

# Taciturn

Cartoons by Kurt Erichsen  
without a whole lot of words





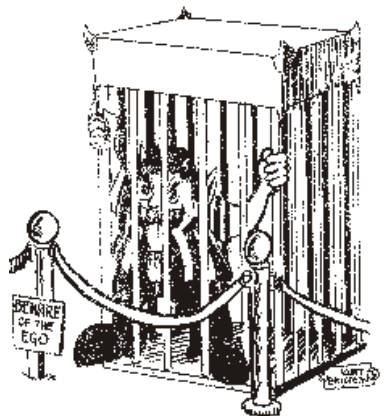
YOU **WILL** ENJOY THIS FANZINE.  
WE HAVE WAYS OF **MAKING** YOU  
ENJOY THIS FANZINE.

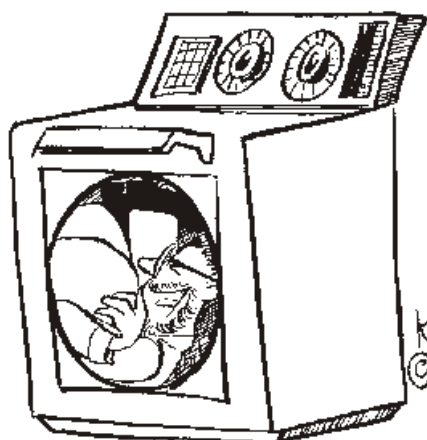
*From Here to Taciturnity #1*

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Available for the usual from 2539 Scottwood Ave., Toledo OH 43610-1358 or email from [KErichsen@compuserve.com](mailto:KErichsen@compuserve.com)



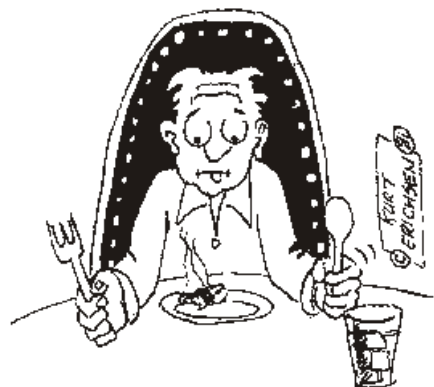


Larry Niven researches artificial gravity for his new novel, "Dryer World"

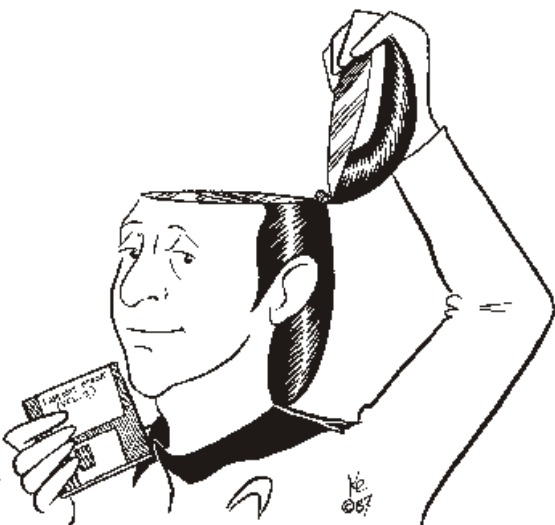


Slight delay, sir: A Rigelian Space Glob has mistaken our ship for a male of its species.

When I asked for my green beans "French Style"



I didn't realize that meant I'd get them after they'd been in someone else's mouth.



My body is identical to that of an ordinary human. Except for the disk drive in the top of my head, of course.

The problem with technology is  
that it ignores us vampires.



I can't see myself in a mirror,  
and now xerox machines won't  
reproduce my handwriting.

