

pionship played on the same course each year, Augusta became the most influential course of the middle of the 20th century. Originally a showcase for MacKenzie's fertile Golden Age imagination, with boomerang-shaped greens and vast, sprawling bunkers, after the master's death in 1934, Augusta was slowly streamlined into the archetypal modernist course with roundish greens and sand traps, threatening water hazards, and perfect greenskeeping. The most notable remodeler was Trent Jones, who redesigned the 11th and 16th holes with his trademark lakes coming right up to the edge of the greens. Today, only one of MacKenzie's bunkers is left, the spectacular but curiously placed 70-yard-long sand trap on the 10th hole.

Following the long hiatus in course building caused by the Depression and World War II, Trent Jones rationalized and internationalized course design during the Modern Age (1948-1980). His approach was curiously similar to that of the Bauhaus architects, such as van der Rohe, who believed the phrase "form follows function" offered the only moral philosophy of design.

Prosperity was broad, but with income-tax rates as high as 93 percent, wealth was too widely dispersed and bureaucratically managed to permit many rich men's follies like Pine Valley. Trent Jones's golf courses were big, sleek, straightforward, and efficient, just like Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill's Lever House and the other flat-roofed steel and glass skyscrapers that sprouted across America during the age of the Organization Man.

Unfortunately, like the modernist office buildings, Jones's courses got a little ... boring. Much of the appeal of golf courses is that they epitomize a particular landscape, offering focus and continuity of form to guide the eye and help you notice the local differences. Yet

New information, acquired from a computer of a senior associate of Jordanian terrorist Abu Mu'sab al-Zarqawi in Iraq,

has alarmed counterterrorist officials in the United States. Some of the data, which was reconstructed after being erased from the hard drive, suggests a much greater capability of Zarqawi to sponsor a terrorist event in the U.S. Previously, intercepted information had indicated Zarqawi was too preoccupied with Iraq operations to carry out attacks against the continental United States, but the FBI now believes that Zarqawi was deliberately leaking disinformation to create that impression. Zarqawi's organization "al-Qaeda in the Land of the Two Rivers" has a deep-cover operative—called "the American" in the reconstruction—whose identity has been compartmented from the rest of al-Qaeda. It is not clear where "the American" is located, but he does not appear to be in Iraq. The reconstruction suggests that this operative might be responsible for carrying out an attack on one of three possible targets—Florida, Ohio, or Texas, all identified in the reconstructed text as "Red States," demonstrating *inter alia* that al-Qaeda has followed U.S. elections and politics.



The Spanish investigation of the March 2004 Madrid train bombings led to the discovery of sketches thought vaguely to resemble Grand Central Station in New York.

The information was shared with the U.S. government in December, but there was no indication of any real plan and the drawings were not considered sufficient to carry out an operation. Some FBI analysts doubt that the not-to-scale sketches represent Grand Central or any other place in New York City. But because both Grand Central and Penn Stations in New York have previously been mentioned by al-Qaeda as a possible targets, the FBI is treating the information seriously.



January media reports suggesting that al-Qaeda was attempting to recruit "jihadi warriors" in Iraq

to carry out a terrorist operation in the U.S. were apparently based on deliberate leaks from a senior Pentagon official. The motive may have been to demonstrate that Iraq is now the center of international terrorism. The leak was conveniently made one day before Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz testified before Congress. The press report, based on an intercepted satellite phone conversation, predictably led to a shutdown of the phone and the loss of the source of information.



The United States Committee for a Free Lebanon, a major player in shaping Bush administration policy

towards Beirut and Damascus, has chosen to ignore what the probable consequences of a truly democratic electoral process would be. Hezbollah enjoys broad support in the near-majority Shi'ite community and one-man one-vote would likely return it as the largest political party in Lebanon. The committee, which has its offices on Park Avenue in New York, has a "Golden Circle" of key supporters. The "Circle" includes Elliot Abrams, Paula Dobriansky, Douglas Feith, Frank Gaffney, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Michael Ledeen, Richard Perle, Daniel Pipes, and David Wurmser.

Philip Giraldi, a former CIA Officer, is a partner in Cannistraro Associates, an international security consultancy.

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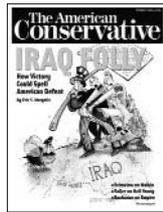
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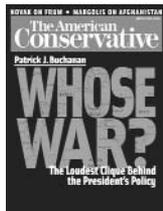
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by building the same style everywhere, the modern look made courses repetitious. Jones would put one set of bunkers alongside the fairway about 250 yards off the tee to capture wayward drives and another set around the green to menace approach shots. A perfectly logical formula, but formula is the enemy of charm. In contrast, Golden Age architects distributed their traps more unpredictably to pester different classes of golfers.

A more subtle problem was that the hallmarks of modernist art—abstraction and reductionism—may not work well in golf course architecture. While eliminating the unnecessary is often a stroke of genius in sculpture, complexity is currently seen as a virtue in golf courses. The amount of value an architect adds to a site is frequently a simple equation of talent multiplied by time spent studying the land. MacDonald fiddled with the National for decades, and Donald Ross spent the Depression refining Pinehurst #2, where the U.S. Open will be held this June.

