

*That's how your house gets inside of you—it's more than just space, and it's not even space and time, because I think the notion of space and time as separate is a very Western idea. Time and space are always together, and they are usually collapsed into each other. That's why the process of rubbing seemed so appropriate. It brings up a lot of memories, and it's also very physical. As I moved upstairs, I changed the material of the rubbing from colored pencil to pastel, which I had to use my fingertips to apply. I literally had to caress every surface with my fingertips, and I started to wear off my fingerprints. I was actually giving up my own body to the architecture. The project became a spiritual quest. As I spent twenty years of my time in that space, my farewell to the house took two years. It was an extended ritual to commemorate my time in that house and my friendship with the landlord before finally departing. - Do Ho Suh on his work Rubbing/Loving*