

BIANCA D'ALESSANDRO

Kamil Dossar

Delight

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It becomes evident in delight. Tidus, the CGI protagonist from Final Fantasy X, an in-game refugee, assumes the role of an inquisitor. Equipped with a violin, he enters the arena of meticulously curated interior-design homes to perform a disjointed spectacle that seems to provoke a fire. Is this some sort of a rite? And to what end?

Looking closer it's undeniably clear that Dossar's practice still revolves around the concern of ideology, identity and semiotics - how images operate within the underpinnings of power and manipulation. The air spaces, though seemingly pleasant in their composition states a rather desperate chokehold of permanence. The ever-standing, perfectly pristine furnitures in rooms imbued by an ever-smiling weather forecast of prosperity is one image of an infinite stream of other self-feeding desires.

For now, the "home, is in the crosshairs of Dossar's show in the attempt to collapse it. A form of expulsion. Not let alone air-spaces, but permanence itself! The modus operandi of ideology. The unison, oroboros-like self-feeding apparition furthering the stalemate of any revolutionary emancipation. Zooming in on the feng-Shui. we see a painting within a painting: "Udslidt" (1889) by danish artist Brendekilde depicts an elderly farmer on the brink of death in the arms of a young woman. His body, broken under the weight of labor, upheld the mode of production of European industrialization. Capital drag. His body, decaying, disintegrating under the strokes of Brendekilde. Is this the moment of impermanence? His tragedy becomes subsumed into the geomancy in Bolia and Poliform - a death repurposed for the everlasting image. However death should not be seen that literally.

"When the lights go out, you die" echoes through the room, filling it with a sense of hollow grandeur. It invokes an ominous fear. Something is at stake here. Our lives? Our image? This harrowing fear of dying ? Is this some left-hand path pyromaniacal esotericism? As if these living rooms were built with an eye of their later existence as ruins. Death is becoming an image itself, fading in the grand illumination of fire.

Can these walls crumble, like the farmer on Brendekilde's canvas? Tidus stands amidst it all, playing his violin. A hollow shell with painted blue eyes. His emptiness grants him fireproof permanence, yet he rejects it. And so, he sets the fire.

- Edward Doheny Jr.