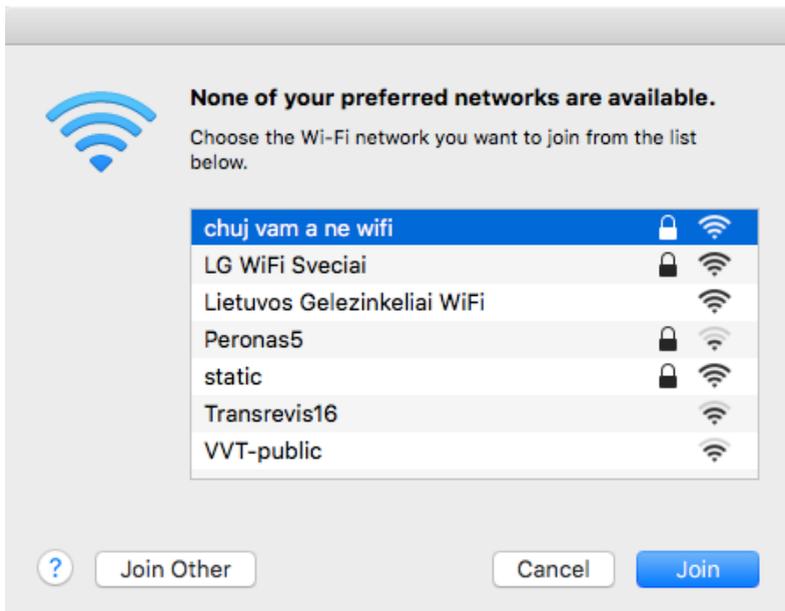


5 — Ahmed, Sara, *Feminism Is Sensational. Living a feminist life* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2017), 37.

Day 3

*There is no such thing as intuitive design*



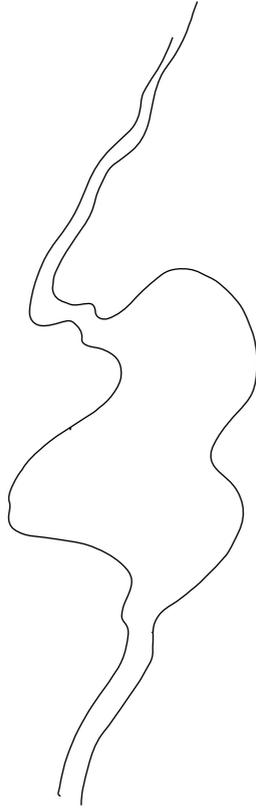


A wi-fi network name that loosely translates from Russian as “fuck off no wifi”

There’s this term in Jacques Derrida’s philosophy called “unconditional hospitality”<sup>6</sup> which describes a non-canonical relation of friendship, when we are determined for any kind of encounter no matter the cost. Like a constant state of readiness for epistemological shock. Or maybe we are constantly trained to live on the edge, to adapt to uncertainty and surprises, which are brought about by political and economic processes. Living precariously, do we have to cultivate adaptability? Should I admire adaptation techniques, and replicate them in my practice?

I have so many questions.

6 — Derrida develops the question of hospitality mostly in the text J. Derrida, *Of Hospitality*, trans. R. Bowlby (Stanford : Stanford University Press, 2000).



Day 4  
There is mild euphoria

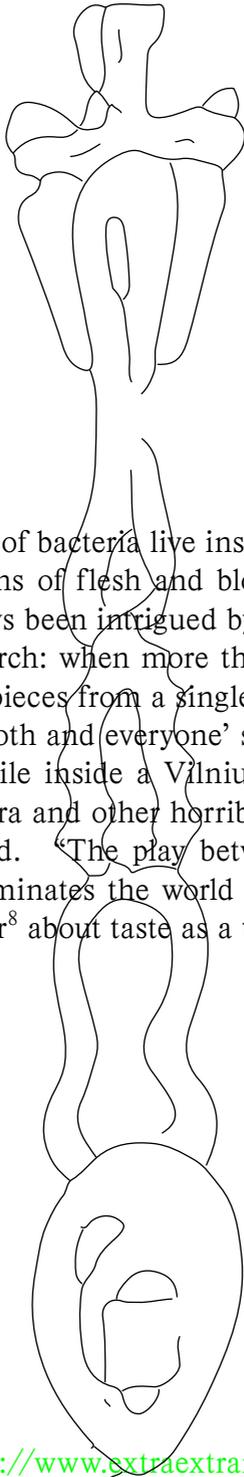


Detox from what and what for? The Christian Orthodox tradition, in which I was brought up, practises dry fasting until the Eucharist. During the normal days of mass it means fasting through the morning until midday, on holidays, such as the day before Christmas or Easter, the fasting lasts throughout the entire day. The practices of fasting come along with an emotional framework and dress code: purification and abstinence are all encompassing and engrossing. All for the mysterious moment when a small piece of prosphoron, soaked in Cahors wine, touches the palate.

Before the emergence of ritual formalities, the Eucharist in its beginnings was a gathering for early Christians at a round table with food and wine celebrating the last supper. These gatherings were called the feasts of love (agape feasts, agape from the Greek, meaning love). I have this Alain de Botton fantasy<sup>7</sup> inscribed into my mind about an ideal restaurant — The Agape Restaurant, in which the doors would always be open and the guests would be seated in such a way that would break the usual norms of segregation and bonds of kinship. In this restaurant everyone would feel safe to make a connection, and such a large and impartial gathering in one place would kindle the spirit of community and friendship. It's a shame the church allocates so much of its resources to separate fantasy from official discourse.



