

Imagine you're lending your country house to a good, old friend for the summer holiday. He will care about every detail of it so that you feel safe, knock together a new shelf for your piled up books, fix the old fence, maybe paint it red. He might leave behind dozens of wise and funny Post-It notes everywhere in the house that will make you feel great when returning home, although possibly a bit surprised at getting a whiff of his conscientious and humorous yet discreet presence.

It is a very similar feeling that you get when you invite Koenraad Dedobbeleer to do an exhibition. He will not come up with an expensive vanity project, but rather be attentive to the daily activities of the space, and cautiously improve its architecture, designing new doorknobs for the entrance door, displaying cosy wooden benches, or an elegant tubular ashtray for the backyard. La simplicité, presque. And yet, one should carefully read over the titles of these works, as they are salted with sly references and a bittersweet (should we say Belgian?) sense of humour. They acknowledge Dedobbeleer's awareness that the labour of love is not always repaid, but also that, "if you do the kindly deed at the right moment, the dividend is enormous."

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