Somewhat like Robert Venturi in architecture, Dye ushered in the Post-modern Age (1981-?) with a series of striking courses culminating in his Tournament Players Club. In contrast to Trent Jones's balanced and sweeping corporate look, Dye revived the abrupt vertical discontinuities, contrasts, and oddities of the old Scottish links. He would prop a flat green over a flat sand trap by means of a six-foot-high wall of railroad ties, leading Bob Hope to note that Dye built the only courses in danger of burning down.

Facilitated by advances in earthmoving machines and fueled by easy savings-and-loan financing, the Scottish revival courses of Dye, Fazio, and Nicklaus ironically emerged as some of the most staggeringly opulent relics of the '80s. Budgets became even more extravagant in the '90s. Yet just as

American culture in general has become slightly more traditionalist over the last ten years, the last decade saw enthusiastic efforts to restore great pre-Depression golf courses to their eccentric glories.

Prosperity and technology have made anything possible in design, whether Frank Gehry's titanium UFO-crash of a Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao, Spain, or Dye's 1999 Whistling Straits golf course, where faucet king Herb Kohler gave him an unlimited budget. Dye famously exceeded it reproducing on a flat Wisconsin shoreline the 50-foot-tall sand dunes of the wild Irish links. While Whistling Straits and its 500 or so sand traps was much admired at last year's PGA Championship, critics might be overreacting against the stripped-down modern style by judging any degree of elaboration an asset. If tastes shift back toward simplicity, the next generation might label Whistling Straits a labyrinthine monstrosity.

Today the great controversy is between the established Fazio, the maestro of aesthetics who recently revamped Augusta, and challengers like the sharp-tongued Doak, the expert on angles who crafted on the remote Oregon coast the gnarled and byzantine Pacific Dunes links in the Scottish tradition. Fazio frames his holes so that first-time players can instantly see the proper line, while Doak's baffling holes defy golfers to figure out which direction will work best.

Golf architecture is a young art, and just as Tiger Woods showed that the best was yet to come among players, it's forgivable to hope that we will someday see a design prodigy who can fully merge beauty and guile. ■

Steve Sailer is TAC's film critic and a columnist for VDARE.com. His blog is at www.isteve.com.

Spokesman for the Silent Majority

In an epoch of minority grievance, Sam Francis stood up for the least fashionable ethnic group.

By Scott McConnell

FOR THE SMALL CITY, it must have seemed an odd event, this gathering of some six or eight dozen people from all corners of the country to bury a native son that Chattanooga barely knew it had. Among those who pay close attention to ideological politics, especially on the Right, Sam Francis was nationally known. But that is a small number. A question I heard several times, from guests who were friends of Sam's sister but didn't know Sam, was "What did he stand for?" The follow-up, more implied than stated, was "What made him important enough for so many people to come down here for his funeral and yet so obscure that I never heard of him?"

When asked this by a local businessman, I answered correctly, if not very provocatively, that Sam was a kind of theoretician for a group he labeled "Middle American Radicals"—by which he meant average Americans who were getting pummeled and hurt by the forces of globalization and the kind of anti-white culture war being waged in this country since the 1970s. (I probably left out the anti-white part.) My interlocutor nodded, but I'm not sure how much he comprehended.

Jared Taylor, publisher of the racialist monthly *American Renaissance*, later told me he had answered the same question (posed by a cab driver on the way from the airport) by saying, "Well, he stood up for white people." Yes, that is also true, though if that were the main thing that Sam Francis had done, he would not have been an interesting

writer to as wide a circle as he was. Taylor told me his cab driver cogitated on his answer for a long time, uncertain how to respond. Finally the driver, who was white, said, "Well I guess that's okay, there's the NAACP and all."

It is one of the anomalies of American life—pointed out not infrequently by people like Jared Taylor—that while it is normal and expected for almost every ethnic and racial group to have its advocates, that is not the case for whites. There are reasons beyond simple wariness of political correctness. The culture of American whites comes from disparate ethnic and religious pasts—the bonds of a common "whiteness" are thin indeed. Any real white-advocacy movement that tended—as seems inevitable—toward white separatism would be freighted down by sentiments of selfishness and guilt, and no worthwhile politi-

day. Igniting it would be despair and powerlessness, a quantum leap in the discrimination whites face now through affirmative action, a flare-up in a sense of cultural dispossession that now only smolders. The continuance of mass immigration, reducing whites to minority status in the United States, will produce a heightened consciousness of whiteness, however artificial. A foreshadowing might be what takes place now in many prisons, where whites—a minority group like every other—form racial gangs for self-protection. It is hardly a glorious future.

While Sam Francis was not a white nationalist, in the last few years of his life, "sticking up for white people"—documenting the ways in which whites were gradually being pushed and marginalized by the juggernaut of multiculturalism—became his principal subject,

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cal endeavor can be accomplished without its adherents believing their goals to be noble. And genuine white nationalism would entail giving up on a present American culture, both religious and secular, toward which the vast majority of white Americans feel a strong allegiance.

Such arguments don't mean some form of white nationalism won't have its

the one he was paid and expected to write about. This was not necessarily his own choice but one forced upon him by the tide of conservative-movement political correctness: in the mid-1990s Sam wrote one or two columns and said one or two things that crossed the line, and various writers—often those eager to deflect charges of racism from them-