

A black and white line drawing of two stylized, bird-like figures facing each other. The figure on the left is standing and has a small tuft of hair on its head. The figure on the right is sitting and has a larger tuft of hair. Both have large, expressive eyes and simple beaks.

PANAC is fandom's leading spews and spatterzine, published every other leap year, by Ron Carr(1909 Frisco Street, Berkeley 9, Cliff)and Terry Lick(70 Libertine Street, San Francisco 10). Views and rumors gratefully received, but cash is preferred -- we're not proud, even if we have a Hugo. 25 for 4¢, 50 for 9¢, or 16 for 2£ from Ah Cheese Mouser, 434/4 New York Road, North Hike Ham, Lincoln, England. Cartoon by Rain Ellison.

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Also present were such BNFs as Joe Kennedy, Art Rapp, Lee Hoffman, Leo Riddle, Max Keasler, Mal Ashworth and Jack Speer. After the auctioning off of some of the pros - by proxy - and a fan-ed's panel which scarcely dented the night, the parties began - and by all accounts were quite something. By the end of the convention - Jon says the four days and nights seemed like four years - nearly everybody was asleep from exhaustion, but it was generally agreed that as soon as the committee had recovered, they would start making plans for the next one. Meanwhile, we can only say how sorry we were not to have been there - and that it helps to explain why some of the greatest of past fanzines, like Grue, Quandry, Spacewarp, Peon, Bem, etc., have not appeared for some time. Come to think of it, Torrey Carr must have been there, but Jon didn't mention him once. Where's Innuendo? Oh, er - four Arctic days and nights.

LOS ANGELES TIMES TO RUN FAN COLUMN. Our secret LASFS spy "X" reports that fandom's oldest club group is buying space in the "Times" Midsummer edition in order to recruit new members. Bjo is to write the copy and Bearded Bill Rotsler is submitting some impressions of PLAYGIRL Trina. Forrie Ackerman has nothing to do with the project, but writes that he has become an honorary member of the select Monsters of Hollywood Club which recently celebrated its first anniversary at downtown Statler Hilton.

MORE CON NEWS. As announced last issue, The Nameless Ones of Seattle are bidding for the 1961 Worldcon. We've just received news of a surprise bid for the same affair from the newly formed group in Tijuana. Peter Juarez writes: "We may be only new to fandom, but the boys here are full of enthusiasm and we feel that if the convention site were given to us, we could offer a lot that other fan centers would be unable to." We bet. ~~//~~ We've done it! Right from under the nose of that vilest of rivals, SKYRACK, we've snatched the latest news of the Easter BSFA Convention. The British Consite, long thought to be London, and more recently rumored to have been switched to Kottering, is now reported by a most reliable source to be the Olde Englishe Village of Much-Binding-In-The-Marsh. Arrangements sound slightly primitive, but we can assure Don Ford of a good time if he can find a map with the place listed.

SPACE DIVERSIONS, at last, is out. Naturally, you would have expected me to review such an epic-making zine in GOBHOBBLING, but while my heart is full of joy at seeing its long overdue appearance, I feel I cannot do it justice there. The copy I received is, unfortunately, incomplete, lacking pages 7 & 8 of the SoleCon report. It is, however, quite a good zine, well worth getting from Norm Shorrocks, 2 Arnot Way, Higher Bebington, Wirral, Cheshire, ENGLAND.

THE EDITORIAL STAFF of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, good old "X" reports, is about as stable as the Ten of Clubs when Tucker is around. Once more, Al Lewis is editor - the friendly, pleasant Al Lewis, of course. Little has been heard of the tyrannical, whip-cracking Lewis - it's our guess his acquisition of the manuscript of the Bloch speech at the Detention has caused him to gaffiate temporarily. Well, now that SHAGGY is produced from two states as far apart as California and Michigan, it is certain it will lose coherence, whilst emphasising even more its wandering layout and style.

BOB TUCKER is throwing open house on Monday 18th April. "It's about time someone honored Bloch," writes the Bard of Bloomington, "so I decided to throw this party ~~//~~ for him. Any fan who wants to come will be welcome. Bring beer." Bob warns us, though, that accomodation may be a little cramped. Sounds like a good gabfest to us poor West Coast Giants who won't be able to make it, but don't let that deter you. In case any of you don't know the Tucker address, the party's at Box 702, Bloomington, Ill.

BRITISH FOOTBALL POOLS WINNER ALAN DODD says that after touring the world he will settle in Berkeley. Alan has been active in British fandom for many years, and has been known to read science fiction and view s-f films occasionally. Last month he won over seventeen shillings on a football lottery organised in Liverpool, but not, we understand, by LASFS. "Such wealth," writes Alan, on the back of a program for the preview of "Journey to the Centre of the Earth", "is beyond the ken of any fan, and I have resigned from my job. After flying visits to Cheltenham and the new London clubs, I intend to re-visit the many friends I made in Berkeley." But, Alan, you were never in Berkeley. I mean, we can't find your change of address in any FANAC.



