

BATSFORD CHESS

REVISED AND
UPDATED EDITION

BOBBY FISCHER

REDISCOVERED

Andrew Soltis



Bobby Fischer Rediscovered

New updated, expanded and re-analyzed edition

Andrew Soltis

Contents

Author's Note

- 1 Donald Byrne – Fischer, *Rosenwald Tournament, New York 1956*
- 2 Fischer – Di Camillo, *Eastern Open, Washington D. C. 1956*
- 3 Bernstein – Fischer, *U.S. Championship, New York 1957-58*
- 4 Fischer – Sherwin, *U.S. Championship, New York 1957-58*
- 5 Fischer – Larsen, *Interzonal, Portorož 1958*
- 6 Fischer – Kalme, *U.S. Championship, New York 1958-59*
- 7 Fischer – Jacobo Bolbochán, *Mar del Plata 1959*
- 8 Fischer – Rossetto, *Mar del Plata 1959*
- 9 Fischer – Pilnik, *Santiago 1959*
- 10 Keres – Fischer, *Candidates Tournament, Yugoslavia 1959*
- 11 Fischer – Gligorić, *Candidates Tournament, Yugoslavia 1959*
- 12 Fischer – Benko, *Candidates Tournament, Yugoslavia 1959*
- 13 Fischer – Petrosian, *Candidates Tournament, Yugoslavia 1959*
- 14 Denker – Fischer, *U.S. Championship, New York 1959-60*
- 15 Gudmundsson – Fischer, *Reykjavik 1960*
- 16 Bazan – Fischer, *Mar del Plata 1960*
- 17 Fischer – Olafsson, *Mar del Plata 1960*
- 18 Taimanov – Fischer, *Buenos Aires 1960*
- 19 Letelier – Fischer, *Olympiad, Leipzig 1960*
- 20 Szabó – Fischer, *Olympiad, Leipzig 1960*
- 21 Lombardy – Fischer, *U.S. Championship, New York 1960-61*
- 22 Fischer – Reshevsky, *Second Match Game, New York 1961*

- 23 Gligorić – Fischer, *Bled 1961*
- 24 Fischer – Tal, *Bled 1961*
- 25 Fischer – Olafsson, *Bled 1961*
- 26 Fischer – Geller, *Bled 1961*
- 27 Bisguier – Fischer, *Bled 1961*
- 28 Fischer – Portisch, *Interzonal, Stockholm 1962*
- 29 Bilek – Fischer, *Interzonal, Stockholm 1962*
- 30 Fischer – German, *Interzonal, Stockholm 1962*
- 31 Bertok – Fischer, *Interzonal, Stockholm 1962*
- 32 Fischer – Julio Bolbochán, *Interzonal, Stockholm 1962*
- 33 Fischer – Keres, *Candidates Tournament, Curaçao 1962*
- 34 Tal – Fischer, *Candidates Tournament, Curaçao 1962*
- 35 Fischer – Tal, *Candidates Tournament, Curaçao 1962*
- 36 Larsen – Fischer, *Exhibition, Copenhagen 1962*
- 37 Fischer – Purevzhav, *Olympiad, Varna 1962*
- 38 Botvinnik – Fischer, *Olympiad, Varna 1962*
- 39 Fischer – Najdorf, *Olympiad, Varna 1962*
- 40 Blau – Fischer, *Olympiad, Varna 1962*
- 41 Fischer – Robatsch, *Olympiad, Varna 1962*
- 42 Berliner – Fischer, *Western Open, Bay City 1963*
- 43 Fischer – Bisguier, *New York State Open, Poughkeepsie 1963*
- 44 Robert Byrne – Fischer, *U.S. Championship, New York 1963-64*
- 45 Fischer – Benko, *U.S. Championship, New York 1963-64*
- 46 Addison – Fischer, *U.S. Championship, New York 1963-64*
- 47 Fischer – Evans, *U.S. Championship, New York 1963-64*
- 48 Donald Byrne – Fischer, *U.S. Championship, New York 1963-64*
- 49 Robatsch – Fischer, *Capablanca Memorial, Havana 1965*
- 50 Fischer – Donner, *Capablanca Memorial, Havana 1965*

