

Materiality

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Before I go to bed, I shake my blanket. This causes a breeze. A breeze that brings with it this familiar smell – this smell of childhood, memories, and my life. The feathers that had just gathered at the foot end have been shaken upwards and are now mostly at the top of the blanket – like a cloud. I slip under my blanket, into the soft, warm nest and enjoy the moment of arriving, of feeling close to myself. The certainty that this must be the most beautiful place in the world brings a smile to my face. I snuggle up comfortably, cuddle up, warmth spreads. What happens to this feeling of well-being when arriving in a psychiatric ward, at the latest when I get onto the disinfected bed?

The installation juxtaposes the structure and smell of the home bed linen with the smell and bed linen of the hospital and plays with polarities such as sterility and intimacy, functionality and individuality, lightness and stiffness.

