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## Building the Gambling and Lotteries Infrastructure of Tomorrow

Anatomy of the Machine That Sells Chance and Keeps Its Word

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# IntroductionIntroduction

On a Saturday night, in every town of the composite country, the same quiet transaction repeats under different lamps: a bet is placed, a ticket is torn, a stake is slid across a felt table, and somewhere behind each of those acts sits a licence the state issued and can take back. The gambling and lotteries infrastructure is the machine that makes that sentence true. It is the regulator that decides who may offer chance for money, the inspectorate that counts the casino's drop and seals the gaming machine's logic, the office that runs the state's own draw, the register that lets a ruined player bar himself from every door in the country, the analyst who notices that a village's cup fixture is being bet oddly, and the board that splits the proceeds between the treasury, the racing charities and the village halls. Almost every other machine in this catalog exists to deliver something citizens want and are glad to have. This one exists to manage something the state neither wholly approves nor wholly forbids, and that in-between position, permanent and never fully settled, is the machine's whole character.

The product of this machine is permission, and permission is a strange thing to manufacture. A road carries trips, a grid carries current, a hospital carries cures, and each of those products can be counted and boasted of. The gambling authority's product is a decision, renewed daily, that a named operator may take wagers from the public under named conditions, and its by-product, which the honest volumes of this series do not hide, is a stream of revenue the state has agreed to accept from an activity it simultaneously restrains. The machine therefore lives with a contradiction built into its charter, and the chapters ahead treat that contradiction not as an embarrassment to be mentioned once and dropped, but as the central engineering problem: how does an institution tax a thing, contain the same thing, and keep the public's trust while doing both, when every one of its budgets depends on the thing staying legal and every one of its purposes depends on the harm staying small.

This volume takes the series' four habits and points them at the wager. First it counts the organs, because a gambling and lotteries system is not one office but ten: the authority that grants the licence, the casino floor where the house's edge is watched in person, the betting estate where odds are made and sold through shops and telephones, the lottery office where the state itself runs a draw, the machine inspectorate that verifies what a reel will pay, the exclusion register where the habit meets its brake, the integrity unit that audits suspicion, the levy board that splits the proceeds, the enforcement

ladder that defends the licence, and the research office that counts the country's wagers and their cost. Second it reads each organ as an engineered thing, with failure modes and maintenance calendars, on the premise that the rigged machine, the laundered stake and the stolen draw are defects with traceable causes, cousins of the forged signature and the burst dam. Third it assembles the organs into one machine and asks how a country can build that machine deliberately, how the paper licence and the online wallet end up inside the same law. Fourth it looks at the horizon, where cashless wagering, machine learning that spots the losing pattern before the loser does, and a generation that meets chance only through a phone screen are already pulling the old bargains apart.

The strangeness of the wager economy deserves one paragraph of honesty before the chapters open. The state that licenses the casino also funds the clinic that treats the addict; the levy that builds the village hall is raised from the same stakes that emptied a household's account; the authority that warns against gambling is the authority whose annual report hopes, quietly and never in writing, that the year's gross yield will be healthy. This volume's method is to hold both halves of that sentence in view at once, because a reader who sees only the harm will not understand why the machine is tolerated, and a reader who sees only the revenue will not understand why the machine is fought, and a regulator who sees only one half of it will regulate badly, too fierce to be fair or too fond to be feared.

The composite country of the series returns here with its usual numbers, and a word about them belongs in the open. Roughly ten million residents, a landscape the size of a middle-sized nation, an invented Gambling and Lotteries Authority with one headquarters and three regional offices, some two thousand licensed premises from the grandest casino floor to a corner shop's lottery terminal, teaching figures throughout, invented districts, and no real country named or implied anywhere. The numbers are chosen so the arithmetic stays in the reader's head rather than on a calculator, and the difficult week the machine endures in these pages is built the way the series builds its weeks, one trouble large enough to X-ray the whole body: an unlicensed machine café raided on the Monday, a cup fixture's betting pattern gone odd by the Wednesday, a self-excluded player found on a casino floor on the Thursday, and the quarterly distribution of the good causes fund due on the Friday, four events that between them force every organ in the book to speak.

