

CHESS VOICE

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“Hey! It’s Up To You Now”

CHESS VOICE

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A one year subscription is \$8 for all adult northern Californians and for subscribers out of state. This also provides the right to participate in CalChess required tournaments (note: out of staters and southern Californians may participate in such tournaments if they belong to their state association. Outside of northern California other state associations provide reciprocal privileges.)

Northern California juniors may subscribe at \$6 and still achieve full tournament membership in CalChess. A junior is anyone under 18 at the time of subscription/membership.

Send subscriptions to **Chess Voice**; 4125 Zephyr Way; Sacramento, CA 95821.

HOW TO BECOME A CALCHESS AFFILIATE

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ADVERTISING RATES

Pre-printed flyers \$25 (up to 7 x 14 inches). **Full Page \$40**, **Half page \$20**, **Quarter page \$10**, **Eighth page \$5**. Camera ready copy is appreciated.

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COVER

Pictured on the cover is Membership Secretary and Associate Editor Joan C. Fauber. Her work for CalChess has been pivotal to the organization achieving record membership in 1983. Her meticulous proofreading has not always shown in the magazine because we get in such a rush to publish that the typesetter does not catch all the corrections or something falls off a page as we race to the printer. Then there are billings and correspondence. No Joan, No magazine—and that's the truth. Part of the reason membership has been soaring over the past year and a half is that Joan promptly dispatches cards and double proofs each new membership list to make sure everyone gets a magazine mailed to him. We at CalChess will miss her.



CalChess

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA
CHESS ASSOCIATION

Chairman:	Ramona Gordon
Vice Chairman:	Bryce Perry
Treasurer:	Robert T. Gordon
Youth:	John Marks
Club Matches:	Hans Poschmann
Membership Secretary:	Joan Fauber
Recording Secretary:	Art Marthinsen
Immediate Past Chairman:	K. Michael Goodall
Tournaments Chairman:	Andy Lazarus

CalChess is the USCF state chapter for Northern California.

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- THE SCRAPPY LASKER, p. 20: Was he a fighter, philosopher, mathematician, or swindler. This article tries very hard to confuse you on Emanuel Lasker — and succeeds beyond the author's wildest ambitions.
- ASK THE PATZERS, p. 27: Mucker makes his final blow in a salute to ratings.

CalChess Circuit Standings

Memorial Day from Jim Hurt and Andy Lazarus' Berkeley Class Struggle provided the material to shake up many of the standings Competition remains volatile.

There are still a lot of events to be played:

July 16-17 is the Ed Edmondson Memorial in Sacramento.

July 30-31 is the CalChess Team Championship.

September 3-5 Jim Hurt is offering a \$3,000 guaranteed prize fund for a LERA Labor Day tournament.

We are not sure whether Art Marthinsen's September 10-11 Fall Special in San Rafael is a CalChess required tournament or not, but he is supportive of Cal Chess—in fact he's the new chairman.

Anyhow we now have 607 players on the CalChess circuit, and here is how some of you good guys stacked up:

Expert		"C"	
Keith Vickers	313.1	David A. Davis	187.1
Doug Sailer	275.9	Nick Casares	144
Robert Sferra	241.8	Curtis Yettick	89.6
Renard Anderson	241.8	Timothy Ayres	86.4
Philip Cobert	220.1	Erik Finkelstein	81.6
Tom Raffill	220.1	H. Stanton Paul	81.6
"A"		"D"	
Steven Hanamura	194	Karl Forsberg	116.2
Jim Stewart	185	Mark Trombley	75.4
Alan Glasscoe	175	Oscar Guerrero	74.1
Han Poschmann	168	Douglas Young	71.5
Steven Matthews	154	Ian Ramsay	67.4
"B"		"E"	
Arturs Elevans	200.8	Nelson Espiritu	55.5
John Hampton	198	David J. Lawson	33
Ken Halligan	158	Gar Comins	30.8
Paul Friedrich	138	Frank Priestley	35.4
Will Delaney	128	Karl Remick	22
Dan McDaniel	128	Tjoe Liek Go	22
Unrated			
Carlos Benitez	30.8		
Sonny Gaoy	24.2		
Steven Gaon	20.9		
Gil Gamez	19.8		
Charles E. Bradshaw	17.6		

CalChess Annual Meeting

CalChess had a reasonably well-attended annual meeting at the Berkeley Class Struggle on June 11. Among the items discussed at length were mail-ballot elections and tournament conflicts.

Mike Goodall urged the importance of mail-ballots since "this is a democratic organization." Others asked "what price democracy?" They noted that mailing ballots to eligible voters would entail an expense of \$150 to \$160, which amounts to 10 per cent of the operating budget for all other activities except *Chess Voice*. The suggestion that ballots simply be stapled to *Chess Voice* (cost about \$25) met with objections that 1) anytime he wanted, the editor could stuff the ballot box just from the print overrun 2) out-of-state subscribers and magazine editors who receive copies on exchange could then vote in our state election. This is not a situation to be desired as it has led to ugly episodes in other state association elections.

In the end the meeting voted to empower the CalChess Board to study the feasibility and implementation of a mail ballot election.

Another topic which elicited heated opinion was the growing number of tournament conflicts, specifically on the long weekends of Memorial Day, Independence Day, and Labor Day. Unanimously the attendees deplored the situation, particularly where it involved tournaments in such close proximity as Sunnyvale and San Jose. They also deplored the resulting cuts in based-on prize funds which resulted. The feeling of the meeting was that both players and organizers were getting whiped-sawed by the conflict.

Letters

I have been reviewing the game Christiansen-McCambridge published in Vol. 15, -6.

My letter relates to the position reached after the move 32 ... Qb1 by Black.

The published analysis gives 33 Kg2, Kh8; 34 Qh6, Rg8; 35 Re8?!, Qe4!

I should like to suggest instead 33 Kg2, Kh8; 34 Qh6, Rg8; 35 Bf5!!! The critical line for Black is 35 ..., Qe4, when it is possible for White to go wrong with 36 Be4?, de; 37 Nf7, Nf8, and the position appears equal. However, matters are decided quickly after 36 Re4

Notice that Black can not play 35 ..., Nf8 because of 36 R4e5!! to be followed by 37 Bh7, Nh7; 38 Rf7

Other moves for Black with some prospects are I. 35 ..., Rg6 when White plays 36 Re8 with mate to follow and II. 35 ..., Nf6; 36 Qf6, Rg7; 37 Re8. So we have left only 35 ..., Qe4; 36 Re4, Nf8 (36 ..., Rg6; 37 Bg6); 37 Re7! and resignation is in order after 38 Rf7! which is crushing.

The move seems so easy to find that I am led to wonder why it wasn't discussed. I'm sure Larry must have seen it over the board but chose to reject it. ...

Charles Bradshaw

San Jose, CA

P.S. ...If I have to criticize your magazine directly, it would be 'poor' analysis of games. —A San Jose "A"

Player Bradshaw's analysis seems convincing to me. Maybe Christiansen needed to toss in that third kitchen sink. His comment about poor analysis is very encouraging. Mike Arne recently told me that he hesitated to contribute notes to games because he thought you ought to be a master. For three years I have been proving Mike wrong and hating it all the way to the printer.

But then there is the dissenting commentary of IM Nick deFirmian who told me, "I like your notes. They're amusing."

I don't mind going out a clown. Being a clown is an honorable profession. —editor.

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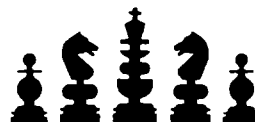
Although some suggested that player complaints to USCF about cuts in prize funds and directing irregularities might help, Clearinghouse Director John Sumares, who is most on top of the situation, held the view that only constantly losing tournaments ultimately eliminate tournament conflicts under U.S. law and USCF regulations.

The elections produced this set of officers for 1983-4:

Chairman, Art Marthinsen, San Rafael
 Vice Chairman, Bryce Perry, Palo Alto
 Treasurer, Robert Gordon, Sacramento
 Recording Secretary, Mike Goodall, Berkeley
 Tournaments, Andy Lazarus, Oakland
 Youth Chess, John Marks, Aptos
 Circuit Coordinator, Hans Poschmann, Fremont
 Membership Secretary, Ramona Gordon, Sacramento.

DUES INCREASED

In other action the meeting voted to increase the dues of **juniors** so as to bring our dues structure in line with policy which prevailed before the 1981 dues increase for regular members. At that time it was \$6 regular and \$4 junior. Beginning in September it will be \$8 regular and \$6 junior. The feeling was that juniors put nothing into the treasury and take out in special programs. They should at least pay for their magazines.



Northern California Scholastic Team Championships

by John Marks

Chess is now probably the fastest growing competitive sport in Northern California Schools. Fierce competition in all three school divisions led to exceptionally high caliber competition at the third annual Northern California Scholastic Team Championship Tournament held in San Francisco last April. Sponsored by the Northern California Chess Association and funded by the Kolty Foundation, the annual tournament invites the eight strongest teams in each category — (high school - junior high school - elementary school) — to compete in a one-day, three round event to determine the Northern California Champions. Both public and private schools are eligible for invitation to this Wednesday event. The tournament is sanctioned by the school boards and administrations of all schools participating.

A scholastic chess team consists of four boards — this number coincides with the number that can be conveniently carried to interschool meets by a coach with a small automobile. As is the case with other sports with ranked players (tennis, golf, etc.) there is sometimes the temptation to win a doubtful match by "stacking" the team: that is, put the strongest players on the lowest boards, where they will presumably meet easier competition. With four-board teams there is also the strong prospect of a drawn match (2-2). A rule was designed to remedy both of these problems by having a team which wins on the higher board of a 2-2 match be the winner of the match. Except for the unlikely situation where all four boards draw, this ensures that every match will have a winner.

In 1982 Palo Alto High School won their division with the team of Jose Marcal, Pedro Marcal, Abdul Nabi, and David Huddleston. It so happened that the two top boards were high rated experts. If they were to win all of their games, the other two players could have stayed home, and the team would have still won all of its matches. Trying to ensure that every player would be sure that his particular game was important to the team, the tournament director this year put in a rule that while the tie-breaker rules of last year would apply to the individual matches, the tournament standings would be on the basis of the highest total points for all three rounds. This insane change made it possible for a team to lose most of its matches and still win the tournament. It was completely contrary to the concept of team competition that is the paramount doctrine of the interscholastic team competitions. Furthermore, the director contradicted himself by stating in his letter of invitation to each team that the winner of the tournament would be the team that won all three games,

and that the three teams that lost only one game would be declared in a tie for second place. The result of all this was two sets of winners, and the director was obliged to try to "repair his divots" by purchasing and engraving extra sets of trophies. This horrible embarrassment was alleviated by the exceptionally high caliber of all the teams that received trophies — no player need apologize for the way in which his school received a trophy.

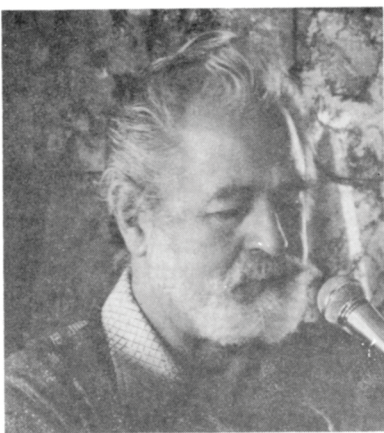
The third Annual Team Tournament — nicknamed "The Kolty" — will take place on April 4, 1984. The rules for winning the tournament will return to those used in 1982, emphasizing the concept of team play. For the 1984 tournament the Northern California area is being divided into eight areas, with an appointed coordinator for each area, who will conduct as many qualifying tournaments as are necessary in the early spring to select a champion to represent that area at the San Francisco tournament.

Results of the 1983 Scholastic Chess Team Championships: (The first number following each team is the total points; the second number is the number of matches won.) (The numbers following the players are their individual scores in the three matches.)

HIGH SCHOOL DIVISION

First:	University (9½) (2) Matthew Ng (1-1-½) William Tseng (1-1-1) Stefanie Lew (1-1-0) Dikran Karaguezian (1-1-0)	Coach: Tucker Hiatt
First:	Lowell (8) (3) Sean Ramsey (½-½-½) Sam Nakhimovsky (½-0-0) Ben Bongalon (1-1-1) Lambert Ma (1- -1) Wilson Choi (-1- -)	Coach: Peter Dahl
Second:	Gunn (9) (2) James Jorasch (1-½-1) Dave Gampell (1-0-½) Jeff Mallett (1-1-1) David Shapiro (1-0-1)	Coach: Dr. Lawrence Hawkinson

cont. on p. 5



John Marks



"I dropped a piece!"



First place Hoover Jr. faces Second place Bartlett as coaches Richard Miller and Hans Borm watch.

Scholastics cont.

Second: Redwood (8½) (2) Coach: Jack Hartnett
 Greg Pierce (0-1-0)
 Scott Greenberg (½-1-1)
 Mike Pierce (1-1-1)
 Whitney Foster (0-1-1)

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL DIVISION

First: Hoover (8) (2) Coach: Richard Miller
 Roy Amir (1-1-0)
 Steve Krause (1-0-0)
 Jeff Brookshire (1-0-1)
 Jason Gallegos (1-1-1)

First: Sanborn (8) (1) Coach Gary Jones
 Angel Gonzales (1-0-0)
 Carlos Gonzales (1-0-0)
 Raul O'Brien (1-1-1)
 Antoin Simson (1-1-1)

First: Einstein (7) (3) Coach: Sharon Wieland
 David Yomagida (1-1-1)
 Scott Yomagida (1-1-1)
 Anne Merritt (1-0-0)
 Robert Wade (0-0-0)

Second: Bartlett (7) (2) Coach: Hans Borm
 Andy Brown (1-0-1)
 Mike Vaszary (1-1-1)
 Peter Kirkam (0-1-0)
 Ron Hester (1-0-0)

Second: Hopkins (6) (2) Coach: Jeanne Lane
 Sanjay Krishna (0-0-1)
 Stephen Moore (0-1-0)
 Tim Sullivan (0-1-1)
 Miguel Nathward (1-1-0)

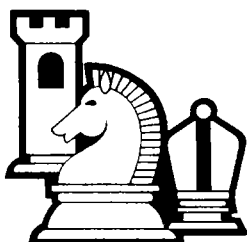
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DIVISION

First: Loma Vista (9) (3) Coach Donald Loucks
 Leif Berggren (1-1-0)
 Richard McMillen (1-1-1)
 Gerry Umali (1-0-1)
 Steven Ruiz (1-0-1)

Second: St. Mark's (7½) (2) Coach: Ray Orwig
 Geoff Lakritz (1-1-1)
 Jason Goldman (alt., Bd 1)
 Phillip Potter (1-1-½)
 Chad Forrester (1-1-1)
 Jeremy Schwartz (0-0-0)

Second: Biggs (7) (2) Coach: Bill Bynum
 Kurt Young (1-1-1)
 Tronnie Manes (0-1-0)
 Brian Roles (1-1-0)
 Randy Degler (1-0-0)

Second: Lakewood (5) (2) Coach: Marsha Love
 Chano Flores (0-1-1)
 David Glaeser (0-0-1)
 David Shaw (0-1-0)
 Bryan Bozarth (0-0-1)



LERA Memorial Day Class

Directed by Jim Hurt and Ted and Daria Yudacufski, the LERA Memorial Day Class Championships drew 107 players to Sunnyvale despite a competing tournament a few miles away. The big guns came to LERA, and the biggest gun, grandmaster Peter Biyiasas took clear first with 5-1. Tied for second were former U.S. Open co-champion Jeremy Silman and Tom Dorsch with 4½. For Dorsch this had to rank as one of the better performances of his life. True he had the advantage that he did not have to be paired against himself, but he faced the four top-rated players and defeated Charles Powell and David Levin while drawing Silman and losing only to Biyiasas.

Biyiasas' wife, Ruth Haring, brought home some bacon for the family larder by taking top expert honors.

Other results:

"A": Romulo Fuentes, 5½. Richard Roloff, 5. Frank Hamaker 4½.

"B": John Dimick 5½. Dan McDaniel 5. McKinley Day, David Betanco, and Edmund Palmieri 4½.

"C": David Davis, Tim Ayres, and Mike Carney 4½.

"D": Karl Forsberg 6.

"E": Nelson Espiritu 3½.

Unrated: Charles E. Bradshaw 2½.

Here are two games from the event which garnered \$25 brilliancy prizes.

Hedgehog Heaven; C. Powell—R. Haring: 1 Nf3, Nf6; 2 g3, b6; 3 Bg2, Bb7; 4 0-0, e6; 5 c4, c5; 6 b3, Be7; 7 Bb2.

This has become popular lately in preference to firing out with a quick d4.

7 ... 0-0; 8 d4, cd; 9 Nbd2!?, d5?

This is no way to go hog hedging. White exploits a pin on the QB to rip things apart before Black is fully mobilized.

10 Nd4, Qd7; 11 cd, Nd5; 12 Rc1, Nc6 (12 ... Na6!?): 13 Nc6, Bc6; 14 Nf3, Qb7?!; 15 Nd4, Bd7; 16 Nf5!, Bg5; 17 Qd4, Bf6; 18 Nh6!, Kh8.

If 19 ..., gh; 19 Qg4 and 20 Bf6.

19 Qf6! 1-0

The point being 19 ..., gf; 20 Bd5.

There is a fair possibility that Jack Wood will be the next Chess Voice editor. If he keeps this up he may not have to beg you for games, he can print his own.

Four Knights Opening; J. Wood—T. Ayres: 1 e4, Nf6; 2 Nc3, e5; 3 Nf3. Nc6; 4 Bc4?!, Ne4!; 5 Bf7?, Kf7; 6 Ne4, Be7.

This is hard to endorse when Black can safely occupy the center with 6 ..., d5. Now White gets feisty and prepares to exploit Black's exposed king.

7 d4, ed; 8 Nd4, Nd4?!

He really should not develop White this way. Better was ..., Rf8 preparing to tuck the king away where danger is not so imminent.

9 Qd4, Re8; 10 Qd5, Kf8; 11 0-0, h6?; 12 Qf5, Kg8; 13 Qg6, Kh8; 14 Bh6!, gh; 15 Qh6, Kg8; 16 Qg6, Kf8; 17 f4!, d5; 18 Ng5, Bg5; 19 fg. Ke7; 20 Rf7 1-0.

