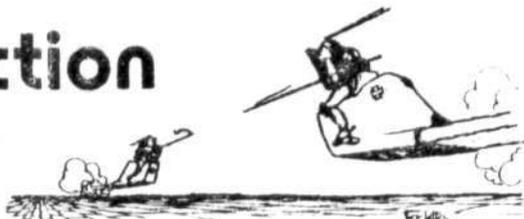


Birmingham Science Fiction Group

(Honorary Presidents: Brian W. Aldiss
and Harry Harrison)



NEWSLETTER 127

MARCH 1982

The Birmingham Science Fiction Group has its formal meeting on the third Friday of each month in the upstairs room of THE IVY BUSH pub on the corner of Hagley Road and Monument Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 16. There is also an informal meeting on the first Tuesday of each month at THE OLD ROYAL pub, on the corner of Church Street and Cornwall Street, Birmingham 3. (Church Street is off Colmore Row.) New members are always welcome. Our treasurer is Margaret Thorpe, 36 Twyford Road, Ward End, Birmingham 8. The 12-month subscription is £3.50.

MARCH MEETING - Friday 19th March 1982 at 7.45 pm

COLIN KAPP our speaker this month, is probably best known for his "Unorthodox Engineers" stories first published in New Writings in SF and now collected under that title. He works in the field of electronics and is at great pains to make even the smallest technical detail in his books feasible. In 1980 he was guest-of-honour at the British Eastercon in Glasgow. His latest novels, published this month by NEL, are the first two in the Cageworld Series (Search for the Sun and The Lost Worlds of Cronus). Other books include The Dark Mind, The Patterns of Chaos, The Ion War, The Survival Game and Manalone.

Admission to this month's meeting: 60p for members, £1.00 for non-members.

FEBRUARY MEETING

With Brian Aldiss as speaker this was very well attended. See page 4 for details.

FORTHCOMING

- * Spring - We are still hoping that Marion Zimmer Bradley will pay us a visit.
- * May - Ken Bulmer has agreed to come and talk to us.
- * June - Dave Langford will use us as targets for his wit.
- * July - Beer and Skittles evening at the White Swan, Harborne. More details later.
- * Later - BSFA National Mastermind Quiz, regional heat. We will be asking for volunteers to show off their knowledge of SF.

ANDROMEDA BOOKSHOP SIGNING SESSIONS:

- ***** COLIN KAPP - Saturday 20th March - 12.00 noon to 2.00pm *****
- ***** ANNE McCAFFREY - Saturday 3rd April - 1.00pm to 3.00pm *****

...news...

PHILIP K.DICK has died at the age of 53. One of the most important and original of present-day SF writers, he was still at the height of his powers, moving in a new direction with his most recent novel, The Divine Invasion (Corgi paperback). He wrote over 30 novels, of which the Hugo winning The Man in the High Castle is the best known, plus many stories. The film of his novel Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?, to be entitled Blade Runner, is almost complete. He will be sorely missed by SF readers everywhere.

BRIAN ALDISS has been reviewed on Radio 4 (Start the Week, Kaleidoscope, Bookshelf), talked to on T.V. (Omnibus) and pictured in the press (Sunday Times Colour Supplement) all in connection with the publicity for Helliconia Spring.

THE NEBULA AWARD nominations have been announced. Novels are Radix - A.A. Attanasio; The Vampire Tapestry - Suzy McKee Charnas; Little, Big - John Crowley; Ridley Walker - Russell Hoban; The Many-Coloured Land - Julian May; The Claw of the Conciliator - Gene Wolfe. No British author is on the final ballot in any of the shorter fiction categories which are novella, novelette and short story.

BSFA AWARD nominations are: Novels...Hello America - J.G.Ballard; Where Time Winds Blow - Robert Holdstock; The Affirmation - Chris Priest; The Shadow of the Torturer - Gene Wolfe. Short fiction...stories by Holdstock, Roberts, Shaver, Tuttle and Watson. There are also Media and Cover Artist categories.

ANNE McCAFFREY has signed a contract for Dragonlady the 7th volume set on Pern, but set much earlier than the others in the series.

