

CHESS BARBS

by Jude Acers (U.S senior master)

THE ROAD. Part 5.
WHO IS THAT MAN ON A HON-
DA? ... AND MY BACK
PAGES

It is unbelievable that he is still alive, sitting there stroking his beard in the Spaghetti Factory on Dec. 17, 1973 at 8:30 p.m. He still drinks quarts of beer. He still has blazing eyes and shocking gray hair. He still has cynicism about all things human. And best of all, he remembers.

He does not believe that Jude Acers will become a millionaire from college and commercial chess exhibition appearances. The street urchin who spent hundreds of hours poring over the world chess game index "The Chess Informator" in his Haight Street flat does not seem possible now. But he is glad that Acers has come home from nineteen murderous months of bus stations, airline terminals, 26 women and more than one hundred standing-room-only exhibitions to find him in the Coffee Gallery and drag him over to the Factory for some big-time booze -- two 40-cent steam beers with the greatest of them all as company.

His name is [redacted]. He works at Rincon Annex Postal Station as did Creedence Clearwater Revival, Quicksilver Messenger Service and Imre Konig ("Chess from Morphy to Botvinnik") and Jude Acers and an astounding assortment of past heavies and hollow people.

[redacted] is an authentic, yes, for real United States Chess Federation expert and has played in virtually hundreds of nationally rated chess tournament games. His specialty is open game cannibal attack with such strange names as the Max Lange, King's Bishop Game Ourousoff Gambit and the Dilworth-Botvinnik variation of the Ruy Lopez.

But if these words mean little or nothing to you, that is no matter, for [redacted] is used to no one listening in pubs. He is the man on the Honda, the bad mother from the past who looks like the most terrifying Hell's Angel screecher, bubbling steam beer harmless, that the bartender pays no attention to until, unbelievably, [redacted] saunters up and flashes a quick solution to a checkmate in two puzzler in the daily Koltanowski chess



U.S. Chess Master Jude Acers

column!
The bartender reels back, stares blankly, completely blown out of his tree. [redacted] of the beer bottle, authentic motorcycle whizzer and the cavernous toothy grin has just solved in a flash a chess problem that bartender and company has slaved over for several hours. Jude Acers has seen it all before and understands. Ho-Hum. Nuuuuuhinnnn to it, Daddy-o.

Jude Acers, world famous chess lecturer, master player and ego creature-man has one great advantage over the normal audience of [redacted] in the Factory. Jude Acers does not drink at all, ever, ever, ever. This means Burkett vomes in loud and clear and can be memorized word-for-word by a professional chessplayer.

[redacted] is for real and the analysis he shows in snitch-snatches, a little now, lots later, shimmy-shimmy, ko-ko-popp fashion goes by like a Unitas forward pass, so, gosh, a poh boy must be adears, understand? And [redacted] deals have been so recorded in this manner. And so they have already wound up in six games that Jude

Acers has played against international grandmasters and internationally listed opponents throughout the world.

Now Acers waits as in the old days, in 1968, 1969. He will note whatever [redacted] shows at the chessboard, thoroughly re-check and re-work it in home analysis and, finally, use his enormous theoretical chess library to research every game that has ever been played with the variation.

It is really quite simple. Then the bombs, known to the chess world as "T.N.'s" (theoretical novelties) will be ready. Someday once again the slobbered words of a character will strike murderously with the sounds of silence, green felt upon green and white buff. With the magnificent physical condition and ever-improving technique of chessmaster Acers, the advantage on the clock will be ruthlessly pushed home as the opponent desperately falls behind one hour on the clock or relied impulsively to Spaghetti Factory Analysis, session one.

But [redacted] is not going to show one of his new ideas as yet, because the chess set is still tied up by the bartender and client. Acers sits quietly and stares at the chess maniac who possesses the ability to survive, being born unto a hurricane, prison, booze, women, a horrid cold flat on Haight that contained for several hundred days the likes of two chess bums and weirdos named Dennis Fritzinger and Acers. Could this really be possible?

[redacted] lives while people he encountered died or disappeared. He has the capacity to endure, happily, while playing chess. His old drinking buddy and vated master chessplayer James Schmidt gave up all his dreams and killed himself last year. --Bill's roommate was murdered. Bills has disappeared. Janis Joplin destroyed herself on heroin.