San Joaquin Championship

Organized by Dave Quarve with Allan Fifield as chief director the San Joaquin Championship June 4-5 drew 37 players to the United Savings and Loan Association's Community Room in Fresno. The S&L generously donated free use of its facilities. Quarve acquired publicity from three television stations, three radio stations and the Fresno Bee, an example other organizers might take to heart.

Clear first was Michael Tomey, Sunnyvale with 4-0. Tied for second were Fresno veteran Philip Smith and Stockton's Mike Fitzgerald with 3½.

Other results:

"A": Thomas Ashley, Fresno, Ali Estilai, Bakersfield, Donald Wilson, Fresno, and James Long, Oakhurst 3.

"B": Mark Oshiro, Hanford 2½. Robert Whitaker, San Francisco, Lawrence Klein, Visalia, Owen Overton, Sunnyvale, Thomas Riddle, Fresno, 2.

"C": Howard Hatchett, Fresno, 2. Dennis Wajckus, Fresno and George Paxton, Fresno 1.

"D": Stanley Mello, Merced and Robert Gage, Fresno 2.

"E/Unrated: John Chiero, Winton 2½.

McCambridge Annotates

by IM Vince McCambridge

McCambridge sends this pivotal game from the National Chess Congress, which illustrates the kind of imagination which can be invoked to battle back from an inferior position—editor.

Queen's Gambit Declined; D. Strauss—V. McCambridge: 1 Nf3, d5; 2 d4, Nf6; 3 c4, e6; 4 Nc3, Be7; 5 Bf4, 0-0; 6 e3, a6!?

A move 1 "discovered" when Hort played it against me at Dortmund, 1982. White now has a bewildering array of choices, including 7 c5, 7 Qc2, and the text.

7 Rc1.

Petrosian—Pietzsch, Varna, 1962 continued 7 c5!?, b6 (7 ..., Nh5!?, 8 b4) 8 cb, cb; 9 Bd3, Bb7; 10 0-0, Nc6; 11 h3!, Nb4?!; 12 Bb1, Rc8; 13 Nd2, Nc6; 14 Nb3, b5; 15 Bg5!, Ne4; 16 Be7, Ne7; 17 Bd3, Bc6; 18 a3, Rb8; 19 Na2 with some advantage.

McCambridge—Hort; Dortmund, 1982 continued 7 Qc2!?, Nbd7; 8 cd (8 c5!, 8 a3!?), ed; 9 Bd3, c5!; 10 g4!?, c4; 11 Bf5?! (11 Be2 edge to White), g6!; 12 Bd7, Bd7; 13 Ne5 (13 h3, b5 gives Black the initiative), Ng4! and Black had a slight initiative with his two bishops.

7 ..., Nbd7; 8 cd, ed; 9 Bd3, Re8!?

Or 9 ..., c5; 10 Ne5 with an edge to White but 10 0-0, c4!; 11 Bb1, b5 or 10 dc, Nc5 are equal.

10 0-0, Nf8; 11 Ne5, Ng6!?

Interesting is 11 ..., Ne6! 12 Bg3, g6! and if 13 f4, Ng7! or 13 Bh4, c6! (Not 13 ..., Ng7; 14 Qf3).

12 Bg5, c6; 13 f4.

White has a pull in this position and Black must defend carefully.

13 ..., Nd7!; 14 Be7, Qe7; 15 Qf3.

I could lose it all now by 15 ..., Nge5; 16 fe, f6; 17 Qh5.

15 b4, Rh8; 16 c5, Nf8; 17 Qb6, Rh5; 18 Rg1, Nh7; 19 Nf4!?, ef;

White builds his lead after 16 ..., f6; 17 Ng6, Ng6; 18 f5, Nf8; 19 e4.

17 Qh5, g6; 18 Qh6, Nf5.

Healthier than 18 ..., Bf5; 19 Be2!

19 Bf5, Bf5!.

Here I considered 19 ..., gf for a long time — too long. After 20 Rf3, f6; 21 Rg3, Kh8; 22 Nf3 White has a manifest positional advantage.

20 g4, Bc8; 21 f5.

Because 21 g5, f6! is equal.

21 ..., f6!.

Well Calculated. Strauss expected 21 ..., gf?!; 22 gf, f6; 23 Ng4 (or 23 Kh1!, fe; 24 Rg1, Kh8; 25 f6, Qd7; 26 Rg7, Qh3; 27 Rg8, Kg8; 28 Qg7 mate) is crushing since 23 ..., Qg7; 24 Qh4.

Now on 22 Nf3, Qg7 defends.

22 fg, Qg7 23 gh?!

A miscalculation. White plans 23 ..., Nh7; 24 Qh5 to maintain the extra pawn but 24 ..., Be6! turns the tables. Better was 23 Qf4!, Ng6; 24 Ng6, Qg6; 25 h3! (25 Kh1, Bg4!; 26 Rg1, f5; 27 h3, Qh5) and interesting is 25 ..., h5 26 Qf6, Qf6; 27 Rf6, hg; 28 hg, Re6 with drawing chances.

23 ..., Nh7; 24 Qg7, Kg7; 25 Nd3, Bg4.

Black has at least equalized. White now makes the mistake of pressing his nonexistent advantage.

26 Rf4, Bh5; 27 Kf2, Ng5!; 28 Rg1!?, Bg6; 29 Rg3, Bd3.

Less to the point was 29 ..., Rh8; 30 h4, Bd3, 31 hg (31 e4, de; 32 hg, f5!), f5 although still with a Black advantage.

30 h4, Kg6; 31 hg, f5!

Imprecise is 31 ..., fg; 32 Rfg4, Rf8; 33 Ke1, Rf5; 34 Kd2 followed by e4.

32 Rh4, Rh8; 33 Rgh3, Rh4; 34 Rh4, Re8!

It is only equal after 34 ..., Kg5; 35 Rh7.

35 Na4!?

But better was 35 Kf3 thinking of 36 Kf4. Then 35 ..., Kg5; 36 Rh7, b5; 37 b4! Now Black wins two pawns, yet, due to this weakness on the dark squares the win is still in doubt.

35 ..., Bb1!; 36 a3.

Avoiding 36 Nc3, Be4 intending Kg6—Kf6—Rg8 with the initiative.

36 ..., Kg5; 37 Rh7, Re3.

Gary Kasparov — Next Champion of the World?

by Val Zemitis

The verdict is almost unanimous that Gary Kasparov soon will be wearing the crown of World Champion. In my view, however, there are dark clouds circling over Gary's head. The Soviet chess hierarchy expects him to win with such pressure on his shoulders Gary may not be as calm as many are anticipating; hence, he will not play his best. His style of play is very demanding and his nerves must be of steel in order for him to sustain tension on the board and, for that matter, between the games.

Actually the Soviets are ready for change. They have accepted Karpov as a world champion and also as a worthy representative of the Soviet system that produces winners. Karpov's fault is not his success or his willingness to represent Soviet chess at home and abroad, rather it is his style which does not fit the "Soviet School of Chess." The Soviets claim that Mikhail Chigorin originated this style. Alexander Alekhine continued it. Even though Alekhine has not been rehabilitated by the Soviets, they accept him as a player of great talent and extol his style.

The Soviets are always looking for someone who could continue the "great tradition of the Soviet School of Chess." Many have come but all have fallen short of the expectations: Averbakh, Boleslavsky, Bronstein, Geller and Kotov, to mention a few. In the meantime the Soviets have had to accept success regardless of the style of play. So Botvinnik, Petrosian, Smyslov, and Tal were welcome because of their successes. Yet young players could not readily imitate their styles which were too uniquely theirs. It was different with Spassky. Here was a man with the "right" style of play, but, alas, his downfall was losing to explosive Robert D. James, alias Bobby Fischer.

Then on the chess horizon appeared a youngster, not yet 10 years of age who held the promise of stepping into the footsteps of Chigorin and Alekhine (Spassky had already been forgotten). Soon under the tutelage of Mikhail Botvinnik, Kasparov was singled out as a player of great promise, genius of new ideas, the right style of play! So the Soviets expect Gary to rekindle the spirit of Soviet youngsters to play inspiring, exciting, innovative, and breathtaking chess.

Question of Style

The question Westerners ask is what distinguishes him from other chess talents in the Soviet Union? The answer is complex, but mainly it lies in his excellent memory, working capacity, intuition to judge complicated positions correctly, and, above all, in his ability to create complications, to see what other players do not see.

By the time Gary was 12 he showed the ability to handle such greats as Polugaevsky. True, the following game was one of the clock-simultaneous games played by Polugaevsky. Nevertheless, it shows the budding champion at work.

Sicilian Defense: G. Kasparov—L. Polugaevsky (Leningrad, 1975): 1 e4, c5; 2 Nf3, e6; 3 d3.

Gary avoids standard Sicilian variations, which Polugaevsky knows all too well, and transposes from a Sicilian into a King's Indian Attack.

3 ..., d5; 4 Nbd2, Nc6; 5 g3, Bd6; 6 Bg2, Nge7; 7 0-0, 0-0; 8 Re1, Bc7; 9 Qe2?!, b6; 10 h4, Nb4; 11 Nf1.

It was not in Gary's temperament to retreat; however, the best move would have been 11 Qd1! followed by a3. Now Polugaevsky obtains the initiative.

11 ..., de!; 12 Qe4.

White avoids the meek 12 de, Ba6; 13 c4, Qd3.

12 ..., Nc2.

Polugaevsky overestimates his position. After 12 ..., Rb8!; 13

cont. on p. 26

cont. on p. 7

Struggle for Class in Berkeley

The Berkeley Class Struggle, directed by Andy Lazarus and held June 11-12 attracted 132 players to the U.C. Student Union despite the fact that it was graduation weekend. It has long been rumored that some people would rather play chess than graduate.

While students down the hall were turning in caps and gowns after completing a standard curriculum, Alan Pollard was turning in a sensational performance as he went 4-0, beating IM Nick deFirmian in the final round to go 4-0 and score clear first. Coming in a half point distance behind were GM Peter Bilyasas, Jeremy Silman, and Randy Schain. Other prizes:

Expert: Michael Tomey 3½-½. Brad Diller 3. Allen Becker and Dalton Peterson 2½.

"A": Solbenson Gao-Ay 4. Umit Yalcin 3½. Jim Stewart and Norman Johnson 3.

"B": Howard Goss and Eugene Seltzer 3½. James Manning, Paul Nolan, Denny Davis and Daniel Liparini 3.

"C": John Orr 4. Brad Smith 3½. David Alan Davis and Timothy Ayres 3.

"D,E, Unrated": Dikvan Karaguezian and Steve Gaon 3½. Carlos Benitez and Carl Tonge 3.

cont. from p. 6

Ng5, Nf5! with 14 ..., Bb7 to follow, Black would have retained his advantage.

13 Qa8, Na1; 14 Ne3!

Now the knight on a1 is ensnared.

14 ..., Nf5.

Best. After 14 ..., Qd3 White can calmly continue with 15 Qa7.

15 Nf5, ef; 16 Bg5, f6; 17 Ra1, fg; 18 Ng5, g6; 19 Re1.

This is more effective than 19 Bd5, Kg7; 20 Qa7 when Black could proceed with 20 ..., h6 or 20 ..., Re8 and White's pieces do not cooperate well.

19 ..., h6; 20 Qc6!, Qd6.

The only way to save the game since 20 ..., Bd6; 21 Bd5, Kg7; 22 Ne6, Be6; 23 Re6, Rf7; 24 Re8 or 20 ..., hg; 21 Qg6, Kh8; 22 Qh6, Kg8; 23 Bd5, Qd5; 24 Qg6, Kh8; 25 Re7 wins.

21 Ne6, Qc6; 22 Bc6, Be6; 23 Re6, Kg7; 24 Be8, f4!

Black is trying to create counterchances. Still, White could have continued 25 Rg6, Kh7; 26 Rc6, Be5; 27 Bg6, Kg7; 28 Be4 when White could have obtained a promising ending.

25 g4, Bd8! ½-½.

(Adapted from *Sahs*, No. 11, 1976) The commentator adds: "To such a youngster belongs the future of chess."

In 1976 Kasparov went on to win the Soviet pupil championship held in Tbilisi. He was but 13 years of age. (Incidentally, the girl's pupil championship was won by Maia Chiburdanidze!)

King's Indian Defense: Gabdramanov—Kasparov (Tbilisi 1976): 1 Nf3, Nf6; 2 c4, g6; 3 Nc3, Bg7; 4 e4, d6; 5 d4, 0-0; 6 Be2, e5; 7 0-0, Nc6; 8 d5, Ne7; 9 Ne1, Nd7; 10 f3, f5; 11 g4, h5.

In this position 11 ..., Nf6 is considered best. Other moves like 11 ..., fg; 12 fg, Rf1 offer little relief, while 11 ..., Kh8 ... has only novelty value. The text was suggested by S. Reshevsky and is considered to be very risky; however, direct refutation via 12 gh, gh; 13 f4, as praxis has shown, does not lead to expected results.

12 g5, h4; 13 Nd3, f4; 14 Kh1, Kf7.

Larsen suggests 14 ..., a5 or 14 ..., b6. The text move is risky but, frankly, the whole variation is full of wild and unpredictable complications.

20 Bf4, Ng8; 21 cd, cd; 22 Nb5!, Ba1; 23 Nd6, Kf8; 24 Ra1, Ng5! 25 Bg5, Rg5; 26 f4, Qd6; 27 fg, Qe5; 28 Rf1, Kg7; 29 Qf3, Qg5; 30 Qf7, Kh8; 31 Qc7! ½-½.

Black cannot play 31 ..., Bh3 because of 32 Qc3.

Kasparov's path to success has not been smooth. In 1977 he failed to qualify for the World Junior Championship in Leningrad and thus gave Artur Yusupov the chance to become World Junior Champion. Nonetheless, Kasparov again demonstrated amazing skill in handling complicated variations.

Sicilian Defense: G. Kasparov—L. Zaid (Leningrad, 1977): 1 e4, c5; 2 Nf3, d6; 3 d4, cd; 4 Nd4, Nf6; 5 Nc3, a6; 6 Bg5, e6; 7 f4, Qb6; 8 Qd2, Qb2; 9 Nb3, Qa3; 10 Bf6, gf; 11 Be2, Nd7; 12 0-0, h5; 13 Qd4, b5; 14 Nb1, Qa4; 15 e4, b4; 16 f5, Be7; 17 fe, fe; 18 N1d2, Qc6; 19

a3, ba; 20 Kh1, Rb8; 21 Ra3, Qb6; 22 Qa1, Ne5; 23 e5!, dc; 24 Nc4, Qc7; 25 Nbd2, Nc4; 26 Nc4, Rb4; 27 e5!, fe; 28 Qd1!, Bd7; 29 Ra6, h4; 30 h3, Rg8; 31 Re6!

(The converging attack on the stranded Black king is quite pleasing.— editor.)

31 ..., Kd8; 32 Re5, Rc4; 33 Qd5, Rg2; 34 Bc4, Rg3; 35 Qa8, Qc8; 36 Qa5, Ke8; 37 Bf7, Kf8; 38 Be6, Kg7; 39 Qa1!, Kh6; 40 Qc1, Bg5; 41 Rg5, Qc6; 42 Bd5, Rh3; 43 Kg2 1-0.

At Minsk, 1978, when Gary was not yet 15 years of age, he won his first major tournament and received the title of Soviet Master. The following is a somewhat liberal translation from *Sahs*, No. 8, 1978, of what Kasparov had to say about his first game with an international grandmaster: "There are tournaments and games in all chess players' memories that stand out and which remain imprinted forever. The A. Sokolsky Memorial tournament in Minsk I shall remember as long as I live. Here I made the master's norm and here, for the first time, I played against a grandmaster and crowned that encounter with success!"

(notes by Kasparov)

Queen's Pawn Opening; G. Kasparov—A. Lutikov: 1 d4, Nf6; 2 Nf3, d6.

I think 2 ..., g6 more elastic. In that case the pawn on d7 retains the option to select d6 or d5.

3 Nc3, Bg4.

Avoiding the Pirc (after 3 ..., g6) or the Philidor (after 3 ... Nbd7; 4 e4, e5).

4 e4, Nbd7.

Positionally a very risky continuation. Obviously safer would have been either 36 or even c6.

5 e5, Ng8.

Forced. If 5 ..., de; 6 de, Bf3; 7 Qf3, Ne5; 8 Qb7.

6 h3, Bf3.

On 6 ..., Bh5 I intended to play 7 g4, Bg6; 8 h4, hoping at the right moment to proceed with e6.

7 Qf3, c6; 8 Bf4.

White hopes to force d5 and only then play e6. Equally good would have been 8 ed, ed; 9 d5 and if 9 ..., c5; 10 Bf4 and Black would have had great difficulties because of the weak pawn on d6.

8 ..., d5.

White has achieved the desired result. But even after the best 8 ..., e6; 9 ed, Ndf6! White would have retained some advantage after 10 0-0-0, Bd6; 11 Be5!

9 e6, fe; 10 Bd3, Nfg6; 11 Qe2.

Black cannot try to keep the pawn by playing 11 ..., Qb6 because of 12 0-0-0, 0-0-0; 13 Qe6, Qd4; 14 Qc6, bc; 15 Ba6 mate.

11 ..., g6; 12 Qe6, Bg7; 13 0-0.

Probably not the best, but I intended to push the queen-side pawns and for that purpose 13 0-0-0 would not have been indicated.

13 ..., Nh5; 14 Bg5?!

The tactical justification for this move rests with 14 ..., Bd4; 15 Nd5, cd; 16 Bb5, Nf6; 17 Rad1, Qb6; 18 Bd7. Later I found that 16 ..., a6 (instead of Nf6) would have given Black good chances.

14 ..., Ndf8; 16 Qg4, Nf6; 16 Qe2, Qd6; 17 Rae1.

White intends to proceed with f4—5, therefore, rooks must occupy both the f1 and e1 squares.

17 ..., e6.

This prevents White's intentions but relegates Black to passive defense. In 17 ..., Kf7; 18 Bh4!, Ne6; 19 Bg3 and now 19 ..., Qd7 is met by 20 Be5 with f4—5 to follow, and 19 ..., Nd4 is weak because of 20 Qe3, Qb4; 21 a3.

18 Na4, Kf7; 19 b4, b6; 20 Qd2, Rae8; 21 Bf4, Qe7.

If 21 ..., Qd7, then 22 c4, dc; 23 Bc4 and Black cannot play b5 because of 24 Nc5. If 23 ..., Nd5, then 24 Be5 with an excellent position for White.