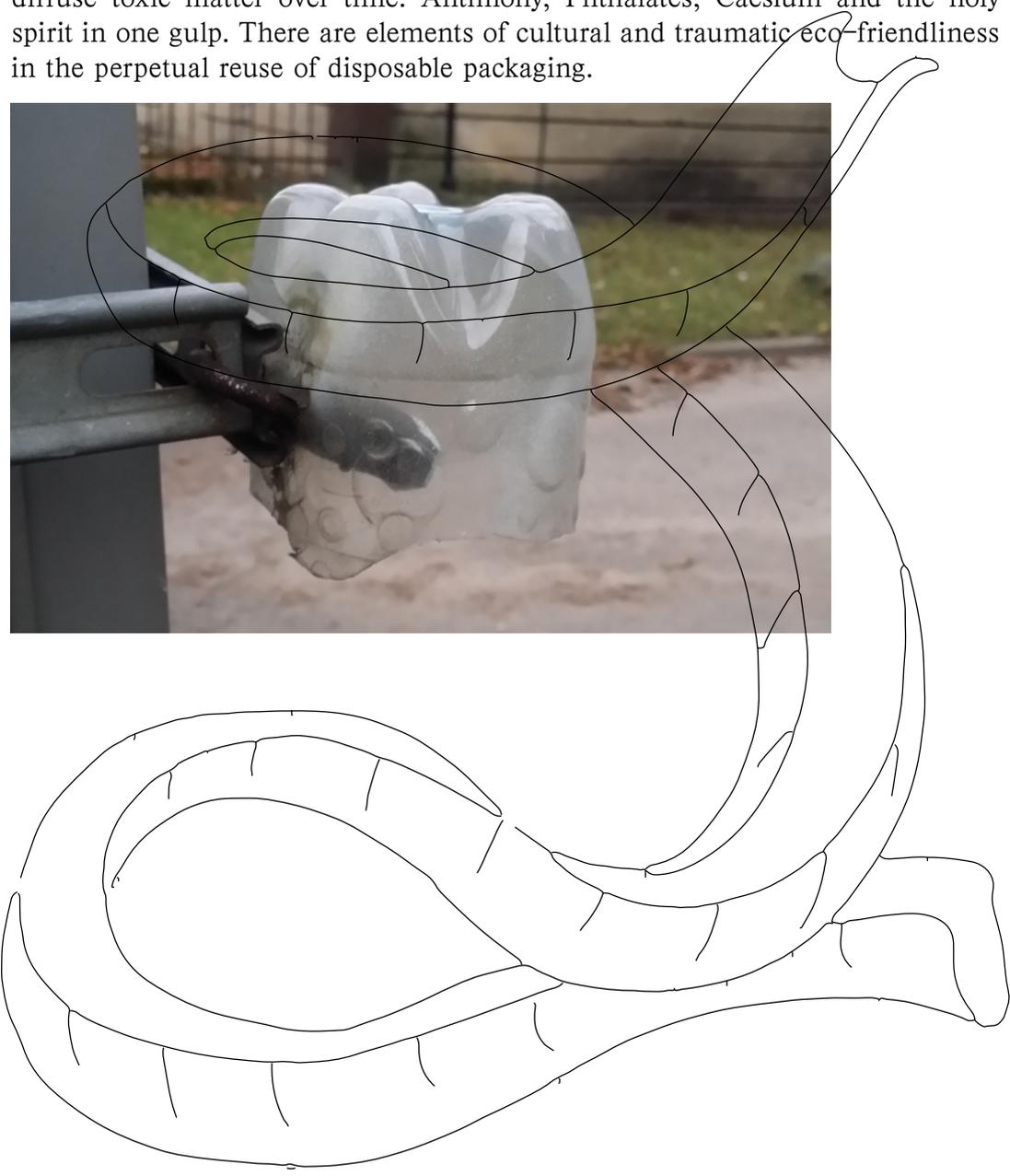
7 — Botton, Alain de. *Religion for Atheists* (London: Penguin Books, 2012), 43.

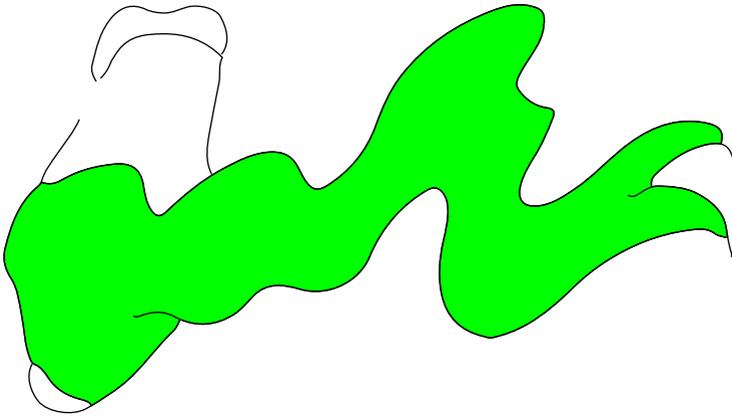


Today, I suspect that millions of bacteria live inside me, that have moved in with the help of those sweet spoons of flesh and blood. I have tasted thousands of mouths and saliva. I've always been intrigued by one intimate and anti-sanitary process in the Orthodox Church: when more than a hundred people line up to eat wine-soaked prosphoron pieces from a single spoon. The mouth of each person is wiped with the same cloth and everyone's lips kiss the same chalice. One brochure, that I pocketed while inside a Vilnius Orthodox Church, states that even during the plague, cholera and other horrible contagious disease epidemics the liturgy was not suspended. "The play between violence and vulnerability, aggression and openness, dominates the world of this sense." — a fitting observation by Katherine Cooper<sup>8</sup> about taste as a tool for understanding the world.

7 — Cooper, Katherine. <https://www.extraextramagazine.com/talk/i-only-eat-people-i-love/> 2015.

Toxins and miracles. In every Orthodox Church stands a cistern of holy water, which the parishioners pour into single use bottles, and use for years on end to store the water. Usually, empty mineral water bottles are used that are made from polyethylene terephthalate which are not designed to be reused, since they diffuse toxic matter over time. Antimony, Phthalates, Caesium and the holy spirit in one gulp. There are elements of cultural and traumatic eco-friendliness in the perpetual reuse of disposable packaging.





I recently remembered that my mother used to store two recycled Sprite bottles in the kitchen cupboard when I was a kid. One was filled with surgical spirit (rubbing alcohol), and the other contained holy water. When one of these “tools” didn’t work, the other would be called into use, supported with the gesture of crossing oneself. These bottles were confused once when I drank cough medicine with a cup of the rubbing alcohol instead of the curing holy water. I remember this feeling of suffocation in my throat and a thought flashing across my mind: confusing tools are no joke.

