



Dream House by La Monte Young

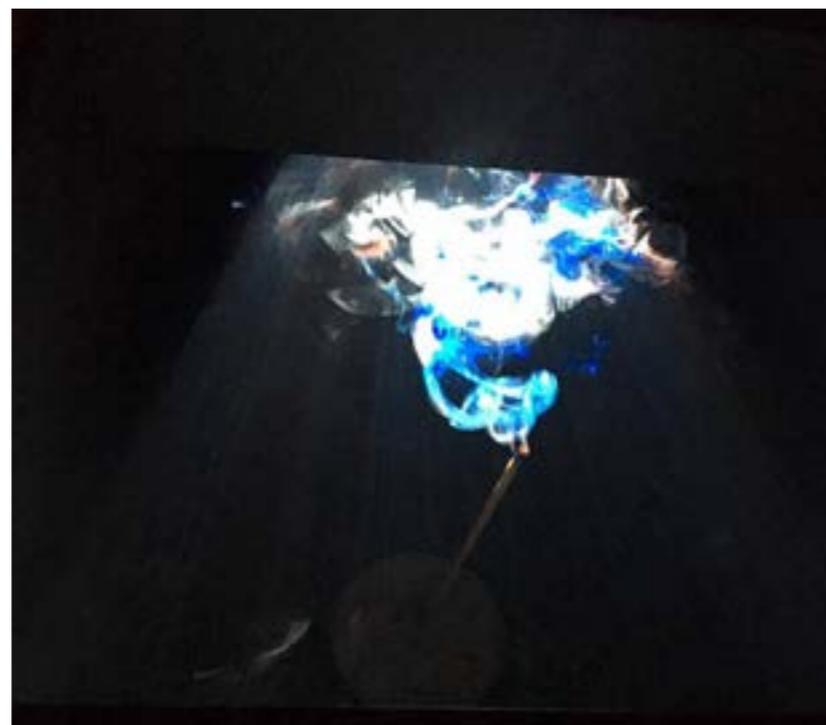
The “Dream House” exhibition, located at 275 Church Street, New York, is a permanent collaborative sound and light installation created by, composer, La Monte Young and his wife, a visual artist, Marian Zazeela in 1993. The Dream House is the product of the couple’s long-term work; “together, the light and sound can be experienced as a new form, or new media: the sound and light environment”.

La Monte Young is an American artist, composer and a musician (well known for his “drone” music). He is regarded as the first known minimalist when it comes to music composition. Minimal music consists of the audience having to focus on the internal process of music. This kind of music involves a steady, constant pulse.



