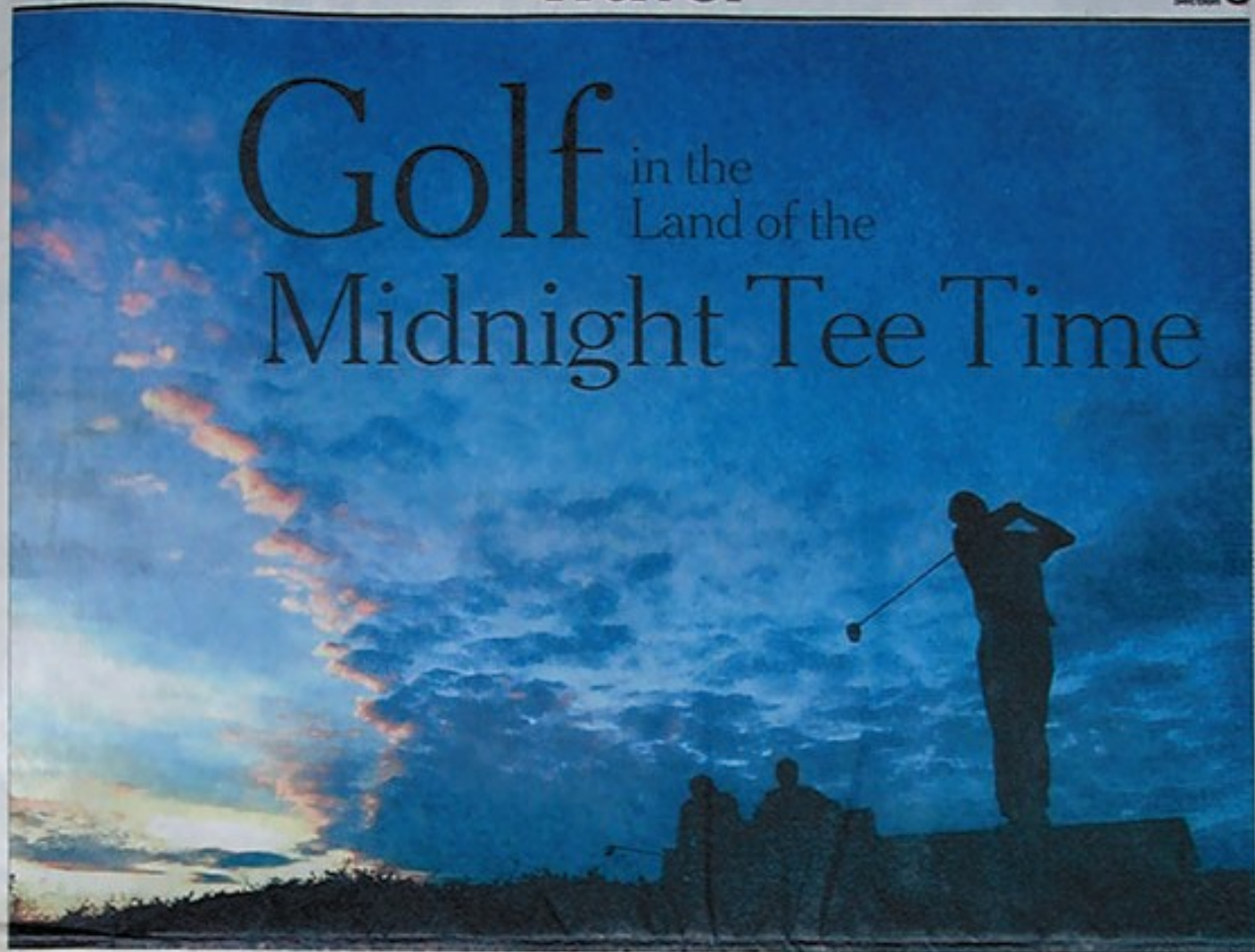


Golf in the Land of the Midnight Tee Time



It's 3 a.m. Do you know where your children (and husbands and wives) are? If they're in Hov, Norway, they may be swinging a club at Lofoten Golf Links, surrounded by ocean and snowcapped peaks.

In Norway, above the Arctic Circle, the sun is out all night in summer, and so are golfers, hitting around Viking graves.

BY JEFF Z. KLEIN

I was going to be a tough chip shot. 30 yards onto a rilly green with the ocean right behind, the sun hanging just above the horizon and casting a bright gold glow on the water. One whack in the morning, and the sun is in my eyes.

I should have been asleep. I was at Lofoten Golf Links in Norway, the fourth or fifth northernmost golf course in the world, during the summer solstice last June. I'd just traveled for 20 hours straight: the flight from Newark to Oslo, then another to the northern city of Bodø, a quick dash to catch the coastal steamer for the six-hour passage to Svolvær, the port town in the breathtakingly beautiful Lofoten islands, then a 40-minute drive to Hov, a farmstead on a single-lane road surrounded by ocean and snow-capped peaks. I was 95 miles above the Arctic Circle and exhausted. But the midnight sun was out, the tem-

perature was a soothing 60 degrees, and a lush golf course was at my disposal, so why sleep?

"This time of year, you get spectacular bursts of energy," said Frode J. Blom, the course's founder and managing director, who grew up in this place. "At 2 a.m. you suddenly decide you want to putt the balls, so you do, then three hours later you realize that you have to finish the whole team, and you wonder, 'What was I thinking?'"

It may have been 1 in the morning, but I was not the only golfer on the course. Two local boys of about 14 were searching for a ball in the heather on No. 3. "I play every day," one said. "This is the best time—midnight or later." On No. 5, an American named Ian cruised over to introduce himself. "I work here at the shop," he said, "and after 1 close at 12:30 or so, I come out and play nine holes. It's kind of ridiculous really, but I've worked here three summers now, and this is

where I've learned to play golf."

But 90 minutes later, I was the only soul on the course. The mountains were standing out clearly in the Arctic three-quarters light, the Norwegian sea was lapping against the rocks, sparrows and gulls were chirping and calling as if it was dawn, and just off a white sand beach less than half a mile away, a small red house stood alone in a deep green field of turf.

Lofoten Golf Links stands on Frode Blom's family land. The idea to open a course here first occurred to a family friend and was embraced by Frode's father and by Frode himself, who thought about it further as a student of tourism at Lillehammer College in the mid-90's.

Many found the idea quaint—there were very few golfers and courses there in Norway and Scan-

Continued on Page 1



Ralph Porter murals at the Hancock Inn in Hancock, N.H.



Poolside at the Hotel Ostracoe on Mykonos.

On the Trail of a Painter

From Boston to Maine, tracking down the murals of an itinerant folk artist. BY SAM HOOPER SAMUELS 10

The New Mykonos, A Bit Mellow

A cooler aesthetic reflects a turn from the old hedonism. BY HEATHER TIMMONS 7

A Toddlers' Town

Chicago, the city of many names, offers plenty of activities for the young. BY AMY VIRSHUP 11



Cool in Chicago: Crown Fountain in Millennium Park.