Day 5

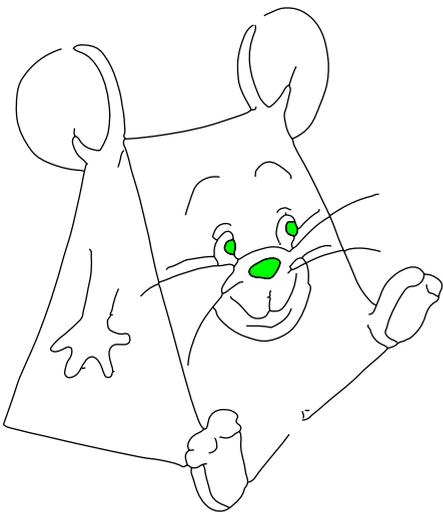
*Our recycled selves are chimeric and unchewable*



As the usual day of detox passes, I feel that by switching sleep, diet and activity, I leap through economic, social and cultural regimes. Everything I consume and over-consume gains weight, the stomach turns heavy from endless meanings. A radical detox as a diet, what would it be?

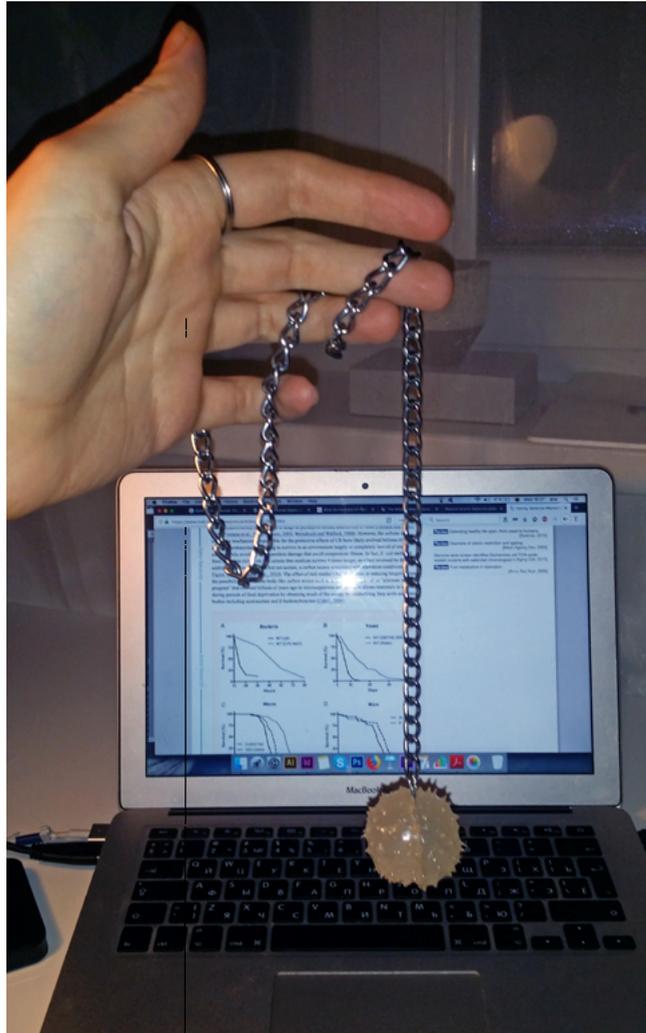
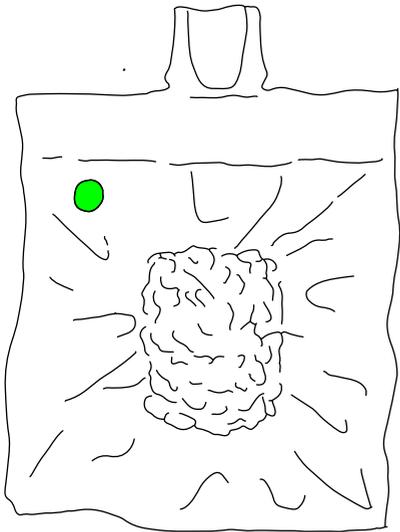
If we believe the words of Hillel Schwartz “Every diet program is both conservative and prophetic: conservative, because its strategies and rationale are deeply embedded in the era in which it first appears; prophetic, because its agenda is invariably visionary, a picture of the world as it must be when we are less gluttonous, less dyspeptic, less constipated — or thinner, sleeker, lighter”<sup>9</sup>.

What concerns the detox that consumes me is perhaps the vision of a world, in which we are more porous and empathetic?



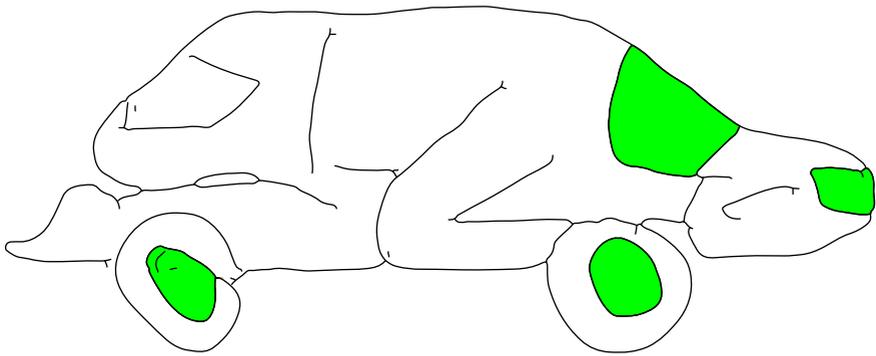
<sup>9</sup> — Schwartz, Hillel. *Never Satisfied: A Cultural History of Diets, Fantasies, and Fat*. (New York : Free Press, 1986), 37.

When dissecting the word “diet” Giorgio Agamben stated that “on the level of ‘regime’, biological life and political life are indeterminate”<sup>10</sup>. You see, there are two meanings to this term. On one hand “In ancient medicine there is a term — *diata* — that designates the regime of life, the ‘diet’ of an individual or a group, understood as the harmonic proportion between food (*sitos*) and physical exercise or labor (*ponos*)”. And at the same time, he denotes another, a more technical meaning of the word, one which points to the political-juridical sphere: “*diata* is that arbitration that decides a suit not according to the letter of the law but according to circumstances and equity”. On both accounts, the diet is that which cannot be applied without considering unique, individual circumstances.



