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Labor Day Blues

By Tria Giovan Tuesday August 27, 2013

The summers in Rhode Island seemed to last forever. Despite all the boat rides, swimming and biking, the days slowed to a crawl, tipped gently into dusk and at last succumbed to star filled nights. Summer's end always loomed but never intruded. So, when September arrived, distracted by the excitement of new lunch boxes and school clothes, we soldiered on with out looking back

Now, the moment summer arrives, I lament how quickly it goes. I welcome the solstice and its lengthy light, knowing that as soon as it arrives, it is stealthily slipping away. Then, just like that it is gone, and the brisk dusks usher in cool September nights. I will have enjoyed my ocean swimming and even a boat ride on the pond, but like clockwork arrives "The Labor Day Blues".

Nostalgia, once considered a disorder, is now seen as healthy and helpful with transitions. So perhaps it is simply that all seasons now seem to go by so fast. So despite my efforts to stay in the present, I am consoled by the thought that summer, will once again, be here before you know it.



From The Rhode Island Photographs, by Tria Giovan, [chapter Hieroglyphics-Ponytail-Summer 2103](#)

Decades of images from [Tria Giovan](#)'s family home and its environs compile this collection of images and texts that explore the oblique and metaphorical possibility of place.