- 51 Tringov – Fischer, *Capablanca Memorial, Havana 1965*
- 52 Fischer – Reshevsky, *Second Piatigorsky Cup, Santa Monica 1966*
- 53 Donner – Fischer, *Second Piatigorsky Cup, Santa Monica 1966*
- 54 Portisch - Fischer, *Second Piatigorsky Cup, Santa Monica 1966*
- 55 Fischer – Najdorf, *Second Piatigorsky Cup, Santa Monica 1966*
- 56 Fischer – Durão, *Olympiad, Havana 1966*
- 57 Pomar – Fischer, *Olympiad, Havana 1966*
- 58 Fischer – Gligorić, *Olympiad, Havana 1966*
- 59 Johannessen – Fischer, *Olympiad, Havana 1966*
- 60 Bisguier – Fischer, *U.S. Championship, New York 1966-67*
- 61 Fischer – Forintos, *Monte Carlo 1967*
- 62 Larsen – Fischer, *Monte Carlo 1967*
- 63 Fischer – Naranja, *Philippines 1967*
- 64 Fischer – Dely, *Skopje 1967*
- 65 Kholmov – Fischer, *Skopje 1967*
- 66 Fischer – Miagmasuren, *Interzonal, Sousse 1967*
- 67 Cuéllar – Fischer, *Interzonal, Sousse 1967*
- 68 Fischer – Stein, *Interzonal, Sousse 1967*
- 69 Fischer – Kagan, *Netanya 1968*
- 70 Nikolić – Fischer, *Vinkovci 1968*
- 71 Fischer – Minić, *Vinkovci 1968*
- 72 Matulović – Fischer, *Vinkovci 1968*
- 73 Saidy – Fischer, *Marshall-Manhattan Match, New York 1968*
- 74 Fischer – Petrosian, *U.S.S.R. v Rest of World, Belgrade 1970*
- 75 Fischer – Matulović, *Blitz Tournament, Herceg-Novi 1970*
- 76 Ghitescu – Fischer, *Rovinj-Zagreb 1970*
- 77 Fischer – Uhlmann, *Rovinj-Zagreb 1970*
- 78 Fischer – Nicevski, *Rovinj-Zagreb 1970*

- 79 Szabó – Fischer, *Buenos Aires 1970*
- 80 Fischer – Tukmakov, *Buenos Aires 1970*
- 81 Fischer – Schweber, *Buenos Aires 1970*
- 82 Fischer – Gheorghiu, *Buenos Aires 1970*
- 83 Quinteros – Fischer, *Buenos Aires 1970*
- 84 Fischer – Panno, *Buenos Aires 1970*
- 85 Agdamus – Fischer, *Buenos Aires 1970*
- 86 Fischer – Unzicker, *Olympiad, Siegen 1970*
- 87 Fischer – Andersson, *Exhibition Game, Siegen 1970*
- 88 Smyslov – Fischer, *Interzonal, Palma de Mallorca 1970*
- 89 Suttles – Fischer, *Interzonal, Palma de Mallorca 1970*
- 90 Fischer – Taimanov, *Fourth Game, Candidates, Vancouver 1971*
- 91 Fischer – Larsen, *First Game, Candidates, Denver 1971*
- 92 Larsen – Fischer, *Fourth Game, Candidates, Denver 1971*
- 93 Fischer – Larsen, *Fifth Game, Candidates, Denver 1971*
- 94 Fischer – Petrosian, *First Game, Candidates, Buenos Aires 1971*
- 95 Fischer – Petrosian, *Seventh Game, Candidates, Buenos Aires 1971*
- 96 Spassky – Fischer, *Third Game, World Championship 1972*
- 97 Fischer – Spassky, *Tenth Game, World Championship 1972*
- 98 Spassky – Fischer, *Thirteenth Game, World Championship 1972*
- 99 Fischer – Spassky, *First Match Game, Sveti Stefan 1992*
- 100 Fischer – Spassky, *Eleventh Match Game, Sveti Stefan 1992*
- 101 Fischer - Larsen, *Speed Game, Santa Monica 1966*
- 102 Tal – Fischer, *Blitz Tournament, Herceg-Novi 1970*
- 103 Fischer – Seidler, *Simultaneous Exhibition, Buenos Aires 1971*
- 104 Brandts – Fischer, *Speed Tournament, New York 1971*
- 105 Fischer – Hoppe, *Clock Simultaneous, Davis 1964*
- 106 Fischer – Gligorić, *Training Match, Sveti Stefan 1992*

107 Fischer – Smyslov, *Capablanca Memorial, Havana 1965*

Epilogue

Index of Opponents

Index of Openings

ECO Openings Index

Author's Note

Nearly a decade after Bobby Fischer won the world chess championship – and then disappeared – he was living secretly in San Francisco. For months in 1981 he was the house guest of Grandmaster Peter Biyiasas and his wife Ruth Haring a few blocks north of Golden Gate Park. Fischer felt he was living underground, freed from the public attention he said he hated. Fischer had developed a deep interest in all things Indian. He convinced Biyiasas to go with him to see a motion picture made in India. It was playing at a movie theatre some distance away so they decided to take a city bus. Fischer insisted they sit at the back of the bus so he wouldn't be recognized. All went well until a young man got on at the front of bus and, after finding a seat, looked back and stared. Biyiasas realized he was a regular member of the busy Bay Area chess community.

Fischer became upset. I hate it when they recognize me, he told Biyiasas.

What do you mean recognize *you*? Biyiasas replied. Chessplayers haven't seen you in years. You don't even look the same. He recognized *me* said Biyiasas, who had won several major California tournaments.

For the rest of the bus ride, until the starrer got off, Fischer and Biyiasas argued about who was the real target of the starrer's attention.

This was one of the many contradictions in the life of Fischer. He craved fame and fiercely disdained it. He lived most of his life like a miser but demanded huge (for his time) amounts of money. He said

all he ever wanted to do was play chess – then virtually gave up the game at age 29. He was deeply religious but kept changing religions. He was a fanatic about his health yet refused the common medical treatment that would have prolonged his life for many years.