22 b5, Qa3.

On 22 ..., c5, I intended to open the game with 23 dc, bc; 24 c4. 23 Nc3, c5; 24 Nb1!, Qa4.

Black has no choice. If 24 ..., Qb4, then 25 Qb4, cb; 26 Bd6; if 24 ..., Qa2 then simply 25 Nc3.

25 dc, bc; 26 c4, N8d7; 27 Nc3, Qa5; 28 Qc2, Qd8.

If 28 ..., e5, then 29 Bd2!, d4; 30 Ne4, Qb6; 31 Ng5.

29 Bg5, Nb6; 30 a4.

If 30 ..., Qc7; 31 cd, ed; 32 a5, Nbd7; 33 Nd5, Nd5; 34 Bc4!

cont. on p. 8

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Kasparov cont.

30 ... , dc; 31 Be4, Re7; 32 a5, Nbd7; 33 Bc6, Nb8; 34 Rd1, Qa5; 35 Ne4, Rf8.

Black almost succeeds in freeing his game, but . . .

36 Bf4!, Nc6; 37 bc, Ne8; 38 Rd7, Rd7; 39 cd, Nf6; 40 Nd6, Ke7; 41 Nc4, Qa6; 20 Bd6, Kd7; 43 Bf8, Bf8; 44 Qd3, Ke7; 45 Rd1, Nd5; Qe4, Kf7; 47 Ne5, Kg8; 48 Nd7, c4; 49 Rb1, Qd6.

Black averts 50 Rb8 and at the same time tries to snare White into 50 Nf8, Nc3; 51 Qa8, Nb1; 52 Ne6, Kf7; 53 Ng5, Ke7; 54 Qb7 with 55 Qb1 to follow.

50 Rb7, c3; 51 Nf8, Kf8; 52 Rh7, Qf4; 53 Qf4, Nf4; 54 Kf1, a5; 55 Ra7, Nd5; 56 Ra5, Kf7.

A last desperate attempt to confuse White. If now 57 Ke2, then Nf4; 58 Kf3?, c2; 59 Rc5, Nd3; 60 Rc2, Ne1 and Black wins!

57 g3 1-0.

Gary's next success, still at the age of 15, came in the contest for what the Soviets call the "highest league," that is, qualification for the Soviet Championship. Among the 64 participants Gary was the youngest. The old guard was represented by grandmasters Bronstein, Gufeld, Kholmov, and Suetin plus a long list of distinguished masters. In a Swiss tournament in 13 rounds Gary collected 9 points. Another young player, Igor Ivanov, also achieved the same score, but the tie-breaks turned out in Gary's favor, and he was declared the winner. The way to success finally was open to him.

King's Indian Defense; Y. Nikolaevsky—G. Kasparov (Daugvapis, 1978): 1 Nf3, Nf6; 2 b3, g6; 3 Bb2, Bg7; 4 c4, 0-0; 5 g3, d6; 6 d4, Nbd7.

Another possibility was to play 6 ... , c5 with the possible continuation 7 Bg2, Ne4; 8 0-0, Nc6; 9 e3, e5; 10 d5, Ne7 etc.

7 Bg2, e5; 8 e3.

This position has been seen before in Anikaev—Podgaetz, 1977 when after 8 de, Ng4 (better 8 ... , de; 9 Nfd2 edge to White), 9 0-0, de; 10 e4! Re8; 11 Qc2, c6; 12 h3, Ngf6; 13 Nbd2, Bf8; 14 a3, a5; 15 Bc3, Bd6; 16 b4, c5; 17 b5 obtained an advantage for White.

8 ... , Re8.

Not 8 ... , ed because of 9 Bd4!

9 0-0, e4; 10 Nfd2, Nf8; 11 Nc3, Bf5; 12 F3! ef; 13 Qf3, c6; 14 e4, Bg4; 15 Qf2.

If 15 Qd3 c5!

15 ... , Qa5!?

Out of the possible choices of 15 ... , Qd7 or Qc7, this move with the queen is poorest; however, it creates the complications on which Gary thrives.

16 c5?

Essential was 16 h3! after which White would have fared better. For example, 16 ... , Bc8; 17 c5! and if 16 ... , Qh5; 17 e5, de; 18 Nce4, N8d7; 19 d3!, Ne4; 20 Qf7, Kh8; 21 hg, Qg4; 22 Ne4 and White wins.

16 ... , Be6!; 17 h3, dc; 18 e5, cd!

Not 18 ... , N6d7; 19 d5, Ne5; 20 de, Ne6; 21 Nce4, f5; 22 Be5, Be5; 23 Nc4, Qc7; 24 Ne5, Qe5 with a clear plus for White.

19 ef, Bh6!, 20 Qd4, Rad8; 21 Nc4!, Bc4; 22 Qc4!, Qb6; 23 Kh1, Rd4; 24 Na4, Rc4; 25 Nb6, Rc2; 26 Nc4, Ree2; 27 Bf3, Rh2; 28 Kg1, b5; 29 Be4.

Or 29 Bc1, Rh3; 30 Bh6; Rg3 with a draw.

29 ... , Rce2; 30 Bf3, Rc2; 31 Be4 1/2-1/2.

cont. on p. 27

LIQUIDATION FASCINATION

by Michael Fitzgerald

Every chessplayer has aesthetic preferences. I once asked George Koltanowski if he could find the score of an incredible sacrificial Goring Gambit that had appeared in his column. He agreed to look for it, but reluctantly. His heart wasn't in it.

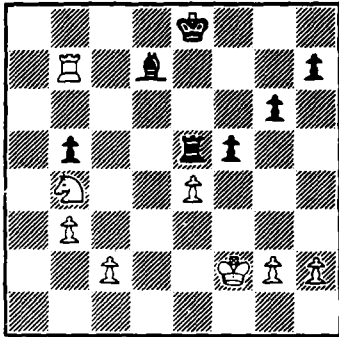
"You find such a game beautiful," he told me. "But I look at the positional games of Nona Gaprindashvili from her last tournament; to me *they* are beautiful."

One writer contributes articles to *Chess Life* on queen sacrifices. A queen sacrifice to him is the most beautiful aspect of chess. Whenever he manages to whip up an article for *Chess Life* entitled "Parting With the Lady," he gets quite dizzy about it.

Chess Voice Editor Fauber likes defensive masterpieces. He told me over the phone: "I like games in which one side throws everything into an attack but the other side defends righteously."

If I asked you maybe it would be bishop and pawn endings. Maybe it would be pawn levers, or maybe attacks with only pawns and major pieces. Maybe all or none of the above. But it would be something.

My own chessic preference runs to a rather rare and esoteric form of denouement: *the total liquidation combination*.



The position is from Radulov-Estevez, Leningrad Interzonal 1973. White is a pawn up; but if he wants to stay that way he has to play 35. ef. Most players would make this exchange, preferring the pawn up, even though it concedes Black an active rook.

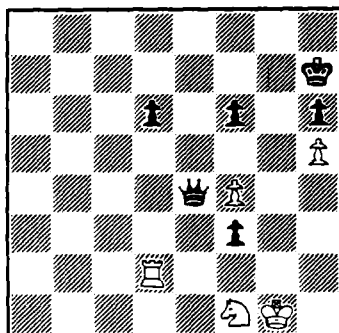
Radulov, however, has a better idea.

35.Nd3! Re4 36.Rd7!

The point: White forces a positionally won king and pawn ending.

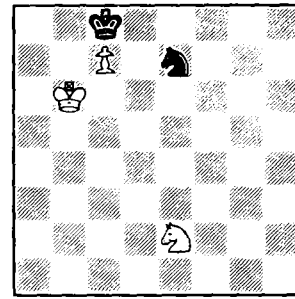
36...Kd7 37.Nc5! Kd6 38.Ne4! fe 39.Ke3 ke5 40.c4 b4 41.g3 1-0.

Alekhine and Bogoljubow were two buddies who chopped a lot of each other's wood. Alekhine considered his game against Bogoljubow at Hastings 1922 to be one of his two very best. The always enthusiastic chess critic Irving Chernev called their Hastings encounter "The Greatest Game of Chess Ever Played." It was great for Chernev who made a lot of mazuma by anthologizing it; it's great for the connoisseur of total liquidation because it ends up on this note:



Brieger's Brainstorms

Robert Brieger of Houston, Texas has a yet for composing endings. He offers us this challenging one. Answer on page 27.



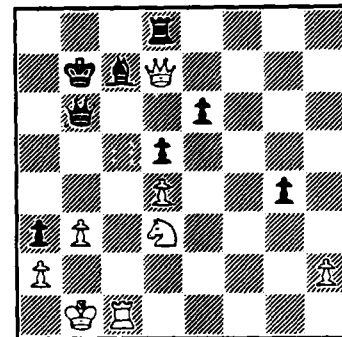
White to move and win

47...Qe2!

"The finish is of quite exceptional charm." (Tartakower and DuMont) "A joke." (Kotov)

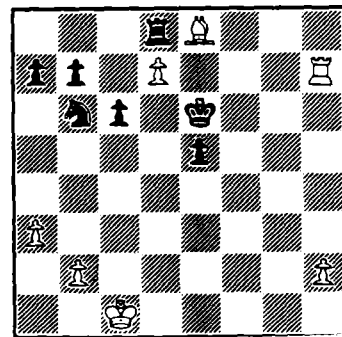
48.Re2 fe 49.Kf2 ef=Q+ 50.Kf1 Kg7 51.Kf2 Kf7 52.Ke3 Ke6 53.Ke4 d5+ 0-1.

Bogoljubow avenged himself in kind against Alekhine in their 1929 match. Irving Chernev may not have affixed any cheerful superlatives to this game (then again he might have) but as an example of slicing off an opponent's counterplay this example is hard to beat for sheer abruptness:



37.Rc7+!! Qc7 38.Nc5+! Kb6 39.Qc7+ Kc7 40.Ne6+ Kd7 41.Nd8 Kd8 42.b4 Kd7 43.Kc2 Kc6 44.Kb3 Kb5 45.Ka3 Kc4 46.b5! Kb5 47.Kb3 Ka5 48.a4 Ka6 49.Kb4 Kb6 50.a5+ Kc6 51.Ka4 1-0.

So the total liquidation combination is useful because it is often the simplest way to win; because sometimes it is the only way to win; because it can transform middlegame weaknesses into endgame strengths; and vice versa; but mostly it is used to terminate an opponent's counterplay and expand an advantage into a win using the finest means.



The above is Fitzgerald-McMann, Stockton 1982. That's right, Stockton. As an example it is unique because it is the only instance patient research has uncovered of a total liquidation combination in

cont. on p. 27

Tournament Director's Notebook Page 11

Whacha Oughta Do Is. . .

by Robert T. Gordon

Why not run a tournament?

1) You have four friends you play with regularly; or 2) you're in a club. Why not run a tournament?

Take a look at situation #1 (your regulars): You and four friends play chess regularly. Each of you wants to have rated games. Why not have a tournament? That is, "Let's run a Quad." (Rather reminds me of the 1930's films. Scene at the Malt Shop: "Let's have a show." "We'll need a chorus." "John can be the Director." Harvey the All-American frat in the v-neck sweater says, "We'll need scenery and costumes, and. . ." etc. Gus the Gloomy, slightly fat, non-jock, casts a pall over the group: "We don't have a place for the show." Whereupon, AnnaBelle, the All-American Sorority Sister, leans over the booth and says — saving the day — "My Daddy has a barn." The result: a Busby Berkeley production that rivals American City Music Hall, in a "barn," put on by amateurs.)

Take a look at situation #2 (the club) You and other players at the club want rated games. Why not have a tournament? That is, "Let's run a Quad." (Rather reminds me of the 1930's films. Scene at the Malt Shop: — oh, I've done that. Just reread the paragraph above).

However, this is not a 1930's film. This is the reality of the 1980s. The scene is not the Malt Shop, but the Dew Drop Inn. Gus the Gloomy is nursing his Oly. Tom the Tremulous guzzles a Bud. Larry Langorous sips white wine. Harvey the Magnificent savors his imported lager. And Willy and Barry, wimps both, drink the house draft — slowly. All bitch about the lack of rated games. Larry finally says, "We need to put on a tournament." Tom remarks "We'd need a room and tables and chairs." Willie says, "We need wall charts, score sheets, and pairing cards, not to mention pencils and sets and

clocks, and. . . and. . ." A cloud settles over the group. Then, Gus the Gloomy decisively puts the final nail in the tournament's coffin, "We don't have a Director."

So much for the tournament.

And the group returns to bitching about the lack of tournaments and rated games.

* * *

"Wait a minute," says the ever enthusiastic, Harvey. "What do we want?"

"We want rated games," responds Gus the Gloomy, an over-tattooed long-haul trucker.

"Right," responds Harvey, "and how many are we getting?"

"None," drawls Larry, sipping his Country Light and adjusting his Foster Grant sunglasses.

"But what do we need?" Harvey asks, rhetorically. And then he answers, "We need players; that's us. We have sets and boards and clocks and pencils. Why do we need wall charts and score sheets and pairing cards? We're not running the U.S. Open. We just want to play. We don't need all that other stuff."

Excitement flickers around the table. A hint of a smile here, a nod of agreement there, a flash of the eyes. And then Gus prevails again.

"We don't have a director."

The cloud of defeat covers the table, again. Beers are ordered (and one more glass of wine.)

Harvey makes another enthusiastic try (for the sake of the rest of this article, I hope he doesn't give up). "Why doesn't one of us direct it?"

cont. on p. 11

CHESS GOES TO WAR



"Third adjournment"

Whacha cont.

Several emotions run around the table. Larry is incredulous. Tom turns green with fear. Willie and Barry are shocked and outraged in order. Gus gets ready to puke. "We're not Directors." "We don't know enough." "I don't know how to pair." "None of us has a Director's Card." And then Gus states the final,

"Directors are SOB's"

All nod agreement.

So much for the tournament.

And the group goes back to bitching about the lack of tournaments and rated games.

Harvey the Heroic rises once more, "We're not bad guys" (he can not say SOB's). "All we want is rated games. Hey, we know enough to play. We ought to know enough to direct. Anyway, Gus has a 1941 Rule Book, and that will answer any question we have."

"Naw." "They've changed the rules." "Anyway, a Director is an expert." ("Besides being an SOB," says Gus.)

"They know everything about the rules." "Yeah, they have to pass a test."

A short silence.

"That guy in Sacramento sure pulled a boner in his last tournament." "Did you hear about what happened in Foster city two weeks ago?" "What about that mess in Concord." "Yeah."

Another short silence.

Gus says, "I could do better than any of those jerks."

"Sure." "So could I."

(Fadeout to Commercial)

What do you *really* need for a tournament?

Players, of course.

What else?

Nothing!

That's right. Other than players, you *do not need another thing!* I'm going to show you that there is nothing mystical about running a tournament.

PAIRINGS? No problem. Play a round-robin and flip for colors. Or play a double round-robin and each take black once. Pairing and color problems are solved. Oh, if you want to do it "right," take Gus' 1941 Rule Book and look at the pairings in the back. RULES DISPUTES? Hey, you are all friends, and you've all played tournaments. You know what is right, and the others in the tournament can act as a player's committee and solve any problems. Besides, Gus' Rule Book is still available. SCORE SHEETS, PAIRING SHEETS, WALL CHARTS, ETC? Forget them. Use binder paper, typing paper, or whatever is available. You just want games. Get together and play them. If someone else wants in, let them know that this is casual, and let them play.

Oops, I'm sorry, you don't just want games. You want those *magical* games — the *rated* games. The games that need Directors and Score sheets and Wall Charts and Pairing Sheets and the rest of the magic that makes them OFFICIAL. Well, what do you need?

Players, of course.

What else?

Nothing!

That's right. Other than players, you *do not need another thing!* You have a director and don't even know it.

The USCF, CalChess and a gang of directors will probably be after my hide for revealing the secret, but all you need is yourselves. *Nothing else.* Pick one of you as the "Director," play your games, and submit your results to the Federation (include "Official" USCF names, USCF numbers, a "name" for the tournament, and \$.25 a game). Then pick another as the next "Director," play your games, and submit your results to the Federation.

Watch what happens.

The USCF will send a sharply worded letter saying a tournament can not be run by a non-director, and a Director cannot play in his own tournament. It will also include all the forms for directing a tournament, an application to become a "Club Director," *and rate the tournament.* You see, *anyone* can direct one tournament without being licensed. The Federation will make rude remarks, but it rates

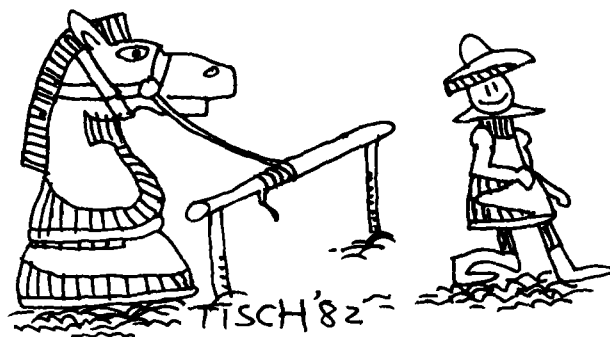
the tournament. Each of you, in turn, "Direct" a tournament, fill out the forms as they come in, and in a short time you will all be "directors," and can run your own group tournaments and not have to read the stuff that the USCF sends out about becoming a director. If each of you "takes off" one tournament, in order, while the others play, you will not have to read the stuff about not directing a tournament that you play in (note: in Alaska, where there is *one* director, he can play in every tournament that happens with no problem.)

Ah, I almost forgot. If you are going to have an "official" "rated" tournament, of course you will need prizes. I suggest that you give the winner of each quad a \$10 award. That leads into where does the money come from? Entries, of course. So, charge each other an entry fee: \$10.00 seems fair to me. (You will need \$.25 a game to rate the tournament: \$1.50 a Quad — take the rest of the profits and all go out and get smashed after the final round. I can think of no better way to spend your profits.) You might want to buy some "official supplies" from the profits of the first Quad: score sheets (\$5.50 for 250), Quad wall charts (after you've used up the USCF batch, save the last one for a master, and Xerox what you need), and a Rule book (\$2.00 or so).