ONLY TWO YEARS AFTER
liam Bills and Acers went to a Thanksgiving party and ate turkey goodies, with Janis in Jude's lap. Bills was hit by a horrible prankster who put something, probably acid, in his coffee. Another drinking buddy, the legendary Carroll Capps, first man on the Mechanics/Institute chess room board for ten solid years, died three years ago.

Everybody is going. [redacted] should not be here. How is this possible. [redacted] does not now recall the crazy Jude Acers who sat on the floor of the [redacted] flat, playing over thousands of games by chessmasters while the greatest recording ever played incessantly on the phonograph. [redacted] would not remember the Velvet Undergrounds Banana Album. No, that would not be possible.

Dennis Fritzinger had spent his last dollar on the Velvet Underground in the winter of 1968. He had brought it to [redacted] place, preciously clutched with both paws, as a mother carries her day-old child. Those were the good old days.

I read my heavily censored article-interview with Danish grandmaster and born killer Bent Larsen with, "I'll Be Your Mirror" ringing softly in my ears. Nico baby, I love you! Sing it again Nico! Chess Life and Review would censor my Larsen interview today, Jude Acers thinks. Goodness, are those people ever chicken. But someday... over the rainbow... Oh, well.

As [redacted] sits at a Factory bar table Jude Acers fights desperately to forget the price of knowing a tormented, battle scarred chess player named [redacted]. Jude realizes there must be no mention of the time when [redacted] crazed by alkeehall and Mary's leaving, took the spectacles from Jude Acers' face and tossed them across the floor. When Acers crawled on his hands and knees to retrieve them and return to his chessboard, [redacted] removed them



yet again and lofted them skyward. [redacted] knew that Acers, the super-straight-all-American-good-boy would never hit him. Jude Acers was growing up and remembered the words of a prophet named Fritzinger, who sayeth,

"Jude, a universal rule is never insult the host. We are guests in his home. He opened his door when all others were closed. We would be out in the cold if it were not for [redacted]. That's the rule Jude. Never insult the host."

"Never insult the host." Acers remembered seven years later, murmuring louder, louder, louder then, then then. Acers [redacted] believes this casual remark saved [redacted] life that day. Acers, torn apart emotionally, without money, family, friends had only chess. And now his eyeglasses were gone and he was being shuffled around the room by a helpless, drunken chessplayer.

[redacted] had other things going for him that horrible night. He and international chess grandmaster Larry Evans had insisted that a huge chess party at the Victor Pupols home in Seattle, Washington wimply not happen until "Akers", "Ace", "Aceers", "what's his name?", "Superman "Super Jude", finished up a seven hour marathon game at the 1968 Strawberry Open chess tourney in Marysville, Washington. Then, and only then would they leave Marysville for the big city. The great Acers must come or there would be hell to pay. Yes, siree They laughed and jeered at him. But Jude was not deceived. He knew they recognized Kutzpah, had spiriy, poddrdrf tsnfom indsnity.

Such craziness makes heavies even super-heavies, out of everyday people. It can transform a bartender at 12 Adler Place into a godlike caricature named 'Specs' and make him able to slightly amplify maritime adventure into "The great escape story", and befriend a starving chessplayer named Jude, give him cheese and crackers and watch silently as Jude won maybe one thousand games in a row, hustling the shirts off his customers. Yes, Sprvd knows world class, thinks Jude, as the bartender makes his third move in the past hour.

Jude does not want to remember

that [redacted] pushed him into the cold and freezing rain and locked the door that night. There was nowhere for someone who is unwanted, unloved to go, so he just stumbled down Market Street in the rain. When you have no family, you have no one to phone. the Bee Gees were right: "If you're living in Chicago, it's your home. If you're living in Chicago, you're alone." Oh God, it was cold, so cold. The machine became terribly ill. And Jude Acers actually cried. It was wonderful crying, being human. But tomorrow he must be sweet lips 16, back at class again. But that is all gone now. . . .