Why was Bobby the way he was? I suspect that many of his quirks came from his upbringing. I got a clue to this during my early days as a newspaper reporter.

In October 1972 I was sitting at my typewriter at the *New York Post* when my desk phone rang. The caller identified herself as Regina Pustan. I recognized the name. She didn't have to add – but she did – “I am Bobby Fischer's mother.”

She said she had been living in Great Britain for years but had come to America to be interviewed by newspapers. I couldn't believe my good luck. This was just a month after the Fischer – Spassky match ended and he was a media phenomenon. He didn't have to be identified by surname in headlines. When he won the final match game in Iceland, my paper's front page read simply “Bobby's The Champ.”

We quickly agreed on logistics: Yes, I could interview her at her hotel. No, I would not need more than an hour. Yes, I could bring a *Post* photographer. We were winding this up when she casually added that she could not say anything about her son.

I knew that she and Fischer had had a strained relationship. But I was still dumbfounded. What would we be talking about, if not Bobby, I asked?

Why, the election, of course, she said. She had come to the United States to explain to American voters how they must vote. Something simply had to be done to prevent President Richard Nixon from being re-elected the following month.

I understand how you feel, I replied. There are many people who live in America and feel that way. But they would also like to see their

opinions given prominent display in the pages of a newspaper with one million readers. Why should we be giving space to someone who had left the United States several years before?

She was shocked by the question. To her, the answer was obvious: “Because I am Bobby Fischer’s mother,” she said.

Like her son she expected the respect and attention of a celebrity. But, like her son, she saw no reason to pay the price of publicity. I politely declined to interview her.

I had been fascinated by Fischer for more than ten years. I first saw Bobby one night in late 1961. This was well before my first clocked game – in fact, it was not long after I’d learned that chess was played with clocks. The occasion, oddly enough, was my grandmother’s first and only visit to New York from Newton, Iowa. My mother decided to shock her by taking a stroll through the bohemian streets of Greenwich Village. Walking ahead of them along Thompson Street I spotted a dilapidated storefront that was labeled “Rossolimo’s Chess Studio” and convinced my mother and grandmother to drop in for a minute or two. While the three of us stood a few steps inside the doorway to admire the exotic sets for sale, Fischer walked in. Or, rather, lurched in. He never seemed to move in a routine manner, but as a burst of energy.

He was 18, four years older than me, and his oversized suit made him look taller and more rumpled than his 6-foot-2 and 180 or so pounds. He had come to see Nick Rossolimo, the proprietor of the studio, who, I had heard, was some kind of master. I had never actually seen a master but was well aware of Fischer. He explained to Rossolimo that he had just returned from a tournament at a place called Bled and seemed eager to talk about it. I realized that he wanted – no, he needed – to talk about it to an audience that understood him. He was relaxed, natural and not at all the prima donna I’d read about. He was just Bobby. There were four skittles games going on in the cramped studio, but none of the players, who

were paying the outrageous sum of 25 cents an hour to play one another, looked up. It struck me that chess was very strange indeed if one of the best players in the world didn't even get a flicker of recognition when sitting a few feet away and talking about his latest success.

The next time I saw Fischer he was playing chess. Not in the same 1600-rated tournaments I was, of course. He was in the U.S. Championship, which had become an annual event, thanks in large part to interest in Fischer. The tournament was held each Christmastime in a Manhattan hotel ballroom. Before each round Hans Kmoch, the tournament director, or one of his assistants would choose which of us young myrmidons would be allowed to operate demonstration boards on the stage. (My friend Russ Garber had learned how the pieces moved only a few months before he handled Fischer's 1963 game with Benko, a.k.a. the 19 ♖f6!! game.)

Everyone, of course, wanted to work Bobby's board. If you were lucky, he might send you on an errand, in between moves, to bring him back a container of milk – always milk – and some food. I never got the chance. Usually I was assigned to a Sherwin-vs.-Mednis or, if I was lucky, a Byrne-vs.-Benko. But seated at the demo board, you were usually only a few feet from the players, so I got a chance to watch Fischer first hand.

He had quick, large eyes that darted about the board as he concentrated, and distinctive eyebrows that always gave away his surprise when he saw something new in his calculations. And he had extraordinarily long fingers. They cradled his head when he went into a deep think – which for him meant only ten minutes. Fischer seemed awkward at everything else, even when signing his name in block letters (he apparently never learned script). But when moving the pieces, he exuded a kind of strange, athletic grace. Moving the pieces may have been his most comfortable form of communication. Years later Angela Julian Day told me of her one meeting with

Fischer. She was helping to run the Grandmaster Association office in Brussels in 1990. The great promotional hope of the GMA was their World Cup tournaments, and what was supposed to save the Cup from going the way of all previous chess promotions was getting Fischer to play in it. One night Angie went to what she thought was a social get-together with various GMA dignitaries when she discovered the man seated across from her was Bobby Fischer. But Fischer seemed mute. After several clumsy moments of silence, he pulled out of his pocket a well-worn version of the hand-held game in which you move 15 numbered tiles around a plastic grid that has spaces for 16. Fischer indicated that she should mix up the tiles, and then time him with her wristwatch. She did. Fischer unscrambled the tiles in a fraction of a minute. His long, nimble fingers worked remarkably fast. In fact he regarded himself as the world champion at this. “And all I could think was what a waste,” Angie Day recalled.

