

LASFS-CHIA C PRESENTS

THE PURPLE PASTURES by Carl Brandon

(Written by Terry Carr in 1958. Adapted for presentation by LASFS in 1960. Produced jointly by LASFS-CHIA C for the Pittcon, 1960. Presentation: Sunday, September 4th, 3:40 PM, the Ballroom, Penn-Sheraton Hotel.)

After careful consideration on the part of the production coordinators it was decided to withdraw the play REQUIEM FOR A FAKE FAN in favor of THE PURPLE PASTURES. Consequently there has been a long delay in getting finished scripts to all concerned. There will be no time from the distribution of these copies to the actual production for any changes. Last minute changes will have to be made on the spot. As there are no program activities scheduled for Sunday morning, a once-through rehearsal for ALL MAJOR SPEAKING PARTS is called for 10 AM in the suite generously vacated for that purpose by Advent: All other speaking parts are invited, of course, but we rely on your capabilities to deliver them without rehearsal if necessary.

The stage is an island stage, 22' 7" long, 12' 5" wide and some 2' high. There are no curtains. Scenery is at a minimum and the major impact of the play will have to be carried by the spotlights. Dirce Archer will arrange to have someone demonstrate the use of them to George Price who will operate them during the performance. There will be two strategically located microphones on stage, but it is hoped that you can project without them in case they fail.

The entire production will be coordinated by Jim O'Meara. He will handle all off-stage direction, see that the right prop is there at the right time, the right scene set on the stage, crack the whip, etc.

We hope all of us learn our parts quickly and may Ghu smile on our performance.  
--EARL KEMP & BRUCE PELZ

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

DESHEE . . . . .	Ron Ellik	Understudys for all parts:
1st NEO. . . . .	Bruce Henstell	Robert E. Briney
2nd NEO. . . . .	Andy Main	Al Lewis
3rd NEO. . . . .	Mark Irwin	Joe Sarno
1st FANGEL . . . . .	Rosemary Hickey	
2nd FANGEL . . . . .	Ruth Berman	Bheerbusters & firmamenters
3rd FANGEL . . . . .	Jack Harness	Ed Bielfeldt
GABRIEL. . . . .	Ted Johnstone	Gregg Calkins
GHU. . . . .	Bruce Pelz	Ed Cox
BLOG BREWER. . . . .	F. M. Busby	Bill Ellern
ELDERLY FANGEL . . . . .	Lewis J. Grant, Jr.	Ingrid Fritzsck
ZEB A . . . . .	Bjo Trimble	Richard Hickey
RUCKER . . . . .	Earl Kemp	Lou Ann Price
MRS. RUCKER. . . . .	Ann Dinkleman	Earnie Wheatley
POSTMAN. . . . .	Jim O'Meara	Edward Wood
1st CLEANER. . . . .	Sidney Coleman	and others
2nd CLEANER. . . . .	Jon Stopa	Lights:
		George Price

Production Coordinator and Off-Stage Direction . . Jim O'Meara

LIGHTS ON: In the center of the spot sit several neos and an elderly BNF, Mr. Deshee. He is reading aloud from a fanzine (his script).

Deshee: "And Rucker stayed in fandom thirty years, and begat a little neo, and called his name Rucklet." ... It goes on like that a bit, and then it says, "And Lee Hoffwoman came on, and she pubbed QUANDRY, and the days of LeeH were three years, until she came to life again, and was resurrected." Then, a little later it says about another member of the family. His name was Kiesler. Maybe some of you know about him already. I'm going to tell you all about him next meeting. Now, how do you think you're going to like fandom?

1st Neo: I'm going to like it fine, Mr. Deshee - - - it's so fannish!

2nd Neo: Who created fandom, Mr. Deshee?

Deshee: Why, Ghu did, boy. That was a long time ago...before Rucker, even.

2nd Neo: What was fandom like before Ghu began, Mr. Deshee?

