

## Spassky At A Safe Distance, Issue 6

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1

This issue was bound to happen sooner or later – rather surprised I avoided it for so long! It's the declaration of defeat, of course, old Spassky waving the white flag to the dammedastardly deadline, my giving you an apologetic look, and hoping you'll pat me on the head and tell me it's alright...

That's not to say I didn't try for this one! Oh my! I was halfway done plotting to make Magnus Ehinger a knight, 72% through concocting an exposé on the manner of the Victorians' ridiculous manners-in-manors-and-other-mannerly-matters, and was a good way through toppling Santa Claus off of his holiday-throne – you'll probably have to wait till issue 7 for that one –, only to be met by dead ends, dead ideas, killing facts, and general death, while

my old chum Deadline kept pointing to the Metaphorical Hourglass -- telling me my time was running out.

The week's story is still intact, the bonus 2, it's only 2 that's worse than standard -- just a bit of an update, a State of the Union, if you will.

The story -- Self-Made Men, by Stephen Leacock -- is the last living attachment to that Victorian exposé; I picked it because it fit the theme pretty well -- and Leacock is a hilarious name.

## 2

There won't be any more Before You Close the Storybook -- unless someone wants to break the law. Kzine physically can't get into the studio, meaning that they'll have a nut-cracker of a pickle getting me into it. I suppose this is for the best. I listened back to some of the episodes, and am very happy to be forcefully retired; I was young and dumb, kind of forgetting other people could listen to the thing too; of course I knew there was a risk of people listening to it -- having the thing advertised and put out on an official Spotify-account, and all that -- but I never really thought anyone would actually listen to it. I hope nobody really actually listened to it -- they must be able to sue me for damages, or something! It was a doomed affair from the start: like trying CPR on a skeleton, when you're asmatic, or something. Meaning being that I tried to revive the whole radio-division when I couldn't do radio!

I have some plans for the show, however; it wouldn't be regular, but it would be better -- but that really doesn't matter! I could have a show that would solve world hunger, and it still couldn't get broadcast.

I must fill my word-limit, so let's tangent some more. Kzine's getting a new administration! Of course I'm not a part of it -- those guys having some vestige of good sense --, this must mean that those people who got the important positions will be making good changes to the old thing -- new blood, or something.

I just hope things get made. Not to be

Mr. I'm sully responsible for pretty much all of the radio and website content of 2021/2022, but I kind of am -- and I'm rather lonely! I mean here's a set of talented people with access to all casts of cool ideas and equipment to make anything they want with, and -- excepting those two nice magazines the current administration gave us -- there's just been ol'

Cerebral-hemorrhage-Spassky doing a lot of the stuff. I'm just a guy! I'm not even a

Kzine-member, not a part of the official thing whatsoever. I've not even been too active!

Imagine the wealth of content that these people can make in collaboration! I'd drown in it!

This is not meant to be criticism, but an encouragement: the current people have been great -- all power to them, putting my for-sale-behind-the-soggy-dumpster-rate stuff behind their venerable brand --, and I just hope the administration-to-be will be equally great, in addition to making great stuff. And please make more podcasts, drowning Before You Close the Storybook forever beneath a sea of listenable stuff. I would delete the show, but I don't have access to the account...and judging by the radio-room-debacle, I doubt Kzine has it either.

## 3

**This Week's Story: [Self-Made Men \(Stephen Leacock, 1910\)](#)**

**Bonus: [Do With This What You Will](#)**