Jude Acers is about to be shown a remarkable chess game won by [redacted] which was played two weeks ago in a California money tournament, a Swiss system. [redacted] crushed a veteran chessmaster named Rex Wilcox, a noted theoretician with a fantastic record in California chess tournaments. Wilcox has won game against the best players this country has to offer. It does not seem possible that [redacted] could beat this master. (Still no chess set) [redacted] says it happened. (it did)

Jude Acers lasses tje to, e bu recalling the horrible way science fiction writer carroll Capps died. He went like a rocket, ravaged by a disease which he hid from chess buddies Bopp, Schmidt, [redacted] and Acers and the hundreds of old-timer chessplayers at the Mechanics Institute. Nobody, but nobody knew the king of the board was dying. And when he did split Baby Blue, he went in world famous style that made shambles of his best fiction. In carefully prepared arrangements, Carroll Capps had himself buried six feet under lights and utilities disconnected and apartment closed down before any of his friends even knew he was dead!!

Seven months before death, Carroll Capps had won a tournament in San Francisco ahead of such weakies as Addospm, Bills, Grefe, Baisley, Barnes, Acers and 15 other heavies. Two months later in another tourney, Acers got even by wearing the legendary old man down in an incredible 8 1/2 struggle which Capps lost solely because he could go no more. His last words were, "Gee Jude, You really lresent a terrific problem. You're going to be a great master

someday!!!!

"Some victory," Jude Acers thinks to himself as [redacted] guzzles steam beer No. 2 and Acers went gunning for coffee and the lithe lucious lady who served it!

Carroll Capps had shown a photograph of a Mexican lady and her two children. Capps had said, "I've chased a lot of skirts in my time Jude, and caught a few too. Should have probably married this wonderful woman. But I didnt. And, you know, that's all gone now. I have nothing left now. Don't fail to watch out for the ladies as you travel. Women are wonderful for a man, Jude. Don't live alone. Find someone. People like you. You can do it, kid!"

Another time, Capps had recalled Carol Doda. "I'm happy for her. I used to see her when she was working as a waitress in a place near New Joes. She was a darn nice person. Always pleasant, you inow. Then some agent just got ahold of her and she made it big. I'm glad. She's a good person, not dumb." Cheerful, snappy and a deadly speed chess expert Carroll Capps is gone. It does not seem possible

Still no chess set. Darn Bartrnfrt

And then Jude Acers takes a 19 1/2 Bic ink pen and writes on a coffee staomed mallow tje pves pf a coffee stained napkin the moves of a chess game that [redacted] recites move-for-move, from memory. It's [redacted]-Wilcox, Sozin variation, Najdorf Sicilian. Jude Acers plays the moves in his mind "blindfolded", as George Koltanowski had taught him to do in 1959. Dreamily, Acers is lost in bishops, pawns, and a possible defense for master Wilcox

What if castles instead of pawn to f6? thinkd Jude Acers. He turns to ask [redacted] about the defense Wilcox could have played. [redacted] is gone.

"Don't print the game Jude. Just be amused by it. I loved playing the game. Wilcox was playing that defense for the first time and decided to throw in a queen move for the first time that you can't play there." [redacted] had said that.

Jude Acers thought about a beautiful woman named Gita who played concert piano. Jude wanted to call Gita, who couldn't stand Jude. So what if she was a sharp, nice lady, just dynamite? Jude Acers decided, dime in hand. He would not phone Gita now or ever. Gita is not class. [redacted] is. Jude Acers paid the bill and was gone.

UPCOMING TOURNAMENT:

James Locke will direct the Los Slyod Winter Open, Jan 5-6, at Los Altos High School, 201 Almond Ave., and award \$1,000 in prize money to the winners in six playing categories. Entry fee into the five-round, USCF rated Swiss is \$13 for adults and \$10 for players under 21. Tournament begins at 10am with a time control of 45 moves in two hours (20 per hour after). For more information, call Jennie Kiesling at 941 or Robert Adams at 948-5412

solution to acers stumper this stinker draws cries of 'foul' and 'unfair tactics!' from the unwary victim, while Sam Lloyd the maniacal composer, must have howled with glee at the sight. (Check your CHESS BARBS two weeks back for the dirty problem With apologies to all who were driven insane until the light flashed then here is the low down solution: 1Rf4! (The reason for this random move will become clear soon enough.) Kg3(of course, 1.. Kgl is no good because of 2 Kf2! AND # Rh4mate) 2 0-0!\$&%!! (Monster Lloyd strikes again!! No one in his right mind should be expected to guess that White could play his rook from fl and then, of all things, caasste..... It is all too easy now!) Kh3 3 Rlf3mate! Remember, you said it couldnt be done, but send your complaints to Sam Lloyd (the devil) NOT ME!!