

# Spassky at a Safe Distance, Issue 10

or

## “A Bittersweet Pat on the Acromion”

1: Introduction

2: Spassky’s Senior Speculation

3: Story + Bonus



1

If roses are red and violets are blue,  
And five follows four and three follows two,  
Then the wisest of the wisest of men,  
Should well agree that this is Spassky ten!

Most people celebrate in the face of such accomplishments, but I feel it more appropriate in my case to apologise. And to go about my repentance for the previous nine Issues, I'll implement the strategy those catholics are so fond of (I hope you don't mind playing priest): I'll tell you why I did what I did, how I committed my Periodical sins, and I'll give you a bit of context to some of its issues – and we'll address the nine *Issues* composing it if there's any time left.

We have a bit of a special **3** this week, but I'm afraid you'll have to get through **2** to understand why.

2

### **Confessing THE CRIME and Details About It:**

In the beginning there was a mistake, and its name was The Before You Close the Storybook Podcast – if there is a Purgatory, I'm sure I'll spend at least half my cooking time repenting for it.

The idea was fair enough, A Podcast Where I Read Some of My Favourite Short Stories, Followed By Some Commentary About the Story – and Unrelated Things –, All the While Having Fun. At least that last one worked out. I had fun, but I'll be damned if I say the same for anyone who listened to it.

It had run for four episodes (the first story being The Man In the Moon) when one day I decided to listen back to my podography – after that it stopped running.

The only decent thing that's come out of The Pandemic is a good excuse to euthanize Before You Close the Storybook. I couldn't get into the studio because all of the studio people were sick, so I started Spassky at a safe Distance as a BYCSB substitute – it's basically the same thing, the story and commentary just switched places.

### **Why THE CRIME Is 100-200 Years Out of Date:**

The Victorian aesthetic is just me being a thief of intellectual property – I just steal from people that are too dead to get mad about it.

Then there's The Thing. The Thing being that the Victorians were An-Quark-On-The-Fringe-Of-A-Silk-Thread-near divine short story writers (people could actually make money from it back then): But there's still a good deal of Edwardian stuff here too, O.Henry, most notably.

Then there's The Other Thing. The Other Thing being the brain-diseased(deceased) way I write. I don't see anything particular about the words I use, or in what way I put them down, but I have heard (from sources that shave with Occam's Razor and wash with the Water of Mimir's Well) that my style is archaic, damn nigh unreadable at times, and a manner in which no sensible person without monocle (or straitjacket) should expresses themselves.

It fitted the Victorian theme like a very big sock.

### **Why Not Put THE CRIME Down at Number 10?:**

It is chiefly a reluctance of Waving the White Flag (and devotion to not be corrupted by *the Fr-nch* by thus Brandishing Their Patriotic Crest).

My aim was to resurrect Kzine. I don't understand (and have never had a better understanding) how an institution constituted by the most talented set of lunatics I have met (and potentially supported by an additional 1200 talented lunatics) hasn't featured one independent post on its website since January 2021, not one podcast (above a one-episode-survival-rate) on its Spotify since February 2021, and no video content on anything (save for Ruben's appreciated interviews) since the birth of the hydrogen atom. The Marketing Committee is practically KG's Media Association.

"So what's the deal?" said a youthful, unblighted, and still halfway respectable Spassky about a million years ago. And my guess is – and was prior to committing **THE CRIME** – that it was a case of being afraid to Take the First Step (and embarrassing yourself while doing it).

To turn on the steam on Kzine's industrial revolution, then, I resolved to take The First Step. So here I am, walking into every bus of nettles, heap of fire ants, down every steep cliff and sharp incline, into things that go "GOSHVHLCLHL", the memories of which make you cringe, committing every sin and stupid mistake so that some 1200 madmen or madmaids may look at the path I've ploughed, and think "I see what you did there...but I'm going this way – nice to have met you.", and then they'll go that way, and they'll do something. Then I'll read that something and be happy and proud.

I've taken the first step at least. Maybe no-one is going to follow me – or has even seen me – but I'll keep walking, and if nothing else, I'll be put at a safer and safer distance from all of you sensible people.

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**Story of the Week: [The Man In the Moon, \(L.Frank Baum, 1897\)](#)**

**Bonus: [A book of nightmares: The Drolatic Dreams of Pantagruel \(1565\)](#)**