There is, of course, another way to become "official" directors. Write to the Federation (start your tournament in any event), and ask how to become a director. They will send you a "Club Director's Application". Xerox the thing for everyone in your group and all submit at once (same envelope will be great). The fact that four or five of you submit at the same time from the same area will drive the Federation bats.

Whatever way you do it, a "tournament," and what you all want — rated games — happens. That is the bottom line.

See this column next month. I'm going to discuss how to turn the principles of this article into help for your club. See "Wha'cha ought ta' do is: put on a club tournament — easy directions."



THE SECRET CHESS LIFE OF WALTER MUDDY

A Descriptive Narrative
Translated into Algebraic

by R.E. Fauber

Translator's Preface

We dream of vacations, yachts, and private jets. Walter Muddy dreams of truth—over chess board. He always wants a good game. He analyzes when on the move, and when it is his opponent's turn he thinks of general considerations. It is just as Kotov urged in **Think Like a Grandmaster**. And when he thinks in a general sort of way, he is a grandmaster.

The game and his thoughts while playing it, as we present it here, describes an interesting tension of thought and realization. Somehow our constricted board of 64 squares opens the mind to broader destinies, while it also gives a special color to realities.

We present Walter Muddy as he really is and not as how he seems.

THE PIT AND THE PAWN-PUSHER

It was the last round. Walter Muddy had a 2-2 score and, since it was a strong tournament, a good chance to win the B prize if he could win his final game.

"I have to play that fish? Vladimir Borontsov asked rhetorically. "I came here because I wanted to play masters. I get nothing from beating Muddy. He's just strange; I never know what he's up to."

Boronstov, a stocky blonde son of a Russian emigre, was flicking his finger disdainfully at Muddy's pairing card in its little pocket next to his. The slight accent was something he affected for chess. As Marshall the Marshal on TV station KRUM, his diction was flawless American: "Howdy li'l podnuh! What we all a gone show to make all those baws and guls out thar in purple sage TV lan' happy today?"

Art Corse abruptly broke into Boronstov's elegy of outrage, "Are you really worried, Vlad? Muddy's been a B player since he was 18. When he was 12, he was a prodigy because he had a C rating; but he's been a bumbler B for 20 years." Corse was full of his new found importance as an A player. Just the week before he had walked off with an A prize because four consecutive opponents insisted on playing move for move games which Corse had memorized from the **Informant**. Corse was beginning to fancy himself quite a savant and theoretician. As a practical addition to his chess strength, he had also stopped bathing.

Boronstov burst into a high-energy state of Slavic despair: "I always worry when I meet B players. I have to beat them, but I have Black. Why don't the fish go away and leave the tournaments to the strong players?"

"Look at it this way, Vlad," Corse pursued, "the way you've been playing in this tournament you'll be playing among the fish regularly. I always told you that was what would happen to someone who was just a natural player."

Walter Muddy came into the hall, slightly stooped and with glasses which were always sliding down his nose because of his inevitable habit of sweating at the tiniest exertion, he looked like a man in perpetual time trouble.

He glanced about hurriedly, trying to remember where they posted the next round's pairings. He noticed the dandruff caked on his glasses. "Better clean them," he thought and blinked molishly as he removed them to dust them with his handkerchief. "Oh, board 28, Boronstov. . . hmmm. Used to play at the club with me. Always got a pawn on him. He kept beating me. Oh those Russians! Even second generation."

In this tournament Boronstov's 1980 rating was taking a beating. He had hung a rook in the first round and in the third round had let a pawn go because he had the hallucination he could force a promotion. Still, Boronstov belonged to the payroll savings plan at work and had probably already donated as much material as he was likely to give away involuntarily in a tournament.

About 180 pounds of five foot five inch woman cleared the doorway and advanced on Muddy. As she progressed across the hall, protective dads clutched their teen-aged prodigy sons close to their bosoms to make way for her awesome approach.

"Walter, where are the car keys? You can't leave me stranded a whole weekend. I'm going out. Give, Walter," she held him firmly by the tie.

"Of course, Eloise. When will you be back? We have to get home after the last round. There's that report on flies in the dispatching office that I have to prepare."

"After you've lost! . . . For the life of me, Walter, I don't understand why you want to get your brains beaten out every weekend this way when we could have a couple quiet days at home watching TV. Why don't you love Alan Alda as much as I do? Or Tom Selleck? I could even tolerate 'Charlie's Angels' reruns. I'll never understand you. Goodbye." She grabbed the keys from his trembling hand and mowed down a group around the crosstables on her way out.

"I see why you don't win more games, Walter," prosperous looking Sam Bernhard remarked. "Your wife would think that was cheating on her, and I sure wouldn't." If unctuous, Bernhard was also happily divorced. He slipped away after giving the terrifying admonition, "Good luck, Wally."

Muddy drifted toward his board. "Excuse me! Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I just didn't see you, and I didn't want to lose any time on my clock." Muddy bent down to pick up the sprawled ball of humanity who was fuming quietly in a foreign language. They had collided on their way to the board. "Oh, Mr. Boronstov, isn't this a coincidence? I really. . . Let me help you clean your coat. . . Oh, I'm so sorry."

"Driveling idiot," Boronstov snarled. He sat down at the board and began setting his east European clock. "It's your move." He punched the time piece vehemently.

"Click."

W. Muddy—V. Boronstov; Sicilian Defense: 1 e4 c5 2. Nf3 d6 3. d4 cxd4 4. Nxd4 Nf6 5. Nc3 a6 6. Be2.

"Click."

cont. on p. 13

Muddy cont.

The press of a clock's button, which released him from having to make an immediate decision, transported Walter Muddy into a better land.

"I see that you don't care for the most fashionable lines, Muddy. Well, I have a little surprise for you from that Rumanian tournament I just played in," Bernard Zuckerman snarled.

"Quite all right Bernard, I'm ready for what you have. Book means nothing to me, but we must stop chatting. The others, you know. Play on, dear boy," Walter Muddy said unmoved, rather like a Mount Rushmore figure.

It was the last round of the U.S. Open. Muddy had just placed first in 42 previous Swiss System tournaments, and a win now would guarantee him an invitation to the U.S. Championship, if the Federation had the money to hold it that year.

Muddy felt anything but arrogant; only a nagging pride convinced him that a mere theoretician would not cheat him of his chance at recognition.

Zuckerman was clearly shaken by the serene confidence of his opponent. He moved. An admirer passed at this moment and saw Muddy scribble a note to himself on his score sheet: "Tolstoi—Prince Dadian of Mingrelia, 1892. Quite an amazing coincidence." He made his move. "You didn't mistake me for the Prince I hope, Bernard?" he said as he released the piece.

Zuckerman's voice showed a quavering warble. "Oh, yes, I see. If I attack you, I get mated in 26; and if I try to play thematically, you secure the outside passed pawn in a knight ending. It's forced. Funny it should be unknown to theory." He stopped his clock. "That's all. Have you seen the latest issue of *Shakhmatny Byioletyen*?"

"Never trouble with it, Bernard; Lasker didn't either. I'm getting close to the age when he was a tiger in the 1920's, and that's his period I most admire. Not as young as I used to be. . . got to pace myself. . . can't be worn out by mere theory, you know?"

"Drop by someday, and I'll try to teach you something about my new concept of 'positive dynamism'." Muddy tried to shake Zuckerman's hand in a sympathetic way.

"It was a nice gamble trying to break out of the paths of truth for the Dadian trap, but it's quite against the fundamental principles of the game. Ought to study them sometime. I keep a manuscript copy of them under my pillow to sleep on every night. Done wonders for my game."

Muddy rose lazily from the table and strolled casually about the immense room. He had hardly gotten a few steps from the dais on which the top boards were playing before Gerry Dullea was upon him.

"Oh, Mr. Muddy, you are what the USCF needs to bring chess supremacy back to these shores in addition to enjoying a better bottom line. These purple mountained majesties, these amber fields of grain, these low rated players all need your inspiration to pay their dues. Would you consider a career as an International Master or Grandmaster?"

"Ah, Gerry, *nil nisi bonum mentere morituri. Sub rosa. Honi soitt aut mal y'pense etcetera, i.t.d. und so weiter.*" Muddy was still engrossed in what would have evolved had Zuckerman played 23... Bd7 covering the approaches to the vital a7 square.

"Your diction, Mr. Muddy, your pronunciation. No one speaks the classical tongues as you," Dullea broke in in mixed wonder and consternation. "America looks to you."

"Well, you understand that I play chess only for the truth and the beauty, but if you think my example might encourage young people to follow the same path — the beauty, not the points — I shall make the sacrifice. . . for chess!"

"Thank you, Mr. Muddy, you are to chess as. . ."

"Click."

6. . . g6.

"Is this or is this not the Dragon Variation? Anyway so what? Probably develop. What was I thinking about a moment ago? Something important. Pretty soon I'll know what the game is about."

7. B33, Bg7 8. 0-0 0-0 9. Nb3.

"Click."

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Walter Muddy has decentralized his

knight against Artur Yusupov! What a battle is shaping up. Old, by chess standards, Walter Muddy is going against Yusupov, the young but experienced, always difficult Yusupov.

"Yusupov can blow you off the board if he gets the chance, but does he have the concatenation of concentrated cortex to stop this middle-aged American who doesn't seem to care about years, or results, or anything but the game before him?"

"This ladies and gentlemen, is a classic confrontation — a lone American pitting himself against the finest players of the Soviet Union and all their seconds and theoretical publications.

"We're bringing it to you live from Moscow where the 442nd Chigorin semi and other-annual tournament has grasped the attention of all the chess world. Take it away, Roone!"

"Thank you, Howard. ABC Sports is proud to present this crucial encounter between Walter Muddy and Artur Yusupov. We have pre-empted Monday Night Football, a Barbra Streisand special, the 11 o'clock news, and the sign-off prayer so that we can bring you every minute of this nerve-wracking contest live.

"We hope you enjoyed the pre-game special on which we have been working for over a year, 'A Man Called Muddy'.

"We're still in the opening. Let's see how our commentators assess the situation. We have Andy Soltis, the author of monographs **1. B4** and **1. B3** to comment on developments on the queen-side. Pal Benko, the inventor of Benko's Opening, **1. g3**, will comment on king-side developments, and Arthur Bisguier, a staunch proponent of **1 e4 e5** will keep track of tension in the center. Boris Spassky has been induced to give a Russian's eye view of the unfolding drama. Back to you, Howard."

"Thank you, Roone. Roone by the way is doing the commentary on crowd reaction. Boris, how do things look from your side of the board?"

"Well, Howard, from here it looks very satisfactory for Yusupov, who has great objectivity as is fitting a Soviet man. But then Muddy is a puzzle. He is neither a tactical nor a positional player; I would have to call him integrated. Is not my English a fantastic melange? I would call it sporting, no? Yes?"

"Its exigencies are every bit equivalent to my ability to memorize the numbers of every active football player in America. Boris, you are a melange and a half."

"Everything is sound on the queen-side, although I'm a little disappointed that Muddy isn't using his QNP," Soltis broke in.

"The king-side is unclear," Benko chimed.

"And I can report that the center is tense indeed," Bisguier added.

The camera shifted to Howard standing by the demonstration board in the monitor booth: "Just yesterday I was having coffee with Bent Larsen who criticized Muddy for insufficient utilization of the rook pawns, but we shall see if this affects anything in the cormorphic coruscations of chess convolutions.

"I think Yusupov is going to move. . . it's a long move. The audience is gasping."

Benko broke in, "From my side of the board it appears that Muddy will either have to part with his decentralized knight or submit to a crushing attack in which his king would either be mated by the ladder theme or succumb to Plachutta line interference. A beautiful concept by Yusupov."

Then it was back to Howard, "They've been taking a long time over the last few moves." Howard was becoming visably frazzled as the clocks ticked inexorably toward the time control. "Each side has a few minutes left. Muddy, seemingly unruffled, but his king in the middle of the board, a piece down. . . What do you think, Boris?"

"Very difficult. They're starting to move rapidly, exchanging everything. That extra knight. . . Wait, a *zwischenzug*, chop, chop on the queen-side (this English! so more expressive than our own **tak i tak!**) Yusupov's lone knight out of play, the kings at a face-off on the b-file."

"Yes, yes! This is Benko coming to you from the king-side where it is how to say? . . . Yusupov resign, can't meet breakthrough with three pawns on fifth against three on second. Must be queen."

Even though several other games were still in progress the audience at the Estrada Theater burst into such applause as American audiences reserve for rock stars, applause that must have rattled the windows of the Kremlin up river.

cont. on p. 14

CHESS GOES TO WAR



"I say the hell with figurine notation."

Muddy cont.

Howard was beside himself, "He's done it; he's done it! For the first time ever an American has won a Soviet tournament.

"Mr. Muddy, Mr. Muddy, a word, please! Muddy was modestly trying to leave the hall, gesticulating for silence so as not to disturb the other players. "Mr. Muddy, how did you do it? Weren't you worried when you parted with that piece?"

"Well, yes, the calculations were a little complex. I had to be sure that there was no mating net as the relative square strengths underwent transformation in the middle game, but it was clear according to the tenets of positive dynamism that his absolute force gain would be neutralized by the relative strength gain I would achieve from square imbalance. In a sense you'd have to call my knight decentralization a speculative maneuver, but the real danger was of subsequent slips of the hand only. He's a game fighter, played clear through the main line, never tried any pointless trickery."

"I understand that the Walter Muddy Fan Club is mobilizing 100,000 to greet you at Kennedy when you return triumphantly to the United States. What are your plans after that?"

"Oh, I'm sorry to disappoint them, but I'm committed to giving a 500 board simultaneous tomorrow evening in Montreal — for the Cancer Fund, you know." Muddy looked embarrassed at the reminder of the demands on a world famous personage. Could you ever do what was truly and eternally right? Perhaps over the board.

"Won't that be incredibly taxing after this grueling tournament?"

"Well, yes, I expect it to take the better part of the evening, but then I'm going to take the bus to my cottage in the Adirondacks and have a week's rest."

"What about the world championship? Will you try to challenge Anatoly Karpov?"

"Oh, that. Of course Mr. Dullea has approached me about the desirability of showing the flag — and all that. I think that Karpov is an adequate champion. And younger players might get good experience playing a match with him. But, if the public insists, I suppose I might consider it."

"Click."

9. ... b5.

"I guess I ought to attack that pawn. 10. e5 just seems to lose a pawn."

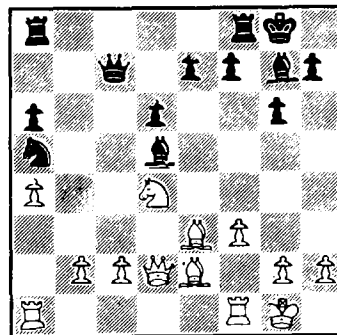
10. a4, b4 11. Nd5 Nc6.

"Well, that was close. I wonder why he didn't take the pawn? I can protect it now."

12 f3 Nxd5 13. exd5 Na5 14. Nd4 Qc7 15. Qd2 Bb7 16 Qxb4 Bxd5 17 Qd2.

II FISCHER CUT BAIT

In the last installment we saw Walter Muddy force a slightly inferior position on himself while winning 60 consecutive tournaments and becoming the hottest sports figure in the history of the world — and all this by the early middle game. This chapter asks the question whether a simple chess genius can contain the intimidating fire of a phenomenal chess legend? This was the situation at the board as Muddy's finger groped for the button on his clock — Translator.



"Click."

"And can you tell me your opinion of Bobby Fischer's dynamic center play, sir?" The announcer had thrust a microphone in Walter Muddy's face. Muddy stood there blinking in the sun, trying to focus
cont. on p. 15

Muddy cont.

on the statue across the way in Lafayette Park. The President was a few steps above him, still waving at him and tossing jelly beans after him, perhaps in a futile bid to capture the TV camera crew's attention. All four crews had homed in on Walter Muddy when he emerged from the White House after the special four hour chess lesson he had given the President.

"I consider it a gift to my country," he had told newsmen after he received a request to improve the President's game. "A president who knows something of chess is better equipped to analyze the fluid combinations that are power politics in this tense, self-seeking world. I shall not only teach him 'positive dynamism' but also give him some insights into my use of matrix theory in conjunction with the topology of stick-like, tree-like, and snake-like continua. This should put him several steps ahead of other governments as, of course, it represents a significant advance over von Neumann and Morgenstern's more primitive game conceptions."

Muddy had tried his best despite irrelevant queries such as: "What do you think of d5 in the Lopez?" and "Should I risk the Benoni against Nancy?" Now he tried to focus again on the clamoring of the TV commentators grouped around him.

"Oh, Fischer! I respect him a great deal. I am sure our games will prove quite instructive, and it was very kind of him to come out of retirement to tune me up for the world championship contest."

"About the match, Mr. Muddy. Do you find yourself put off by Fischer's incessant demands?"

"Oh, I want to set the record straight. Fischer is making no demands on me, only the organizer, CBS. He flatly rejects either the astrodome or the Kennedy Center because they are only conducive to good crowds, not good chess. I quite concur and would not want to play him unless he was at his best.

"The \$5,000,000 purse was a drawback at first, but I have obviated that difficulty by agreeing that he shall have all of it, win, lose, or draw. The money is only a trifle.

"Initially I opposed a match for the first to win 10 games. I think that will make the contest unnecessarily short and that the first 24 games would be a more sporting contest and provide the public with more good chess, but I have acceded out of respect for the nervous strain I know competition imposes on the former Champion."

"Yes, about the site, though. . .?"

"The President has just agreed to let us use the commanding general's office at SAC headquarters in Omaha. Before the match a team of CIA agents will bug the room so as to transmit every sight and sound without being detected. The match articles provide that, if anybody can find any of these photographic and listening devices, the match will be moved to Alcatraz and played without benefit of any electronic equipment. The government would then also undertake to refurbish and dedicate the island as a permanent, endowed national chess center."

The commentator broke in again, "I understand that CBS will set up a control center where the radar banks normally feed to the master computer. Won't that jeopardize national security?"

"Not at all. No one would dare attack the United States during an important match. World opinion would never stand for it. You know what passions a little soccer game arouses. Imagine worldwide wrath at having a chess match interrupted."

I understand that CBS is putting up all the money fawh this. Isn't that a lot of money fawh chess?"

"Well, Barbara, when I pointed out that they could have 40 commercials in a five hour span, double what they have for football, they were not only delighted to sponsor the match but also have decided to stop televising football on Sundays and cover chess tournaments instead. Every January from now on the two best American players will meet to contest a game at the Super Board."

