



Above: Lynda Benglis, *Jicarilla*, 2013. Glazed ceramic, 16 x 19 x 17 in. Below: Lynda Benglis, *Vaquero*, 2013. Glazed ceramic, 20 x 18 x 16 in. Below right: Fujiko Nakaya, *Fog Bridge*, 2013. 832 nozzles, 4 high-pressure pumps, 8 feeder water lines, anemometer, and Max program, 150 ft.



sense of pleasure in the medium. Sometimes the works suggest smashed geometric forms, and sometimes they are highly organic. One piece resembles a stomach resting on top of several vaguely intestinal shapes; the forms are balanced in ways that emphasize the near anarchy of their construction. Every one of these works, made in the moment, deserves to be seen in the moment, experienced in a flash of insight. One final work can be mentioned: a curved, yellow tube resting on a white pedestal; an extension rising from the top wraps out across the sculpture like a flag. Glazed in yellow and black, the work translates all the forcefulness of Franz Kline's brushstrokes into a powerful three-dimensional form.

—Jonathan Goodman

SAN FRANCISCO
Fujiko Nakaya
Exploratorium

For the grand opening of the Exploratorium's new home on the piers of San Francisco Bay, Japanese artist Fujiko Nakaya created *Fog Sculpture #72494*—also titled *Fog Bridge*—a temporary installation created from a material synonymous with this city by the Bay. The appropriately named work, which stretched along the 150-foot-long pedestrian bridge connecting Piers 15 and 17, directly outside the Exploratorium, conjured a delightful explosion of fog by blasting water through 800 nozzles positioned on both sides of the walkway.

In countless film noir scenes, fog has a mystical quality that romanticizes the mundane, heightens the dramatic, and instills mystery and wonder into everything it surrounds. But in real life, San Francisco's early



LEFT, TOP AND BOTTOM: COURTESY CHEIM & READ / BOTTOM RIGHT: GAYLE LAIRD, © EXPLORATORIUM, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

morning fog elicits a nonchalant and somewhat resigned acceptance by residents, while tourists shiver and mumble something profane about “sunny warm California” as they don newly purchased sweat-shirts.

Fog Bridge forced viewers to stop and pause for a moment and reconsider this seemingly relentless summer weather pattern, igniting the romantic in us all. Children raced back and forth across the bridge, giggling with excitement, their hands outstretched to catch the magical mist that turned to water droplets in their hands. Adults stood watching with folded arms, mesmerized, waiting for the next tantalizing burst.

Nakaya is no stranger to fog. She has worked sculpturally with this most ephemeral of materials for more than 40 years, duplicating its physical dynamics against dramatic backdrops. Her first experience was at the 1970 World Exposition in Osaka, where she worked as part of the artist team Experiments in Art and Technology. Together with Pasadena-based cloud physicist Thomas Mee, she devised the technology that produced the very first fog sculpture (Pepsi Pavilion, 1970). The Osaka success led to a career-long partnership between Nakaya and Mee, who have produced many similar installations, including the dramatic *Fog Sculpture #08025* (Guggenheim Bilbao, 1998).

The Exploratorium’s *Fog Bridge*, adjacent to the bustling promenade of the Embarcadero, found a natural home in a place where its role as “art” was less defined. With no ticket for admission, casual passersby could discover the work without appointment. It was lighted at night for extra drama. *Fog Bridge* was just the first in a series of new works to be commissioned by the Exploratorium as part of its Over the Water public art program, though one could easily imagine it as a permanent piece.

In 1919, poet Carl Sandburg wrote his famous evocation of fog: “The fog comes on little cat feet...and then moves on.” Nakaya’s fog, in contrast, charged in on blasts of synchronized computer software, but, like Sandburg’s, it too moved on.

—Donna Schumacher

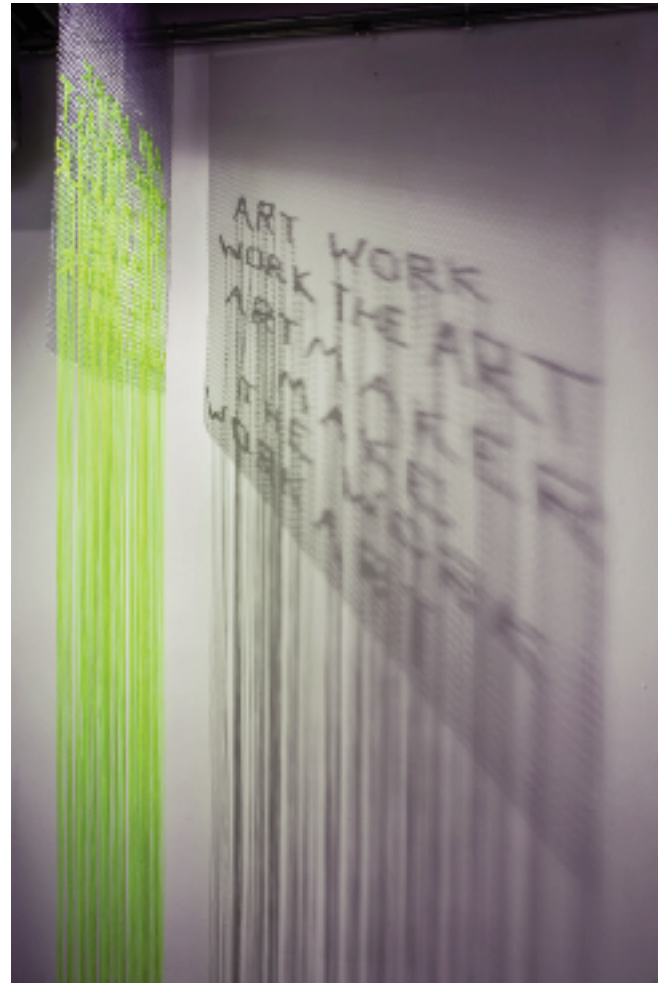
WASHINGTON, DC

Sam Scharf

Flashpoint Gallery and Martin Luther King, Jr. Memorial Library

In Sam Scharf’s two-part exhibition “Nothing is the Same,” two deconstructed telescopes, encased in soft, transparent rubber, were mounted in the windows of two separate buildings and trained on each other, inviting the curious to make a visual connection across G Street NW. The title can be taken to refer to Scharf’s consistently inconsistent approach to materials. Each object in this bifurcated show was singular in appearance and medium.

Growth seemingly erupted from the floor of the Martin Luther King, Jr. Library. The irregularly shaped, fractured surfaces of its drywall panels were covered in a vinyl photo print that matched the lobby’s terrazzo floor. The construction—similar in size to a garden shed, featured gaps that allowed viewers to peer



Above: Sam Scharf, *Artworker*, 2013. Mason twine on steel mesh, 120 x 27 in.

Below: Sam Scharf, *Nothing Left Behind (Love Letter to DC)*, 2002. Paint and moss on particle board, 30 x 36 x 36 in.

