

**a fanzine, by their friends, in support of PAT MOLLOY and
NAOMI FISHER for 2001 Down Under Fan Fund representatives**

Pat Molloy and Naomi Fisher, Two for DUFF!

We first encountered Pat Molloy at the 1978 RiverCon in Louisville, Kentucky – his first convention. Naomi Fisher was introduced to the convention merry-go-round by her friend, Corlis Robe, at the fifth Xanadu, in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1988 – she was memorable to all of us there as the pretty girl wearing the orange short-shorts in the balcony consuite. Since then they have both been increasingly active in convention running and party throwing, most recently in helping to organize the 2002 DeepSouth-Con in Huntsville, Alabama, and throwing legendary parties for the Boston-in-2004 Worldcon bid.

Pat's involvement in convention-running started not long after that RiverCon, when he was one of the organizers and chairman of the first ConCave, held not far from Western Kentucky University where he was still a student. That convention, in itself, has some fascinating (if not surreal) stories connected with it, but those are best left for a later time. (You might try plying Pat with some fine Australian wine or beer over dinner, for example.) ConCave was the start of Pat's descent into the depths of fandom, and he's been busy with fannish activities ever since. As for Naomi, she's become increasingly famous here in the States for the food she crafts and serves at convention parties and no less so for the slinky dresses she wears as party hostess.

They have both been honored by their fannish peers for their accomplishments, and have each individually been Fan Guest of Honor at regional conventions. Pat was given the Rebel Award at the 1993 DeepSouthCon for what he has done FOR Southern Fandom over the years. Naomi's recognition came in the form of the 'Rubble' Award presented to her at each of the of the two DSCs held at Jekyll Island, Georgia. (The Rubble Award is given to the fan who has done the most TO Southern Fandom over a period of time.) At BeachCon in April 1996, she received the Rubble Award "for crimes against the waistlines of fandom." Naomi was also the first and only person in the history of DeepSouthCons to receive a *second* Rubble Award – at Son of BeachCon in May 2000, she received her second Award for "singlehandedly destroying banquet ticket sales." Most of the DSC attendees decided to wait for Naomi's Boston-in-2004 party rather than go to the convention banquet. Needless to say, no one has ever gone away hungry from one of her parties!

Pat and Naomi were married at the Opryland Hotel, in Nashville, in November 1999. (The wedding has become known in fannish circles as 'ConNuptial', but we like to think of it as 'NaomiCon I'.) Now, the Opryland Hotel is infamous for wanting to do everything "their way," but after many epic battles with the hotel's catering manager, Naomi prevailed and the event went just as originally, fannishly planned. We doubt that the

folks at the hotel will ever forget her – supposedly the management still cringes every time her name gets mentioned!

There's a lot more to tell about Pat and Naomi. But we'd rather leave that to the Australian fans to find out and, instead, end this short article by saying that we sincerely believe that they are the best choice to be representing North America as DUFF delegates in 2001. Please vote for them!

– Steve & Sue Francis

DUFF Brief for Naomi and Pat

Whenever I think of Naomi Fisher and Pat Molloy, I think about birds: pink birds, cooked birds, and wild birds.

Pink birds

I'd never actually met Naomi and Pat before the Baltimore Worldcon, and when I did meet them I was a bit wired. One of the other committee members of the Orlando in 2001 bid had come up and said, "Naomi Fisher would like to know if we're also getting rid of our lights." We'd given away something like a great gross (how appropriate) of flamingos (plastic, stuffed, inflatable, and giant parade float styles), and we had about ½ mile (no exaggeration, really) of strings of miniature white Christmas tree lights left.

"We most certainly are," sez I. We sure didn't think we'd need them: the bid was over, and it was that much less to pack. So we packaged them up (about 100 strings worth) and presented them to Naomi and Pat. The reply was something like, "But. Uh. We only wanted a couple." Nope...this was a 'Buy-One, Get-99' sale. And we threw in several thousand fuzzy and shiny flamingo stickers, since Naomi said they might want to throw dead flamingo parties. And we wouldn't take them back.