A word on the machine's vocabulary, because the wager economy's words are older than its law and half of them are traps. The word gambling will appear in these pages as the law uses it, the staking of money on an outcome whose determination is at least partly chance, and the words game and gaming will carry the industry's own preference, which the chapter 1 hearing room will examine without endorsing. The machine's people are players on one side of the counter and operators on the other, and the book will resist the word punter, the estate's affectionate diminution of the very person its registers exist to protect. Chance itself is the book's subject rather than its villain, and the reader should be told the position plainly: the volume treats the taste for the wager as a permanent feature of the human estate, older than any registry and nowhere abolished by any prohibition, and treats the machine around that taste as the engineerable thing, the same judgment this series makes about fire, water and speed. The engineering question is therefore never whether a country should want its citizens to gamble, a question the centuries have answered and re-answered to no one's satisfaction, but what a state owes the citizen who does, and the ten organs that follow are the answer, assembled one licence, one seal and one survey at a time.

The reader should also be given the book's honest map of its own limits, because a volume about money and harm that hid its boundaries would be teaching the wrong lesson. The composite country's machine does not regulate the stock market's speculation, which belongs to the finance volumes' turf, nor the church raffle whose stakes are cakes, nor the private wager between friends that never touches a counter, and the boundary lines, stake thresholds, prize caps, commercial purpose, are drawn where the law must draw them and argued where they must be argued. The book also declines to moralise its subject, and the reader who wants sermons will find only arithmetic here, because the machine's own founding insight, argued in chapter 1 and paid for in every chapter after, is that a bargain enforced in numbers survives, and a bargain enforced in sermons drifts, and the wager economy has killed more regulators by flattery than by fraud.

A reader who has travelled through the series' other volumes will recognise the shape of the chapters and will want to know the order's logic, because the order here is the machine's own argument. The chapters walk from the granting of permission to the counting of its cost: first the licence without which nothing operates, then the two great halls of chance, the casino floor and the betting estate, then the state's own game, the lottery, then the machines, whose logic is the most technical thing in the book, then the brake,

the register that stops a player from himself, then the guardians, the integrity unit that watches the games from outside and the enforcement ladder that defends the licence from inside, then the money's journey out through the levy, and finally the office that turns all of it into honest national arithmetic. Each organ is necessary and none is sufficient, and the order is procedural rather than thematic, the route a stake actually travels through the machine, from the counter where it is permitted to the table where it is counted.

Each chapter keeps the same spine, and the spine is the series' teaching habit: the organ is opened at its counter or its hearing room, carried through the week's trouble, given its doctrine and its arithmetic, handed to the reader as a seminar might take it, and closed with the checks an ordinary citizen can run without any insider's access, because a regulator that cannot be audited from the pavement will not long stay honest from the inside either. The reader with an hour may take the doctrine paragraphs and the closing checks of the ten chapters and hold a workable kit for auditing any country's gambling machine, real or composite. The reader with a week is asked to follow the stakes themselves, from the Monday raid's sealed machines to the Friday distribution's signatures, because the week is the machine's biography and the biography is the argument: that permission for chance can be engineered, priced, watched and, when it must be, withdrawn, without the sky falling on either side of the argument.

A style note, for the reader who has noticed that this catalog's chapters share a spine and wants to know whether the repetition is doctrine or laziness. It is doctrine. The series teaches machines by walking them, and a walked machine needs a fixed gait: the organ opened at its counter, the week's trouble arriving on schedule, the doctrine and the arithmetic stated in plain sentences, the people given their portraits, the origins and the horizon given their paragraphs, the hand-offs inventoried, the seminar set, and the checks closed, always the checks closed, because a chapter about permission that ended anywhere but in the citizen's own audit would be contradicting itself in its sleep. The reader who tires of the spine may read the chapters backwards, checks first, and the book will still hold, which is the design's own test of itself.

An acknowledgement the series owes plainly: the wager economy's honest numbers are hard to invent and harder to source, and this catalog's composite country stands on the shoulders of generations of real regulators, real surveyors and real statisticians whose published instruments, method boxes and sanctions tables shaped the teaching figures used here. No real nation,

regulator, operator, survey or scandal appears in these pages, and the resemblance of the composite country's machine to any real one is the resemblance of engineering, the same problems producing similar solutions, not the resemblance of portraiture.

The catalog's purpose, restated for the reader arriving mid-shelf, is the sentence every volume repeats in its own dialect: a state is the sum of the machines it builds to keep its promises, and the machines can be read, audited and rebuilt by any citizen willing to learn their organs. This volume's dialect is the paradox: the machine that sells chance keeps its promise by being taxed, watched, braked and counted, and anyone who has worked through all ten organs now holds the kit to judge whether any real country's bargain with its own wager economy is honest, and the kit's parts are all public papers, because the machine's founders, in every era, agreed on one thing, that permission printed in private is permission nobody actually granted.