Deshee: How do you mean, what was it like?

1st Neo: He means, who was president of the N 3 F then?

Deshee: Nobody was president of the N 3 F, because there wasn't any N 3 F. That's the whole idea I just told you. There wasn't any FAPA. There wasn't any OMPA. There wasn't any CRY OF THE NAMELESS or YANDRO or even Dave Kyle running around telling people where they couldn't sit. There wasn't anything in fandom at all, because there wasn't any fandom.

3rd Neo: Why did Ghy make fandom, Mr. Deshee? How did he get the idea he wanted it?

Deshee: Well, nobody knows for certain. We know that at one time there wasn't anything except The Happy Fanning Grounds. Then one day Ghu got the idea that he'd like to make a place for us poor mortal fans to do our crifanac before we passed on, so he created fandom. And then he figured that since he'd gone to all the trouble to make fandom for us, he'd better get on with it and create us, too, so we could enjoy it.

2nd Neo: What was the Happy Fanning Grounds like, Mr. Deshee? Did they have one-shot sessions, and all?

Deshee: Sure, they had the most fannish kind of one-shot sessions. They probably had bheerbusts, with blog for the adults. Ghu gives us fans lots of ideas about having fannish times. Maybe there were things they were doing up in The Happy Fanning Grounds. Yes, sir, I bet they had a bheerbust every week.

LIGHTS OUT - PAUSE - LIGHTS ON: A group of Fangels are having a bheerbust:

1st Fangel: I haven't seen you lately, how've you been?

2nd Fangel: I'm fine -- I've been visiting my mother. She's working as a taster in the brewery over by the throne of ghrace. I guess she likes the chance to drink bheer all the time.

1st Fangel: Well, that's natural -- your mother is one of the most fannish lady fangels that I know.

2nd Fangel: She claims you're the most fannish one she knows.

1st Fangel: Well, I guess we're all trufans here.

2nd Fangel: Yes, you're right -- why is that, I wonder?

1st Fangel: I guess it's because Ghu doesn't allow us to associate with Bob Bloch anymore, so there can't be any more fake-fanning.

2nd Fangel: Poor old Bloch -- whatever happened to him?

1st Fangel: I understand Ghu put him to work under a mundane devil named Hitchcock.

(Enter FANGEL GABRIEL, with large spinnerbeanie and a trumpet)

3rd Fangel: Give us a tune, Gabe!

Gabriel: Sorry, but I can't do it just yet. I'm here to announce the Ghreat Ghod Ghu!

(Enter GHU, with beacon-beanie)

Ghu: Let the bheerbust proceed.

(Fangels resume frantic activity, Gabriel approaches Ghu:)

Gabriel: Good morning, Ghu.

Ghu: Good morning, Gabriel. You're looking well.

Gabriel: I can't complain -- I've been drinking some blog this morning...You care for some, Ghu?

Ghu: Thank you kindly, I think I will. (Enter a blog brewer, who brings beer to Ghu. Ghu drinks:) Hmmm. There's something about this blog...? (Takes another drink.)

Blog Brewer: Ain't it all right, Ghu?

Ghu: It doesn't seem just right. Did you make it?

Blog Brewer: Yes, Ghu. We brewed it just like we always do -- it's supposed to be perfect.

Ghu: Uh-huh. (takes another drink) I know what it is -- it needs just a little bit more firmament.

Blog Brewer: That's all the firmament we had, Ghu -- there ain't a drop left in the jug.

Ghu: That's all right -- I'll just rear back and pass a miracle. Let there be some firmament for the blog here. And when I say I want firmament, I wants lots of firmament, so we won't never have trouble making our blog again. (A loud burst of thunder and noise greets the end of Ghu's speech.) There! That's the way I like it.

Elderly Fangel: Now there's too much firmament, Ghu -- the neofangels are all getting wet.

Ghu: Well, can't we drain off the firmament somewhere?

