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The house is a necessity. A stable and secure place where of material life; a place where the body can be at the center of things. But the places we inhabit are no more defined by stable aspects. We interact with them in a fluid, changing, ever-different and perhaps ungrounded way.

The house is all that life revolves around. It could even become an illness, homesickness. For people that experience life moving a lot in between different spaces, the house is something different. It is what you need to take with you, to move from place to place.

So a home, could be a private place delimited from walls and a roof; maybe a home is just an object, a bed, or a table, a blanket; or home could be just a domestic memory, or a smell, a timeframe, or a person, or a collection of goods, and a collection of experiences.