"Click."

17. ... Nc4 18. Bxc4 Bxc4 19. Rfe1 Rac8 20. Kh1.

"I can't be too careful. He might get a check. I've certainly misplayed this one. He has all those center pawns. I'd offer him a draw, but I know he'd just sneer at me."

20. ... e6 21. b3 Bd5 22. c4 Ba8 23. Rac1 Rfd8 24. b4.

"Click."

Even though everything was happening 300 feet underground at

SAC headquarters, it felt as though the whole world was watching and listening — as indeed they were via satellite. The Soviets preempted all their regular programming and ordered every dues paying member of their chess federation to attend on every move "in hopes of closing the dialectic gap." They also cancelled disarmament talks for the duration of the match and instructed their negotiators to watch for signs of Muddy's matrix theory in hopes it would sharpen them up for the resumption of bargaining.

In the first game Walter Muddy had been embarrassed by his shoes, which squeaked as he approached the table where Fischer had been intently staring at the initial position for half an hour before the scheduled start of the encounter.

Muddy played that game barefoot and drew it routinely. The next two draws had been played in an ordinary pair of Keds, but Muddy won the fourth match easily in a pair of custom-made deck shoes an admirer had ordered flown to him from Atlanta.

"This is Walter Cronkite. There doesn't seem to be much happening here, but some of our observers have picked up little signs that may show us which way the match is going. To tell us more we have Emilio Pucci stationed at the CIA camera monitors. Come in, Emilio." Cronkite flexed his eyebrows while waiting for the red light to go out.

"Thank you, Walter. I have naturally followed this match with great interest because Robert Fischer is known to be such a natty dresser — of course not all the colors I would like. . . What I have noticed is this. He has loosened his tie. Maybe the pressure is getting to him. I cannot understand Muddy at all, baby blue Luftwaffe sweater and just ordinary pants with no belt. But the deck shoes! They are something again."

"Thank you, Mr. Pucci. Hold it. We may be getting a treat. As you know, Walter Muddy has been moving very rapidly on his turn while Fischer has been agonizing five and even ten minutes on each move. Muddy has quite an edge on the clock. Yes, you can see, he's leaving the room. We asked him earlier if he could take some time to say a few words while the match is in progress. One of my aides has just told me that he's walking down the hall toward CBS Central. In a few minutes we may be able to give you Walter Muddy live."

"With us today is a man who once qualified to play for the world championship and is now a respected psychiatrist, Dr. Ruben Fine. Happy to have you on the broadcast with us, doctor."

Thank you, Mr. Cronkite, and may I say about Walter Muddy and the Oedipus crisis that. . ."

"I'm sorry, doctor, but here is. . . It's so nice of you to come Mr. Muddy."

"My pleasure, Walter. We're both Walters, quite amusing."

"You seem to be very relaxed and in good spirits for a person locked in combat with a chess immortal."

"Well, I guess I just love chess, Walter."

"Tell me, Mr. Muddy, why is it you're wearing that miner's hat with the six foot fluorescent light attached?"

"Consideration for my opponent. You see, if the lights fail, the special boron batteries strapped to my back would supply a power source, and I could lean over the board and illuminate it to the candle-power specified in the match articles. That way Mr. Fischer's concentration need not be interrupted from outside failures."

"But still, the very weight."

"Part of my physical conditioning program."

"Just to change the subject, perhaps you know Dr. Fine?"

"I do not, but it's a pleasure, doctor. I have great admiration for your 37th move against Levenfish at Leningrad, 1937."

Fine beetled his eyebrows as though he were playing Alekhine at AVRO all over again, "I'd like to ask you, Mr. Muddy, about your mother and the role she played in your chess development."

"Oh, Mother. I taught her the game, you know. It's been a comfort to her now that she's retired. Can't get her to stop playing gambits, though — even the Wing Gambit. Do you think she's rebelling against me?"

"That would take more information — and your father?"

"In fine health, thank you. I've always admired his physical condition."

"Do you think you could call it envy?"

cont. on p. 16

Muddy cont.

"Oh, perhaps but I still think it's childish of him at his age to shoot the rapids daily on the river I bought him last year. I may try it myself after this match, just for fun. I like to understand other people; don't you, doctor?"

Cronkite broke in abruptly, "I have many other questions to ask you, Mr. Muddy, but I should inform you that your opponent has moved and your clock is ticking."

"I still have time if the questions are not too long. There are no problems at the board at this moment, although in 20 moves I shall have to focus on the involutions of matrix flowing from the b5 d6 parallelogram. Please feel free."

"Well, everyone has heard about your theories of 'positive dynamism' and matrix calculation, but I'm afraid our audience doesn't truly understand what you mean by all this. Could you explain?"

"Certainly, the easiest is 'positive dynamism'. As everyone knows there is such a thing in chess as 'negative dynamism' as exemplified in the games of Nimzovich. Nimzovich constantly worried about what his opponent could do to him and strove to limit the other player's activity."

"Now one could also ignore the other player's threats, but we call that wild attacking play. 'Positive dynamism' is the prudent player's response to potential aggression. It is a crude approach, rather like judo. The attempt is to anticipate the opponent's attack and to use his own initiative as a pivot to overthrow him. His attack impales itself on our logic and foresight."

"In chess, however, there are so many other, less crude situations to be encountered. What if the opponent doesn't attack you? Are you to attack and subject yourself to the same 'positive dynamism'?"

"Definitely not, and here is where matrix theory is so important. There are constantly shifting square relationships in a game from which the powers of the pieces ebb and swell in wave-like and quantum particular ways. This space-energy continuum constitutes a marvelous symphony in which human emotion, raw material power, and mathematical necessity come into synergism."

"This is chess as a real art, to comprehend the interrelationships and to govern the raw impulse, the brute force by logic and necessity. In chess art, you see, I am really a slave rather than a master. My strength is my humility. By the aid of square matrices governed by piece power as a floating k factor I can create something beyond and more powerful than the mere will to win. I create necessity, and my chess success, such as it is, is only an expression of necessity mothering invention."

"I hope I have made myself perfectly clear. It would be discourteous to keep my opponent waiting longer."

"That was Walter Muddy, and this is Walter Cronkite. We'll be back after these messages."

A film showed the opening of the first branch of the Bank of America shaped like a bishop, and a voice said words of praise for "Bank of America, which takes grandmaster care of pawns in the game."

There followed a tableau in a tournament room with the echoing thunder of shoes advancing along a resonant floor surface. A carrot-haired elf stepped to camera center: "Hi, my name is Julio. And that's what they call these new shoes, Julios."

A chorus, high-pitched and rising along the scale, sang, "Me and my JUL-i-ohs!"

"Your opponent will know you're coming to get him when he hears my shoes. It'll add 100 points to your Elo rating," Julio chimed in. "So go down today and buy yourself a pair of Julios, the shoe that goes Ka-PLAN." An echo chamber took up Ka-PLAN, Ka-PLAN, Ka-PLAN.

Finally, while chess hung in the balance, TV screens across the nation showed a mother working at her kitchen sink. She turned and delicately thrust a lock of hair back from her forehead. "In these days of junk foods I worry that my children aren't getting the right nutrition. But now. . ." the camera zoomed to her hand holding a bottle of pills. "There's Master Muddy's Vita-pills. Look at them." She shook a few into her palm. "They're shaped like little chess pieces, and do the kids love them. No need to worry about vitamin deficiency with Master Muddy on your shelf."

A ten year-old with a baseball cap and reading Levenfish and Smyslov's *Rook Endings* at the breakfast table looked up smilingly, "Hey, Mom, do I get the two bishops today?"

"Click."

24. ... Rd7 25. b5 e5 26. Nb3 axb5 27. cxb5 Qd8.

"Why don't I have something dynamic to do. I guess I can still push. They're passed pawns. He's going to take over the center now. Oh, dear."

28. a5.

"Click."

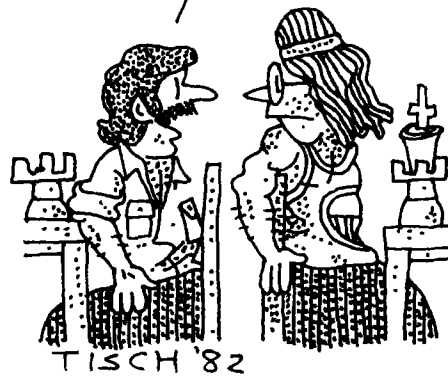
Beating back Fischer's king-side attack, Muddy reached a situation where it was a simple race between his queen-side and Fischer's king-side pawns. The outside pawns proved decisive for Muddy.

"I allowed him too many chances, perhaps," Walter Muddy observed as he picked his way down the journalist jammed corridor. "But one has to take a few chances against Fischer, who has an instinctive awareness of matrix theory. Fortunately, I could keep it fluid so that his childhood preference for the King-side attack clouded his vision. I feel a little ashamed — playing tricks."

Perhaps in penance, Walter Muddy lost the next game, but he then rolled up seven straight victories. Fischer complained bitterly about the light before the 14th game, but he had to acquiesce when it was proved that by suspending Muddy from a harness attached to the ceiling that his flourescent head lamp met the specifications exactly. Two tall national masters relayed his moves, one to the board and the other on a piece of paper handed to Fischer so that there would be no question of their helping Muddy's play.

Despite an attack of vertigo in the late middle game, Muddy won. The viewing audience in the United States climbed from a steady 160 million for most of the match to 185 million for the climactic game, even though it was broadcast at 2 a.m. Eastern Standard Time because Fischer had overslept.

MAY I USE YOUR
PIECES? MINE
KEEP LOSING.



As Walter Muddy emerged from SAC headquarters into the spreading light of dawn, a party of Hare Krishna devotees were having a riot with some Scientologists, but they broke off into wild joint cheers upon sighting their mutual hero. "Hare Hubbard. Hare Hubbard," the crowd bellowed.

Raquel Welch, Loni Anderson, Meryl Streep, Jacqueline Onnassis and Phyllis Diller fought their way through the surging mob to smother him with kisses. Billy Martin (with George Steinbrenner guarding his back), Tony Dorsett, John McEnroe, and Karcem Abdul Jabbar formed a special escort to take him to the car waiting to return him to the hotel.

"Mr. Muddy, Mr. Muddy. . . Henry Kissinger for NBC," an excited man was elbowing his way through the throng. "Mr. Muddy!" Muddy paused as the man panted to catch his breath. "The Republican and Democratic parties went to amalgamate to give you a joint nomination for President of the United States. What is your reaction?"

cont. on p. 17

Muddy cont.

“Walter, forgive me. I’m tired of talking. So many words — ohhh!” He gave her hand a squeeze. She moved her face to the window, but he knew instinctively that she was still smiling.

The visit to the Hermitage enthralled Muddy. He seemed to enjoy the paintings, but he was most intent on questioning his guide. “There are many Renoirs, many other French Impressionists that I understand your government considers decadent. Why don’t you sell them? Why condemn what you hoard?”

“It is not easy to explain, Walter, but please try to understand. We regard these as a high expression of bourgeois culture. They get to its inner reality, and the sophisticated Soviet Man instinctively appreciates that they express an underlying decadence, clothed in attractive colors. They are but the exploitation of human beings as objects for personal interpretation. No human being in the Soviet Union is subjectively judged but only as a citizen.”

“But your own art is so muscular and, well, dull. You have lost something by not judging too. Then there is Sinyavsky’s famous essay on Socialist Realism in which he urges that a true realism would embody the dreams and aspirations of a people and clothe the ethereal fantasy of a heart’s desire in the color, the sounds, the words of a world as yet unborn but still the highest expression of Communism. He doesn’t think it easy. . . .”

“Please, Walter, do not think of Sinyavsky. Try to understand that we are still perfecting our socialism, have not yet come to Communism, and expect our artists to support the efforts of the people rather than to distract them. When we have built those efforts, our artists may immortalize them in paint and stone and words. To cater to mere dreams is to distract the people from their efforts. Walter!” She gripped him around the shoulders, and her look was as piercing as he had ever seen. A tear stood in the corner of her left eye. “It is not the people’s need to dream. We have constantly to do.”

“Whatever that means to yourself?”

She laid her head upon his chest as an accompanying guard tried to study a chandelier suspended from the ceiling. “Whatever that means.” She hugged him quickly, then laughed. “I thought we were here for paintings. You say you are not ideological.”

He felt sad. No Cezanne could have made him that sad or sentimental. They walked out onto that great square where two revolutions had begun and stared toward the afternoon sun and the heroic chariot over the main gate. “Can you spare me the time for dinner tonight, Galina?”

“I’d love to, Walter, but I have to do my washing and clean up my flat. I spend the whole day with you. I have to spend some time to care for myself. . . . But, I know! You will come to dinner at my place. I make the real Ukrainian stroganoff, not the fake stuff they serve you in tourist restaurants. I can cook and wash, and you can work on your chess. I have a set.”

Galina entranced Muddy. He would have sipped *shchi* while treading water in the Neva if he could be with her. Night after night he spent in her sparsely furnished flat. The match with Karpov had begun, but it was not going the way that chess fans had become used to seeing Walter Muddy play. Draw succeeded draw. In the fourth game Muddy had even been slightly inferior on the Black side of a Vienna Game and had to fight to save the half point.

That evening he and Galina were seated side by side on the little two-seater couch. “I’m sorry about today, Walter,” she put her arm around his shoulder to comfort him. He turned to her on impulse and kissed her.

By the evening after the eighth game Muddy had developed a tenderness for Galina that he had never felt for anyone else. Even his mother seemed to dim in memory. The night before he had had a nightmare in which two dour rooks were slowly pressing Galina to death on the seventh rank. Now he was bent over the board on Galina’s multi-purpose dining table as she cooked for him. More stroganoff. Eight games, eight draws. Everything was becoming repetitive, except Galina. He tried to turn his thoughts back to chess. He wanted desperately to find an opening innovation which he could spring on Karpov and then christen it the Galina variation in tribute to her freshness and beauty. He moved the pieces for a while and then sat thinking, trying desperately to see deeply and far ahead.

She caressed his hair with her left hand and then left it for a fiery moment pressed against his cheek as her right hand placed his meal at board-side. Silently he ate and thought, while she watched his eyes dart back and forth. It was not his movement but he who had her rapt attention.

“Click.”

31...d4 32. Qc5 Bd5 33. Qc8 Re7.

“Well, I guess things are going fairly well. I could try 34. Bd8, but after Re6 I’ll have to do a lot of analysis. I hate having hanging pieces.”

34. Qe8 Re8 35. Nd2 Bh6 36. Rc5.

“Really lucky. I didn’t see that marauding bishop.”

36...Bxd2 37. Rxd5 f5.

“He’s coming at me now.”

38. Rd8.

“Click.”

As he finished his dinner and tried without much success to burrow his attention back into the position, Galina murmured, “Walter, you know what I want, but will it hurt your chess?”

They both rose, as though in a hypnotic trance, and advanced toward each other around the table. She took both his hands in hers and stared silently into his face. Her brown eyes glowed as though on an intertie with all the power dams on the Tsimlanskaya Sea. Yet Muddy discerned an underlying air of uncertainty and even shame in her demeanor.

“Galina, is it right?” he asked.

In a choking voice she said, “Walter, no talk.”

As they kissed again, it had a special texture. Muddy wished for a sudden summer thunderstorm, because she was its lightning. His busy mind was a freeway of ideas at rush hour; everything was intertwined and nothing was moving. And then it struck him. Like a victim of electric shock he jerked back from her while still holding on. “He can’t do that! If he plays 16. ...b5, I uncover Be4, and he has to meet the fork threat. Then I have time to double unchallenged on the d-file!”

Her hands abruptly pressed up against his chest, and she began to sob. Her chest and stomach pressed against him as her body began to heave. She was like a lonely ship off a foreign coast being tossed about by some gigantic ocean wave. Her tears began to spill helplessly upon his neck and made his chest itch as they trickled down his body.

For Muddy it was a moment of profound shame. He felt like a backward pawn on an open file. “Galina, I don’t know what came over me; it just hit me; and I think my analysis is correct. Try to forgive me.”

“No no no.” She tried to say something more but couldn’t.

“I think the only decent thing for me is to go.”

Before he could reach the door she had flung herself on him, direct as the tiger from a tree. He wrestled half-heartedly with her and saw her eyes, more wide and deep than ever before. He was in thrall again.

“It’s not you. It is not you. Me! Me me me me me! It is I who have done this thing,” she wailed.

“Galina?”

“I am a spy Walter Muddy. They have sent me to spy on you. Your words — all on tape. Your analysis on my chess board — all on film. . . . that little cherub in the curtain rod — a camera. I have done this to you. They said, ‘Get Walter Muddy.’ And now I have got you. I can’t do it anymore. I know now. . . . I love you, Walter Muddy!”

Looking at an indeterminate spot on the ceiling she shrielled, “I won’t work against him. I don’t care what you do to me!”

“Galina, it doesn’t have to be this way. I love you too.”

“What’s the use? There’s nothing you can do except go out and beat Karpov.”

“Yes, there is a way. Before they can hurt you, they’ll have to deal with Walter Muddy. You have a phone?”

She pointed to the instrument on the table near the stove. “*Allo, ya khachoo Yuri Andropov, Moskva Da, konyeshno, Andropov, bistro! Nevazhno. Zvonitye Andropov. Valter Muddy zdes.*”

“Click.”

38 ... Rd8 39. Bd8 d3.

cont. on p. 19

How Many a Moon Has Come and Gone

It was a damp February day in 1980 when I transferred the pitifully scant **Chess Voice** equipment from Oakland to Sacramento. Spattering raindrops on the windshield lashed my excitement at taking over something I was not sure I could do. We had just moved into our new house less than a week before, so I got to add boxes to our boxes. The roof was leaking. No mind, got to wax down those pages and get the maggie to the printer. Then, **Chess Voice** published, we had to zip down to Lone Pine to catch the tournament color.

Joan and I have been running ever since. Even those two times when deadlines lapsed unmet I have been running in place. What has not been accomplishment has been worry, and **Chess Voice** has dominated my life these past three and more years.

After three years of editing you are supposed to be permitted a few parting remarks. After three years of editing my style I think all my possible parting remarks have already been published. It will be nice to get back into chess again. Mike Goodall and Andy Lazarus have all these attractive, nearby tournaments. They always occur about the time I have noticed how seriously I have fallen seriously behind my publication deadline. For three years I have had theoretical material lavished upon me. It will be nice to study it like a player rather than scanning it as a journalist.