Gabriel: There's no place to drain it, Ghu.

Ghu: Well, looks like I'll have to pass another miracle. Lessee...let there be a place to drain off this firmament -- let there be the Earth, in fact. (Another loud blast of noise and Gabriel walks to stage front & holds up railing, looking down at audience. Ghu walks across to Gabriel, spotlight follows Ghu-- This to keep Gabriel in darkness while he holds up railing.)

Gabriel: Well, look down there! My Ghudness, that's fine fanning country. You aren't going to let it go to waste, are you, Ghu?

Ghu: Everyone quiet down now -- I'm going to pass one more miracle. Don't make a sound, because this is the most important miracle of all. (silence) Let there be fen! (Roll of thunder, and

LIGHTS OUT:

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LIGHTS ON: (Stage set, at left is Rucker's fan-room, complete with hypothetical door and window overlooking the street - stage center. At extreme right there is a ladder, Gabriel is perched atop the ladder looking down at Ghu, standing in the street. Spotlight on Gabriel and Ghu.)

Gabriel: I don't see why you had to go back down there, Ghu...

Ghu: Been a long time since I was down here, Gabe. I almost forgot about the faithful down here on Earth.

Gabriel: I Guess it's about third or fourth fandom down there by now...

Ghu: That's right Gabe. And high time I came back down here and look around again. I wasn't too happy with it last time I was here -- seems some of these mortal fans started reading something called science fiction. Now you know that's got nothing to do with trufandom, Gabe.

Gabriel: Yes, Ghu.

Ghu: Well, take care of yourself -- I'll be back Saturday... (Ghu turns and walks slowly. Gabriel climbs down and exits, taking ladder with him. Ghu approaches fem-fan, seated, reading ANALOG.)

Ghu: Stop reading that!

Zeba: What's the matter with you? Why shouldn't I read a little stf if I want to? I'm a fanne, ain't I? I've got to read a little stf every once in a while.

Ghu: You aren't supposed to be reading stf at all. What's stf got to do with fandom?

Zeba: Why, everything, of course. This is stfandom, isn't it?

Ghu: No, it isn't. This is supposed to be trufandom, and you're supposed to worship Ghu, not some silly magazine. That's what Ghu created fandom for -- so he could get a little extra egoboo in the prayers. (Sternly:) When was the last time you prayed to Ghu, girl?

Zeba: (Momentarily frightened) Well, I gussed at him just the other day, if that's what you mean. I called him a fugghead because I didn't get a mimeo for my birthday.

Ghu: What do you need a mimeo for? You've got a hekto, haven't you? Haven't you had one for six months, without using it?

Zeba: Yeah, but it's too messy. I get purple all over my hands, and then I get it on the prozines, and then they ain't mint any more.

Ghu: Serves you right, with your purple prose. Who cares about the prozines? I'm telling you stf has nothing to do with trufandom. You keep reading it, and you'll never get to the Happy Fanning Ground.

Zeba: Well, if stf has nothing to do with trufandom, then maybe I don't even want to go there. I like my stf better than fanzines. Why, I only wanted to get a mimeo to publish a checklist of all the book reviews in F&SF, GALAXY and ANALOG.

Ghu: Girl, you'll never make it to the Happy Fanning Ground. (Ghu turns & walks toward Rucker's house, apparently disgusted. Zeba exits.)

Ghu: This is getting me nowhere. This Earth fandom sure isn't much. I'd rather have my Earth peopled with neofans than with these stfans. At least neos don't read stf. (Rucker approaches his window, looks out and speaks to Ghu:)

Rucker: Morning, friend.

Ghu: Morning, friend. You look like a trufan.

Rucker: I try to be. I try to spread the word of Ghu around here. I don't think I saw you at the bheerbust last night.

Ghu: I just came to town a little while ago, and I've been rather busy.