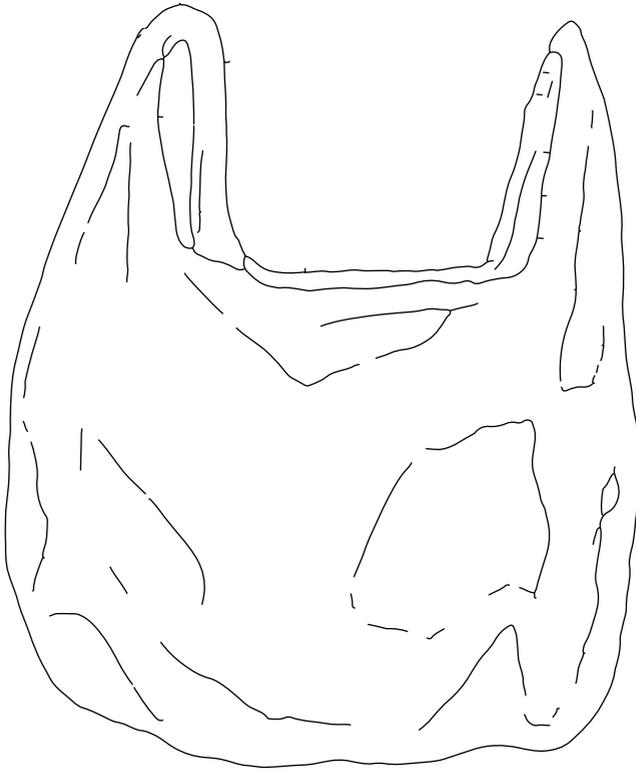
10 — Agamben, Giorgio. *The Use of Bodies: Homo Sacer IX*, (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2016).

Organisms are like tools or machines that leave their traces in the world. Isn't it weird that, without censure, the body, just the way it is, is anarchic, prone to transgression? Or that in the current economic climate, the value of life depends on its ability to work and consume? Recently I read about paralysed people in Japan that are employed to control robot waiters<sup>11</sup>. The articles detailed how, by using eye movements, these workers "print" orders and create alter egos while working as robot waiters in a cafe. Since then, I'm always thinking about my own alter ego while working.



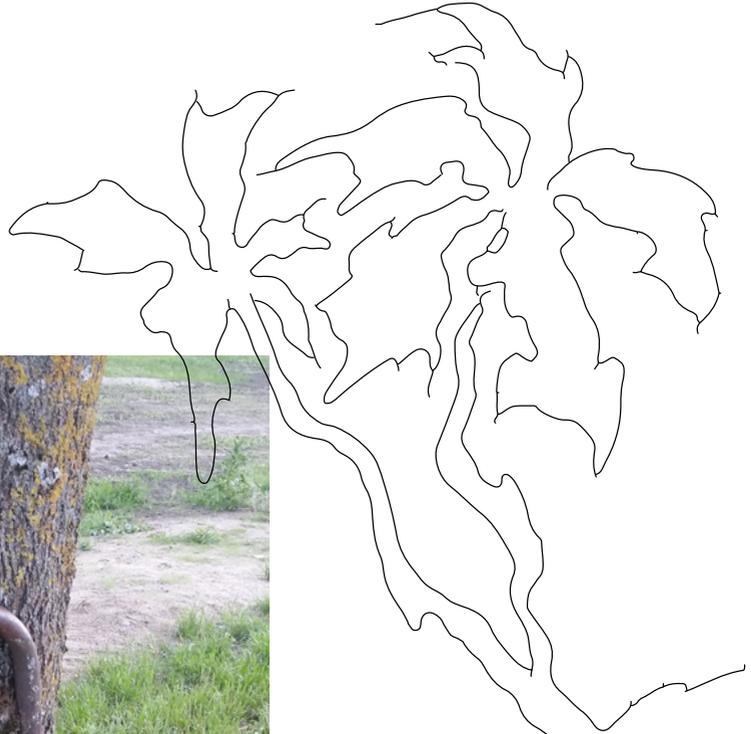
11 — Samson, Carl. *Cafe in Japan Hires Paralyzed People to Control Robot Servers*

[https://nextshark.com/japan-cafe-paralyzed-robot-servers/?fbclid=IwAR-3lO3WDiY\\_xCbZS8BFQkxNnMxT9hGbPyZ4\\_ByMQKcTLdwmLAzIUptg-mGL0](https://nextshark.com/japan-cafe-paralyzed-robot-servers/?fbclid=IwAR-3lO3WDiY_xCbZS8BFQkxNnMxT9hGbPyZ4_ByMQKcTLdwmLAzIUptg-mGL0) 2018.



Bodies leave signs that you can read, the grammar is intuitive. Doodles on public bathrooms: it is not only that which is written, but how it is written and why. Consider how waiting areas are built. A discarded plastic bag and its contents. In what back alleys are stray cats fed. The silhouettes of overpainted graffiti tags, thus making the original mark still legible. Or sensitive situations, like when you sit on an Ecolines bus, and no one can turn on the television smart screen attached to the back of the seat in front: everyone tries to gently tap the screen, as inconspicuously as possible, so as not to seem like they have problems enduring an indefinite duration of digital detox. The reading of bacteria on the screen of a smartphone as a branch of palmistry. Wearing state symbols as a sign of aggression. The dilemma of where to place the tasteless gum when there's nowhere to dispose of it. How to lounge on a bench so no one becomes concerned.