Nothing can be more frustrating than to be in the middle of a game and notice that the position is one from a game you played over two weeks before, but you can neither remember the continuation or why it went that way. Your mind flashes forward to the cheapo on the 33rd move. That was delicious, but how can you get to it?

Parting Remarks Anyway

I have been pleased to contribute what I could over the past three years to a game which has been an important part of my life. I have been in chess for 33 years. It was nice to spend three of those years trying to put something into a pastime instead of simply trying to take something out. Playing chess taught me a lot about myself. It also taught me a lot about the vagaries of the wide range of people anyone will meet along life's way.

"Normal" people inspire my distrust. They never want to play by the rules. They just want to win at whatever they are doing. Chess players are not normal people. They try to play by the rules, but they also want to win. The result is that chess players get so frustrated that they seem weird **Chess players are weird**. It's a compliment.

There should be room in the chess world for a few masters and grandmasters who subsist on their ability to entertain and instruct us. There should also be room for the rest of us to try to play a good game and go home to a family. (Part of the charm of a tournament is to get away from the family, but we'll keep that our secret.)

One place or another I have been writing about chess for the past 25 years, and there is not very much to be said about it ("Not to read you," someone chimes in). There is much more to be said about love and work and truth and justice. Being an editor of a chess magazine helped me realize that better than anyone because the many people who worked to help me taught me so much about those vital aspects of all our lives.

If you don't think ratings count for anything, you should try to get copy for a publication. I am particularly grateful to GMs Larry Christiansen and Walter Browne for their unfailing cooperation and promptness in supplying copy on request. They have both been a joy to work with. The saying has it that grandmasters don't work for peanuts. Christiansen and Browne frequently worked for nothing at all, and they did good work.

In recent months IM Vince McCambridge has come to the fore as one of our most productive writers. He volunteers good games with good notes. He makes editing a breeze once you adapt to his script form for "f."

One of my fondest memories is of Nick deFirmian, who got a timely article to me on the 1980 Malta Olympiad. At the time he was plagued by chronic bronchitis, but he came through anyway. I shall always believe that was the best article on Americans at an Olympiad

ever written anywhere, anytime. And he said he didn't like to write. . .

It would be nice if sometime Christiansen, Browne, McCambridge and deFirmian could be co-equal world chess champions. I certainly wish them the best.

Mike Goodall has faithfully delivered tournament reports and color as well as volunteering articles of interest. His support and restraint in some of my rockier times have also merited my heartfelt appreciation.

No less stylish is Sacramento master Mark Buckley, who created a column of international games presented in a zingy manner. On request he delivers. In fact he comes by the house for materials and to drop off his finished product. Man, that's service—and he always has a smile.

None of this would mean anything to you were it not for our cover girl, Joan C. Fauber. No Joan, no magazine. She works like a beaver and I have even been able to yell at her. ("Mush! Mush!") (She gets to yell back sometimes, too.) It is a thrill to be by the side of someone of her quality and to get all the credit for her work in the bargain too.

Muddy cont.

"Things certainly seem to be hurrying to a conclusion, but maybe my pawns are better than his pawns. There certainly is a lot to think about."

40. a6 Be3 41. Ba5 e4 42. fe fe 43. g3 Bb6 44. Kg2!

"Click."

The wait seemed interminable, and the grim set of Muddy's jaw had made his muscles begin to ache before he heard a response on the other end.

"Andropov? Yes, this is Muddy. I've made a decision. I will do your Stolishnaya commercial. But there is one over-riding condition. Ask your security men about Galina Khmel'nitskaya. Yes, I know her. She's right here. Someone is going to be very mad at her for a few days. You have to guarantee me that she will suffer in no way. In writing. Yes, in writing! You know where to reach me."

The next afternoon Anatoly Karpov arrived early at the board. He gave a start when he saw Muddy enter the room. Muddy had a day's growth of beard on his face, and his eyes showed that he had not slept. Karpov looked into those eyes, and he saw death staring back at him.

Six quick games — an ending beginning on move nine in which Muddy's knights danced ferociously over and around the two bishops, a double rook sacrifice, three routine under 30 move wins and a game in which Karpov mysteriously played 16 ... b5 and succumbed to the pressure on the d-file. It was all over. At the end Karpov did not even have the strength to raise his arm for Muddy's sporting handshake. He sat there and stared down at the wooden men who perversely marched to a different drum than his.

The crowd went wild: "Moody, Moody, Moody," they chanted. Some tried to lift him on their shoulders in an enthusiastic gesture of Soviet sportsmanship. He fought them off. He had seen a face. He pushed. He shoved. He bowled over a group in soccer togs with a Spartak logo on their shirts. He stopped her while she was exiting the main door.

She turned. "I had to come see you win," she said. Her mouth was wrinkled and tears stood in her grimacing eyes. "I'm so glad. Now you have everything."

She bolted just as the crowd engulfed him again.

"Click."

44. ... e3 45. Kf1.

"It must be the way. 44. Bxb6 allows him to queen."

45. ... e2 46. Kg2 Bxa5 47. Resigns.

No one — even secure in his knowledge of "positive dynamism" — could sum up his weekend tournament better than Walter Muddy. These are his words:

"I really enjoyed the tournament and my wife brought me home in time to finish the report on flies in the office. My boss said it was very 'objective.' I always thought we had enough. I got to play some exciting games at the tournament.

"Yesterday, when I went back to work, I noticed a new secretary at the office next door. I even thought she smiled at me as I passed. I wonder if she plays chess. Chess is a great game."

Our Chess Heritage

The Scrappy Lasker

by R.E. Fauber

"In life we are all duffers," Emanuel Lasker wrote. He knew something about life, about us, and even himself. His greatness was that he was willing to say it but never to admit it about himself.

In his championship years Lasker received strong criticism because he demanded big purses for championship matches. He regularly responded "Do you think I want to die in poverty like Steinitz?" Nonetheless, Lasker died in poverty. Edward Lasker relates a touching story of Emanuel Lasker in New York. To put food on the table he resorted to bridge lessons. To increase the number of his students he approached bridge immortal Ely Culbertson for a certificate of competence. "Oh no, Dr. Lasker, it is you who should be giving me such a certificate."

"Please, Mr. Culbertson, you are a big name. It would mean so much," Lasker implored.

Lasker placed himself in secure financial condition three different times. He lost his savings all three times. He once tried to raise chickens, but he forgot that you have to have roosters as well as hens. "In life we are all duffers."

Those six words are the first key to understanding Lasker's supremacy in chess. The other key statement is in his **Manual of Chess**: "On the chessboard lies and hypocrisy do not survive long. The creative combination lays bare the presumption of a lie; the merciless fact, culminating in a checkmate contradicts the hypocrite."

What Lasker said and what his life portrayed was that we come closest to controlling our own destinies over the chess board. We can never be completely in control, but all the tricks can be foreseen when they are tricks at chess. Life is fate and ruled by the consequences of accidental presidents and not so accidental cataclysms.

Lasker was a severely practical man with a full-blooded Bohemian temperament. He claimed that he never carried a watch because he refused to be tyrannized by time. It is also possible that being without a watch was a great way not to be blamed for missing an appointment. Lasker was also shrewd. He became a chess professional because he was a Jew in mathematics. That was all right in Imperial Germany; you could be a Jewish student. You could not expect to get a position as a professor of mathematics, however.

So Lasker took time out to establish himself as the world's leading chess player, the champ. He postponed but never abandoned his goal of getting a Ph.D. in Mathematics. He achieved that when he was 34 years of age at the University of Erlangen. His doctoral dissertation proved to be a fundamental work in the development of 20th century algebra. It did not prove the cornerstone to a career. He lived his life in an inferior position—as a Jew in Germany and as an outsider in England, the United States and the Soviet Union. Is it any wonder, then, that Lasker did not get particularly flustered when he fell behind at the chess board. His chess mirrored his life, unrelenting struggle.

In the Beginning

Born in the Brandenburger hamlet of Berlinchen, as a teen Lasker moved to Berlin to complete his education. There he had the protection of his brother Berthold, eight years his senior. Berthold had also taught him chess and some say, as of Sherlock Holmes' brother Mycroft, that he had the talent to be a better player than Emanuel.

Force of circumstance drew Lasker to chess as a professional. In his student days he and brother Berthold had to share a single pair of pants. To earn money for food and another pair of pants Emanuel began to play chess for stakes in various Berlin cafes. He won his master's title in a somewhat controversial hauptturnier at Breslau, 1889. This earned him an invitation to a small international at Amsterdam that year.

At Amsterdam he finished only second, but he concocted a brilliancy which earned him a measure of fame and more invitations.

At the dawn of his chess career Lasker produced this chess confection.

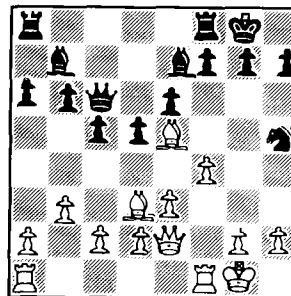
Bird's Opening; E. Lasker—J. Bauer: 1 f4, d5; 2 e3, Nf6; 3 b3, e6; 4 Bb2, Be7; 5 Bd3, b6 6; Nc3, Bb7; 7 Nf3, Nbd7; 8 0-0, 0-0, 9 Ne2, c5.

Black could do some damage here by 9 ... , Nc5.

10 Ng3, Qc7; 11 Ne5, Ne5?!

Perhaps better ... , g6 to stymie the g3 knight, but Black persists in drifting up the lazy river.

12 Be5, Qc6; 13 Qe2, a6; 14 Nh5, Nh5



The chance to lay-off your Bauer bets in Detroit is passed.

15 Bh7, Kh7; 16 Qh5, Kg8; 17 Bg7!, Kg7.

Black's paralysis is clear from the variation 17 ... , f6; 18 Rf3, Qe8; 19 Qh6, Kf7; 20 Rg3, e5; 21 fe with attack and plenty of material.

18 Qg4, Kh7; 19 Rf3, e5; 20 Rh3, Qh6; 21 Rh6, Kh6; 22 Qd7.

This is the real point of the sacrifices.

22 ... , Bf6; 23 Qb7, Kg7; 24 Rf1, Rab8; 25 Qd7, Rfd8; 26 Qg4, Kf8; 27 fe, Bg7; 28 e6, Rb7; 29 Qg6, f6; 30 Rf6, Bf6; 31 Qf6, Ke8; 32 Qh8, Ke7; 33 Qg7 1-0.

Lasker only finished second at Graz, 1890. It was quite a credible showing for a young, unseasoned master, but compared to Lasker's later record second was a setback. Lasker played in 22 tournaments and finished first in 12. He had a setback in St. Petersburg, 1909 and only finished equal first with Akiba Rubinstein. Up until Zurich, 1934, he finished no lower than third—ever. Over a span of 45 years third place was disgrace. He only finished third or equal second to third twice in that span.

His lifetime tournament average was 59 per cent wins and 10 per cent losses. If we exclude the games he played when he was well into his 60s, Lasker scored 65 per cent wins and suffered only eight per cent losses. More than a third of his tournament losses occurred from 1934 to 1936.

In match play from 1890-1921 Lasker rolled up 55 per cent wins to 12 percent losses in 194 games, but match play was never Lasker's forte.

Periods of Play

For convenience let us divide Lasker's chess career into four periods: 1) Lasker the hustler — 1889-94 2) Lasker the super-champion — 1894-1900 3) Lasker the hesitant champion — 1900-1921 4) Lasker the survivor—1923-36.

Emanuel Lasker was never so active a player as in the years before he won the world championship. He had to make a name for himself and play any and all comers while waiting for a break. Besides Graz, 1890 he also played matches against Bird, Miniati, Mieses, and Englisch that year. He won all the matches and lost but two games out of 30 while conceding 11 draws. Still Bird was a famous punching bag, Mieses not yet a famous figure, and the others far from household words.

cont. on p. 21



Lasker in 1893

Lasker migrated to England where he took two tournaments in 1892. The same year he faced Joseph "Black Death" Blackburne and won by 6-0 with four draws. Blackburne was almost a decade behind his prime. He could still combine with the best of them, but whisky had taken its toll. He lacked the stamina to top a tournament or wear down a match opponent.

Again Lasker migrated, this time on a foray to the New World. America was starving for strong masters, and welcomed him eagerly. He found supporters and built his North American reputation by vanquishing Golmayo, Vasquez, Ettlinger, and finally Jackson Showalter, then at the top of his game. He also won New York, 1893, by 13-0. Then he did a strange thing. He challenged Wilhelm Steinitz to a match for the world championship.

Steinitz had been having his problems meantime. His magazine had gone broke in 1891, and he could not live forever on his winnings against Mikhail Chigorin in 1892. Steinitz tried to stir up some action for a match with Siegbert Tarrasch, but negotiations broke down. Lasker was in America; Lasker would play. Backers were willing to put up money for each of them. A match it would be.

A match it would be indeed, as Lasker jumped out to an early lead—as had Zukertort in 1886 and Chigorin in 1892. Steinitz tried to dig in, but the digging was harder against Lasker who was playing in the style purely of the theories of Steinitz. By the time the match had shifted venue to Montreal it was 8-3 Lasker with the victor the first to 10 games. Steinitz gave it his all and wrested two victories from the young man, but Lasker gave back as well as he got, and it was 10-5 Lasker. He had risen from obscure poverty to world chess champion in less than six years. He had gotten his break.

No one can say what would have happened had Tarrasch decided to interrupt his medical practice to come to America to face Steinitz. He would have had to have been the favorite. Had Tarrasch have beaten Steinitz, Lasker might never have gotten an opportunity to play for the crown. He would have had to get invitations to better tournaments; he would have had to have won them; he would have had to have waited until Tarrasch or his successor agreed to a match.

There is luck in chess, and in this case it rewarded chess lovers with a unique personality for their treasure house of memories. And Lasker was the greatest player of all time. He felt the game; he fought the game; and he calculated multi-branched analysis trees as well as anyone.

Making a Name

Having wrested the title from Steinitz Lasker faced a chess world which belittled his feat. After all, couldn't anyone have beaten old

Steinitz? Opinion being as capricious as it is, the fact that no one had ever beaten Steinitz in a match before counted for little. To be a true champion Lasker had also to prove himself in tournaments. His first test was the magnificent tournament at Hastings in August, 1895. He finished third behind Harry Pillsbury and Mikhail Chigorin (who had come so close to knocking off Steinitz in 1892). When Tarrasch wrote that "this is the first time Lasker has shown himself to be a first class player," it was a not too subtle way of saying that Lasker had also demonstrated that he was hardly an indisputable world champion. Lasker remained determined to show that he was.

The quadrangular tournament of St. Petersburg, 1895-6 featured the top three finishers at Hastings plus the former world champion, Steinitz. Lasker took the 18 game affair by a handy two points above Steinitz. He also played the most strikingly brilliant game of his career.

Queen's Gambit Declined; H. Pillsbury—E. Lasker: 1 d4, d5; 2 c4, e6; 3 Nc3, Nf6; 4 Nf3, c5; 5 Bg5, cd; 6 Qd4, Nc6; 7 Qh4.

After the game Pillsbury kicked himself for this move and began a microscopic examination of 7 Bf6, an improvement he had to wait eight years to spring on Lasker, although they met many times in between.

7 ... , Be7; 8 0-0-0, Qa5; 9 e3, Bd7; 10 Kb1, h6; 11 cd. ed; 12 Nd4, 0-0; 13 Bf6, Bf6; 14 Qh5, Nd4.

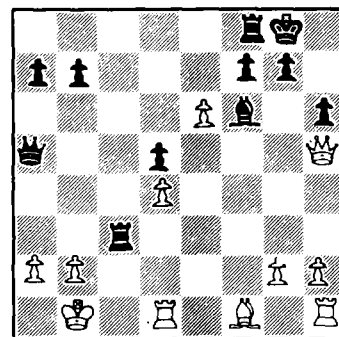
Pillsbury would have fared better with 14 Qf4, but that would dash his hopes of initiative. On 15 Nd5, Bf5; 16 Bd3, Bd3; 17 Rd3, Nc6 squelches attacking chances.

15 ed, Be6; 16 f4, Rac8; 17 f5.

Now on 17 ... , Bd7; 18 Qf3, Bc6; 19 h4 White launches a king-side pawn storm in form. Safer was 17 Qf3, Bf5.

17 ... , Rc3; 18 fe.

The pretty variation is 18 bc, Qc3; 19 fe, Qb4; 20 Ka1, Rc8; 21 ef, Kf8; 22 Qf5, Bd4; 23 Rd4, Qc3; 24 Kb1, Qc1. On 22 Qf3, Bd4; 23 Rd4, Qd4; 24 Kb1, Rc3 wins.



18 ... , Ra3!

One of the loveliest moves in chess. Most variations follow the game plan except for 19 ba, Qb6; 20 Ka1, Bd4; 21 Rd4, Qd4; 22 Kb1, fe with ... , Rf2 impending. A more scary calculation had to consider 19 e7, Re8; 20 ba, Qb6; 21 Kc2, Rc8; 22 Kd2, Bd4; 23 e8 (only), Re8; 24 Bd3, Qa5; 25 Kc1, Rc8; 26 Bc2, Rc2! mating. Both players saw this line through during the game!

19 ef, Rf7; 20 ba, Qb6; 21 Bb5, Qb5; 22 Ka1, Rc7; 23 Rd2.

The miracle of the combination is that White cannot bring his queen back to the defense by Qe2. This had to be foreseen seven moves ahead.

23 ... , Rc4; 24 Rhd1, Rc3; 25 Qf5.

We have to wonder if 24 ... , Qc5 was not the most incisive. Both players had entered crushing time pressure by now. On 25 Qe2, Rcl; 26 Rcl, Bd4; 27 Rd4, Qe2 promises a long but advantageous ending for black.

25 ... , Qc4; 26 Kb2, Ra3!

Offering a second rook on a3.

27 Qe6, Kh7; 28 Ka3 but 0-1.

The mate in five is 28 ... , Qc3; 29 Ka4, b5; 30 Kb5, Qc4; 31 Ka5 Bd8; 32 Qb6, ba. This is a marvelous conclusion to a magic game.