Rucker: Everybody says they're busy these days. They're so busy reading stf they can't come to bheerbusts. It seems the more I talk about Ghu, the more they read stf. Are you a trufan?

Ghu: Sort of, I guess. I'm just passing through, and thought I'd see how things were going here.

Rucker: Why don't you come in for a while? There's some bheer left over from last night...

Ghu: That's mighty nice of you -- I think I will. (Ghu enters Rucker's house and looks about, picks up a magazine...)

Ghu: What're these stf mags doing here? I thought you were a trufan?

Rucker: Well, I am, but I'm trying to write stf so I can make money enough to pub my fanzines. These are my reference material.

Ghu: Well, that's good enough reason for me...What would you say would be the only thing to stop these fans from reading stf?

Rucker: Well, it would have to be some kind of a catastrophe -- a war or something.

Ghu: You don't know who I am, do you?

Rucker: It's hard to tell one sensitive fannish face from another. (Ghu stands up, strutting majestically, Rucker falls on his knees.) Ghreat Ghu!

Ghu: That's right. I'm going to destroy this fandom, Rucker. I'm not going to destroy you though. I'm going to have the non-fans start a war, and all the fans but you and a few others will fight in it. With all the stfans in the army, they won't be able to read stf. (Takes up sheet of paper and starts typing.) I want you to publish a fanzine -- call it ZOMBIE, and print only trufan material, like this I'm writing now. I'll write your material for you, and it will all be trufan stuff. And you should send ZOMBIE to all the stfans in the army, so they'll become trufans.

Rucker (reading over Ghu's shoulder): Well, this sure seems to be the tru-fannish type of material that will convert them. Now, if I'm going to put out a trufanzine, I'll need a little bheer, don't you think, Ghu?

Ghu: You can have ten cases of bheer.

Rucker: Hmm. My typer's been giving me trouble lately. Don't know where. I'm going to get the energy to type all those stencils. Maybe I ought to have 20 cases of bheer...

Ghu: No, I think 10 will be enough. Don't want you getting drunk like a common ordinary neo-fan, and throwing the cans out the window.

Rucker: Yes, Ghu, but my typer's been giving me tr---

Ghu: Ten cases, I said.

Rucker: Yes, Ghu, ten cases.

LIGHTS OUT: exit Ghu. Enter Mrs. Rucker. Rucker goes to window with binoculars. LIGHTS ON:

Mrs. Rucker: What are you doing with the binoculars?



Rucker: Looking for the mailman. It seems enough time has passed for the stfans to be converted to trufandom by now. Ah--there he comes now -- (enter mailman, holding fanzines.)

Mailman: Got some mail for you today. (handing it through the window.)

Rucker: Thanks old buddy. (exit mailman)

Mrs. Rucker: Looks like he brought some fannish mail this time.

Rucker: (unstapling zine) Wish they wouldn't put these things in them -- my fingers get so sore I can't manipulate a churchkey right. --- Well, this looks good.

Mrs. Rucker: What's the name of it?

Rucker: It's called SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, whatever that is. But it does look good. (reads, laughs, reads, laughs) Look, look here, read this.

Mrs. Rucker: (shaking head no.) I'm glad we've got something else to read instead of that stack of CHINESE DOLL. I'm getting tired of dusting all those copies. (enter Ghu, pausing at the door.) Oh, we've got company, you see who it is. (exit Mrs. Rucker).

(Rucker opens door. Ghu comes in.)

Ghu: I'm proud of the way you handled the fanzining business, Rucker.

Rucker: You were watching, then?

Ghu: All the time. I saw you when you had the parties for the Slan Shackers, and when you wrote the Hey Pong Pong things. I didn't even mind when you got to cussing and drinking all the bheer at once. I figured anybody putting out as many issues of a fanzine as you did got a right to drink a little too much..

Rucker: Thank you, Ghu. ... What'll we do now?

Ghu: Now, we'll just see what happens...