In September 1963 I got a closer look at Fischer when I played at the New York State Open in Poughkeepsie. It turned out to be Fischer’s last Swiss System tournament and he won all his seven games. I started out rated around number 40 in the field of 57 players but by the final round had worked up to board three where I had White against James T. Sherwin. When I resigned around move 60, there didn’t seem like much to say, and besides there was no time to postmortem if I was going to catch my car ride back to New York. But on the following night there was some event at the Marshall Chess Club that attracted a throng.

Sherwin showed up and asked if I wanted to look over the game. I was shocked. After all, he outrated me by more than 500 points and had just proven it. We headed to the back room, to the “Capablanca table,” to analyze. My second surprise came when Fischer materialized and sat down on my side of the board. Several other masters looked on, peering over one another’s shoulders, at the position. Sherwin had been working on this opening (1 e4 c5 2  f3

♖f6 3 e5 ♗d5) for months and had spent more than 20 hours on it. But no one had allowed him to show over the board what he'd found until I had the previous day. Even Fischer avoided the issue, playing 3 ♗c3 against Sherwin in the previous year's U.S. Championship.

Sherwin presented the moves with a flourish, particularly 15...♗g1, his TN. (As far as I know, it remains virtually unknown.) He really did make moves he was proud of by pushing the piece with his pinky, as Fischer described in the first pages of *My 60 Memorable Games*. But when matters got interesting, around move 17, Fischer stopped the show by asking, "Whadya got on this?" and moved a white piece. Sherwin had an answer but it was demolished by a few quick Fischer follow-ups. This happened again a move later in the game, and then again. After the fourth time that he'd refuted a Sherwin move, Fischer asked, "You spent 20 hours on *this*?"

I witnessed Fischer in action several more times over the next few years. For example:

- Shortly after his great 11-0 triumph in the U.S. Championship, when he demonstrated his win over Robert Byrne in the front room of the Marshall, next to the bust of Frank Marshall, and joked about how the Soviets would try to ridicule his play.

- When he returned to the "Capablanca table" in 1965, playing opponents long-distance because the U.S. State Department wouldn't let him play them face-to-face in Havana. Despite the bizarre setting, he remained approachable, willing to chat about his last game, about what went wrong and what went right.

- When he would show up, usually late at night, at the Manhattan Chess Club, or at the Times Square dive called The New York Chess and Checker Club – but known among games players as "The Fleahouse" – Fischer would give outrageous time odds in blitz games to masters. Or just chat about chess. When that was the subject he was always just Bobby.

It seems incredible now, but no one in New York's small chess community seemed to think it the slightest bit odd that perhaps the greatest player in history was among us, periodically disappearing and then reappearing again when he was ready to play chess. Once, when he had vanished for several months, it was passed through the grapevine with matter-of-factness that Fischer had confined himself to a Midtown hotel room from which he wasn't going to leave until he perfected his play in rook endgames.

How Fischer earned a living was a mystery. He had asked for – and gotten – the astronomical sum of \$250 for each simultaneous exhibition he gave. But after 1965 he rarely gave simulms. Al Horowitz, who began the *New York Times* chess column in 1962, told me that the *Times* had offered Fischer \$15,000-plus a year for a regular column, even a ghostwritten column. Whether that was true was unclear, to use the traditional annotator's hedge, because Horowitz was somewhat unreliable. Fischer told other people that he was paid \$300 a month for his monthly column in *Boy's Life*, the Boy Scout magazine.

And there were always rumors about a book. I knew his first book, *Bobby Fischer's Games of Chess*, a gossamer collection of his games from his first U.S. Championship and Interzonal. He also contributed some ideas, but chiefly his name, to *Bobby Fischer Teaches Chess*, which earned more than twice as much for him as any of his other books. But Fischer had been working for years on his magnum opus, which was supposed to be called *Bobby Fischer's Best Games of Chess*. He first said it would appear after "my match with Botvinnik." When that didn't come to pass, he added more games and it was retitled *My 50 Memorable Games*. But by 1966 there was still no sign of it.

Accounts of its fate percolated through New York chess circles but the only thing that was certain was that Fischer decided against publishing after the manuscript was already set in metal type. The

Fischer hangers-on I knew said he didn't want to give up his openings secrets or be caught in an analytical error so he bought his way out of the contract. Larry Evans, whose role in the book is surely more than anyone admitted, said Fischer reversed himself in 1968 and decided to go ahead with the now *60 Memorable Games*. "The world's coming to an end anyway," Bobby explained.

When the book appeared in 1969, Fischer had been invisible for months. By that time I was a 2400 player and even got to play a few boards away from him in a Manhattan Chess Club – Marshall Chess Club team match in November 1968. The closest contact I had with him in the next year was odd and quite indirect, at the World Student Olympiad in Dresden. Just before one round I had to borrow a pair of shoes from teammate Bernard Zuckerman. They fit my size 12 feet nearly perfectly. "They're Bobby's," Zuckerman explained. "He gives me some of his old clothes." (That afternoon I played Fischer's favorite 6 ♖c4 against the Najdorf Variation and won the prettiest game I ever played.)