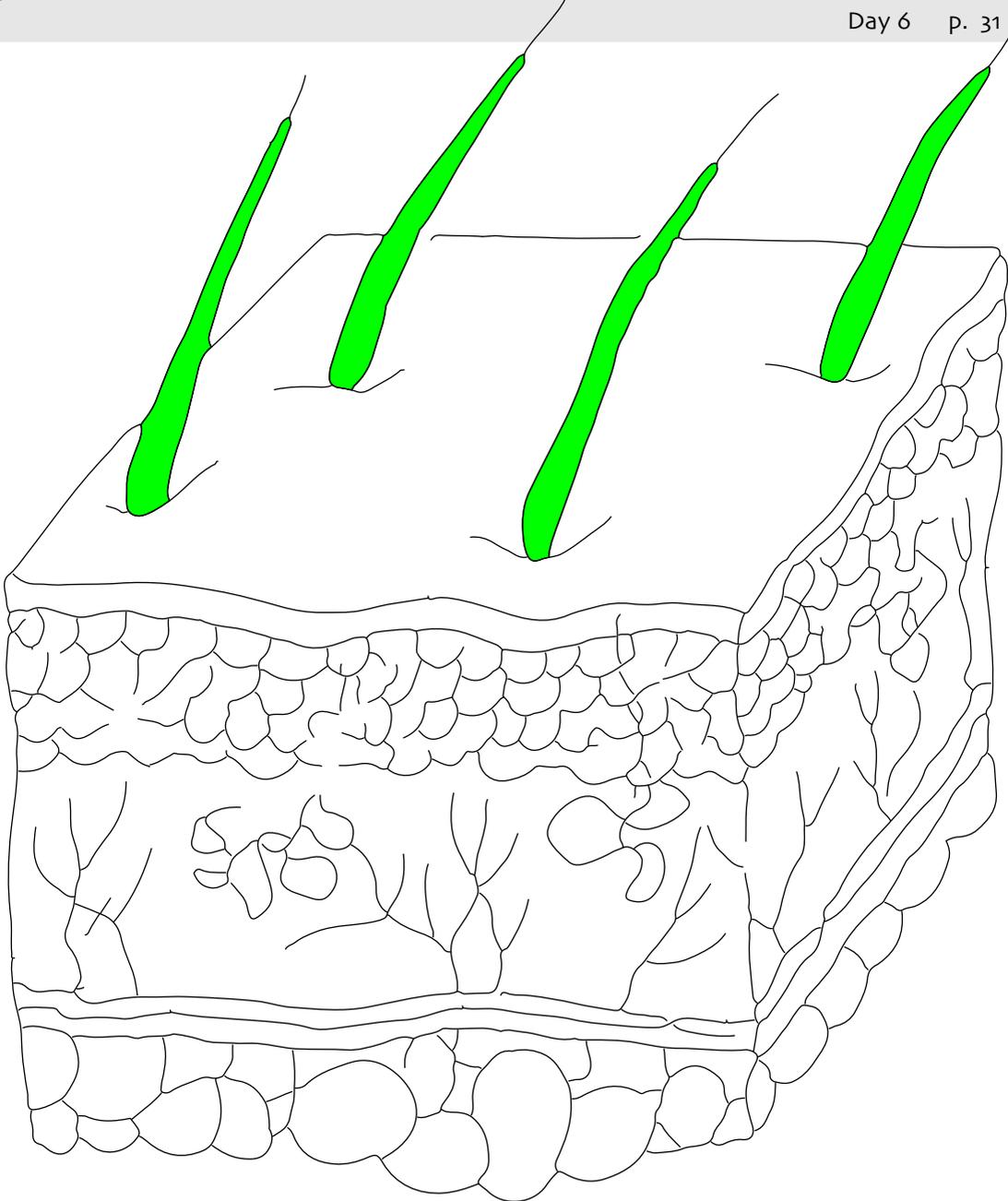
While scrolling through Instagram I notice a picture where a lizard is stuck between the glass and a wall in the corner of a terrarium. On the glass there's a sticker informing those visiting the terrarium:



*“Please don't worry. I'm not stuck. This is my favourite daytime spot to hang out”*

Day 6  
The friction of surfaces





Today I feel my skin very clearly. My world is everything that is under the skin and beyond. The skin is tolerant to any spatial modulations, like an elastic membrane it encapsulates and fits everything that I call “me”, adjusts to various prosthetics and tactics of representation. The skin represents the customs of detox. The first layer of skin, a peeling one, “like a second skin”, a natural skin, a transplanted skin, dead skin — unending skins, permeable membranes of various worlds mechanically rubbing against one another.



