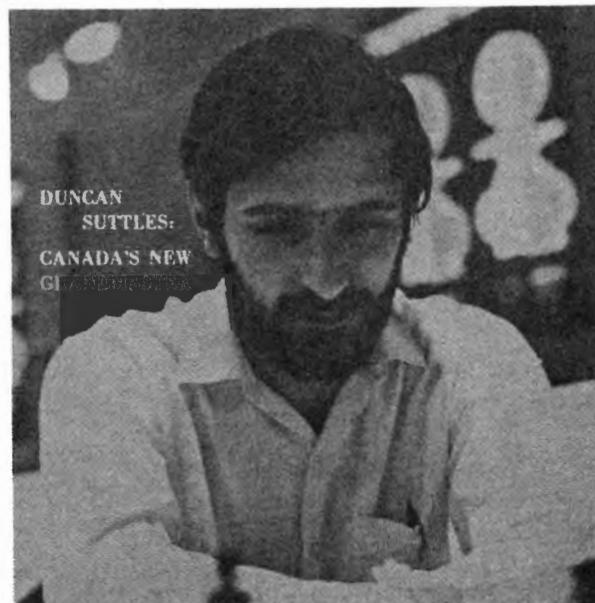


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THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UN-WORLD
by D.L.Brown

It was February 29, 1988, a strange night that saw the beginning of perhaps the greatest Chess match of all!

Count Jimmy "MM" von Farfoo arrived in his scarlet limousine and was making his way past the wild crowds to the playing hall. He was the World Champion, never lost or even drew a single game in his 13 year career! Donned in red tennis shoes, a black cape and sombrero, his confidence showed in an ever-present smirk. No one doubted that he would soon dispose of his new opponent, quickly and easily.

In fact, it was back in the '70s that he destroyed Bobby Fischer in six games, 6-0! Bobby, once thought to become a legend in his own time, soon gave up the game after his match with von Farfoo and became editor of a little-known checker magazine in Honduras. MM played with god-like precision, while casting demonic stares at his opponents. Fischer, as well as every other Grandmaster, crumbled beneath Jimmy's display of psychic and chessic wizardry, and it was feared that chess (despite all its glory and fame) would soon disappear. In the football world, it was like the Oakland Raiders playing St. Rita's Elementary School. Yet, MM was idolized by millions and this was perhaps the only thing that kept public interest alive.

However, there was a Society of Chess Lovers who still had hope for the game. They knew MM had no human equal, but they also knew there must be a way to beat him. Their answer had to be in the use of a computer!

Their machine, a LuLu 981, provided the best in Chess Science. It was banned years ago because of its destructive effect on the game, but one was saved in mothballs by the Society for just such an emergency as this. It could analyze any position 485 moves ahead and determine the exact outcome in ALL variations. It was designed to also psychologically analyze its opponent and accordingly make the perfect reply. To represent their machine, they needed a person to carry a concealed transmitter.

The player selected by the Society had to be invincible to the Count's stares and hypnotic controls. So, they chose Miss Delilah LaToy, a street-walker, who through her profession was almost perfectly stoic. Her long platinum hair and her well-endowed physique, they thought, might prove to be a further distraction to MM.

Incidentally, to those who are curious as to what MM stands for: a reporter once wrote that the Count's mouth (because of wearing undersized dentures) appeared mouse-like. Thus, the nickname "Mousey-mouth" became all his. Jimmy insisted, to the contrary, that MM stood for Mighty Mouse, an old T.V. cartoon character he identified with in his childhood.

It was now 7 p.m. and the Count was seated, waiting for what he considered to be merely another newsmaking farce in the person of some foolish little girl. Miss LaToy gracefully took her seat. The clock was started immediately and a hush covered the audience. Within a minute and a half, 15 moves were played and Delilah's transmitter worked flawlessly. She then looked straight into the Count's beady eyes and smiled. Then in the traditional style of Mae West, she said, "Mmmm", wiggled in her chair and tenderly nudged a pawn forward.