The only time I faced Fischer over the board was in August 1971. This was in between Fischer's 6-0 Candidates match victories over Mark Taimanov and Bent Larsen. The Manhattan Chess Club had just moved to new quarters – they made three more forced moves before going out of business in 2002 – and a speed tournament was arranged to mark the occasion. This was during one of Fischer's press-friendly periods, and the organizers allowed photographers a short period to work the room. I was paired with Fischer in the first round. The result was a huge photo in the next day's *Times*: We're playing a 6 ♖c4 Najdorf, of course, and he's waiting for my 11th move. About thirty fans are watching, some standing on chairs to get a better view. Around move 30 Fischer blundered away his queen for a rook and pawn. It was an easy win but I knew I'd never win it. Fischer's presence paralyzed me. Instead of trying to promote a

pawn, I tried to blockade his, and lost miserably. I put up no resistance in the second game.

The last time I saw him was Sept. 21, 1972, “Bobby Fischer Day” in New York, a celebration at City Hall three weeks after the match ended. There were the usual speeches, including brief (scripted) remarks by Bobby. Later there was a reception in the Blue Room, a ceremonial hall usually reserved for special occasions. Fischer and I chatted about the news coverage of the match in New York. He seemed relaxed, natural – still just Bobby.

Thirty years later, I looked at Fischer’s games for the first time since they were played. What struck me is that they fell into two categories. Some were, in fact, overrated. But many more were underrated – if known at all. And his originality, so striking at the time, had been lost with time. It seemed to me Fischer deserved an entirely new look.

The more I played over the moves again, the more it occurred to me that Fischer’s chess was shaped by a single goal – to beat the Soviets. I guess that shouldn’t be surprising, strategy in chess – as in war, business, election campaigns and sports – evolves for a practical reason: Great innovations aren’t created for the sake of science. They’re created for the specific aim of defeating the strategy that made other guys successful. Alexander the Great and his father didn’t invent the Macedonian battle phalanx because of some lofty desire to improve battlefield theory. They did it to crush the Persians.

The Soviet style that Fischer faced had come about in much the same way. The Russians, Ukrainians, *et al* wanted to defeat the dominant style of the 1930s – the material-driven endgame-oriented strategies that had served Capablanca, Flohr and Fine so well. They developed a sharply different set of priorities, beginning with the initiative. Black was entitled to it as much as White and he could start the struggle for it as early as the opening, even if he has to give up material – such as in the celebrated “Soviet Exchange sacrifice” –

or incur positional weaknesses, such as backward pawns or giving up bishop for knight.

Fischer, it struck me, was a reaction to this reaction. He adopted many of the Soviets' weapons, like the King's Indian and the Najdorf Sicilian, but with the eyes of a Classical player. And he liked to grab material. "I don't know who is better, Bobby, but I offer a draw," Vlastimil Hort said after 44 moves at Siegen 1970. "I don't know who is better either but I have an extra pawn," Fischer said in refusing. He was, in the words of one Russian admirer, the perfect harmony of position and material. If the Soviets were the antithesis of the 1930s' thesis, Fischer was the new synthesis. It's a dialectic that would have pleased Marx.

I found certain recurring themes in Fischer's games. Among them:

- *"To get squares, you gotta give squares,"* as he put it. He understood that in order to win you had to control certain crucial points of the board and that often meant you had to concede others. This is particularly evident in Games 2, 56, 57, 60, 61, 86, and 92.

- *Ugly moves aren't bad.*

Although he could be as dogmatic as Steinitz, Fischer had an instinct for moves that few other grandmasters would consider. For example, 19 ♖xe7+ in Game 2, 13 ♔e2 in Game 11, 13...♗g4 in Game 27, 5 ♔e2 in Game 30, 13 a3 in Game 66, 11...♗h5 in Game 96 and giving up a fianchettoed bishop for a knight on d4 in Games 40 and 79.

- *Material matters.* Fischer played great sacrificial games but almost all of them occurred before he was 21. He was basically a materialist, a materialist who had a deeper understanding of the exchange value of pieces than almost any other player. His handling of a bishop-versus-knight middlegame or queen-versus-two-rook endgame was remarkable, as was his appreciation of how great the

winning chances are in rook-and bishops-of-opposite-color endings. I had always felt uncomfortable giving up two rooks for my opponent's queen. Then I realized Fischer's discovery: The more minor pieces there are on the board, the greater the queen's chances against the rooks.

- *Technique has many faces.* Few players are equally good at obtaining and realizing an advantage – they are quite different skills – but as Mark Dvoretsky pointed out, Fischer was the exception. His trademark was the timely conversion of one kind of advantage to another, as in Games 6, 7, 25, 28, 35, 40, 50, 55, 57 and 95.