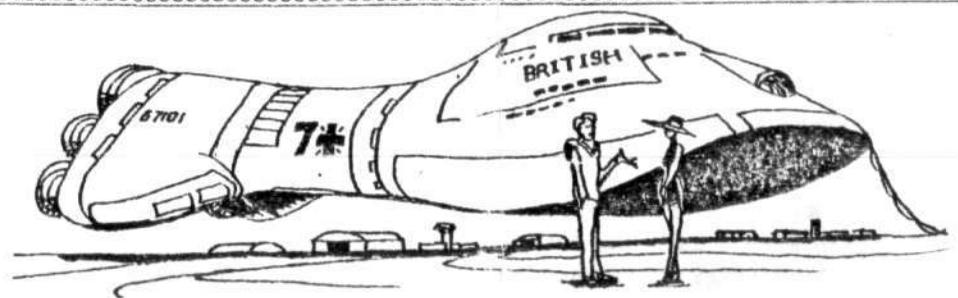
EXTRO, the new British SF magazine, is now on sale at Andromeda (and elsewhere). This first issue includes stories by Chris Priest and Ian Watson. Price 75p.

ANDROMEDA BOOKSHOP'S top ten best selling paperbacks for February were: 1.Camber the Heretic - Katherine Kurtz (Ballantine dist. Futura), 2.The Divine Invasion - Philip K.Dick (Corgi), 3.The Shadow of the Torturer - Gene Wolfe (Arrow), 4.The Breaking of Northwall - Paul O.Williams (Ballantine dist. Futura), 5.Dragonquest - Anne McCaffrey (Corgi), 5.Voyagers - Ben Bova (Magnum), 7.Dr Who and the State of Decay - Terrance Dicks (Target), 8=Midnight at the Well of Souls - Jack Chalker (Penguin), 8=King David's Spaceship - Jerry Pournelle (Futura), 10.Mindflight - Stephen Goldin (Hamlyn).

FANTASYCON VIII on 2nd, 3rd & 4th July 1982 at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham. Guest-of-honour Tanith Lee. Pre-registration fee £1.50. Write to Penny Hill 53 Glencoe St., Anlaby Rd., Hull, N.Humberside, HU3 6HR.

SOLIHULL GROUP meets next on 28th March at Red House, Hermitage Rd, (off Lode Lane) from 7pm onwards.

WANTED Pete Lyon is anxious to know the whereabouts of his original artwork. If you have any please tell Dave Holmes at the next meeting.



..... a convention report by Rog Peyton

After the lousy winter and the gigantic chore of moving shop, I needed a break, and what better than attending a multi-media con with Anne McCaffrey as Guest-of-Honour? They'd invited me to do the traditional auction; it would be nice to see familiar faces and have a quiet weekend socialising... I first suspected that the con would be somewhat chaotic two weeks before the event, when I discovered no-one had booked me into the hotel. Apparently the committee had done nothing up to that date, and Dot Owens--- who has organised more than her fair share of Star Trek cons---had decided to step in at the last moment to salvage what she could. Meanwhile the remnants of the committee were doing something... but weren't telling anybody. The chairman had decided that numbers were too low, so went and got publicity on local radio. This explained why, on the Friday evening, there were almost no familiar faces around.

During breakfast on Saturday I discovered that the programme was to be totally revised---Dot's new committee had found several things in it that wouldn't work, like more than one item scheduled in the same room at the same time. Seasoned con-goers will realise that this is not a Good Thing. Later I noticed that the new programme had slotted in my auction at 10am on Sunday morning! That was changed. The book room was opened and we waited for customers... and waited... and waited. A few trickled in and walked out without buying. I'd taken loads of Star Trek material thinking the Trekkers would be there in force---I sold ten ST paperbacks and one copy of this year's calendar. This was going to be a great con! I sat there getting more depressed, waiting for evening when I could have some fun. The bar didn't open till 12.30 Saturday lunchtime, which threw me into an even bigger depression.

