



People in the arid areas expect for nothing but a timely rainfall. The rain and clouds far away seem like the returned boats of their families who have been out for sea fishing, which they think would never go away. As the landmark of the City of Santa Monica, there only remain the old wharf structures which have been eroded by the seawater and the distant memories. Without erasing the memories, the Wharf of Cloud reinforces its own existence in a peculiar way. It is a participatory project, by which everyone can become hunter of clean water. It may recall the memory of our ancestor as a fisherman. However the difference is what we have brought back.