What would have happened if Fischer had continued to play? What would we have learned from his games with Karpov and Kasparov – if not Carlsen? (Carlsen was a strong grandmaster during the last years of Fischer's life.) How would he have countered new weapons such as the Kalashnikov Sicilian, the Trompowsky Attack, and the many anti-Sicilian attacks that became popular from 1975 on? Would he have been the one to figure out how to beat the Berlin Defense? How would he have coped with faster time controls? He was, after all, the world's best blitz player. Would he have been able to compete alone in an era of entourages and teams of seconds? How would he have fared against computers like Deep Blue? How different would chess be today if he had stayed?

We will never know. All we have left is the games.

Since the first edition of this book, Fischer games have been re-analyzed by many others, including Garry Kasparov, with the help of computers. Everyone finds something new – hidden resources, nuances and errors in earlier annotations. This is almost certain to go on with each new generation of stronger analytic engines. I have made extensive revisions since I tackled these games in 2003. But I suspect Fischer's moves, like his life, will remain a source of fascination – if not mystery – well into this century.

Andrew Soltis
New York, 2019

1

A one-paragraph snippet of news under the headline “New York’s New Prodigy” appeared in the November 9, 1956 issue of the British magazine *Chess*. It reported that Samuel Reshevsky had won the 3rd Rosenwald tournament, a prestigious event which was marked by a controversial double forfeit, and a remarkable game: “Donald Byrne was beaten by a 13-year-old boy named Fischer who totaled 4½ points, in a game of great depth and brilliancy...”

Donald Byrne – Fischer

Rosenwald Tournament, New York 1956

Grünfeld Defense (D96)

1	f3	f6
2	c4	g6
3	c3	g7
4	d4	o-o
5	f4	d5
6	b3	

Before 1956 White usually combined f4 with e3 before b3. The difference is that 6...c5 can be met by 7 dxc5 a5 and then 8 d2! favors White.

6	...	dxc4
7	xc4	c6
8	e4	

Most opening books of the day cited one example of this position, from a 1943 game that continued 8...b5 9 b3 a5 10 d3 e6 with advantage to White after 11 d1 g4 12 o-o d8 13 e5!.

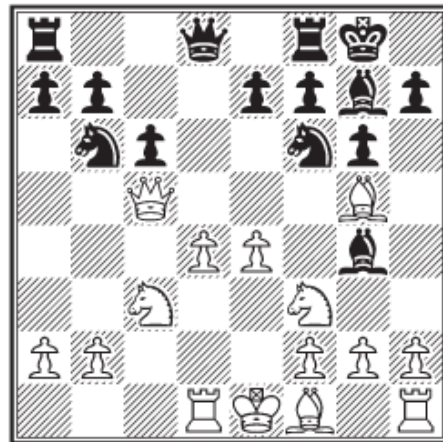
8	...	bd7
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9 ♖d1 ♗b6
 10 ♔c5! ♕g4

Black prepares 11... ♗fd7 12 ♔a3 e5! 13 dxe5 ♔e8 and ... ♗xe5 with good play.

11 ♗g5?

This way of stopping 11... ♗fd7 is the source of White's troubles. Preferable was 11 ♗e2 ♗fd7 12 ♔a3 ♗xf3. Then 13 ♗xf3 e5 14 dxe5 ♔e8 15 ♗e2 ♗xe5 16 O-O and ♖fe1 leaves White a tiny edge. But 13 gxf3!, a common theme in the Grünfeld, gives him more: 13...e5 14 dxe5 ♔e8 15 ♗e3 ♗xe5 16 f4 and 17 e5.



“The next seven moves provide one of the most remarkable passages in the whole of recorded chess,” W.H. Cozens wrote in *The King Hunt*.

11 ... ♗a4!!

Now 12 ♗xa4 ♗xe4 13 ♔xe7 ♔a5+ 14 ♗c3 ♖fe8 or 14 b4 ♔xa4 15 ♔xe4 ♖fe8 16 ♗e7 ♗xf3 17 gxf3 ♗f6 are lost. Better but still poor is 13 ♔c1 ♔a5+ 14 ♗c3 ♗xf3 15 gxf3 ♗xg5.

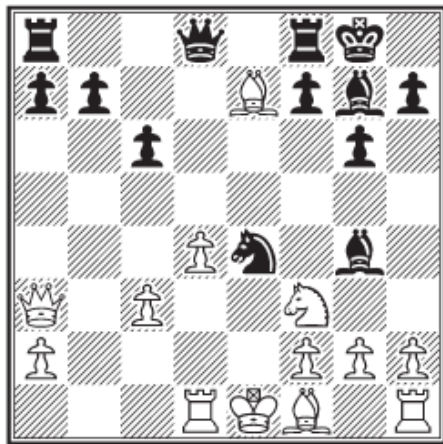
12 ♔a3 ♗xc3
 13 bxc3 ♗xe4!

Without this move, exploiting the absence of the c3-knight, Black's 11th move might have been remembered as a positional error that only

strengthened White's center. Now 14 ♖xe7? ♗xg5 or 14...♖xe7 15 ♗xe7 ♖fe8 lose quickly.

