

## Chess as Metaphor of Life

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First I found the white pawn, and after a few days the second one, but black. I didn't find them on the same day. I saw a few more chess pieces dropped/thrown on the street, but for some reason I didn't take them.

Why do I find chess pieces?!

Strange, but chess seems to be constantly present in my life. I'm not much of a player. I used to play more in the past, probably because my dad was still actively playing chess, and I wanted to learn so I could play opposite him. But I wasn't very persistent.

When I play with white figures, I know only two openings. Actually, you can start in a couple of ways, but I usually start with d4 or c4. Did I mention I found two chess pieces dropped/thrown in the street?

I've done a few chess and chess game artworks, but I've been thinking about a work connected to Bobby Fischer for a long time. I am fascinated by his obsession with chess and by his life. That is, the fact that his greatest success was the beginning of his end (as a chess player, that is).

Watching a documentary about Fischer and looking for symbolism about the two found chess pieces, I turn to the sixth game, from the World Chess Championship match against Spassky. Instead of the usual c4 opening (which I, as a laywoman, also know) Fischer opens with e4 and at the very beginning confuses Spassky who has been preparing his whole tactic based on Fischer's usual opening. Did I mention I found two chess pieces dropped/thrown in the street?

"Chess like life is an existential game. All living creatures including us as kings are in a continuous game for survival until we're checkmated and the game is over. The board is then cleared and a new game can start in a never ending cycle of struggles for survival." [1]

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