

**Artists don't take vacations.** Their work is their pleasure. Dag Alveng's report of his summer days on an island is therefore not the record of an escape but an embrace.

«Wherever there is light one can photograph,» Alfred Stieglitz encouraged, and a corollary is that summer, with its long days, is the best of seasons. Particularly in the North. Photography there reminds me of my wife's recollection of what it meant to be a child in summer near Koster. «We never wanted to go inside.»

In summer, light wins. The birds sing every hour. We stand unafraid in the long twilight, as if in a Sieneese painting, the air gold. Summer light makes permanent a summer place.

We bring to such places what we cherish: favorite and promising books, comfortable clothes, the implements of picture-making, friends and family. We trust these loved things to weak defenses, to buildings that may not stay warm, to a rocky landscape where accidents could happen. By the promise of the light, we dive into the water. By the same assurance we go to sleep in the lawn chair.

Dag Alveng's photographs are as peaceful as their subject. W. H. Auden wrote, in the poem «IN MEMORY OF W. B. YEATS», that «poetry makes nothing happen.» That is part of the blessing that these pictures give us. Along with gladness. The photographer does what Auden asked the poet to do:

*With your unconstraining voice  
Still persuade us to rejoice.*

ROBERT ADAMS