Lasker then dropped the hammer on a strong field at Nuremberg, 1896 where he finished ahead of rapidly rising Geza Maroczy by a point. Pillsbury and Tarrasch tied for 3rd-4th.

Lasker cont.

Steinitz had challenged him again at St. Petersburg, and the tournament's financial angels put up the money for both sides. In December, 1896 the two rivals sat down at the board again, and in January, 1897 Lasker had vanquished Steinitz by a smashing 10-2 with five draws.

The Odd Fellow

Success never set well on Emanuel Lasker's shoulders. It may have been anger that he had been forced into chess by economic adversity when he should have been making his way in mathematics and philosophy. It may have been that he confused eminence with license to have things his own way. He could have given movie stars and rock idols lessons in how to misbehave.

He loved cigars. In the privacy of his study he smoked good ones, but he produced really foul cigars to smoke when playing chess. He had a story on that matter, which he liked to tell. Before the second Steinitz match an admirer gave him a box of cigars with the admonition "... smoke them during the match; they will bring you luck." The cigars were quite awful. Afterwards he met his fan again: "Wasn't I quite right? My cigars did bring you luck didn't they?"

"I gave them to my opponent. He smoked them and that was very lucky for me," Lasker responded.

There is a certain gratuitous cruelty to the incident, and Lasker's at the board cigars never earned praise even from pipe smokers. He insisted that everyone be on time for appointments. If a guest were late for dinner, he would find Lasker eating when he arrived. Lasker kept appointments as the mood served him, and his friends made a point of planning nothing else if they planned to meet Lasker on a particular day.

In restaurants Lasker would reprove total strangers at adjoining tables for their dining manners. Once in Budapest he became revolted at a diner who was shoveling food down his throat with a knife. "Sir, aren't you afraid of cutting your mouth?" he asked.

"Oh no, sir, these table-knives are frightfully blunt," the stranger responded. Check and mate to the Lasker.

Cultured people found Lasker a charming conversationalist on a variety of topics. In his prime he liked to take walks with Ernst Cassirer and debate philosophy. He also walked with Albert Einstein and debated the theory of relativity. Even as a man of culture Lasker was a fighter. He felt he should be right up there alongside the big names and not admitted to their circles on the strength of being world chess champion.

In the spring of 1895 Lasker treated a number of English chess enthusiasts to a series of lectures, which he later published under the title **Common Sense in Chess**. A host of biographers and commentators have ever since accepted the notion that Lasker was quite content with common sense moves. It seems more likely that Lasker titled these modest but well thought out lectures **Common Sense** because he thought it would make the book sell better. Lasker was a fighter with a keen capacity for analysis. All his life he played colorless openings. In his early championship years there were few other openings to play. There was not much opening theory, and what there was of it was not well thought out. In the 20th century opening theory became much sharper, and Lasker increasingly found himself in difficult situations from which he had to fight his way out. Fighting was what he did best. He could command a good position and not ask more of it than it had. This is most evident in his early championship years. He could hold a bad position. This became most dramatic in his middle years.

Lasker spent 1897-99 giving lectures on various subjects and chess lessons from a base in England. When the English planned another great tournament in London, he accepted. In a 15 man double round robin he finished first by 4½ points over rapidly rising David Janowski, Geza Maroczy, and the consistent Pillsbury. He then competed at Paris, 1900 and scored, if anything, an even more convincing victory scoring 14½ points in a 16 round tournament a full two points ahead of Pillsbury with Maroczy another half point back.

This became the occasion for one of his more profound games, against arch-rival Pillsbury who had already created a masterpiece of brilliance against Lasker and would create yet another. They played great chess together.

Staunton Gambit; E. Lasker—H. Pillsbury: 1 d4, f5; 2 e4!?

Lasker did not always play colorless openings. Once he also ventured the Allgaier Gambit. Too often commentators base their view of a departed great on a limited selection of famous games. You should never judge any player on the basis of his openings anyway.

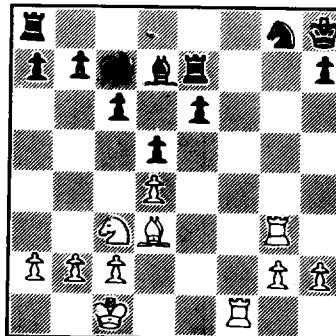
2 ... , fe; 3 Nc3, Nf6; 4 Bg5, c6; 5 f3, ef; 6 Nf3, e6; 7 Bd3, Be7; 8 Ne5, 0-0; 9 Bf6, Rf6; 10 Qh5, g6; 11 Ng6, Qe8; 12 Ne7, Qe7; 13 0-0-0.

Harry is having an off day. White has equalized material, has a big edge in development, and may expect a positional edge in the backward KP. Still, Pillsbury had great resistance abilities of his own. First he must deny White's knight e4.

13 ... , d5; 14 Rde1, Nd7; 15 Re3, Rf7; 16 Rg3, Kh8.

No point in ceding a pawn by 16 ... , Kf8; 17 Bh7 or more by 16 ... , Rg7; 17 Qh7.

17 Bg6, Rg7; 18 Rf1, Nf6; 19 Qh4, Ng8; 20 Qe7, Re7; 21 Bd3, Bd7.



Now comes a very beautiful maneuver. White need not fear 22 ... , e5 because this lets his rook into f7 with decisive results.

22 Nb1!, Rae8; 23 Nd2, e5; 24 de, Re5; 25 Nf3, Re3; 26 Ng5, Rg3; 27 hg, h6; 28 Nf7, Kg7; 29 Nd6, Re7; 30 Nb7, Nf6; 31 Nc5.

The knight has had quite a workout. White's idea is to exploit the queen-side pawns. The presence of king-side pawns will keep Black's king away for a while. Immediately 31 ... , Bc8 allows the QB to "dominate" the knight but does not alter the course of the game.

31 ... , Bg4; 32 Rf4, Bc8; 33 Ra4, Ng4; 34 Ba6, Bf5; 35 Rf4, Ne3; 36 c3, Kg6; 37 Rf2, Be4; 38 b3, Bg2; 39 Bd3, Kg5.

Claims of equality do not seem justified for the move 39 ... , Be4; 40 Ne4, de; 41 Be2!? You name a Black pawn, and it is a pawn island.

40 Rf8, Kg4; 41 Rg8, Kf3; 42 Rg6, Ng4; 43 Bf5, h5; 45 Rg5, Re1; 45 Kb2, Rh1; 46 Bg6, Kg3; 47 Bh5.

Normally we believe that endings with pawns on both sides of the board offer more winning chances to the who stands superior. Lasker has deliberately played to eliminate the pawns on one wing. In the process he has also lured Black's king away from the action. It is, nonetheless, quiet a subtle concept and one founded on more than just brute analysis.

47 ... , Bf3; 48 Bg4, Bg4; 49 Rg6, Rh2; 50 Ka3, Rc2; 41 Nd3!

Lasker had a nice tactical touch in the ending: 51 Rc6, Rc3; 52 Ne4, de, and the KP draws. After 51 Nd3, Rc3; 52 Ne5, Kf4; 53 Ng4, Rg3; 54 Ne5 finishes the ball.

51 ... , Kh4; 52 Ne5, Bf5; 53 Rc6, Kg3; 54 Rc5, Rd2; 55 Nc6, Kf4; 56 Nb4, d4; 57 cd, Rd4; 58 Ra5, Rd7; 59 Nc6, Be4; 60 Na7 and 1-0 in 85.

The conclusion was technically difficult but not that inspiring.

Trapped

Lasker wanted two things from chess. One was money, and the other was out. He spent the years 1900-21 pursuing both goals. He managed to bring in some money. He published a book of philosophy called **Struggle** in 1907. It was more like today's self-improvement books, somewhat pretentious and somewhat trashy. Lasker persevered, which was what the book was all about. Subsequently he published **The Philosophy of the Unwilling** and the modestly titled **The Understanding of the Universe** in 1913 and 1917 respectively. They suffered the neglect they so richly deserved.

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Lasker cont.

Lasker had a curse. He was a talented and charming man of great education, but the truth was that he was only a chess player. Perhaps he was the greatest of all time but just a player. What Lasker understood better than any other great was that this was not enough. Chess alone does not grant importance to your life. Interest, stimulation, mental exercise, but chess does not allow a man importance except in the way of giving some unknown people some moments of pleasure by creating a beautiful game. Lasker was like an actor who would rather have been Shakespeare. His talent was there for all the world to see, but it was only a chess talent. He could never escape the prison of chess. He had three failed books on philosophy.

Throughout we find that Lasker's life was a tale of tragedy only interrupted by chess triumphs which his competitors found incredible.

Lasker took a four year break from competitive chess but relented to play at Cambridge Springs, 1904. There were commercial reasons. He was in the process of launching **Lasker's Chess Magazine**, which he managed to publish through 1908. This he published in New York, and it was simple courtesy for the world champion to play in the first notable American tournament since New York, 1889.

In the event Frank J. Marshall, the American, ran away with it. Lasker managed to tie for second with Janowski by beating him in the last round. The result was "uneven" for Lasker. He had become emotional, and like any emotional person, he also played some of his best chess—dispatching William Ewart Napier. "The Perils of Pauline" movies a decade or so later could not compare to this perilous game.

Sicilian Defense; E. Lasker—W.E. Napier 1 e4, c5; 2 Nc6, Nc6; 3 Nf3, g6; 4 d4, cd; 5 Nd4, Bg7; 6 Be3, d6; 7 h3, Nf6; 8 g4, 0-0.

Lasker needs the whole point and indicates a certain lack of respect for his youthful opponent. Let us pass over the opening, on which there is much debate and get on to the complications which make this one of the most thrilling games in chess literature.

9 g5, Ne8; 10 h4, Nc7; 11 f4, e5; 12 Nde2, d5.

Napier worked this out to a great long distance; the knights will dance fantastic figures. Later he said that this was the finest game he ever played, and Napier took some important scalps in his time.

Sour-faced commentators have generally preferred 12 ..., Bg4, but that is after the fact of battle.

13 ed, Nd4; 14 Nd4, Nd5; 15 Nf5!, Nc3!

Fur is already flying and soon everything will be up in the air. These are the kind of positions which really test your ability to analyze accurately.

16 Qd8, Rd8; 17 Ne7, Kh8!

The key to white's defense/attack is that 17 ..., Kf8; 18 Nc8, Nd5; 19 Bc5 rescues the venturesome cavalier.

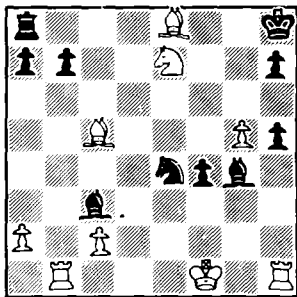
18 h5!

This is some world champion. The threat is 19 hg, fg; 20 Ng6, Kg8; 21 Bc4, Nd5; 22 Bd5, Rd5; 23 Ne7. The plausible 18 bc, ef; 19 Bd4, Bd4; 20 cd, Re8 wins for Black.

18 ..., Re8; 19 Bc5, gh.

White always has a little resource: 19 ..., ef; 20 hg, fg; 21 Bc4 threatens Bf7.

20 Bc4, ef (... , Be6!); 21 Bf7, Ne4!; 22 Be8, Bb2; 23 Rb1, Bc3; 24 Kf1, Bg4.



On 24 ..., Nd2; 25 Kf2, but now White has a lot of sugar hanging.

25 Bh5!, Bh5; 26 Rh5, Ng3; 27 Kg2, Nh5; 28 Rb7.

Now White is more active and the hanging piece ballet is over.

28 ..., a5; 29 Rb3, Bg7; 30 Rh3, Ng3; 31 Kf3, Ra6; 32 Kf4, Ne2; 33 Kf5, Nc3; 34 a3, Na4; 35 Be3 1-0.

Black has no adequate response to the threat of 36 g6.

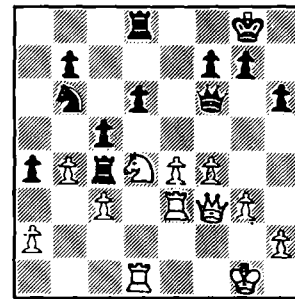
Pressures mounted on Lasker to defend his title in a match. The Hungarian, Geza Maroczy made headway that year but apparently backed out for lack of financial backing after some hard bargaining with Lasker, who made it unmistakably clear that he was very much in chess only for the money.

In 1907 some American backers managed to meet Lasker's financial stipulations, and they had as their hero Frank James Marshall, a rather superficial attacking player, just Lasker's meat. In just 15 games Lasker disposed of him 8-0 with 7 draws.

This still left the pressure on Lasker to play some formidable opponent for the title. Lasker had meantime been editing a chess magazine and it is fair to speculate that this was eating into his savings. **Lasker's Chess Magazine** ceased publication after 1908. He spent the years 1907-1910 repairing his fortunes with lucrative matches for the world title. Tarrasch was finally amenable to a match, and he had German financial backing. If one reads the match articles, it appears that Lasker specified an appearance fee of 7,500 Deutsch marks in return for ceding the organizers the right to determine in what city the match would be held. The winner of the match was to get only 4,000 Deutsch marks. Again Lasker dominated convincingly and won by 8-3.

Psychological Chess?

It was about this time that Lasker's play became legendary for his daring escapes from difficulty. Before this he was known for being "very correct." He beat Tarrasch frequently from quite wretched positions; they were not quite as wretched as Tarrasch supposed.



In this position Lasker, as Black, has managed to get one of his rooks surrounded on all four sides. Instead of playing 25 bc Tarrasch went for the kill, which was not there: **25 Nb5, cb; 26 Rd6, Rd6; 27 e5, Rf4!; 28 gf, Qg6; 29 Kh1, Qb1; 30 Kg2, Rd2 and won soon.**

Lasker suffered a setback—for Lasker—when he could only tie for first at St. Petersburg, 1909. He lost two games, one of them a memorable first encounter with co-equal finisher Akiba Rubinstein.

The logical thing would have been to play a title match with this young Rubinstein or with Maroczy, both real comers at the time. The profitable thing, however, was to get up a match with David Janowski, for whom Lasker had the utmost contempt. Janowski had a patron, the painter Pierre Nardus.

The way to that title match was a "snooker" match in which he and Janowski played four violent games of which Janowski won two. It would be unfair to say that Lasker threw those games, but he was not above letting his attention wander sometimes. This drawn match convinced Nardus that Janowski had a serious chance against Lasker, and the money was forthcoming for a real title match. It is a tribute to Janowski's strength that he was able to win a game. Lasker won seven, and that was sufficient to pocket the big prize in this contest.

This period from 1904 to 1910 found Lasker eagerly seeking title contestants. Money was the main consideration, but Lasker was acutely aware that his world champion's title was his only real asset. He had guarded that scrupulously before. There was a 10 year lapse between his rematch with Steinitz and his next title defense. Now matches came thick and furious.

In 1910 he essayed a title defense against Karl Schlechter, a really dangerous match opponent. Schlechter did not have that driving

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Lasker cont.

fury, that "passion which whips the blood" which Lasker so valued; but he did have a solid grounding and was practically unbeatable. His backers, however, found themselves short of funds for organizing expenses after they had met Lasker's financial demands. The match had to be limited to 10 games. In such a short match against anyone but Janowski, Lasker felt that fortune must play a strong part. He stipulated that to dethrone the champion the challenger must win by a two game margin. Lasker was not the philosophical gentleman of legend. He was a fighter, and chess was his kind of fight. Schlechter justified his reputation as the "drawing master" by splitting the point in the first four games. Then in the fifth game he fell into difficulties but miraculously won when Lasker failed to put him away. Four more draws, and Schlechter faced the necessity of winning the 10th game. The two titans created a game of magical complexity. Schlechter stood better but could not put Lasker away. He worried the position but came up only with useless drawing lines. It remained sharp, and Lasker scored the point.

A watch had been placed in a glass case, to be awarded to the victor in the match. Characteristically, Lasker walked away from the game and the awards ceremony and lifted the watch from the case. Lasker believed in struggle, but he also believed in money. He believed in money sufficiently to contest another world championship match with Janowski which he won easily by 8-0 with three draws that same year.

His pockets sufficiently stuffed, Lasker went back to establishing himself in philosophy or anything but chess. The next chess ache he got in his pocket drew him to St. Petersburg, 1914. There he faced the challenge of another young genius, Jose Capablanca. He must have been getting increasingly annoyed by all the geniuses who were playing chess instead of devoting themselves to the serious pursuits to which he ardently aspired.

The story has often enough been told that one sometimes believes St. Petersburg, 1914 is the only interesting chess tournament in the history of the game. Lasker trailed Capablanca by one and a half points as they went into the final five phase of the tournament. After a slow start Lasker had had to play some imaginative chess just to qualify. Here is another fascinating game to illustrate Lasker's psychological style.

Queen's Gambit Declined; D. Janowski—E. Lasker: 1 d4, d5; 2 Nf3, c5; 3 e4, e6; 4 e3, Nc6; 5 Bd3, Nf6; 6 0-0, Bd6; 7 b3, 0-0; 8 Bb2, b6; 9 Nbd2, Bb7; 10 Ne5, Qe7; 11 a3, Rad8!

Of what did Lasker's "psychological style" consist? He badly needs the full point, but White has set up a near symmetrical position in which he has an extra tempo. Theoretically the best square for the QR is c8, while d8 remains available for his KR. This would have prevented Janowski from getting aggressive, and the game would have yawned its way to a draw. Janowski was very pugnacious. This move prompts him to think of attack; almost anything would provoke him to attack which was why he was Lasker's customer. Instead of Lasker striving for double-edged positions he lets Janowski lead the way himself.

12 Qc2?!, dc; 13 Ndc4, cd; 14 ed, Rc8; 15 Qe2.

White's 12th gave back the tempo, and the central transactions have now created an unbalanced situation. Nonetheless, Janowski will now be able to launch a kingside attack, which is just what Lasker wants to provoke. He knows enough about chess tactics to estimate that it will not work.

15 ..., Bb8; 16 f4, Nd5; 17 Rae1.

This provokes Black to make a weakening move which is quite strong. 17 f5 makes more sense, but Janowski cannot believe anyone will voluntarily incur a backward KP. Lasker made weak pawns and weak squares all the time, when the time was right.

17 ..., f5!; 18 Qd2, Ne5; 19 Ne5?!, a6; 20 Be1, Bd6.

Opportunity knocks since now 21 b4, Nb4, 22 ab, Bb4 gets nice material while White's knight still paws the air. It was this type of little combination that Lasker specialized in.