Cooked birds

I thought it was a mighty sneaky way of getting rid of those lights (and flamingo stickers) and making sure they would have a good home. After all, Pat Molloy and Naomi Fisher run more than a dozen parties at conventions during a normal year, and that way they'd have decorations for a good long time. In fact, the first time I'd really *heard* about these two, it was in connection with cooked birds and parties: all of those chicken wings that Naomi has cooked up for fans over the years.

I asked why they ran so many parties. Naomi said that, when she'd been a starving young neo, people had taken care of her and made sure she got fed – this was their way of giving something back to fandom.

A year and a half later, when MCFI in Boston started to investigate whether a bid for 2004 might be feasible, we also asked the two of them to be members. They had an amazing history of all sorts of fanac: they'd run and worked on cons in the south and across the country for years. They're *really* cool people; they always do what they said they'll do and do it well; they want another Boston worldcon; and they're fun.

Wild birds

So I get this call after they'd been members for about six months. "We're coming to Boston; Pat has to be there for work, and Naomi's coming along to tourist." I offered the low-cost lodging options for their pre-work days: "Come stay with me. We'll throw a party for you." And they did, and we did, and they brought cheesecakes on the plane ("Our party contribution."), and they brought me my very own rocket piñata. And that's where we have the wild birds.

all illustrations by Teddy Harvia

Naomi: “You *really* have wild turkeys?” Me: “Yep.” “In your yard? Less than 20 miles from Boston?” “Yep.” “And they sleep in your *trees*?” “Yep.” “This I’ve got to see.” So, at 6 a.m., Naomi’s awake and glued to the window so she can watch our ‘pets’ (there are, as I write this in late November, nineteen fully-grown turkeys asleep out in the trees in our front yard). Pat got his own glimpses at a more civilized hour when the ‘livestock’ were meandering their way through the yard.

Birds...lots of birds. And did I mention lights?

Remember all those lights I sent South? They brought ‘em back. Bag after bag came out of various carry-ons, filled with those Christmas tree lights I thought I’d managed to lose.

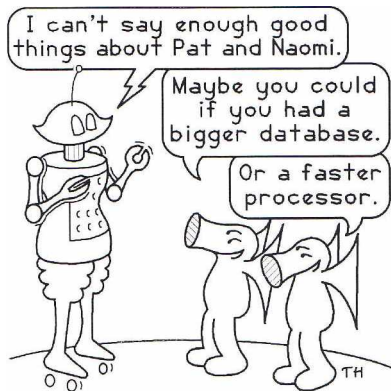
Even so, Pat and Naomi can darken my doorstep anytime they want. I can’t guarantee that they’d show up in Australia on a DUFF trip bearing cheesecakes, but I *can* guarantee that anyone they encounter will be delighted by the verve with which they dive into whatever they do: as fans, as tourists, and as the ultimate good-will ambassadors.

I wonder if those Christmas tree lights will work on Oz power?

– Deb Geisler

Yee Haw – Let’s Send Pat & Naomi to Ozland!

I tell you it’s a good thing Pat & Naomi are running for DUFF. I cannot imagine a finer pair of Southern fans to send abroad to be examples of the true hospitality of the South. Pat, of course, I’ve known for years, ever since he was the new kid on the block in Huntsville, fresh out of Bowling Green, Kentucky (note that he never did bowl there), and I the token teenager in the North Alabama Science Fiction Association. He’s been a pillar of Southern fandom since then, serving in various capacities in NASFA, chairing memorable DeepSouthCons, working on worldcons, and acting as the long-suffering time OE of the Kentucky APA.