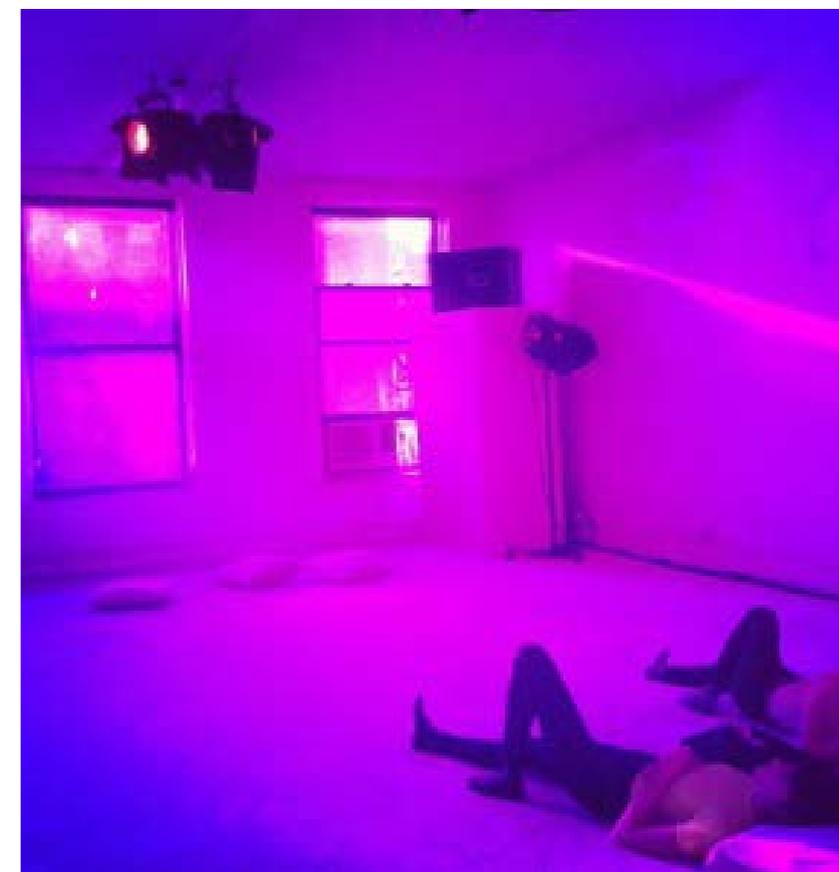
When I first arrived inside the Dream House, I wasn’t impressed with the smell of as it was a field trip, yet it reminded me of the old smell of incense, just like the ones my mother used to light up inside the house in Turkey before the arrival of guests. Once I was inside the apartment, the scent of the smell felt as if I could see it. I thought this was just an illusion of smoke as the light surrounding me was also very dimmed. It made me think of how smelling something we can’t see could feel more powerful than it actually is in terms of scent. This made me feel as if I was in a warm environment, but it also made me want to take a shower.

Once my class mates and I entered the “living room” of the apartment, all I could notice at



first was the gloomy pink lighting. It was like neon, very shiny at the center yet dimmed at its surroundings. The further into the hall way we went, we eventually came across two strangers sitting on different spots, enjoying themselves. This made me think of all the possible people who may have come to this place to sit and think. My urges to take a shower grew stronger with this thought.

The floor was made of carpet; thus it was very soft for the feet to touch. It felt like walking on clouds at night, hence the dimmed lights. 10 minutes after I sat down, I fell asleep. I think this was mostly because of the “dream state” the house felt like. Everything was dimmed to





the point where the lights felt like night lamps, and the sound felt hypnotizing.

Speaking of the sound, I enjoyed it as soon as I sat down. It filled the atmosphere really well in terms of feeling “in the zone”. However, when I woke up I felt a hint of a headache from the buzzing I kept hearing during my good one-hour-of-a sleep. The music created felt like repetition, yet it was only just one very long song. It sounded like the sounds people on the streets make in order to collect money from strangers. Those people play interesting instruments sometimes, or even improvise with different items such as tubes and the echoes created by them. This reminded me the fact that I was in a place to be comfortable and just relax, it wasn't meant to be a high class place.

When I woke up I felt lazy. I thought I had slept

for hours, when actually it was only one hour instead. I could tell that most of my class mates were going through the same experience, some weren't even awake yet. I stood up with my partner and started walking around more, looking at the pieces reflected on the wall by projectors. All of them were made with light hence the projectors in the room. The images consisted of patterns mostly such as dots and curved lines. With the addition of colors, these patterns came to life with light. My friend and I started making our ways towards the exit door, however we noticed that there was another tiny room we hadn't noticed when we arrived. This room was the origin of the incense. This was my favourite part of the room because even the incense smokes had projectors shining on them, showing pieces of writings on top of them. The smokes looked like a flag moving smoothly.

After this, we headed outside into the hallway to retrieve our shoes. Once I was outside the apartment, I felt like I was breathing fresh air again. I quickly reached my shoes as I didn't enjoy the feel of the ground outside the apartment. I enjoyed putting them on. I still felt nauseated from the smell. The noise was also repeating in my head on and on again on a loop. The experience of remembering the sound and being exposed to it is a complete different feeling. Outside the apartment, I felt irritated by thinking about it, yet when I was in the room, it put me to sleep.

Overall, I think that the Dream House, is a space that should be appreciated in terms of finding a place to be alone, and relax within self-thoughts. This space is secret to the outside world.