I n s e  
c u r e

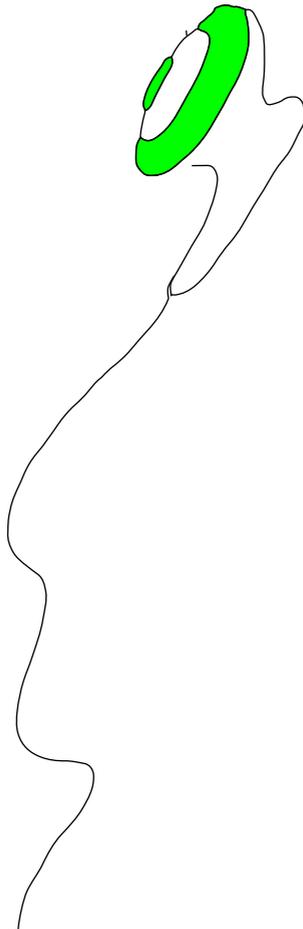
b  
y

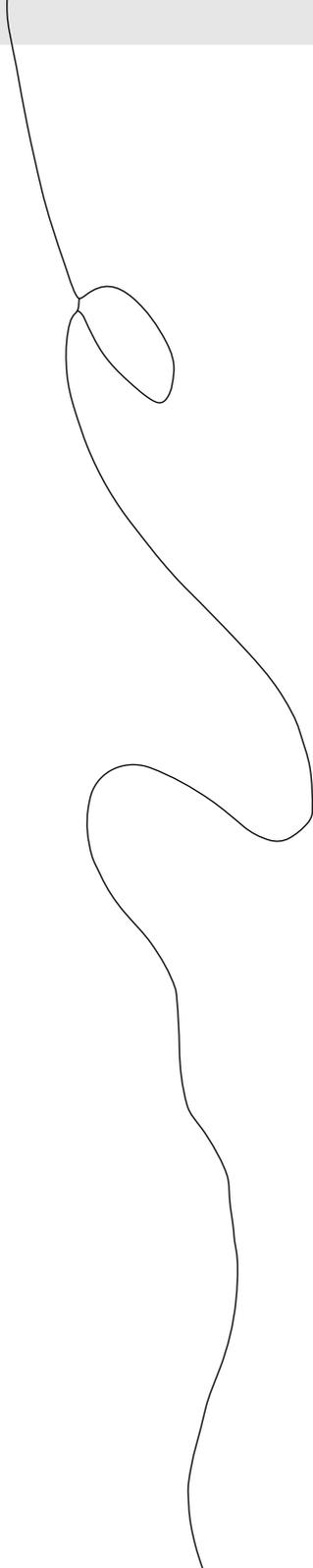
d e s i g n

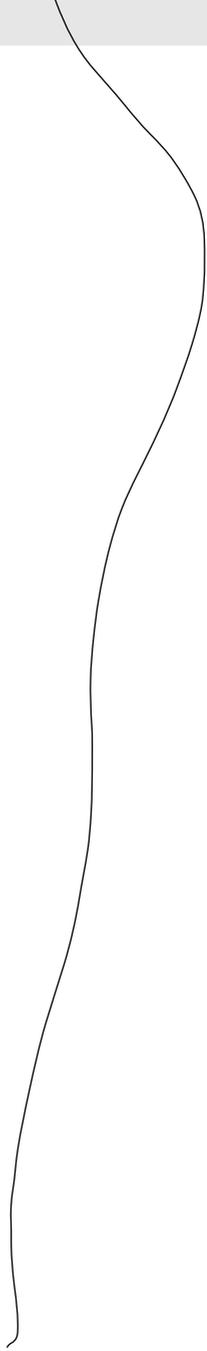
A citation from “Parables of the Virtual” by Brian Massumi<sup>12</sup> is circulating in my head — “The thing is a pole of the body and vice versa. Body and thing are extensions of each other. They are mutual implications: co-thoughts of two-headed perception. The two-headed perception is the world.” Maybe it’s a slight high from the detox, but the entire lived reality haunts me as being prosthetic extensions and multi-headed animals: replacements of shortage and products of excess. For example, earphones: a multifunctional mobile prosthesis, substituting private space. Or earphones as an extension of societal agreement: someone having lost them, they’re hung somewhere visible. No matter the different kind of people spending time in the Lazdynai forest, rarely does someone take another’s earphones. A gentle, mute care: tree branches are webbed with wires.

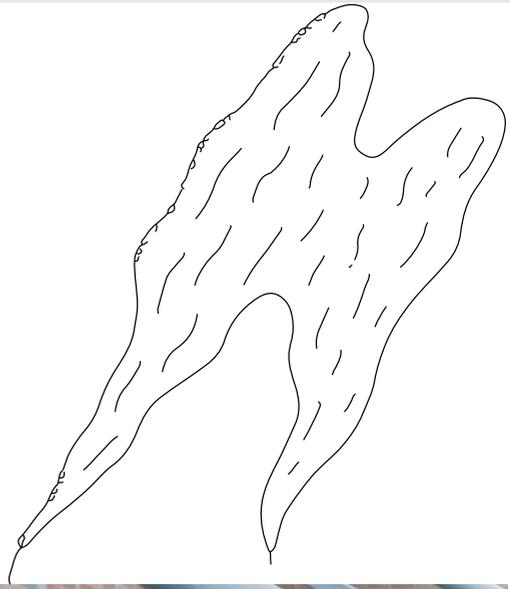


<sup>12</sup> — Massumi, Brian. *Parables for the Virtual: Movement, Affect, Sensation*. (Durham: Duke University Press, 2002)



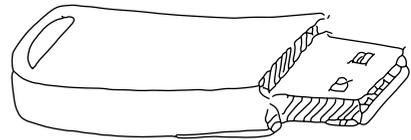






Do you think it's bad to know popular culture?

Remove the “popular culture” part of the question and it seems like you're asking me if it is bad to know.

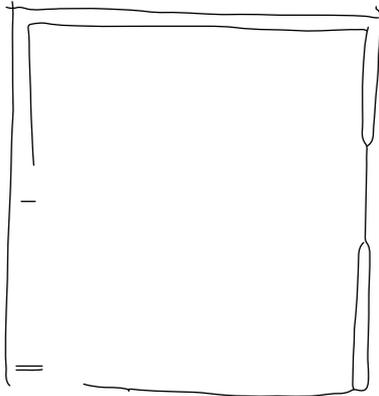
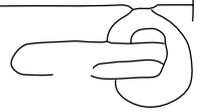
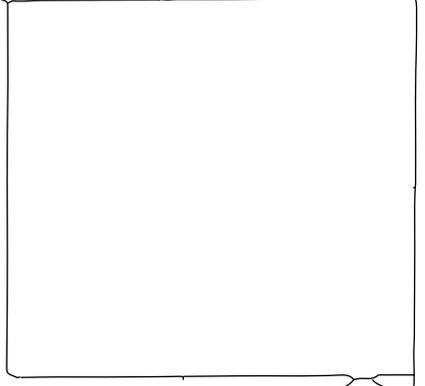
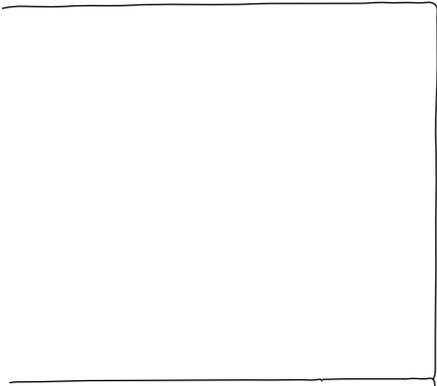
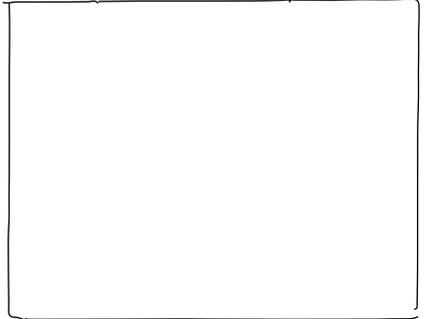
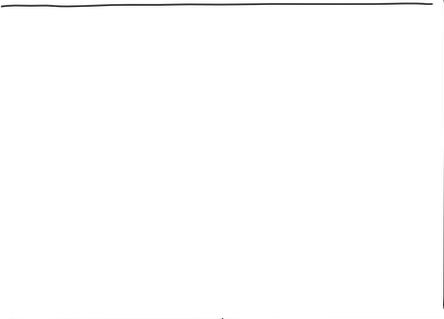


The weirdest cultural chimeras are being created by objects interacting with the products of mass manufacturing. Should one avoid the emergence of these cross-species, and what to do with them once they do turn up? Should one rid oneself of using neoliberal symbols whilst critiquing neoliberalism? Should we leave that which denotes that we were oppressed/ occupied/ displaced, so that we may never forget that we were oppressed/ occupied/ displaced? A detox kind of determines that we are porous and permeable, that information and particles come and go through us, like through a sponge, but also determines a certain control of this circulation in favour of “good” particles. No, my detox is being porous and multi-skinned, not letting anything build up and take root. Is it possible to fumble your way through and find an ethical posture, one that would let me be flexible and resistant at the same time?