EACH ISSUE BIGGER seems to be the current banner of Fabulous Seattle Fandom and their Nameless Ones. CRY 139 (Box 192, 920 3rd St., Seattle 14, Washington) arrived today and is so far unread. This is not too surprising, as the 183 pages will take up a little reading time. Terry, Jim and I are thinking of working shifts at it. Material is by the Bushys, Toskey, Weber, John Berry, and guest stars Ackerman, Bloch, Tucker, Grennell, Guy Terwilliger, Alan Dodd, Vine Clarke, Walt Willis, Harry Warner, Nicola' Clarke, Don Ford, Bjo, Les Nirenberg, Mel Ashworth, Dan Adkins, Bill Shaksper (possibly a reprint), Arthur Thompson, Gregg Calkins, George Locke, Dick Enoy, Sture Sedolin, Bob Pavlat, Bob and Juanita Coulson, Donald Wollheim, John Steinbeck, Belle Dietz, Gem Carr, Archie Mercer, Ron Bennett, Bill Rickhardt, Ted White, Bruce Pelz, Steve Schultheis, Jeff Wanshel, Harlan Ellison and Lafayette Hubbard. And then there's the lettercol...Buz says that CRY is having a little trouble keeping the page count below 50.

SOON AFTER the news about SHAGGY arrived, we received an official communique from LASFS informing us that "X" had been captured, and had been sentenced to death. This was commuted to life hard labor on the LASFS Gestetner by friendly, fun-loving Al Lewis, on condition that "X" now sends all news to SKYRACK. Red Cross food, hungry gourmet Al Lewis states, will probably not reach the prisoner. We hear that this news has reached "Z", our London spy, and we regret to announce that he is chicken, pleading for his return passage before the Londoners catch up with him. Don't worry, "Z", the London fans are a gentle people.

JIM CAUGHRAN, gallant room-mate, was found by the Berkeley Dog Pound Corporation in a state of near starvation and with blisters on his feet the size of quarters, and was surprised to learn that he was just outside the City Hall. This was his destination, he insists, having started out from the campus seven days ago. Asked to say a few words about his long days of privation, he croaked painfully: "Travelling is not my favorite way of getting about."

WE LEARNED, from various reports, that one of our fliers disappeared en route. There is, however, no truth in the rumor that the US Air/Sea Rescue Force has been called into the search.

LYNN HICKMAN, who writes on notepaper from the Shaver Hotel, World's End, Ohio, tells us that he'll be in the Bay Area for the Gate party. Most of West Coast fandom will be here for the occasion, as will Gregg Calkins, Boob Stewart and Bob Madle. We're keeping the name of the Surprise Guest of Honor a secret right up to the actual meeting at the Fort Mason end of the Golden Gate Bridge, 3 am, 16th April. Fancy Dress will be worn.

BRUCE PELZ has recently bought a second-hand diaphetic multi-percolator, which sounds as though it ought to be a duplicator. Investigation proved otherwise. He is using the machine to subject contraband nux vomica seeds to a complicated extraction process in an attempt to obtain brucine from them. We wonder what he's trying to prove.

JUST IN TIME TO MAKE THIS SPACE came the news which has given us our finest hour. After this coup, SKYRACK will have to fade away or join the N3F. A most reliable source has supplied us with the information that the BSFA Easter Convention, publicised as being held in London, has shifted its venue, to a little village, full of very old world charm, known to the natives as Much-Binding-in-the-Marsh. It should be a most fabulous convention. And one thing's for sure - Don Ford won't have the slightest difficulty finding a place with a name like that. He's in for a wonderful time.

\_\_\_\_ You can expend your subscription by writing letters of comment, making news, trading fanzines or singing carols.

\_\_\_\_ Your subscription has perspired; dry up.

AVE MARIA: Boyd Raeburn is thinking of buying a tape recorder. Anyone wanting to sell a cheap second-hand model should write Boyd. / Andy Young complains of suffering from goose pimples. Using that bird bath of his too often? / Willis says he is thinking of entering for the Ghoddminton competition at the Rome Olympics. STRONG man! / Les Nirenberg's first zine has just appeared. A commendable effort, without the usual inky finger-marks on the covers. Just candy. / We were forced to laugh to see the British newszine SKYRACK parodied recently. / We must also congratulate the PANAC parody, FANAC, on reaching its fiftieth issue. / MGM plan to film "The Purple Pastures" early summer. / Our tower of beer cans to the moon is now four feet high. Only 1,249,640,000 feet to go. / Burnett R Toskey, teaching in kindergarten "just for the kicks" has been having difficulty in the mathematics classes. It appears that he is unable to instruct the children to count on their fingers. / Arkham House are bringing out an illustrated edition of "The Enchanted Duplicator". Ready next month at three dollars fifty, in limp covers. / Ron Ellik is hibernating. Send plenty of nuts, everyone. / George Metzger had bought a tweed jacket. Ha, fake JD. / Charles Burbee is a Good Farm say we, making sure his name is mentioned in this issue. / Fantasy film "It Came From Blood" voted number three in comedy movie poll. / Hal Lynch writes to say thank you, but he's quite happy in the McBurney YMCA and that there is no truth in the report that he's moving over to the YWCA. /

--re & tl

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