But then came the Fancy Dress and the Disco---this was going to be a Great Evening! Hah. The fancy dress was fun, but led into one of those unannounced displays that occur far too frequently these days; this one was just a little different. Typical stormtrooper-type raid and battle against another troop of blaster-equipped ~~mercenaries~~ mercenaries. But this time, the clever little sods decided to go for realism. Bags of watered-down tomato ketchup had been strapped inside shirts with tiny charges inside them; when the blasters were fired, the charges went off, exploding 'blood' from the victim's stomach all over the disco floor. Exploding guts, simulated rape scenes and general violence followed. Somewhere there was a script but no-one could hear it. After the initial shock of the entrance, there was one violent act after another. Members of the audience were showered with 'blood' (and I'm not sure Brian Burgess's lights weren't in there somewhere); they started reacting. One girl near me suddenly went into hysterics; within minutes others followed; a chap went into shock and we seriously thought he was having a heart attack. The 'act' finished and left. Most of the audience applauded; apparently the cases of hysteria had been isolated.

Suddenly people came rushing into the con hall, grabbing fire extinguishers while the fire alarm rang. With all this going on, no-one moved. It was only when a committee member took the mike and announced that this was for real that anyone got out of the room. So there we were, fans in skimpy fancy dress, others dressed in light clothing for the disco---all herded out of the hotel into cold, dreary Liverpool. Blue lights flashed on police cars and fire engines, while we were left to freeze for 15-20 minutes as the hotel was checked. Apparently one ketchup charge had failed to explode and had been taken to a bedroom to be defused. It then exploded, producing lots of smoke, immediately under a smoke-detector... Needless to say, this finished many people for the evening---only a handful stayed for the disco. Most must have needed a stiff drink by then---more than one drink each, I'd imagine, as the committee had to apologise to the hotel staff the next morning for the amount of vomit on the carpets.

Sunday was, mercifully, a fairly uneventful day; the con closed in the evening. The chairman and committee did not get a vote of thanks, though Dot Owens did. And still the chairman stood up and announced that Scousecon 2 will take place next year!!! See you there?

A large and eagerly expectant audience crowded into the upstairs room of The Ivy Bush on February 19th to listen to Brian Aldiss, on the fifth and tenth anniversaries of previous visits to us. They were not disappointed, because Brian is always an entertaining speaker. Beginning with an anecdote so fantastic that I shall not repeat it here for fear of offending somebody, he moved fairly swiftly onto the subject which is obviously most important to him at the moment: his new novel, Helliconia Spring. He has been working on it for about four years, not just writing but researching---building up the scientific credibility of an alien world. As he told us, he has been helped in this by several notable academics, including Jack Cohen and Tom Shippey. As a visual aid Brian had with him a splendid full-colour map of the planet Helliconia. (I'm sure there must be a market for map-posters or globes of Helliconia; I know I'd like one.) He mentioned some of the starting points of the original idea (such as Michael Ayrton's pictures of minotaurs, adapted to become the alien phagors). At the end of Brian's talk he made the draw for the raffle prize---which could have been nothing else but a copy of Helliconia Spring. A good evening was had by all.

HELLICONIA SPRING by Brian Aldiss, Cape £6.95, 361 pages

Reviewed by Chris Morgan.

Helliconia is a planet orbiting the star Batalix. At the same time both Helliconia and Batalix follow a vast, elongated orbit around a much larger, hotter star, Freyr, with the result that Helliconia undergoes great extremes of climate over a regular cycle equivalent to 2592 Earth years. It is inhabited by humans and intelligent aliens, whose patterns of life are governed by this changing environment. Helliconia Spring is the first in a trilogy of novels about the planet; as the title suggests it tells what happens when spring comes after centuries of arctic conditions. Not only do plants and animals appear in profusion where there was only snow before, but there comes the symbolic flowering of science and commerce. In immense detail Aldiss shows the prevailing wintry conditions (which have reduced the humans to barbarism and whittled away their numbers) and the wealth of difference which the better weather makes. Two lengthy episodes make up the book, each covering several years and separated by a century or so. Complicating the picture are the phagors (intelligent aliens, on a physical and mental par with men and inimical to them) and the group of Earth scientists who orbit the planet, watching everything.