Day 7

Usually I only see from one point of view, but am observed from all sides!<sup>3</sup>





And so, having forgotten human deceitfulness  
We enter a new realm<sup>14</sup>



14 — Заболотский, Николай. [https://slova.org.ru/zabolotskiy/ribnaya\\_izuka/](https://slova.org.ru/zabolotskiy/ribnaya_izuka/) an excerpt from a poem written in 1928

I don't know much about dialects, but type is another matter. In particular, the tradition of transliterating Russian from various countries into the Latin alphabet, which is characteristic of various diasporas communicating in the age of Latin-based keyboards. You can always recognise a person from Russia by the way they ignore the phonetic values of letters: writing ш [ʃ] like a w, and ч [tʃ] like a 4, while commonly, х [kh] remains x. Transliteration in other countries often depends on phonetic rules and the local grammar of the language. The rules of transliteration in Lithuania are western European with local elements: for the letter ш an s is used (as a reference to the Lithuanian š without the diacritic), or sh, ч — c (as a reference to č without the diacritic) or ch, and х — h or ch again. There are other subtleties: a Lithuanian j is used for the letter й, and especially attentive writers use the ‘ symbol to denote an ь. This way, “х о ч е ш ь” in Russia could be written xo4ew, but hochesh' in Lithuania, and khochesh in the UK. These modern dialects show not purity, but deformation and overlapping.

darom rengini

chill areajoj bus visual art galery ir bugnu ratas .  
prihadite! 😊

mozhit hochish pakabint paveikslu takzhe?



While sitting at the family table for some time, in a trance-like state, I stare at the stuffed pike decorated with carrot and cucumber flowers. It's here during every holiday. How did it get here, prepared according to the rules of Shabbat? No one managed to answer me, the term "gefilte fish" doesn't ring a bell. I ate this fish and thought about its taste and all the borders, lines and boundaries that connect and separate traditions, identities, languages.

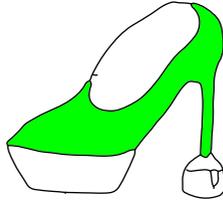
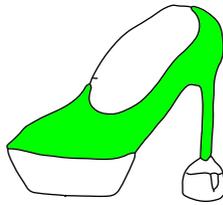
You see, the taste of the well-known gefilte fish is geographical: Polish and Western Ukraine's territories make it sweet, yet in Lithuania and eastwards it is made savoury. The Yiddish language researcher Marvin Herzog has discovered that a gefilte fish line exists which crosses Europe around 40 km from Warsaw and corresponds with the borders of the Yiddish dialect territories.

Unknown things lie in mouths, stomachs and cells. The world of sublimated meanings and traditions functions like a character from the novel "The Kid" by the Strugatsky Brothers<sup>15</sup>. A human child is brought up by alien beings after a spacecraft catastrophe in a distant and unexplored planet. He sometimes utters sounds by reflex that he heard in his childhood or whole phrases, but for him they slip out erratically and unconsciously, without context or occasion.

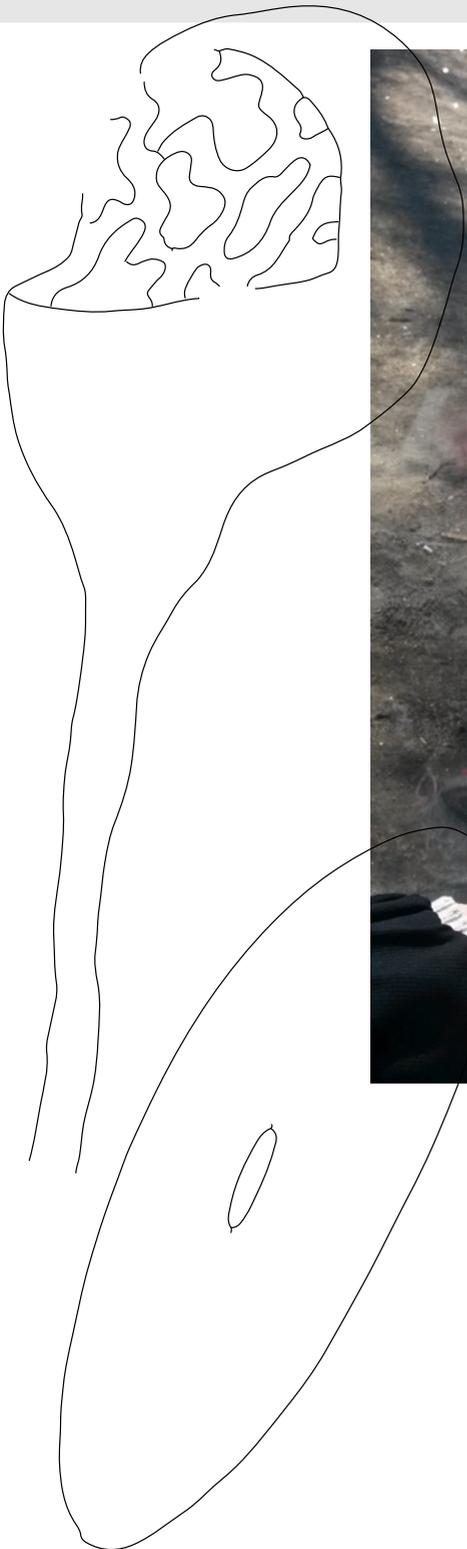


<sup>15</sup> — Стругацкий, Аркадий и Борис. *Мальчиш, цикл «Мир Полудня»*, Журнал «Аврора», № 3-11, 1971).

The siblings are on a detox



a cosplay is taking over the family dinner.



Day 8  
*If you lived here, you'd be home now*



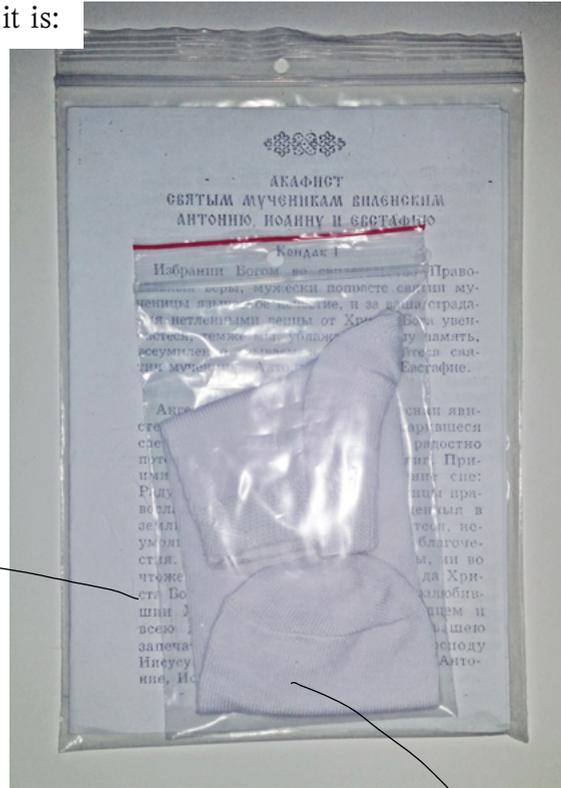
precarious (adj.)

