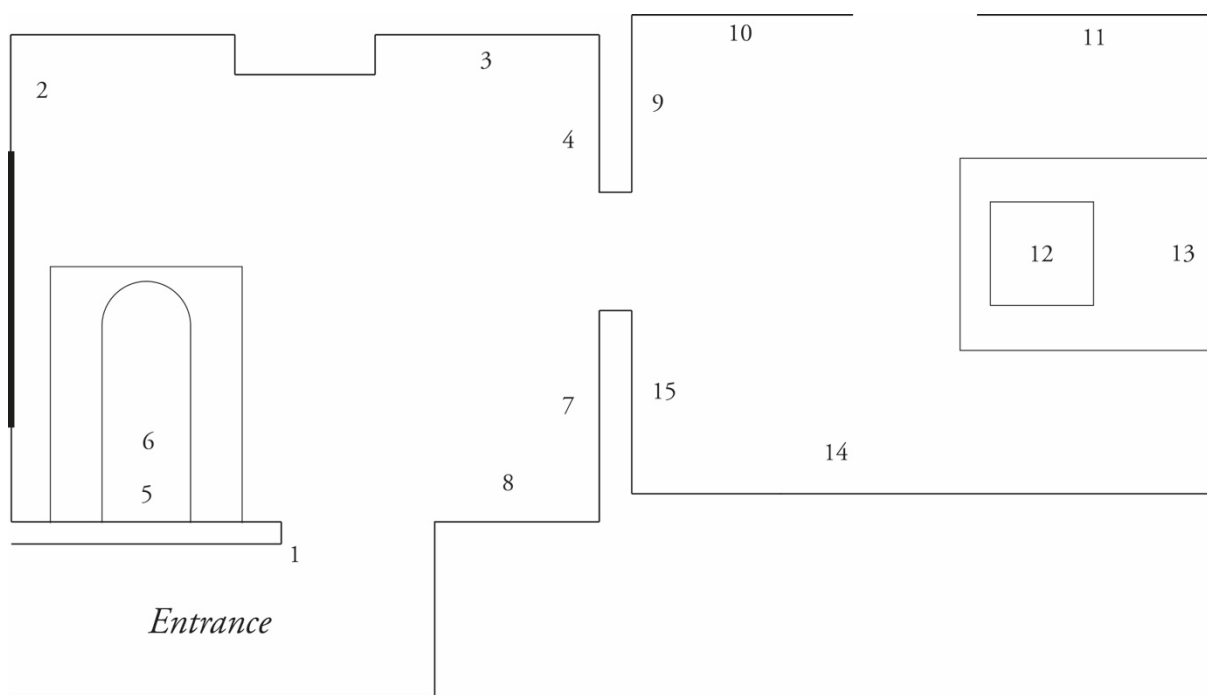


KAMIEL DE WAAL

THE LAST SHOW: I'LL NEVER TRUST FREE CHAMPAGNE AGAIN



1. Hung vase, 10x10x21cm, 2022
2. Dog Fight N°2, 51x66cm, 2022
3. Hung bench, 125x50x40cm, 2022
4. Dog Fight N°1, 51x66cm, 2022
5. Uncategorized fake furniture N°1, 150x60x53cm, 2022
6. Hole as Dog, 57x57x15cm, 2022
7. Fucking Love Oysters, From the *Aphrodisiac series*, 51x66cm, 2022
8. Fucking Love Cherries, From the *Aphrodisiac series*, 51x66cm, 2022
9. Fucking Love Pomegranate, From the *Aphrodisiac series*, 51x66cm, 2022
10. Part of a set of ears (Pierced) N°1, 65x80cm, 2022
11. Part of a set of ears (Pierced) N°2, 65x80cm, 2022
12. Ass Curved N°1, 71x71cm, 2022
13. Hung fake chair, 90x70x80cm, 2022
14. Ass Curved N°2 71x71cm, 2022
15. Ass Curved N°3, 71x71cm, 2022

KAMIEL DE WAAL'S LAST SHOW

Fuck because things are final. Finish because things are fucked. Exhibitions are always ending and artists are done exhibiting all the time. Take Kamiel's last show. Flirting dangerously with self-fulfilling prophecy, Kamiel is rounding things up between air quotes. Trying hard to end things (or to make things last). What if the things tried to end things for him?

There's some skin in the game. We like to pretend there's skin in the art game. Part of it – the dog coats, the butt cheeks – is reduced to meticulous black outlines, stubborn stripes in lieu of creases. Drawings drawing attention away from the meaty and fleshy. In spirit at least. Truth is you can't touch the art because art is untouchable.

