

Heather Rocks (9)

he has sth you've never done

The Golf Widow is conducting her ritual inventory of jewelry. Instead of overseeing routine urgent NMGC business, I sit on the toy chest in the bedroom to watch things unfold on the Golf Widow's dresser. Mica, the Clubhouse Cat, joins today's gallery. Many favorite pieces of jewelry were made for the Golf Widow by Heather, her mother, so our gathering qualifies as a family reunion despite Heather's physical absence.

put sth funny here, like he apparently takes today's proceedings on for an auction, constantly lifting his paw to place bids on particularly shiny and slithery pieces? (just an idea)

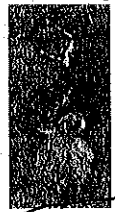
After the Golf Widow closes the window (eliminating the prevailing wind, a crucial consideration, had I been golfing...), she asks me, "Remember this one?"

picks up a... (describe)

I try to concentrate... I do... she wore it... [specific day leading to reverie below...]

Feels like intro is too abrupt, as you prob. realize. The GW's actions should be specific gestures that elicit the reveries.

I love how you use "golfer Walter Mitty" to have narrator transform any situation/objects into a reverie of golf.



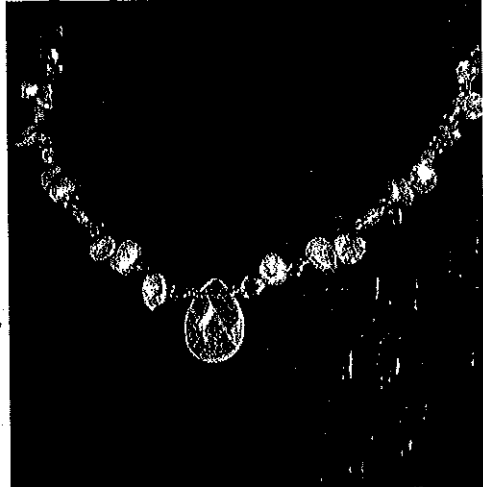
any grammar missing? or specialized language? "amber" - no caps

No. 1 is a par 4 forced carry of an Amber nugget over a Citrine nugget to a double fairway bisected by a stream of more Amber nuggets. ~~No the chummy handshake that settles opening lifts~~ Players who risk the right away must also carry another Citrine nugget, smaller than the first. Their reward is a better angle to the gold-rimmed green. At the discretion of the Rules Committee, hand-dyed Keshi pearls can be rolled into position at the front edge of the green in order to make the approach more difficult. An immediate encounter with the unknown is one of the joys of golf.

Keep metaphors' referents clear; are you saying that this hole is not handshakes or would it be much clearer to say by analogy that this hole "doesn't exactly behave as" or "inspire thoughts of" the chummy handshake?

If most pieces take this form, using the conceit, the site will resemble genre of literature in installments; here, with readers anticipating the next clever analogy/metaphor + subsequent armchair adventure in golf.

This sentence could combine w/ handshake one's right hand? No. 2, par 4 opening Jitters?



*also, handshake should, since it is an emotional state, be explained by more than an attendant

Calming force - Specify what kind of hole wld inspire calm, in contrast to this one w/ nuggets?

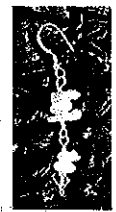
Multiple tees and greens, both of hand-dyed Keshi pearls, on opposite sides of a large bunker of Sea Opal glass place all skill levels in the limelight - an experience to be enjoyed, if possible. A bit of advice that applies all over the course: Watch for unintentional ricochets. (The hole plays left to right in this aerial view.) Gazing from the back tees down the fairway of linked Swarovski crystals, you face an extreme/supreme example of glare, which can throw off anybody's game. On the bright side, Tanzanite AB, the color of the crystals, is said to have an aphrodisiac effect,

which might change the game altogether? (or sth. like it?)

Non-3-par?

An absolute must:

There should be a line or two, however brief, to recall the jewelry inspection. GW or Cat does sth. to change layout of course,



There is no room for error off the Swarovski crystal tee. Land in the crevice between two Blue Lace agates, and achieving par becomes as tricky as persuading the Golf Widow that watching the entire final round from Riviera C.C. (opened in 1927, design by George Thomas) wasn't an entire waste of a Sunday afternoon. Next stop on the uphill Sterling silver fairway, or rather the ~~next~~ ~~place~~ to be avoided, is the larger second bunker, a complex of three agate chips. The boldest go for the green from this distance, the blood pumping as the 3-wood comes out of the bag. If you cannot dream an eagle, you should not be out here. The silver swale surrounding the green rebuffs short approach shots. A putting experience in this setting, especially if heightened by a backward glance at conquered curves and depressions, makes for a most satisfying finish.

or holds up to light, wh could fit in with the sudden description of glare + its consequences...