The keeper's sentence, the one this volume adds to the catalog's shared stock, is the hearing room's oldest line, and it deserves its own paragraph: the licence is not the licensee. A machine built on that distinction can revoke a fortune without revoking a livelihood, can refuse a friend without refusing the trade, and can publish its own failures without conceding its own purpose, and the volume's ten organs are, read together, the machinery for keeping one sentence true in a country of ten million people and two thousand doors. The reader is invited to test the sentence against the book's whole week, and then, better, against the papers of a real country.

How the ten chapters connect, stated once plainly so the reader can hold the machine in one hand while the other hand turns the pages. The authority of chapter 1 grants the permission, and every organ after it is a consequence of that grant: the floors and shops of chapters 2 and 3 exist because a licence named them, the draw of chapter 4 is the state running its own game under the same regime, the workshop of chapter 5 certifies the mathematics the licence promises, the register of chapter 6 is the brake the licence owes the player, the unit of chapter 7 polices the events the markets price, the fund of chapter 8 spends the levy the permission yields, the ladder of chapter 9 enforces the conditions the authority wrote, and the office of chapter 10 counts whether the whole bargain is still worth its harm. The machine is therefore not a list but a loop, permission producing money, money producing duty, duty producing paper, paper producing permission renewed, and the week the book walks is one turn of that loop seen from ten windows. The

reader who loses a chapter's thread may find it again by asking which direction the week is moving through that organ, money toward duty or duty toward money, and the answer is always both, which is the machine's definition and the book's.

What the reader should carry between chapters, packed as a single paragraph the ten organs will repeatedly borrow. The first item is the composite country itself, a mid-sized nation of some ten million people, invented for teaching, resolutely unnamed, and holding a wager economy of about five hundred million in yearly stakes across some two thousand licensed doors, numbers chosen to survive in the head rather than on a spreadsheet. The second item is the week, five working days, Monday's raid to Friday's distribution, walked so often in these pages that the reader will know its turns by heart before the book is done. The third is the cast, a licensing officer, a floor manager, a compiler, a draw manager, an inspector, a counsellor, an analyst, an accountant, a compliance officer and a statistician, ten people standing for ten organs, each given a portrait and each owing the others a hand-off. The fourth is the doctrine, stated as the paradox the whole machine stands on: the state permits the wager, taxes it, watches it, brakes it and counts it, and the permission is honest only while all five verbs stay in the present tense. And the fifth is the reader's own audit kit, assembled piece by piece in the chapters' closing checks, because the catalog's deepest teaching is that a machine this powerful belongs to whoever is willing to read its papers, and the papers, in any honest country, are already waiting in public.

The standing example of the week, stated once here and honoured in every chapter, gives the machine its people: a licensing officer who has spent a career on the fit-and-proper test, a casino floor manager who knows her cameras by name, an odds compiler who has made a book since the ledgers were paper, a draw manager who guards the machines that pick the numbers, a machine inspector who can hear a rigged reel, a harm-desk counsellor who keeps the register of the self-barred, an integrity analyst who reads betting markets the way a doctor reads a chart, and the levy board's accountant who must make the good causes fund add up to the law's promises. Ten organs, eight people, one week, and a wager on every page, which is fitting, because the whole book is about what the state is willing to bet on its own self-control.

# Chapter 1. The Gambling Authority: Where Permission Is GrantedChapter 1. The Gambling Authority: Where Permission Is Granted

The gambling authority is the machine's founding organ, and it looks like a government building with a queue: a licensing hall, a wall of public registers, a hearing room with better acoustics than the district court, and behind the doors the files of every operator in the country. Nothing in the gambling economy moves without its signature, and the signature is the product: permission, conditional, priced, recorded and revocable. The authority's charter holds three powers that the rest of this book will keep returning to, the power to say who may take wagers, the power to attach conditions to that permission, and the power to take the permission back, and every other organ in the machine, the inspectors, the integrity unit, the levy board, the research office, exists in one way or another to keep those three powers honest.