MM's eyes drew wide and his tiny mouth began twitching. For the first time in his career he was shaken. After one hour of thinking, his hand finally trembled forward to tip over his King! Miss LaToy had won and was on her way!

Bedlam broke and the hall was filled with mixed emotions. Newsmen never imagined an upset and were baffled what to write. Old devotees who had grown dispondent over the years now began crying joyously. This fantastic turn shook-up the whole world!

The Society carried Miss LaToy off to a private room, and there celebrated her victory in something just short of a bacchanal. Music, booze and laughter flowed till dawn. No one gave any thought as to why von Farfoo lost???

Was it an over-sight? Over-confidence? Or was it the wiggle! At any rate, tomorrow was another game and the party finally ended.

The next night the hall was again packed. Everyone in the world was tuned-in to see how this game went. All the streets were empty. No ships sailed and no airplanes flew; and not a single baby was allowed to cry. -- Twenty moves were played rapidly. And this time it was the Count who stopped, looked around and then snickered. He viciously slammed his Rook onto the open file and arrogantly leaned back, still chuckling in his own subdued way. Miss LaToy frowned, sniffed back a tear, stopped the clock, and passively strode off stage. Dismayed, Society members asked why on earth she resigned? She simply replied that the Computer told her to. And this night went all to MM, who (not to be out-done) likewise celebrated in nearly risque fashion.

The next eight games followed this exact same pattern: Delilah won one night, von Farfoo the next, and so on until the score was tied 5-5. With only one remaining win needed to take the title, tension was at its peak for this possible last game. And again, the entire world stopped to watch the blood-bath on the 64.

Forseeing the unfavorable pattern which indicated a MM loss, he phoned in sick (claiming a rare combination of mumps, measles and Black Plague!) and was granted a postponement. This, he thought, would eliminate any malevolent influences there were that caused his former defeats. And he was right!

In fact, it was a whole new game. Both played very slowly. Miss LaToy seemed relaxed, casually walking around between moves. MM similarly bid his time by looking at the ceiling and counting his fingers. 73 moves had gone by, but only 2 Knights and 4 pawns had been exchanged. And although the position was perfectly even, there were many possibilities left for both sides.

Then, suddenly on his 116th move MM looked into Delilah's eyes with his demonic stare and played his Queen to b8, gloating afterwards. But strangely impervious, Delilah replied with a Mmmm and smiled, slowly pushing her King to h6. For the next two hours and up to move 157, they both continued to stare and hum respectively. It was the most fantastic game ever seen! Many wild positions neutralized - with only two more pawn exchanges. Masters and Patzers were spell-bound!

Then, MM gave a super-stare...and Miss LaToy gave a super-wiggle! The game was now 14½ hours old and fatigue was beginning to show. MM's eyes were blood-shot; Delilah's hips quivered from the strain.

At long last, there were two final bursts, both barely beating the clock on their moves. MM collapsed, fell forward and impaled his mouth on a Bishop, KO'ing himself and his dentures! Miss LaToy spasmed off her chair and landed on her head! And to the great disappointment of the big crowd, the game was adjourned!?

Medical examinations followed: a broken transmitter was found in Miss LaToy's hair - to the consternation of the Officials. But even more bewildering, in von Farfoo it was ALSO found, to the amazement of all (including Bobby Fischer, who was irresistibly drawn back to the game) that MM too had a transmitter and a LuLu 981 which fed him moves! His transmitter was located in his broken dentures.

It was also determined why each lost when they did: it seemed that the sensitive LuLu computer was susceptible to alcoholic fumes and its hang-over made it malfunction. Of course, since neither was hung-over for the last game, it amounted to perfect play - a Computer Standoff!!

***Six months later, von Farfoo had new teeth and became a Supreme Court Judge. Miss LaToy married a missionary and went off to Australia. Bobby, of course, was reinstated as World Champion. He now lives in a tug boat on the Hudson River - closely guarding the watery graves of the LuLu's.