The dogs' behavior is doglike. The dogs are playing. The dogs are teasing. The dogs are hugging – they're embracing what, exactly? The dogs are fighting. The dogs' fight might be mistaken for fucking and vice versa. A gaydar is beeping red somewhere because the dogs are bleeping. The dogs are naturals. The dogs are black-out drunk. Dog is God spelled backwards by the way. The problem with mirroring oneself is called symmetry.

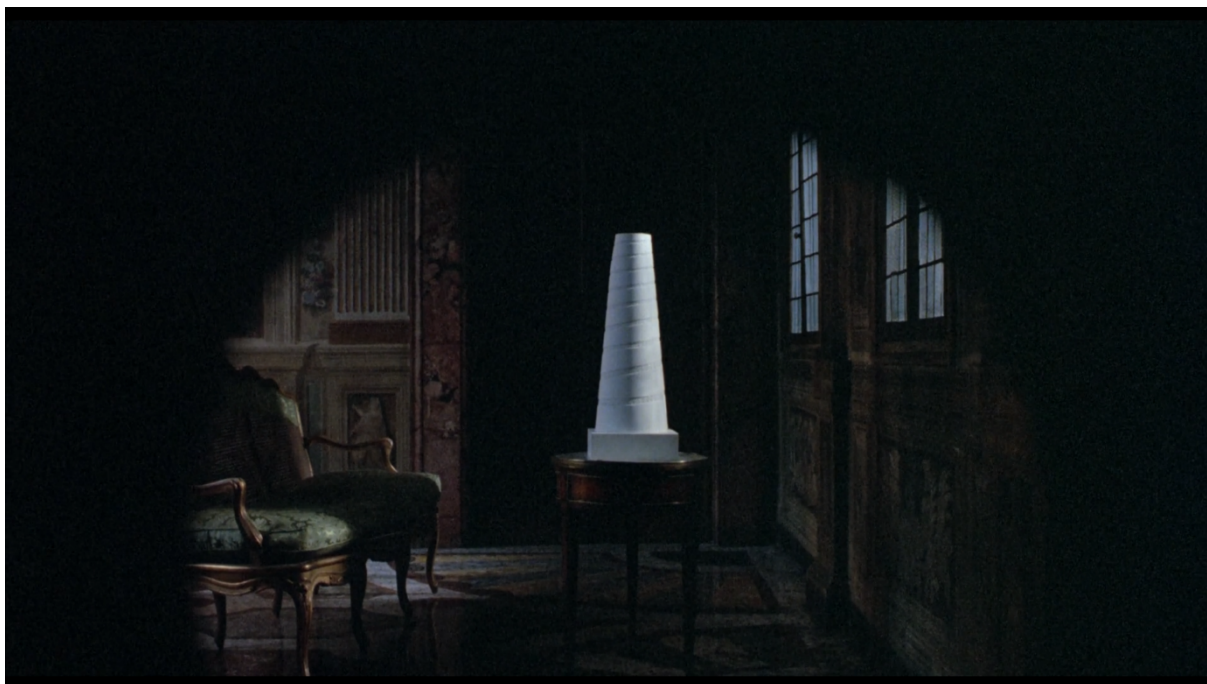
Can think of many 'buts' for butt drawings. One being: but only a romantic would be tempted to objectify the explicit.

Fake furniture makes a comeback on a fake floor. Furniture belongs on the floor. The window is a wall. The wall is floor-y. The clientele is floored. This is how art gains ground.

The walls have ears. Before belonging to the wall, this pair used to belong to a fling. The ears itself are pierced with multiple silveresque earrings. Skin is no longer just a thought, the ears are smoothly incarnated, both helixes a reddish pink. Excitement's signature.

Kamiel clearly fucks with fucking things up. Apparently aphrodisiacs now equal love, not lovemaking. Though generally cherries, oysters and pomegranates figure as gateways for artificial lust – gateways for fucking – love is technically speaking the artifice Kamiel insists on. Freudian slip?

Tubes are dogs too. Big fat dogs at that. This one sits fiercely on a tabletop. In Kamiel's second show a similar dog sat on a similar table. The dog glittered except in the areas where glitters – strings attached – came loose. The dog stood so far as the wonky table allowed. Instead, this last dog's surface is aluminium and it shines as much as it reflects, not much. The dog has holes in all the wrong places. The dog is one large hole and ultimately empty. Dogs are always competing with one another. Kamiel's dogs go for the consolation prize – art? The best for last. The everlasting forever lost.



P.S. quick reminder that nothing ever just sits on a table.

Nikolaas Verstraeten

Kamiel de Waal, *The Last Show*: I'll Never trust free Champagne again, 19/03-27/03 2022
Saturdays and Sundays, 1-7pm or by appointment Maanstraat 17, Antwerp