The week opens here on a Monday morning, and it opens with the kind of trouble the authority exists for. Officers of the regional office, acting on a tip from a schoolteacher who noticed her pupils with coins the street did not explain, have sealed eleven machines in a café in the river district, machines with no licence, no serial in the register, and a logic board that will occupy chapter 5's inspectorate for days. The café's owner sits in the hearing room by Thursday with a lawyer and a story, the story every unlicensed operator tells, that the machines were only amusements, that the neighbours wanted them, that he did not know the law. The authority's lawyer has the café's takings from the till seizure, and the arithmetic of the difference between an amusement machine and a gaming machine is the week's first lesson: the law does not ask whether the player enjoys the machine, it asks whether a stake can be converted into a prize, and eleven machines that can, are a gambling business.

The licence is the machine's atom, and the chapter's central work is to take it apart. An application for an operator's licence lands in the licensing hall as a folder with a specific gravity: a business plan, proof of funds with the bank's stamp, the criminal record of every director, the floor plan of every premises, the house rules of every game offered, the responsible-gambling plan, and the fee. The licensing officer's first question is not any of the folder's questions but the one the folder cannot answer, whether the applicant is fit and proper, and the fit-and-proper test is the authority's oldest tool and least scientific, a judgement about character built from spent convictions, prior licence history,

the source of the money, the truthfulness of the application, and the officer's own interview notes. The test earns its bureaucracy because it is the single point where the state asks, before a single wager is taken, whether this person, holding this permission, would honour its conditions when the profits argued otherwise.

The doctrine of the authority can be gathered into three sentences the hearing room repeats like a catechism. Permission precedes operation: no wager may be offered that the licence does not name, and a licence to run a betting shop is not a licence to install machines, which is not a licence to run a raffle, and the café's owner is learning this sentence at public expense. The licence is a contract, not a property right: the operator buys years of permission, never ownership, and the distinction is the whole difference between a regulator and a landlord. And the register is the licence's twin: a permission that is not published is not permission but favour, and the public register of operators, with its names, addresses, licence types, conditions and expiry dates, is the authority's promise that any citizen can check any door's papers, which is a promise this book's closing checks will teach the reader to use.

The authority's arithmetic deserves a paragraph, because the machine's money is what the argument runs on. The composite country's authority collects licence fees across the two thousand premises and the online operators: a casino licence at the top of the scale, betting shops in the middle, lottery retail terminals at the small end, and the fees are set not to maximise revenue but to price the regulator's cost, on the doctrine that the industry, not the taxpayer, pays for its own policing. The teaching numbers run like this: a national licence estate of some two thousand premises at an average fee that keeps the authority's three offices, its inspectorate and its research office funded without touching the treasury, with the fee scale banded so that a village hall's charity raffle pays nothing, a corner shop's terminal pays a little, and a casino floor pays enough to carry an inspector's whole salary. The bands are policy in disguise, and the reader should notice what they decide: who the state treats as a gambler's business and who it treats as a villager raising funds for a new roof.

The hard case of the week belongs to the fit-and-proper test and gives it a face. An applicant for a city betting licence discloses, honestly, a spent conviction from her youth for taking bets without a licence, twenty years old, in a neighbouring composite district, long since spent under the rehabilitation rules, and the licensing officer must decide what honesty about an old offence

is worth. The doctrine says spent convictions are not automatic bars, and the officer's interview notes record the woman's own words, that she took the bets because everyone did and stopped when the authority's predecessor said stop, and the authority grants the licence with a condition, a two-year probation of unannounced compliance visits, because the fit-and-proper test at its best does not demand a spotless past, it demands a past a person can discuss honestly. The reader should hold the case, because it returns: the machine's question is never whether an operator was once bad, but whether the operator is now governable.

The authority's hand-offs are its quiet load-bearing work, and the organ map of the whole book can be read off them. It draws the age row from the identity machine of an earlier volume, because a licence's conditions begin with who may pass the door. It hands criminal matters to the police organ and keeps the administrative ladder for itself, a treaty chapter 9 will honour in full. It sends the levy assessment to the tax organ's bookkeeper while keeping the levy's policy at home. It takes the integrity unit's reports into its licence conditions. It supplies the research office with the yield and premises data, and it publishes the register that the consumer book's buyers consult when they ask whether a door's papers are real. The authority sits at the centre of ten organs, and the chapters that follow are, in one sense, simply the story of each of those hand-offs growing into an office of its own.