'won't be' trap?

use a more precise golf-related term - ex. sth. like a bunker to avoid, here? (Oh - I see - is a bunker. Still, "place" is bad word.

"a putt in this setting" or better, No. 4. par 5 "a - putt - i.e., what shd the ball do to be sunk? Narration shld incorporate more specific observations, such as commentators make on-air, while shot is being set up... This makes the 'course' itself and narrative more credible, showing narrator's passion-nearing obsession - that is capable of making these transformations of objects/landscapes for the reader.



IMPT:

* Here, we're losing that daydream-quality of discovery as you traverse the shapes, curves, etc. of the "course" piece. Try to stay mostly balanced with in discovery made embellishment/detail, too

Carnelians are the story here. Heather Rocks' most difficult hole. According to one derivation of the word Carnelian, it comes from the Latin word for flesh, in reference to its flesh color. At NMGCC Carnelian means "blood of the golfer." Given the extreme changes in elevation, squeeze climbing gear into your bag and expect blind shots galore. A brisk walk beyond anything found on Alister Mackenzie's Cypress Point (opened in 1928) or Pete Dye's Whistling Straits (opened in 1998). Note: The latter had no hand in the hand-dyed Keshi pearls.

Use italics for term being defined

again, italicize, also: "translates as"

actually, since one of its most consistent 'properties' is to heat digestive tract, you could add in golfer's guts. OK so, flesh, blood, guts...

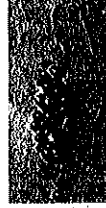
This is strange b/c any Carnelian I've had has been a deep, warm (red undertoned) orange, not like flesh... more like fruit...

This page:

No. 5, par 4

In sum, oblique + forced; losing what

#1 starts, losing the slow, contemplative pace that builds as reverie takes hold of the object and transforms/translates it to other scales, occupying/transporting to other spaces. Recommend rereading Bachelard on



This whole thing does nothing for me, save aesthetic prettiness of 1st + 2 sentences... Bachelard on the miniature.

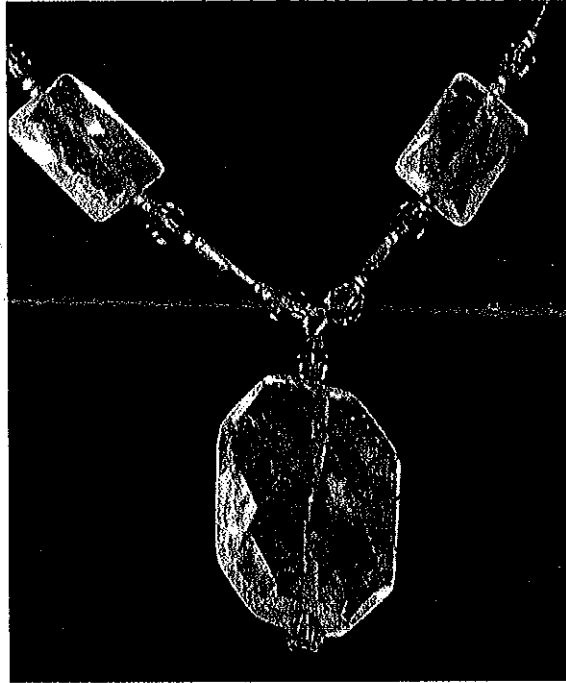
Our next golfscape has an aquatic sheen, as if play is about to begin on the pebble bed of a brook - direction of play: downstream. This should not distract unfairly as many dryland courses give the same impression on rainy days. Weigh the options presented by a sinuous path of Freshwater and Peanut pearls fool you. Shooting over the first Freshwater pearl, instead of going around it, is the road to success but you risk coming up short behind an identical specimen of this shiny, impenetrable gemstone!

Comma necessary to understanding of sentence

don't like this, feels hastily wrapped. would be nice to feel the subject of scale, + sense of scale, + treated so you and/or companions really enter scale of these 'courses' We shld discuss this further (see also comments above + directly below on Bachelard)

actually, unless you eliminate "weigh," it still doesn't make sense. Rewrite.