14 ♗xe7

Byrne expected 14...♖e8, after which 15 ♖d3! is seemingly powerful. But 15...c5 is a strong Exchange sacrifice (16 ♗xf8 ♗xf8 17 ♖b2 cxd4 18 cxd4 ♖a4).



14 ... ♖b6!

The second stage of the combination is founded on 15 ♗xf8 ♗xf8 16 ♖b3 ♗xc3 17 ♖xc3?? ♗b4 or 17 ♖xb6 axb6 with a winning ending.

15 ♗c4

Now 15...♖fe8 16 o-o ♗xf3 17 gxf3 ♗xc3 fails to 18 ♗c5 ♗b5 19 ♗xf7+!, a trick we'll see again.

15 ... ♗xc3!

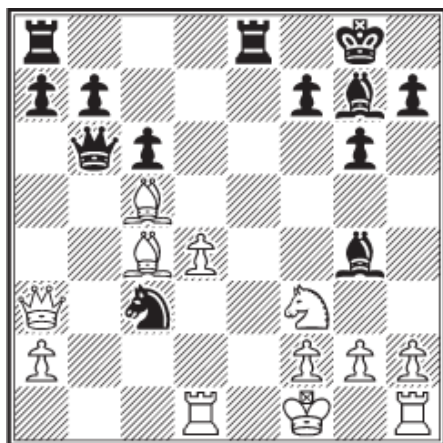
Based on 16 ♖xc3 ♖fe8 17 ♖e3 ♗f6.

16 ♗c5 ♖fe8+

17 ♖f1

Paul Keres, profiling Fischer on the eve of Curaçao 1962, imagined the scene: "Byrne apparently gloated silently at his opponent." Black loses on 17...♖c7 18 ♖xc3 and gets insufficient compensation for the queen after 17...♗xd1 18 ♗xb6 axb6 19 ♖b3. The *desperado* 17...♗b5 again fails to 18

♙xf7+! (18...♔h8 19 ♙xb6 ♗xa3 20 ♙xe8 or 18...♔xf7 19 ♚b3+ ♙e6 20 ♗g5+).



17 ... ♙e6!!

“But White’s joy was suddenly destroyed by Bobby’s move,” Keres wrote in *Ogonyok*. Byrne must take the queen since 18 ♙xe6 allows smothered mate (18...♚b5+ 19 ♔g1 ♗e2+ 20 ♔f1 ♗g3+ and ...♚f1+) and 18 ♚xc3 ♚xc5! 19 dxc5 ♙xc3 is a lost ending. Also, 18 ♙d3 allows the *desperado* to work (18...♗b5! 19 ♚b4 ♚c7 20 a4 a5! and wins).

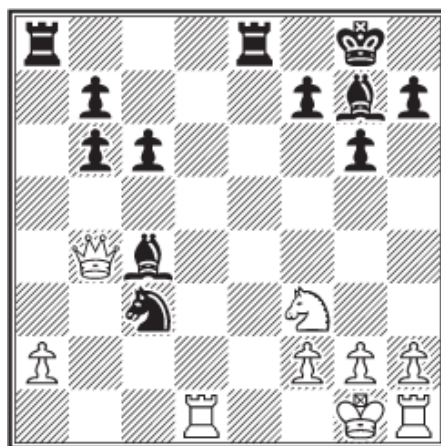
18	♙xb6	♙xc4+
19	♔g1	♗e2+
20	♔f1	♗xd4+

Black’s level of risk is minimal since he can draw by perpetual check at several points and White has few choices (21 ♗d3?? axb6 22 ♚c3 ♗xf3 23 ♚xc4 ♔e1 mate).

21	♔g1	♗e2+
22	♔f1	♗c3+
23	♔g1	axb6

Now 24 ♚c1?? ♗e2+ or 24 ♚d6 ♗ad8 25 ♚xd8 ♗e2+ 26 ♔f1 ♗d4+! and 27...♗xd8.

24 ♚b4



24 ... ♖a4

Black decides to bank his material edge rather than preserve the discovered check mechanism with 24...♖e2+ 25 ♔f1 ♗b5. The latter is stronger – but if Black had chosen it and gone on to win mundanely (26 ♖d2 ♗c3! 27 ♖xb5 cxb5 28 ♖xe2 ♖xe2 29 ♔xe2 ♖xa2+) would this game be remembered more than half a century later?

25 ♔xb6

Or 25 ♔d6 ♗xd1 26 ♔xd1 ♖xa2 and wins.

25 ... ♗xd1

26 h3?

With 26 ♔xb7! Black would have been forced to prove he has a mating attack – which he probably does after 26...♗d5 27 ♔d7 ♖ea8.

26 ... ♖xa2

27 ♔h2 ♗xf2

28 ♖e1 ♖xe1

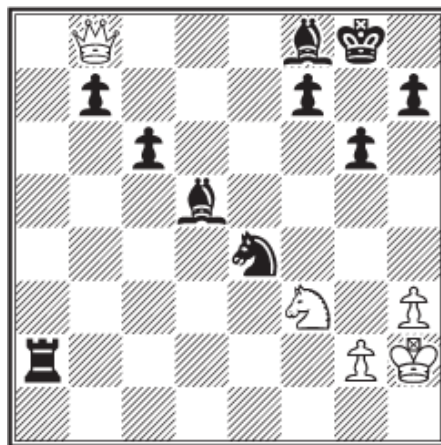
29 ♔d8+ ♗f8

30 ♗xe1 ♗d5

“It was quite an experience to watch him during the critical stage of the game,” Hans Kmoch wrote of Fischer. “There he sat like a little Buddha, showing his moves with the calm regularity of an automaton.”