LIGHTS OUT: Exit Ghu and Rucker. New setting. Ghu's office. enter two cleaners, picking up papers. Sound of loud noises and thunder, etc.)LIGHTS ON

1st Cleaner: That must have been a big one. That's the 46th thunderbolt since breakfast. Ghu must sure be mad this morning.

2nd Cleaner: I wonder where he's pitching them?

1st Cleaner: Don't you know -- they're all bound for Earth -- every one of them.

2nd Cleaner: I didn't know that.

1st Cleaner: Where have you been? The mortal fans are the new scandal -- it's been in the last thirty issues of FANGELAC.

2nd Cleaner: I get all confused with that fangelzine -- too many zines come with it, and it's too frequent. I get mixed up, and behind in reading it. ... Seems to me, if it was to be a worthwhile newsfangelzine, they'd just put it out every millenium on the millenium.

1st Cleaner: That just doesn't seem like the fannish thing to do. Anyway, Ghu is really grotched by those mortal fans (more noise) From what I hear, they've been asking for what they're getting. My brother flew down to bring up a trufan the other day, and he says there are more stf mags there than ever. It's a shame. A shame.

Ghu (entering): Good morning.

1st Cleaner: Good morning, Ghu.

2nd Cleaner: We were just finishing. We tidied the fangelzine collection so it's mint again.

1st Cleaner: And we dusted off the Enchanted Duplicator. You figure it's about time you turned the crank?

Ghu: (Frowning) Now you know that's not until the Last Day. You'll hear Gabriel blowing his trumpet to the rhythm of the mimeo drum when the Day comes; nobody has to worry about it until then. (exeunt cleaners, enter Gabriel, with notebook and pencil)

Gabriel: Good morning, Ghu. I've got the totals here. It's 18,960 thunderbolts for the morning that's including the city where they're holding the science fiction convention....

Ghu: Ah yes, Pittsburgh...

Gabriel: We didn't hit any of the parties, though.

Ghu: That's good, that's good. But those stfans displease me. They displease me greatly. (looking through window) Look at them there, Worshipping the pros and paying good money at the auction. Listen to that auctioneer there -- that Ellison -- he ought to know he's selling trash. He's written enough of it.

Gabriel: You want more tunderbolts, Ghu?

Ghu: No, no use in that. They don't do the job. It's got to be something else.

Gabriel: How about another war, like you did with Rucker. Those were good days for a while.

Ghu: No, Gabe. You saw how much good that did. They're worse than ever. They're down there now saying they're better than human -- with cosmic minds, broad mental horizons, whatever those are. Seems to me if they had that much sense they'd pull out of that stf nonsense themselves. But it's always up to me. There's nothing anywhere that's worthwhile that didn't cause someone some worrying--mostly me. I've never got around to telling you the trouble I had thinking up fandom in the first place. That's a story in itself, but I'm not ready to write my memoirs yet. I'm too busy trying to do something about those sinful mortal fans down there.

Gabriel: They really should be able to help themselves, Ghu, like you said.

Ghu: That's true, that's true. -- In fact, maybe that's it. You must have noticed that every now and then those mortal fans turn out a good specimen or two.

Gabriel: That's right. There was Kennedy, and Burbee, and Boff Perry, and Laney, and Rapp, too.

Ghu (frowning): Yeah--but Rapp's a misguided soul, Gabe, and I'm sorry to see it. He keeps talking about some ghod named Roscoe. I think he's got a little of the Whim-whams, like Degler had. I've never seen any Roscoe--have you? You've been around the Happy Fanning Grounds almost as long as me.

Gabriel: No, I've never seen him--but I hear he's a mushrat, and maybe that has something to do with it.

Ghu: Could be. I don't pay much attention to mushrats, myself, so maybe thats why I never noticed him. He may be around after all. Keep your eyes peeled for mushrats around here for a while. If he exists, I want to meet this Roscoe.

Gabriel: Yes, Ghu. Now what about this trouble with the mortal fans.

