

To staple, or not to staple: that is the question:  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to store  
 away the staples  
 And leave thy zine bereft,  
 Or to take up the arm, driving iron into the  
 yielding sheets beneath? To fasten: to hold;

No more this folio to wander.  
 Though a thousand misfortunes it may  
 suffer, 'tis a state of permanence.  
 To hold, to stay;  
 To stay: perchance to be read: sans fortune  
 that the pages may presently disperse.

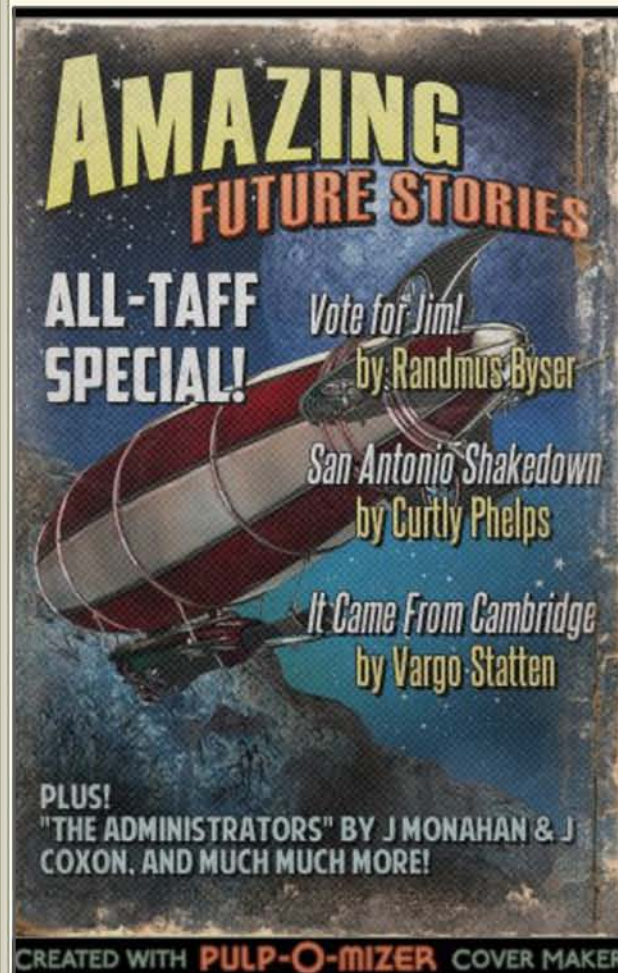
For in that state what glory may come.  
 When the fan awards come around.



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# JIM

## THE UNIVERSE & EVERYTHING



TINY TAFFZINE ISSUE 3



# Jacq & Kylie visit Cambridge

Carrie looks at me despairingly. We're at Cambridge train station waiting for TAFF delegate Jacq Monahan and I haven't brought the mobile number so carefully arranged and distributed by the various people who've been organising her trip. I come up with a long complicated plan to check my email on Carrie's phone to search for the number. I then notice someone sitting on a bench, hiding behind a large suitcase. I question her closely – 'Are you Jacq?' She replies in the affirmative so I grab her suitcase and we are all whisked away on a magic taxi ride to ye olde quaint village of Milton. We go to pay homage to the mighty Tesco and I question her again. 'What would you like to eat?' She's ready for me though and picks up Scotch eggs. Apparently these cost 4 million dollars (or thereabouts) back home so she's thrilled to find a two for 95 p deal going on. We whisk away the foodstuffs and some drinkstuffs to Milton Country Park for consumption. We find a bench, a view of a bridge, some water,



and a few geese. We make the food and drink disappear, enjoy the view, and stare at the bridge. We then continue our wander through the park and I try to cover up the fact that we're lost. I accidentally give the game away by

uttering the words 'we're lost'. I'm not very good at this cover-up business. I find a cat and distract them with that for a while until, as if by magic, an exit from the park appears. A long straight road beckons us towards the river. We're amenable to being beckoned and continue onwards. There are, as ever, rowers on the river Cam. Jacq whips out her camera and steals their souls takes their photograph. There's more aimless wandering highly organised sightseeing, a pub (there's always a pub), and then back home to begin preparing dinner. In the evening there is Haddock – two Haddocks in fact, David and Sarah. Carrie and I cook traditional hearty British food but don't manage to produce anything new to Jacq (she has investigated Anglo noms exhaustively). It is pretty authentic though, in that the starter is Yorkshire puddings made by a Yorkshireman (me) and the dessert is shortbread made by a Scot (Carrie). The conversation somehow turns to Eurovision songs and we discover that Dave and Sarah are enthusiasts and make quite a night of it every time the Eurovision Song Contest is on. Much fun is had looking up the weird stuff that has emerged from Eurovision over the years and inflicting it on poor Jacq.

The following day is for sightseeing and fanmeet revels at the Cambridge Blue; there are many sights in Cambridge and they are all crying out to be seen. We behold many things, including King's College Chapel, Great St Mary's church, The Eagle pub, and the Corpus Clock, before going punting. I demonstrate my expertise by entangling us in several trees and getting caught up with a large number of boats. 'It's all right,' I shout to Carrie and Jacq. 'I've a good feeling that we may survive this.' Later in the year I find myself saying exactly the same to visiting GUFF delegate Kylie Ding. We are entangled in the very same trees and I am assuring Kylie, Norah, Julie and Carrie that I can certainly punt us out of here eventually. Kylie has come to see us with her daughter Nora and her friend Julie

McMurray. We escape the waters of the Cam and crawl back onto dry land in need of cake.

Immediately a cafe appears advertising special deals on coffee and cake. It seems too good to be true, as if the Dark Lord has read our minds and produced this place to give us exactly what we wanted at less than extortionate prices. Then when we are



settled and comfortable the trap will close and the orcs will drag us away and do unspeakable things to our tender fleshy bits. We consider this possibility but go in anyway. We want cake. Later we visit the All Saints Garden Art and Craft Market, which occurs every Saturday in Cambridge and is quite an attraction. There are leather goods, steampunk jewellery, and remarkable cupcakes. Their motto is 'We Make What We Sell'. Julie buys a leather bound journal for LARPing and Kylie buys a splendid leather belt. Then onto The First and Last for food, where Nora tries to buy the owner's dog and manages to negotiate him down to 10 p. Finally we head to the Town and Country Show on Parker's Piece where we spot Kate Solomon browsing the exhibits. Conversation flows and toot is talked but time's tiny fingers are tapping at the window pane reminding us all we need to be elsewhere. So elsewhere we go.