21 Nc4, b5.

The idea of 22 Nd6, Qd6 does not inspire confidence.

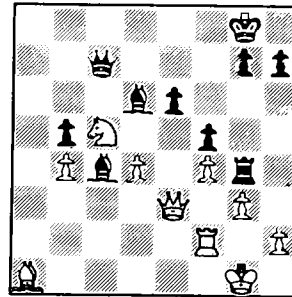
22 Na5, Ba8; 23 b4.

Making a concession but baiting the trap 23 ..., Nb4; 24 ab, Bb4; 25 Re6! when White's bishops may hope to see light.

23 ..., Nb6; 24 Nb3, Bd5; 25 Nc5, Nc4; 26 Qc3, Rf6!; 27 Bc1, a5; 28 Rf2, ab; 29 ab, Ra8; 30 Ba2, Qf7; 31 Bc4, Bc4; 32 Bb2, Rg6; 33 Ra1, Ra1; 34 Ba1, Qc7!

Now Lasker has resolved things to his advantage and proceeds with a beautiful operation featuring the same kind of awkward looking but effective rook seen in his contest with Tarrasch.

35 Qe3, Rg4!; 36 g3.



36 ..., g5!

Now things have become truly worrisome since 37 fg, Bg3. Still Janowski has some arrows in his quiver which he must have relied upon to pierce the dread Lasker's plan.

37 d5, Bd5; 38 Qd4, gf!; 39 Qh8, Kf7; 40 Qh7, Ke8; 41 Qh8, Bf8; 42 Be5, Qf7; 43 Rf4, Rf4; 44 Bf4, Qg7!

The ending is obviously hopeless once the queens come off; Lasker frequently combined just to win, not to crush. His ending prowess was another source of his strength.

45 Qh5, Kd8; 46 Bg5, Kc7; 47 Bf4, Bd6; 48 Bd6, Kd6; 49 Qh4, Qa1; 50 Kf2, Qb2; 51 Ke1, Qc1; 52 Ke2, Bc4 0-1.

Was this multi-faceted triumph a victory for psychology or ability?

Mathematical Psychology

So many like to write about Lasker's genius for psychology, for steering his opponents into positions in which they may be objectively superior but personally uncomfortable. Richard Reti started the trend in the 20s, but it has been continued by Fred Reinfeld, by Lasker's biographer, J. Hannak, and even by Viktor Korchnoi and Mikhail Tal, two grandmasters who ought to know better.

That Reti's example has been more copied than criticized is a disgrace. He quotes from a Lasker interview of 1924 to establish how deeply Lasker studied his opponents's stylistic quirks: "A game of chess after all is a fight in which all possible factors can be made use of and in which a knowledge of the opponent's good and bad qualities is of the greatest importance. Thus Reti's games, for instance, show that he plays better with White than with Black; Maroczy's that he is very cautious in defense and that he attacks only when driven by necessity; Janowski's that he may stand to win six times but finds it regrettable that the game should end and that finally he manages to lose."

Well, wait a minute. What has Lasker discovered about Reti? Most players play better as White; they are more comfortable having that half move edge. He is not implying that you can take more chances playing White against Reti because a typical Lasker game does not involve taking chances until a stage of the game has arrived in which the colors are irrelevant to the chances taken. He appears to be advocating that one get a game of maneuver rather than initiative against Maroczy—that is psychological. What Lasker says about Janowski is not a psychological analysis but an expression of utter contempt.

In order to exploit a psychological insight to the maximum you would have to have a powerful command of opening theory. Then you could start shaping a game which the opponent found uncomfortable from the very beginning. It was not usually until after move 10 that Lasker really got warmed up to playing. By then a better-versed opponent could have steered things into situations to his liking. They did frequently, and Lasker still won. Not a master of psychology—he had rather primitive understanding of other people's emotions in his social life—Lasker was a master of resource. He had

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Lasker cont.

a deep faith that any position even remotely laid out upon sound lines had a resilience, a capacity for resistance to all threats.

Even more than Lionel Kieseritsky, Lasker lost more beautiful games. His adversaries had to see even farther than Lasker, and that was a long way. Possibly as many of his losses as half are great games. Lasker had mind, skill and resource. You had to be at your very best to beat him.

In an age of **Informants** and rapidly circulated tournament bulletins Lasker's accomplishments seem the more awesome. Jose Capablanca once winked at a friend during a master tournament and gestered to the hall of players worrying their games. "They think; I know," he said. Lasker was the opposite. He was never sure, but he was always willing to think about how his opponent's last move had altered the balance of position—and to analyze in long steps.

The Curse of Capablanca

Since Capablanca's first phenomenal success at San Sebastian, 1911, the Cuban had begun trying to get a match with Lasker. The young man was supremely confident, and Lasker was consistently afraid. Put another way, Lasker did not need the money, having pocketed a bundle in the years 1909-10. Why should he risk his principal asset?

Then came the guns of August 1914, which left Germany tattered and tempestuous by 1919. Capablanca continued to pursue the world title, and he had wealthy Cuban backers. Lasker tried to avoid a match. He seemed to feel that he would be whipped. A fore taste of defeat is a saddening thing, so Lasker tried to resign the title in Capablanca's favor in 1920. Capablanca would not hear of it; he wanted Lasker's scalp, not his title—which would be tainted by the circumstances of obtaining it. Finally, in 1921 the two agreed to a match with a total purse of \$20,000 split 11-9 in favor of the victor. This kind of money could not be turned down.

Lasker came to Havana; he played. He scored 10 draws. Capablanca scored four wins. At this point Lasker abruptly resigned the match and added some words about the awful Cuban climate. He had at least the decency to add that he felt the Cuban would have beaten him anyway.

Lasker returned to Germany hoping that his part of the purse would provide him and his wife Martha, whom he had courted for almost a decade prior to their marriage in 1911, with financial security. The Treaty of Versailles, however, had provided that Germany was responsible for reparations to the victorious allies. The economy was already a shambles, and the Weimar government resorted to the tactic of promoting wild inflation, so as to reduce the burden of reparations. Converted into Deutsch marks, \$10,000 quickly vanished when 1,000,000 marks only purchased what 100 had sufficed for less than a year before. In retaliation the French army occupied the Rhineland, and Lasker had to return to tournamentland in 1923.

Fiftyish Phoenix

In 1923 Lasker was heading toward 55 years of age, and a whole new generation of rivals had achieved maturity. What chance did he have at Maerisch-Ostrau, 1923? Among the new stars he had to face were Reti, opening wizard Ernst Gruenfeld, the young Dutch star Max Euwe, the cynical iconoclast Savielly Tartakover, Efim Bogolyubov—who had suddenly become world class studying chess in a German prison camp during World War I, and that master of aggression Rudolf Spielmann. In addition there were Lasker's old rivals Tarrasch and Rubinstein present. Lasker came first by a full point over Reti and by two over Gruenfeld.

In the spring of 1924 Lasker betook himself to New York for a powerful double round robin which included Reti, Bogolyubov, Tartakover and also his nemesis Capablanca and the fiery comet Alexander Alekhine.

He was first again, a point and a half ahead of Capablanca and a whopping four ahead of Alekhine. At New York, 1924 Lasker played a game which more beautifully than any other illustrates his ability to maneuver behind his own lines.



Emanuel and Berthold

English Opening; S. Tartakover —E. Lasker: 1 c4, e5; 2 a3, Nf6; 3 e3, Be7; 4 Qc2, 0-0; 5 Nc3, d6; 6 Nf3, Re8; 7 Be2, Bf8; 8 0-0, Nc6; 9 d4, Bg4; 10 d5, Ne7; 11 h3, Bd7; 12 Nh2, Qc8; 13 e4, Ng6; 14 f4.

Alekhine in the tournament book questions this move and suggests 14 b4, but that is hindsight. White can take the initiative any place he wants.

In the October, 1961 number of **Chess Review** Daniel Fidlow did an imaginative piece about this encounter. He suggested that Lasker thought almost any position defensible and that an opponent might take as many as six free moves, providing only that he stay within his own fourth rank and that captures and recaptures be permitted—those captures not counting toward the free moves. If fanciful, the article calls attention to the fact that, captures excepted, White continues to move forward while Lasker shuffles behind his lines in a seemingly innocuous manner.

14 ... , ef; 15 Bf4, Nf4; 16 Rf4, Be7; 17 Raf1, Rf8; 18 Qd3, Be8; 19 Qg3, Qd8; 20 Nd1, Nd7.

In the book of the tournament Alekhine puts in a good word for 21 Nf3, although White still suffers from awkward rooks and attackable pawns. Tartakover's attempt to attack creates more dramatic situations.

21 Ne3, Bg5.

He plans to meet 22 Rf5 with Bh4 and Ne5.

22 Rg4, f6; 23 Qf2, h5; 24 Rg3, h4!

White has active play after 24 ... , Bh4; 25 Rg7, Kg7; 26 Qh4.

25 Rg4, Bh5; 26 Nf5, Bg4; 27 Ng4, Qe8; 28 Bf3, Ne5; 29 Ne5, Qe5; 30 Nh4, Bh4; 31 Qh4, f5!

You cannot use the advantage of the exchange unless you can open files for the rooks.

32 ef, Rf5; 33 Re1, Qb2; 34 Bg4, Qd4; 35 Kh2, Raf8; 36 Qe7, Qf4; 37 Kh1, Re5; 38 Re5, de; 39 Qc7, e4; 40 Qe7, Qf6; 41 Qb7, Qa1; 42 Kh2, Qe5; 43 Kg1, Rb8; 44 Qd7, Rb1; 45 Kf2, e3; 46 Ke2, Rb2; 47 Ke1, Qc3; 48 Kf1, Qc1 0-1.

Lasker next competed at Moscow, 1925 where he had to take second place to an unstoppable Efim Bogolyubov, but Lasker at least

cont. on p. 26

Lasker cont.

had the satisfaction of finishing ahead of Capablanca. Capablanca got the compensation of a role in the movie, "Chess Fever."

The year 1925 was a peak year in Lasker's creative activity. He had labored for seven years with brother Berthold to produce a verse drama, "From Mankind History." It featured the same theme which had haunted him all his life, the need to struggle and the urge to attain the unattainable. Predictably it bombed at the box office, and it was a bore as a form of "message" theater. In chess Lasker was struggle triumphant. In print or on the stage he was actually quite prosaic — even in verse drama.

The play had two side-effects of more note. While he was playing Mexico's Carlos Torre he received a telegram at the board announcing that it would be produced. He promptly blundered, but it did not affect the tournament's results.

That same year and for a time before he had been laboring on **Lasker's Manual of Chess**, which was to prove his enduring chess testament. What was turgid poetry on stage became a light-hearted lyricism about the game of chess coupled with some of the most profound instruction ever offered a player. If you have a modicum of talent, it will only take you 20 years to comprehend what Lasker put within the covers of a single book.

Boris Spassky once commented, "Alekhine tried to prove everything by variations." Lasker was the opposite. The variations were only cadenzas which fit into a sonata form of chess teaching. His poetic vision introduced flights of fancy into chess thinking, but it also spoke more than a casual reader could appreciate: "What is immobile must suffer violence. The light-winged bird will easily escape the huge dragon, but the firmly rooted big tree must remain where it is and may have to give up its leaves, fruit, perhaps even its life."

That is fanciful and unforgettable, but it may take you a while to tell which of your big trees are in danger of dragons and which firmly rooted. Then, also, you must have an eye to your light-winged birds. Are they just flying around without a new, secure perch?

Lasker put chess in a way which makes the reader participate in more than a game. His fantasies upon the goddess Caissa (a mere Dryad according to 18th century poet Alexander Pope) provide agreeable stimulation to thought. What the **Manual** taught was that you should play each game as though your life depended upon it. That was tragically true for Emanuel Lasker, who tried so hard to establish himself in mathematics, philosophy, theater, and even poultry.

A man of considerable talent, Lasker could only display it on the circumscribed squares of a chess board. The rest was alien territory to a man who wanted not only to live but also to win. Constantly he suffered the pangs of economic insecurity, but the cruelest of those blows was the triumph of Adolf Hitler. The Nazis confiscated his town home, his farm, and his bank account and sent Emanuel Lasker off a wandering minstrel of chess again.

At the age of 65 Lasker made it to Switzerland and played in a powerful tournament at Zurich in 1934. He told his friend Edward Lasker that he only expected to finish fifth. He did. Lasker may have been an impossible dreamer emotionally, but he was a stark realist at chess.

Then he received an invitation to Moscow, 1935 and finished but a half point behind co-winners Mikhail Botvinnik and Salo Flohr, two of the brightest new stars in the chess firmament, proven players 30 years younger than he. Lasker then accepted an invitation to settle in Russia and pursue mathematics as well as provide chess instruction. At Moscow 1936 he finished well down to Capablanca—the first time in his life he had not placed higher than the Cuban in a tournament.

It was on to Nottingham, 1936—a tournament which featured three former world champions, the reigning world champion, and a future world champion. He finished with a plus score but in the middle of a tournament, not bad but not up to Lasker's standards.

Then he retired. He visited the United States with wife Martha who had relatives there. She took ill, and there they stayed in America in straitened circumstances until Lasker's death in 1941.

The legacy of Emanuel Lasker's grandeur in chess diminishes the game's importance. He was more than a player. He was a man. More than getting meaning from chess, he put it into it. For all the other



Emanuel and Martha Lasker, Moscow, 1935.

great players since Philidor chess was a boon, a way for themselves to show themselves. For Lasker chess was a prison in which he had to do hard time repeatedly throughout his life. He had to feed the family.

We are less to realize, we in chess, that our brightest intellects are still not enough to be shining in other fields of intellectual endeavor. We are just who we are. Emanuel Lasker was the greatest and the saddest to be only a prisoner of chess.

McCambridge cont.

This would not have worked earlier because the QB would be hanging on d3. Now 38 Rg7, Kf4 is tremendous, so first the knight steps back into the fray.

38 Nc3, Be4!

Since 38 ..., f4; 39 Nb1, Rb3 also favors Black, but 38 ..., Bc2; 39 Rg7 Kf6; 40 Rb7 is unclear.

39 Rg7, Kf6; 40 Ke3!?

Buying the main branch as 40 Rb7, f4; 41 Rb6, Rh3; 42 Rc6, Kf5 is crushing.

40 ..., Kg7; 41 Na4, Kf6; 42 Kf4.

And not 42 Nc5, b6; 43 Nd7; Kg5; 44 Nb6, f4; 45 Kf2, Bc2, which is easy for Black.

42 ..., Ke7; 43 Ke5.

Otherwise 43 Nc5, b6; 44 Na6, Kd6 wins.

43 ..., Kd7; 44 Nc5, Kc7; 45 b4!

A good trap which asks for 45 ..., b6; 46 Na6, Kb7; 47 b5; Bd3 and 48 a4 draws.

45 Kb6; 46 Kf4.

White has achieved his optimum blockading position and must now wait. Black has two plans — to play ..., b6 or advance the king, abandoning the QNP. The first plan turns out to be unworkable.

46 ..., Bc2.

On 46 ..., Ka7; 47 Ne6!, Bc2; 48 Nc5, b6; 49 Ne6, Kb7; and White is not losing.

47 Ke5, Be4; 48 Kf4, Bb1; 44 Ke5, Bc2; 50 a4?

After 50 Kf4! Black must try the second plan with a good possibility of success: 50 ..., Kb5!; 51 Nb7, Kc4 (... , Ka4; 52 Nc5, Ka3; 53 Na6, Bd3; 54 Nb8, Bb5; 55 Kf5, Kb4; 56 Nd7 equal); 52 Na5 (52 Ke5, Ba4!; 53 Nc5, Bb5; 54 a4, Ba4 is very good), Kd4; 53 Nc6, Kc3; 54 Ke5 (or 54 Ke3, d4; 55 Nd4 f4 leads to a book win), Be4!; 53 a4 (55 Nd4, f4; 56 Ne2, Kb3), d4 to Black's appreciable advantage.

50 ..., Ba4!

Played with five seconds on the clock.

51 Na4, Kb5; 52 Nc5, Kb4; 53 Nb7, a5; 54 Nd8, Kb5 0-1.



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Liquidation cont.

which the simplifier trades down into a won *pawn down* king and pawn ending.

Now the punch line: it happened by accident. It was a mistake. I had less than ten seconds on my clock. The d-pawn was falling. Certain of losing, I decided to trade minor pieces and try to hold the rook and pawn ending; but in the panicky time scramble I grabbed up the *rook* and traded it off.

It wins for White!

36...Nd7 37.Rd7! Rd7 38.Bd7+ Kd7 39.Kd2 Ke6?! 40.Ke3 Kf5 41.h4 Kg4 42.Ke4 Kh4 43.Ke5 Kg4 44.Kd6 Kf4 45.Kc7 1-0.

"The lucky player is always good," as the saying almost goes.

ASK THE PATZERS

by I.M.A. Mucker
International D Player

I'm a 1900 player who was married for seven years. On our fifth anniversary I taught her chess so we could have more shared experiences. She loved the game, and we frequently traveled to tournaments. Just yesterday she told me she was leaving me for a 2100 player from Santa Monica. I don't have time to improve my rating, and I feel angry at both of them.

R.A. ID

Well, she could have left you for a C player. Ratings aren't everything, but they mean something. If you are in a vengeful mood, take the opportunity at the next tournament to introduce her to a 2300 player who eats crackers in bed. — IM

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Kasparov cont.

I have shown only a glimpse of how Gary emerged from obscurity to the spotlight. The spotlight has been spectacular — P he has won many impressive games against the world's leading grandmasters. The only question remaining to be answered is will he reach the pinnacle of the chess world and become the new king of the 64 squares?

Brieger's Brainstorm (Solution)

Like many composers, Robert Brieger of Houston, Texas gets inspiration from practical play. This ending was inspired by the tortuous 100 move game Torre-Portisch from Toluca, 1982.

Brieger rejects 1 Nc3. Nc6!; 2 Nd5, Kd7!; 3 Nf4, Na5!! which only draws.

Instead the winning maneuver is 1 Nf4!, Nc6 (or ..., Nf5; 2 Nd5, Nd6; 3 Kc6 which mates); 2 Ng6! Na7 (Or 2 ..., Kd7; 3 Ne5, Ne5; 4 Kb7 wins); 3 Ne7, Kd7; 4 Kb7 winning.

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