1640s, a legal word, “held through the favor of another,” from Latin *precarius* “obtained by asking or praying,” from *prex* (genitive *precis*) “entreaty, prayer” (from PIE root *\*prek-* “to ask, entreat”). Notion of “dependent on the will of another” led to extended sense “risky, dangerous, uncertain” (1680s). “No word is more unskillfully used than this with its derivatives. It is used for uncertain in all its senses; but it only means uncertain, as dependent on others ...” <sup>16</sup>



charcoal pills  
charred, coal people  
purging of history  
from lines that cross on palms  
from lines that cross in psalms  
bloods busted  
resounding  
ears long gone to the noise  
eyes no longer clouded by water  
but reality still  
ashy and dry with shavings of soap  
scary and why with savings and stocks  
and hope in all the wrong places.  
there' s a sting of it all leaving  
through smoke and words and punctures on flesh  
through bubbles and gum  
and the mercy of stress.  
my face crashed and lost in pissful corners  
there will be spring to gather it all  
come whispering to go on with the badness  
shaved clean from today  
blind to delicious  
and leading the wrong

All those symbols, materials, and gestures that promise us the power of magical change: something that was promised, if you ask and try hard enough. The other day I received a relic as a gift: one small cotton sock, placed in a plastic bag, fragrant of ecclesiastical incense. It's a third degree relic, that derives its holiness from direct contact with first degree relics — the remains of saints or parts of them. It advised that by placing this sock upon oneself it could remedy various ailments and hardships. Here it is:



While thinking about it I lost track of time: my imagination was being blown apart by fireworks of association about prayers, expectations, identity crises, elves, the sock industry, economic circumstances, and extreme states of weight- lessness.

While spending a few hours each day on public transport, a phrase often pops up into my head: “If you lived here, you’d be home now” — it was used a few decades ago for a commercial campaign by a real estate agency in the United States. These routinely cynical billboards were erected in city centres, to be seen by those who travel to work from the suburbs and wait in traffic jams every day. The idea was simple — if you lived here, you would already be home, not waiting in this traffic jam. If you could afford housing here, you would already be home. Guess what, life would be very different if everything were different.



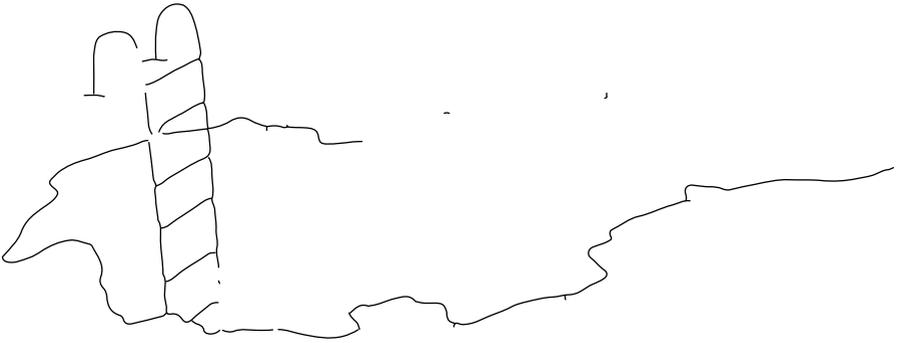


[https://www.apartmenttherapy.com/how-to-separate-merged-front-yards-good-questions-17284?utm\\_source=pinterest&utm\\_medium=tracking&utm\\_campaign=in-line-img-share](https://www.apartmenttherapy.com/how-to-separate-merged-front-yards-good-questions-17284?utm_source=pinterest&utm_medium=tracking&utm_campaign=in-line-img-share)



You can't say that people don't know how to communicate. When leaving private space and entering the public domain I kind of join in on the debates around power, legitimacy and legality, the right to represent and be represented. How much space do I take up, and how much do I have the right to do that? My imagination curates whole processions of exhibitions, in which I could marinate these public space debate fragments, all the gestures of insecurity, that ramp up in every step, like raised windscreen wipers of badly parked cars.





Our shared private space.

This territory is open for a detox, it's protected by a toothless dog,  
and strangers are always welcome.

PDF artist book by  
Anastasia Sosunova

ISBN 978-609-96044-2-8

Graphic design

Vytautas Volbekas

Translation from Lithuanian

Jeronimas M. Seibutis

Proofreading

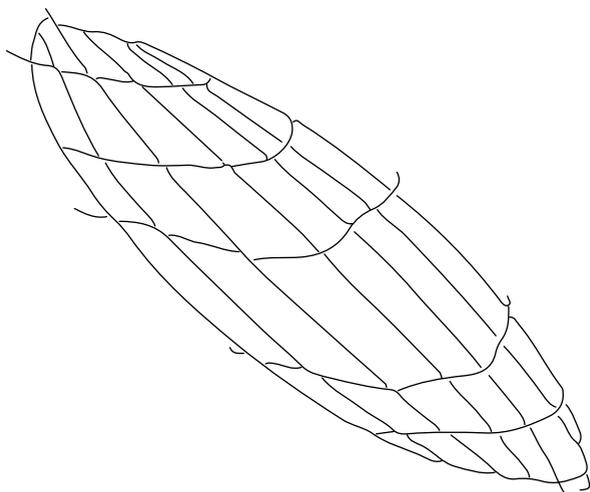
Gemma Lloyd

Sincere thanks to

Monika Kalinauskaitė

Valentinas Klimašauskas

Ellen H. Tracy



Published by  
The Baltic Notebooks  
of Anthony Blunt,

Vilnius, 2019

Supported by



LITHUANIAN  
COUNCIL FOR  
CULTURE

© artist and authors. All rights reserved