31 ♗f3 ♗e4

32 ♔b8



32 ... ♖b5

Black handles the final stage carefully. Here 32...♔g7! and ...♗d6+ was also strong, particularly since 33 ♔xb7? ♗d6+ 34 ♔h1 ♖a1+ ends the game.

33	♗h4	♖h5
34	♗e5	♔g7
35	♔g1	♗c5+
36	♔f1	

This allows mate but so does 36 ♔h1 ♗g3+ 37 ♔h2 ♗f1+ 38 ♔h3 ♗xg2 (and 36 ♔h2 ♗d6 37 ♔e8 ♗f6 was hopeless).

36 ... ♗g3+

Faster was 36...♖f2+! 37 ♔e1 (37 ♔g1 ♖f4+) ♗b4+ 38 ♔d1 ♗b3+ 39 ♔c1 ♗a3+.

37 ♔e1 ♗b4+

Another quicker mate was 37...♖e2+ 38 ♔d1 ♗b3+ but it hardly matters.

38	♔d1	♗b3+
39	♔c1	♗e2+
40	♔b1	♗c3+
41		

 **c1**

 **c2 mate**

More than a decade later Fischer said this was one of the few games of his that he had committed to memory.

Sicilian Defense [24](#), [55](#), [60](#), [63](#), [94](#)
Sicilian Defense, Closed Variation [48](#)
Sicilian Defense, Dragon Variation [5](#), [22](#), [25](#), [37](#)
Sicilian Defense, Four Knights Variation [7](#)
Sicilian Defense, Kan Variation [8](#), [95](#)
Sicilian Defense, Lowenthal Variation [35](#)
Sicilian Defense, Najdorf Variation, 6 g5 [3](#), [10](#), [29](#), [51](#)
Sicilian Defense, Najdorf Variation, 6 c4 [4](#), [49](#)
Sicilian Defense, Najdorf Variation, 6 e2 [34](#)
Sicilian Defense, Najdorf Variation, 6 h3 [32](#), [39](#)
Sicilian Defense, Najdorf Variation, 6 g3 [72](#)
Sicilian Defense, Sozin Variation [9](#), [11](#), [12](#), [64](#), [93](#)
Sicilian Defense, Sveshnikov Variation [103](#)
Sicilian Defense, Taimanov Variation [78](#), [90](#)
Sicilian Defense, 3 b5(+) [17](#), [100](#)
Sicilian Defense, 4 xd4 [21](#), [40](#)
Two Knights Defense [43](#)

ECO Openings Index

(numbers refer to games)

A01 [80](#), [87](#)

A02 [36](#)

A25 [73](#)

A30 [106](#)

A35 [83](#)

A36 [88](#)

A49 [65](#)

A50 [85](#)

A57 [59](#)

A69 [57](#)

A71 [67](#)

A77 [96](#)

B01 [41](#)

B03 [89](#), [98](#)

B04 [101](#)

B09 [45](#)

B10 [28](#), [56](#), [84](#)

B11 [13](#), [69](#)

B13 [74](#)

B23 [63](#)

B25 [48](#)

B31 [100](#)

B32 [35](#)

B33 [103](#)

B35 [25](#)

B41 [8](#)

B42 [95](#)

B44 [55](#), [94](#)

B45 [7](#)

B47 [24](#), [78](#), [90](#)

B50 [60](#)

B51 [17](#)
B53 [21](#), [40](#)
B57 [11](#), [12](#)
B72 [22](#)
B77 [5](#), [37](#)
B86 [49](#)
B87 [4](#)
B88 [9](#), [64](#), [93](#)
B90 [32](#), [39](#)
B91 [72](#)
B92 [34](#)
B97 [29](#), [51](#)
B99 [3](#), [10](#)
Coo [66](#), [84](#)
C15 [77](#)
C16 [105](#)
C19 [81](#), [91](#)
C33 [47](#), [71](#)
C42 [82](#)
C43 [30](#)
C59 [43](#)
C63 [75](#)
C69 [58](#), [86](#)
C70 [46](#)
C72 [26](#)
C77 [107](#)
C78 [2](#)
C89 [50](#)
C92 [52](#), [68](#)
C95 [61](#), [97](#), [99](#)
C96 [33](#)
C98 [6](#)
D38 [14](#), [16](#)
D41 [42](#)
D42 [27](#)
D53 [31](#)
D79 [44](#)
D95 [15](#)

D96 [1](#)
D98 [38](#)
E45 [54](#)
E51 [18](#)
E61 [70](#), [79](#)
E68 [53](#)
E70 [19](#), [20](#)
E82 [76](#)
E97 [62](#), [92](#)
E98 [23](#), [104](#)