No. 6, par 3



Need more movement. diagrams! in conception of altering use of space, think of Calvino's cities that exist as series of pipelines, or as hanging structures. What wld it be like to play a hole upside down, etc. - look forced, unjustified - look back at how Bachelard does this kind of reverie.

she told me it was "honey

stones," have never heard her ref. this...

If the Pineapple quartz has not carried you away to dreams of a Caribbean vacation, your glimpse of the triangular green will surely return you to reality. Its minuscule proportions make the original postage-stamp green (No. 8 at Royal Troon in Scotland) look like the Great Meadow of New York's Central Park, my old golf stomping ground. Miss long and your ball finds two additional quartzes behind the green. Lime Swarovsky crystals compound the difficulties of any strategy equation. As if things were not already challenging enough, the silk thread may remind you of nightmare scenarios at Rae's Creek on Mackenzie's Augusta National (opened in 1932) or at the garden hose on NMGC's own Home of Golf.

but these are reg. good sized stones... They are also transparent with yellowish streaks of minerals inside.

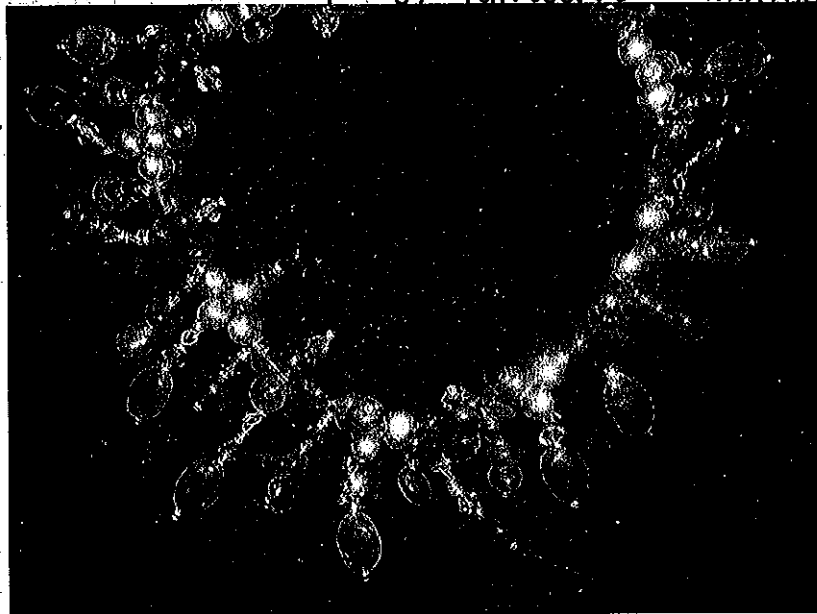
ref. the upside down triangle formed by any hanging necklace w/ a pendant?

No. 7, Par 4

+ there is no "green," so confusing

nightmares of what? garden hose?! Non-golfers won't get this ref.

(and spiritually, aesthetically, practically),
to be confronted with a course
of fairways emanating like spokes of



a mandala, from
a circular center?
How to think about concept
of the center?
*Missing a lot
of opportunities

here, to traverse
and transform
the object/define,
I'm beginning
to suspect that
each piece of
jewelry presents
a new course
rather than series
of holes. More
like Calvino's cities,
each a microcosm
in itself. Attempts
to present holes
leave out conception of
a whole, articulating
parts within... See
example top of page.

If not earlier in the round, then definitively now we cross into golf territory reminiscent of Desmond Muirhead, who wrote of his "Prometheus" 5th Hole at Stone Harbor (opened in 1988):

The green itself is a resume of the legend, with craters, more flame-like traps and an eagle embossed in white sand in the center of the green "mountains" behind. (The drive must be placed close to the flames.)

- the sentence to emphasize (italicize), with the rest simply quoted? See how Bachelard does this...

Hole 8, Par 5



A playful nod to the simpler days of golf course architecture prior its "Golden Age" in the United States (roughly 1900-30), there is no nonsense about No. 8. You have three Tiger's Eye bunkers staring you in the face, so what are you going to do about them? What are you waiting for? → needs more; reverie fatters, as w/ other descriptions

[Chatoyancy], the Golf Widow is saying, "or chatoyance, is an optical reflectance effect. The word comes from the French *œil de chat*, meaning 'cat's eye.' Mica, get down! The luminous streak of reflected light is always perpendicular to the direction of the fibers. The presence of iron oxides gives the stone the color of yellow-gold. Tiger's Eye is perfect for people in need of more confidence to accomplish their goals.

