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ZOE STREET

AGE: 18 PROGRAM: Theatre ABOUT ME: This year I'm heading into my first year of Uni, studying Anthropology & Sociology and Performance Studies as a double major at Curtin. I'm excited to be a Young Ambassador because I can observe, discover, interact with and explore the inner workings of the arts industry with a bunch of creative, expressive, crazy and inspiring minds whose collaboration makes the festival possible.

Inside The House of Dreaming

Shhhhhh the House is sleeping. Use your inside voices so it doesn't wake...

Seated on a painted bench, outside a house. The bench is so weathered and well loved that you can see strong wood hiding behind colour and the House is alive. It breathes and murmurs, dreaming in it's slumbers. The days of donning a hero's cape return along with the paper ears of a rabbit...The rabbit travels with a queen and a wizard. Whilst sitting on this painted bench, gazing at the mysterious adventure that awaits, the intricate carvings of a long-lost talisman become familiar beneath the tactile musings of inquisitive fingers. It matches the creature you have become. Kind-hearted bells call us to action and we stand before three doors, an eclectic collection of roadside characters...The gentle flashing lights are beckoning, so we enter, three creatures, one with ears, one with a hat and one with a crown. Now perched upon a patterned place at an old-fashioned dresser the telephone rings, an anticipated call that summons explorers hearts and awakens a whimsical world of wonder beyond.

And from there time disappears as the magical dreaming House enchants me. Stories of lost love and exotic treasures find our ears as we venture from room to room, each filled with new mementos and trinkets to discover and explore. Letters of longing and dusty postcards are hidden amidst the quaint furniture and eccentric antiques, slowing divulging the secret story the House harbours. Concealed doors lead to worlds completely different from the last, taking us on a journey through an unknown universe, accompanied by the comfort of children's voices and warm whispers. A rosy-cheeked bard in a flowing robe tells tales of a boat sunk at sea and in the night sky we see the



THE HOUSE OF DREAMING

mythical constellations that have become our namesakes. Surreal dreams of Alice in upside down kitchens are no longer make believe and the rabbit in my hand feels safe, where he belongs. After adventures of tumbling through bedsteads and under tables, and celebrating the new year on a black and white television screen, we finally return to a familiar bedroom. The telephone rings as I catch glimpses of a chandelier through half-opened eyes and my dreams join the mass of notes holding the secrets and dreams and wishes of all the other creatures that have passed through this fanciful place.

The pattering young feet and shining eyes took me back to forgotten train rides and a wild companion with blue eyes and sun-bleached hair called Sky, whose existence is a blur between the reality and imagination of my younger self at that age when children are fearless and nothing is impossible.