But of his many services to fandom I think the most important of all must be the nights of debauchery in his trailer when he was hosting those wild club parties, although driving the teen Weisskopf to a con in Birmingham so I could meet Bob Shaw is probably up there, too. Pat has a real day-job with NASA, so you know he’s doing all right. But he’s living in a trailer because all of his money has gone into hobbies, like a true Southerner – raising pigs and goats, making moonshine (his years in Kentucky were well spent, even if he didn’t go bowling), watching college football, playing with trains, collecting the works of Lois McMaster Bujold, listening to Hank Williams and Dolly Parton, chewing tobacco, and courting close female relatives.

Luckily for fandom all of his female relatives had good taste, so Pat was ready and available when Naomi came onto the fannish scene. I remember one of the first cons she ever went to. You could tell where she was, even in a crowded room, by the tongues of our noble Southern gentlefen hanging out on the floor. She was wearing high-heeled boots, as I recall, saw Pat, pointed at him and said, “Baby, you’re mine,” and that was all she wrote.

Eleven years later they finally convinced each other to get married, in an appropriately fannish setting (the Opryland Hotel in Nashville, the owners of which were past recipients of the Rubble Award, on which more later). Now that they are living together, Pat and Naomi have moved up into a double-wide trailer – the height of Southern elegance, you can believe. Of course, they needed the extra room for all of Naomi's stuff, which includes two skunks (what Southern household would be complete without a skunk?) and the accouterments for her hobbies, which boil down to one thing: tools for making fans fat.

Her scrumptious cooking has earned Naomi the Rubble Award not once but a history-making twice! What is the Rubble Award, the kind and gentle DUFF voter asks? Well, the DeepSouthCon has since 1965 given the Rebel Award to the fan deemed by the committee to have done a great deal for Southern fandom. Pat got one of those, in 1993.

There is a similar award, the Phoenix, given to pros. One of Pat & Naomi's good friends decided in 1987 that two awards just weren't enough and Gary Robe, no doubt inspired by Pat's moonshine, instituted the Rubble Award for the fan who has done the most *to* Southern fandom (the award is in the form of an inscribed Krystal's ashtray – what is a 'Krystal'? Think McDonald's minus the good taste and sophistication). Naomi won her first Rubble for unprecedented damage to fannish waistlines.

It is the Southern fannish tradition that winners of such awards keep on earning them even after their service has been acknowledged. And by sending Pat and Naomi to Australia to ~~corrupt~~ inspire our fannish friends Down Under you will allow them to do just that.

(Note there is just enough truth buried in this to make Pat & Naomi blush, but hey, I've won the Rubble award and have to keep earning it, too....)

– T.K.F. Weisskopf (*Their Redneck Friend*)

On Pat, and Naomi, and Assorted Skunks ...

I have some advice for my Aussie friends. When Pat Molloy and Naomi Fisher are elected DUFF delegates for 2001 – and I'm sure they will be – schedule hours with these great people for entertaining and enlightening conversation, and don't say any-thing bad about skunks. No reflection on Pat – a noble lad, winner of Southern fandom's Rebel Award, chairman of at least two DeepSouthCons, and a fine dude, or did I imply that? – Naomi is a skunk devotee. She raises them in their back yard, and she loves them, as she loves all small animals. Introduce her to a platypus, or a koala. She'll be happy.

Then: introduce her to a kitchen. YOU will be happy. Naomi is one of the best cooks I have ever met, and parties for which it is known she has been cooking always through with our regional fandom's connoisseurs. Twice, in fact, Southern fandom has given her its 'Rubble' Award, for burdening our belts with one thing fans love but do not need: more, and more delicious, calories. Import, if you must, mushrooms and ask her for the ingredients she needs to stuff the same. You will eat and eat and eat.

But isn't DUFF supposed to bring its honorees to Australia for a vacation – and a trip report? Perhaps, although voters will find the accounts Naomi and Pat will publish of their journey to be vivid and enthused and funny – as if you were in their happy company all the way. Truly, gastronomically or fannishly, these wonderful people are the cream of our crop, and I only wish they'd haul a suitcase along big enough for me!

– Guy H. Lillian III

PAT AND NAOMI FOR DUFF!