The licensing officer is the organ's face in these pages, and any portrait of him should open with his reading habits, because a fit-and-proper file is a reading job before it is anything else. He came to the authority from a bank's credit department, which taught him to read a balance sheet for what it omits, and he stayed for the interview room, a skill he describes as the same one in a different hat. His week holds the café owner's hearing and the city applicant's probation file, and his own summary of the craft, offered to every new officer, is that the test's question is never whether a person has a past, it is whether the past tells the truth about the present, and a folder that argues with itself tells more than any reference. He keeps a drawer of refused applications, not as trophies but as teaching files, and the drawer's lesson is the chapter's: every refusal the authority ever issued is a wager that the honesty of a no was worth more than the fee of a yes, and the machine's whole trust is built on losing that wager's small profits on purpose.

The authority's origins begin in a problem rather than a creed, the way every organ in this catalog began, and the problem was a queue of royal favourites.

Chance was licensed by decree for centuries, the court granting the gaming house to a courtier, the dice-tax farmed to a crony, and the modern authority was born the day a reforming ministry wrote the sentence the whole chapter restates: permission for chance belongs to the law, not the patron. The first licensing statutes were public health measures in disguise, drafted after a scandal in which a promoter fled with a city's stakes, and the fit-and-proper test descends from the licensing bench's earliest question, whether the applicant was a person the neighbourhood could trust with a till. The composite country's authority keeps the founding scar in its architecture: the register was public from the first year, because the founding scandal was a licence nobody could inspect, and a regulator that forgets which abuse built it will rebuild the abuse within a generation.

A field guide to the authority, for the reader who prefers to look at paper. The public register of operators is the organ's face, and in the composite country it exists as a wall of binders in the licensing hall and a database any citizen may search: operator names, licence numbers, types, conditions, expiry dates, and the reader's first look should note how current the wall is, because the law allows a stated number of days for updates and a wall of expired licences is the authority's sloppiness printed on paper. The hearing calendar is posted weekly, and the reader with an hour may sit in the back row and watch the fit-and-proper test work in the flesh. The annual report's licensing statistics, granted, refused, conditioned, revoked, are the organ's pulse, and the reader should copy three numbers into a notebook and check them against next year's report, because a regulator's drift is visible in its own arithmetic before it is visible anywhere else.

The long view of the authority runs on the question the founders answered with a paper register: what becomes of permission when the licence has no premises to hang on. The wallet era has already forced the question into the doctrine, a licence that attaches to a login rather than a door, and the horizon holds three pressures the authority's next generation will feel in order. The first is the global operator, licensed somewhere, visible everywhere, whose regulation will be treaties and mutual recognition rather than national registers, and the authority that cannot sit in that room will regulate a museum. The second is the synthetic customer, the account that behaves like a player and is a script, and the fit-and-proper test of the coming decades will be applied to code as much as to character. The third is the arithmetic of permission itself: as the estate's yield concentrates in fewer, larger operators, the authority's leverage grows and its independence is tested, because the

operator whose revocation would empty a city's high street has become a counterparty rather than a licensee, and the machine's oldest sentence, the licence is revocable, will be defended by regulators who may never have to revoke anything that large, and defended precisely by being written down.

A teaching note on the authority, for the instructor who wants the organ to carry a seminar and not just its plot. The organ's two clean exercises both grow out of the fit-and-proper test. The first is the character dilemma: give the class the spent-conviction applicant's file, the honest disclosure, the probation suggestion, and require a written decision with reasons, then compare the class's split verdict with the doctrine's actual test, whether the past tells the truth about the present, and the exercise teaches that the machine's hardest judgements are administrative rather than moral. The second is the register exercise: send the students to the public operators' database, real or composite, to count and date the entries, and ask them to argue from the register's condition whether the authority is current, captured or asleep, and the exercise teaches that a citizen's audit begins with public paper. The seminar's exam question, set to force the reading rather than the recall: why is a licence a contract rather than a property right, and what happens to an estate that forgets the difference, with the café's bar and the casino's fine as the two exhibits.

The authority's hand-offs merit a closing list, because this organ is the machine's junction and the inventory is the map of the rest of the book. Upstream, it draws the age row from the identity registry and the police organ's conviction records, both arriving under treaty, both logged, both dateable at the fit-and-proper file's first page. Downstream it sends the licence record to every organ that needs it: the floor's conditions to the inspectors, the operators' lists to the integrity unit, the fee assessments to the levy board's accountant, the estate's register to the research office, and the sanctions table to the public. The inventory's reader should register the pattern this whole book keeps repeating: the authority gives more than it receives, because permission is the one input every other organ consumes, and the chapter's closing sentence is the machine's first law: no organ in this catalog may act on an operator the register does not name, and every exception ever engineered to that sentence has ended in this chapter's hearing room.