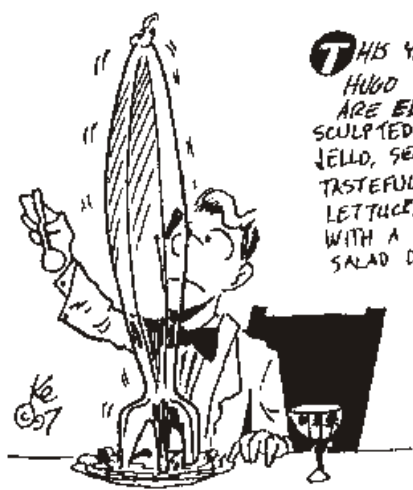


# SCIENCE FICTION UNDER MARTIAL LAW

BY  
MALGORZATA  
WILK

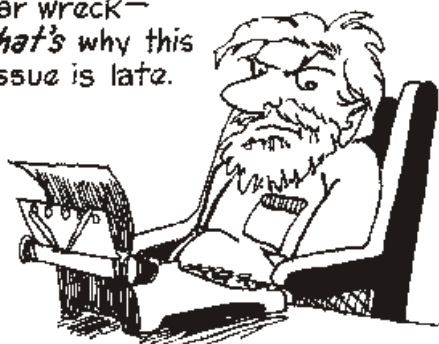


**T**HIS YEAR'S  
 HUGO STATUES  
 ARE EDIBLE...  
 SCULPTED OF LIME  
 JELLO, SERVED ON A  
 TASTEFUL BED OF  
 LETTUCE, AND TOPPED  
 WITH A DAB OF  
 SALAD DRESSING



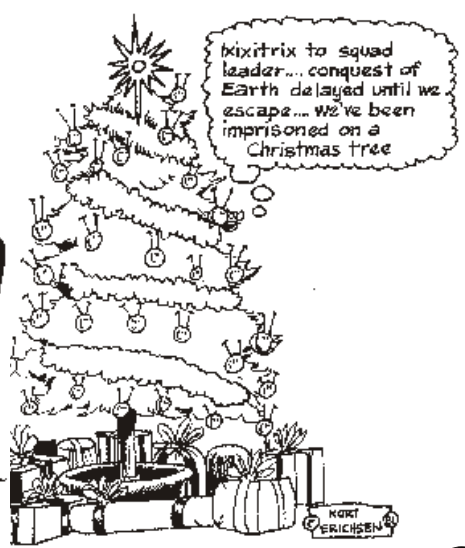
Mister Spock violates ancient Vulcan Tradition at an office party by divulging the mysterious secret of the Mind Meld. He explains that it is really just a traditional dessert, made of strawberry jello, bananas, sherbet, cottage cheese, whipped cream, and sheep brains.

My typer died, cockroaches ate my fanzine collection, my apartment burned down, I got fired from my job, I moved out to California and back six times, and lost both hands in a car wreck—  
*that's why this issue is late.*



So stop bitching, goddammit.

KURT ERICHSEN





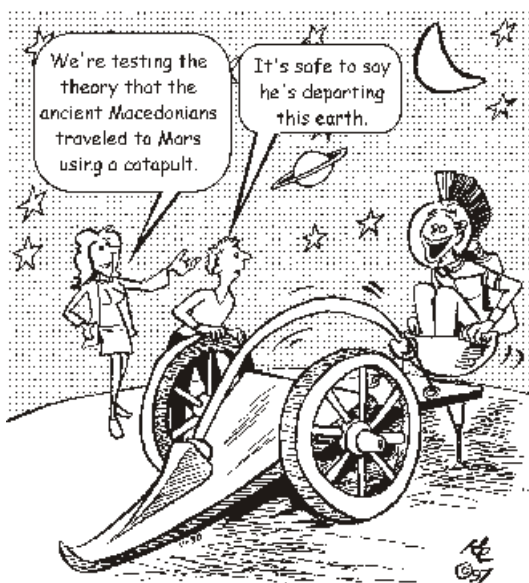
"Of course SF will be in the Worlds Series. There was SF in Asimov's *last* trilogy."



If you give it enough rope, it'll hang itself.



Seduced by the Dark Side of Chocolate.



Okay, panelists, our *Psychic Jeopardy* answer is: "Kathmandu."  
Now, what's the correct question?



I'VE GOT A GREAT  
NEW PROGRAM -  
A RANDOM  
TYPO GENERATOR

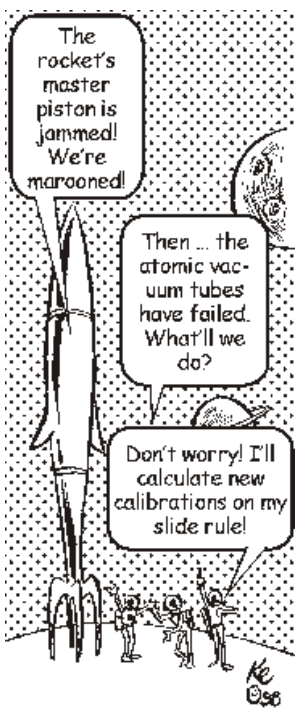
IT ADDS THAT SPARK OF  
SPONTANEITY MISSING  
FROM TODAY'S MODERN,  
COMPUTERIZED  
FAN WRITING.