Ghu: Well, I figure it's about time they did something for themselves, like I said. They've got this family down there that looks pretty good--old Rucker is the grandfather, I believe. Then there's Hoffwoman, and Shelvey, and Kiesler, and the rest.

Gabriel: Yes, but Bloch is supposed to be in that family too.

Ghu: That's true. Trust Bloch to insinuate his way into the best of circles. He doesn't know it, but he's going to help me a lot pretty soon. He's been making some pretty snide comments about my boy Rucker, but Rucker can take pretty good care of himself--except maybe at poker. I figure we could get that feud going strong, only of course no one would take Bloch seriously. You get the idea?

Gabriel (chuckling): Yes, I do. I sure do. I think you've got it now.

Ghu: And with Hoffwoman and Shelvey and the rest going strong at the fanning business I think maybe we could get a real fandom down there at last. The best fans, Gabe, are the ones with the most regular fanzines. You look at my boy Rucker, or Burbee and Shangri-L'Affaires, and Laney or even old Rapp. Those boys were so busy fanning they didn't have time to pay any attention to stf. That's the formula, Gabe, for this new fandom I'm going to get going down there. Monthly fanzines will do the job. LIGHTS OUT

LIGHTS ON: A bheerbust is in progress.

1st Fangel: Well, this is sure like the old days, before Ghu got mixed up with all that trouble down on Earth. He sure had a lot of trouble before he got it all straightened out, didn't he?

2nd Fangel: That he did. But he's been mighty spry and happy lately.

1st Fangel: They're getting on pretty good down there now. That was a real clever idea Ghu had, turning mundane-types loose in the stf mags as publishers, editors, art directors, and sometimes even authors. Killed off the mags like flies. Can't be more than a couple left by now, and they'll be gone before long. Then the fans will forget stf and become trufans.

2nd Fangel: It certainly is a wonderful thing.

(Enter Ghu and Gabriel. They move toward stage-front where railing is set up.)

Ghu: This is the way things should be, Gabe. No more trouble with the mortal fans bothering us up here. We can get back to the jobs of fangelling and ghodding it again.

Gabriel: It's a relief, all right. I've got the thunderbolts stored away, and we've converted the thunderbolt factory to another brewery.

Ghu: That's fine, Gabe. If there's anything I like its --(stops, listens..)

Gabriel: What's the matter, Ghu? Anything wrong?

Ghu: It's nothing, Gabe. I thought I heard some fan on Earth mention stf, but I could be wrong. I guess it's nothing--maybe I've got a touch of Twonk's disease.

Gabriel: Don't go worrying about those mortal fans. They get along pretty well. Let them worry about themselves, like you said.

Ghu: You're right, Gabe. They can take care of --(listens again) I did hear it! Gabe, they're talking and yammering and gabbling all over down there about stf!



Gabriel: They can't be, Ghu!

Ghu: (severely) You doubt my word? I tell you, they're talking about science fiction! (listens again) Gabe, they're all talking about science fiction -- the trufans have got all sorts of stuff about science fiction in their fanzines, even! They've even let the pros get into the fanzining business to yammer about science fiction, and the pros got a multilith turning out their stuff. Oh, Gabe, since I started killing off the stf mags, they're all worrying about them, and talking about science fiction all over the place. They're taking up half the convention with stuff about sff -- when will they hold parties?

Gabriel: Why don't you just forget about them, Ghu? Let them go do what they want and don't bother about them at all.

Ghu: Well, maybe I'll forget about them, Gabe, and maybe I won't. For now I'll just keep an eye on them and see what they do. Maybe the trufans can get them out of yakking about the stf mags, and back on fannish tings. I won't interfere. (ponders, grimly...)

Gabriel: Anything I can do to help, Ghu?

Ghu: Just one thing, Gabe. -- You keep your trumpet nice and shiny.

LIGHTS OUT

House lights up.