Did you create it?
Either way...
Wow! a wonderful
new term for
me!! Thanks!

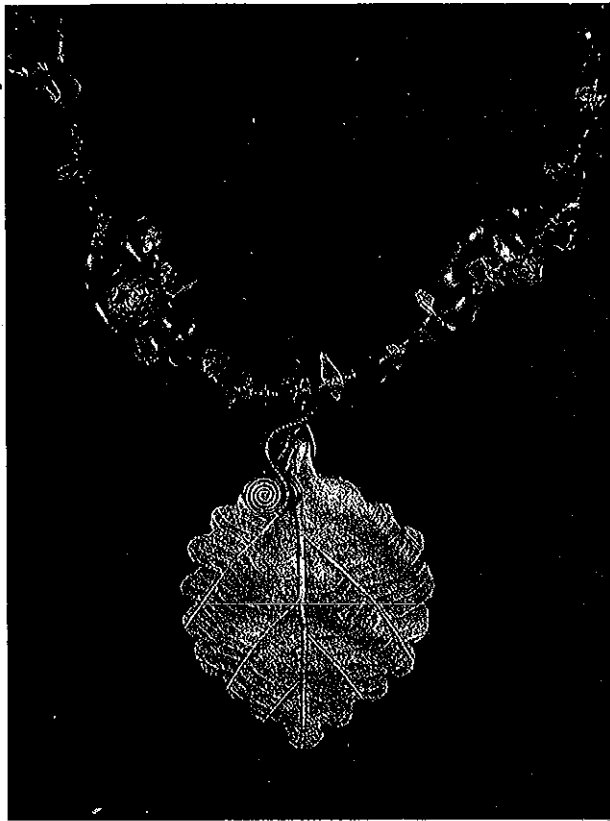
State what text
quoting from (manual
on rocks, etc.)

ugh

Not a bad start to a description of a golf hole!

bracketed sentences
shld def. stay in
final draft. More like
this, along w/ circumscription
of the structures presented
by each piece of jewelry; again
better to let each stand as its own
course w/ its own particular (peculiar)
logic vis a vis the set of
movements that make it
a golf course.

No. 9, Par 3



rough greens, or better
 of rocky hills? →
 etc - however you
 want to describe
 its materiality...
 -and-
 the Course is the leaf,
 and veins could be cart
 paths & trajectories of
 balls... coiled wire →
 could be a 'bronzed',
 water feature, element of
 water suspended in its
 mineral, sedimented
 coat - or - I see
 Spiral Jetty - even the
 twist of road
 straightening back to
 shore - instead of
 coppered crystalline?

This hole, which plays in a SE direction from my vantage point, is designed for players to sail their ball over a bay to a green of twisted copper-wire. The water of the bay has been known to unsettle the nerves, as it is always dark with shadows cast by the architectural elements. Happily, a floating Raku-glaze leaf, the landing area for tee shots with too much club, is of generous proportions. The alternative strategy is the land route over a minefield of hazards of diverse shapes and colors. The view of the floating leaf from the elevated tee resembling an oak nrt is exceptional, not only in the opinion of the Golf Widow.

→ tone is too
 matter of fact, shld be
 conducive to reverie,
 philos. meditation
 upon what might
 be possible in these
 miniature

Better to
 end with an
 abrupt action
 that cuts, dispels
 reverie,
 scattering
 attention.

Vague
 Before we can complete the front nine, the Golf Widow's ritual/my round ends prematurely. The Clubhouse Cat, leaping into the glitter, begins his own inventory/reunion. Exhibiting calm under pressure, the Golf Widow picks him up and hugs him, while I make a mental note to tell Heather that she ranks with Thomas, Mackenzie, Dye and Muirhead.

slow down a little?
 savor each image?
 each section image?
 shld keep similar
 narrative to hold pace

So, that's about it from Heather Rocks. It's about time to get back to work at the NMGC Front Office.

↓
 the maker of these
 accidental worlds

Maybe the jewelry
 box slams shut, as all
 pieces run together in a
 glittering pile - then - nothings-gone.