The  
rocket's  
master  
piston is  
jammed!  
We're  
marooned!

Then ... the  
atomic vac-  
uum tubes  
have failed.  
What'll we  
do?

Don't worry! I'll  
calculate new  
calibrations on my  
slide rule!



A chocolate Hugo?

The next awards for 'Best Juvenile SF.' It's made out of bubble gum.

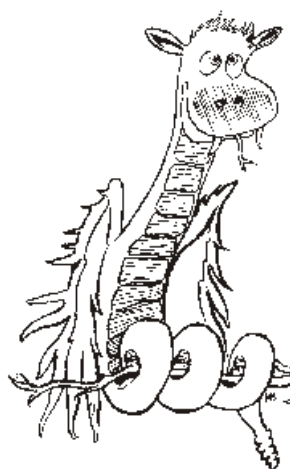
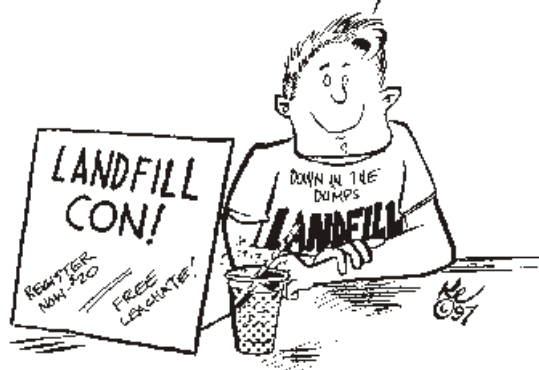


# I Remember Me

by  
Walt  
Willis



WE'VE GOT CAPACITY  
FOR 10,000 (RATS) AND  
ALL THE MUNCHIES  
ARE FREE!



Leave it in the sleeve. Don't  
you *dare* put an unprotected  
disk in *me*!



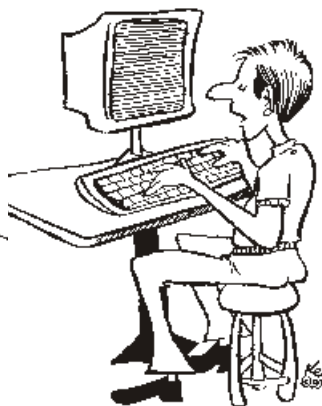




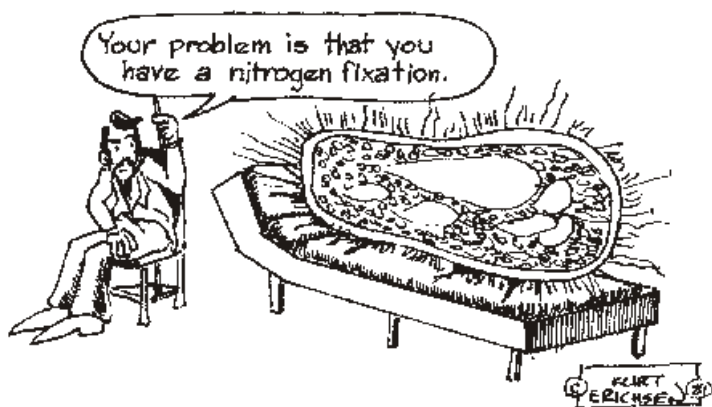
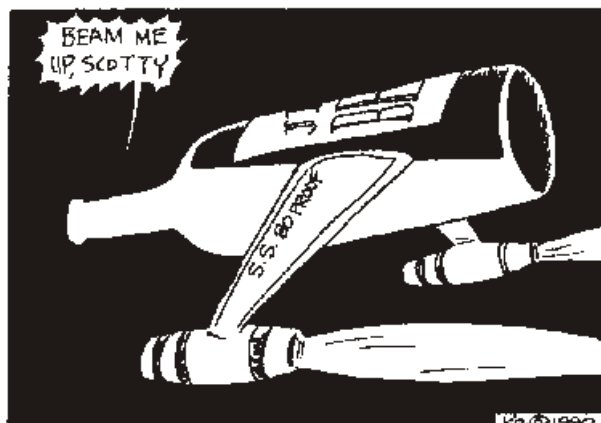
**R**egency Courtiers indulge in the ever-popular *Swine-Tasting Dance*.



...  $EMoC^2$  ...



Elmo the Physicist tries to invent a fannish word for a reply to an E-Mail of Comment ...



Terrean Amateur Press Society

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