



GOLF ADVERTISING - TAKING IT ON THE GREEN

I'm not too much of a bourgeoisie kind of a guy, in fact, I probably relate more with the serfs (I know I just mixed socio-economic systems, bear with me). This particular fact about me is the result not only of a static social hierarchy (although social fluidity is touted like its simple matter of signing up for your preferred lot), but also as a little bit of personal taste. For one, I'm not real big on the uniform that seems to permeate the elite. Pastels don't sit well with me and pleated white and khaki shorts just above the knee make me feel uncomfortable. I'd rather sew up the rip in my jeans, put my feet on the table and curse a little with my friends. There is one thing though...golf.

Wow, getting a group of friends together, totting along a course regulation breaking cooler and swinging some sticks...now we're talking. The thing about golf is that there isn't a thing about golf. I like to be outside. I like the tranquility. I like the sound when your driver connects just right with the ball. I like walking up my ball and quietly thinking about my next shot. I like that I could measure out 150 yards for you with a golf ball and my 8 iron. I like that on some days the cup looks really big and on others I fear it. I really like the sound made when the ball finally drops. And I even like that I'm not very good at golf and probably never will be, it's a big outdoor chessboard. These are the things about golf to me.

Recently, though, the sanctity of my church has been infiltrated by heretics and plunderers. By far the most unnerving area on the course for me is on the tee box. I have a slice, sometimes I miss the ball all together, I can usually feel the group behind me creeping up, it's just an all around difficult spot for me. So what I'd like is for anything that can be not unnerving to be so. That's why when I started to see golf advertisements placed on the tee box I felt wholly unhappy.

I'm not sure if the tee box should be designated as an advertising free zone, or not, but I really can swing better with a mind free of the heaviness that bears upon it when confronted with issues such as freedom of speech, product branding and commodity fetishism. So, golf advertisers...you've got us. We're hooked, we like your game, we use your product, we'll read your magazine, but please, please leave the tee box alone.

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