The chapter's rules gathered onto one card, for the reader who needs the doctrine rather than the story. Permission is a contract, not a property: granted on stated conditions, revocable on stated breaches, never for sale.

Every operator must be fit and proper, and the test asks whether the past tells the truth about the present, not whether the past is spotless. The licence binds the person as much as the premises, and it travels with both. Disclose or refuse: the applicant who volunteers his failures may pass, and the applicant who hides them fails twice, once for the conduct and once for the concealment. The register is public, current and complete, or the authority is failing its first duty. Conditions are words with the force of revocation behind them. And the reader's whole recourse is paper: read the register, attend a hearing, appeal a refusal, and never accept a licence that cannot be produced in writing. The card's back is the test the chapter ran all week: would you grant this licence, and could you defend the granting in a room where the applicant's neighbours are listening, and the authority that cannot answer yes to both has no business granting anything to anyone at all.

The chapter's arithmetic, restated for the reader who wants the numbers without the narrative. The authority's fiscal year in the composite country collects fees of roughly one and a half million on an estate whose gross gambling yield is some five hundred million, a fee load near a third of one percent, deliberately light because the licence's cost is a filter rather than a revenue, priced to be noticed and never to be a barrier. The registry's public face holds some two hundred operator licences and twice that many personal certificates, and the ratio is itself a doctrine: persons are licensed at nearly the rate of premises, because the machine's trust is in people. The hearing docket runs some sixty fit-and-proper hearings a year, of which roughly one in six ends in refusal, and the refusal rate's honesty shows in its spread: no year is without refusals, and no year is dominated by them. The audit cost of the licensing hall is the figure the taxpayer should know: the authority's whole budget is some four million, fees cover better than a third of it, and the levy covers the rest, so the general taxpayer subsidises none of the machine that permits the wager, which is a sentence worth defending in any budget hearing that ever tries to raid the register to fill a deficit.

The week as the authority's ledger keeps it, so the reader can watch the same five days walk through one organ's files. The Monday opens with the café raid's papers arriving, eleven machines, no licence, the fit-and-proper file opened on a man the register has never heard of, and the Tuesday's probation visit for the city applicant lands in the same in-tray, two operators, one doctrine, neither yet permitted. The Wednesday brings the integrity unit's first graded note on the cup tie, and the authority's copy is filed under the licence it may one day revoke rather than the crime it may never prove. The

Thursday's exclusion breach lands twice in the authority's week, once as a welfare incident and once as a compliance question, and the dual filing is the licence regime's whole character: the same fact, read as harm in one office and as breach in the other, with neither reading allowed to erase the other. The Friday closes with the levy board's quarterly schedule and the licensing hall's own accounts, and the week's ledger contains one thing the reader should mark by its absence: a quiet day, because permission is a full-time bargain, and the register that grants a licence on Monday must be ready to defend it on Friday in a room full of the applicant's neighbours.

The chapter's checks are the register and the licence on the wall. Read the public register of operators, which the authority must keep current within a stated number of days, and check one door you know: the shop on your corner should appear with its licence type, its conditions and its expiry. Look for the licence's paper at the premises itself, and the law requires it displayed where a player can read it, and its absence is a reportable defect. Ask the authority for its annual report, which must state the number of licences granted, refused, conditioned and revoked, and read the revocations, because a register that only ever grows is a register nobody polices. And when you hear that a machine, a raffle or a card room is operating without papers, do what the river district's schoolteacher did, whose word sealed eleven machines on a Monday morning, and tell the authority, because the authority's whole design assumes that the country's eyes are part of its inspectorate.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The author writes the anatomy of the machines that hold daily life together, one organ at a time. This series and its companion volumes have taken apart the systems that govern, feed, trade, police, heal, remember, defend, welcome, and mourn; the present book turns to the machine that permits the oldest wager a state can license and must never stop watching, and to the craft of the licensing officers, floor managers, odds compilers, draw managers, machine inspectors, harm-desk counsellors, integrity analysts, levy accountants, compliance officers, and research statisticians who keep the country's bargain with chance honest, one public paper, one sealed board, one published band at a time.