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WOT! NO THRILLS

Spain's fourteen-year-old chess prodigy, Arturo Pomar, takes things with proper seriousness at the "Sunday Chronicle" chess tournament. Your true player takes time - lots of it - and you keep your voices low just in case anybody wakes up and makes a move. Can't stand too much of this. Let's go where the pace is hot. Motor cycle spectators in Vienna, spell sport with a thrill in it.

Sh - Arturo's still thinking. To move or not to move - that is the question, and with games lasting anything from four hours upwards there's no need to hurry. How about a fast move, sir? - five to twelve - soon be lunch-time. All right, back to Vienna.

Sorry sir. And - er - how's that move coming along, 25 minutes, and you haven't shifted. Wait for it, there's a certain speed merchant could tell you what happens if you mess up your timing.

Good heavens he's moved!