The novel possesses a staggering combination of breadth and depth. It is packed with fascinating detail of fauna and flora, some items of which (with names like stungebags and brassimips) resemble escapees from Hot-house. Despite the large number of characters, the hero is really the planet itself. Without its climatic variation the cultural changes and conceptual breakthroughs which comprise the book's theme could not exist. The phagors are a marvellous creation---alien, sinister, implacable. The idea of Earth observers not only capturing each aspect of life on the planet but also transmitting it back home where "Helliconia was Earth's last great art form" is an excitingly surrealistic variation of Report on Probability A. Throughout, the writing style combines vivacity with inevitability. Occasionally Aldiss gets carried away by his own powers of description, as when Helliconia appears to turn from a snowy waste to a tropical jungle in just a few months. There are difficulties, too, with the point of view, which hops around from character to character with confusing agility. Important omissions from the book are a plan of Helliconia's orbit and a map of its continents.

There is no doubt that Helliconia Spring is an important SF novel, the best which Aldiss has produced since at least The Malacia Tapestry (1976). Whether or not it is his master work is too early to judge. Only when the trilogy is complete will its true worth become clear. However, Helliconia Spring is an unforgettable experience, thought-provoking and full of originality.

BOOK REVIEWS

WINDHAVEN by George R.R. Martin & Lisa Tuttle, NEL £1.50, 315 pages

Reviewed by Pauline E.Morgan.

The flyers of Windhaven are an elite into which one must be born. Gliding on wings with a twenty foot span, they carry verbal messages between the islands of the planet. Maris, a fisherman's daughter wants to be a flyer. Windhaven is the story of Maris' struggle to win her wings, and her gradual realisation of the consequences of her action in forcing the flyers to break their traditions. In the years which follow her victory hostility begins to develop between the born-flyers and the land-bound, like Maris, who win their wings from them. The flyers remain aloof from the politics of the islands, and so does this novel, except towards the end. Maris' story is beautifully and simply told. The experience of riding the storms of Windhaven should not be missed.

RIDDLEY WALKER by Russell Hoban, Picador £1.95, 214 pages

Reviewed by Anne Gay.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness is Riddley Walker's, coming across the desolate centuries of the future. Riddley's everlasting questions are written in phonetic dialect, offputting at first but more realistic than Oxbridge English. By the third page the author has got the reader doing it, in the rare intervals said reader can put the book down. Riddley's abrupt transformation from unimportant boy to key man of the future is engrossing. How to turn a culture from retrospective barbarism to a more positive self-reliance? This is the problem suddenly riding on Riddley's back. And the problems are equally those of today, expressed in action and symbolism. This book is Truth with a Guvner T. Someone should give it to Cowboy Raygun and the Kremlin Cossacks.

THE LION OF COMARRE & AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT by Arthur C. Clarke, Pan £1.50, 188 pages

Reviewed by Peter Day.

Latest reprint of Clarke's tale of an eternal city at worlds end, subsequently revised to become the longer City and the Stars. The filler story, "The Lion of Comarre", like the other, a story of a young man on a quest, is by far the slighter piece and doesn't quite come off, despite its similarities to "Against the Fall of Night". A good example of Clarke in his more imaginative vein, this book is worth reading for anyone unfamiliar with the main story in either of its two versions.

THE INFINITIVE OF GO by John Brunner, Magnum £1.25, 154 pages

Reviewed by Peter Weston.

And here we have a perfect example of what Damon Knight used to call a "one-idea" SF story. It's not exactly a bad idea, though a bit stale, if only John had done something with it. But no, all we have is a selection of talking heads, telling each other things they already know, long after the duller reader will have realised exactly what is going on. I don't know, maybe it's a sign that all the juices have gone out of science fiction, but I remember a famous story from the 1950s, the classic What Mad Universe by Fredric Brown, which used almost the same basic gimmick. Only Brown explains in one paragraph while John Brunner takes 100 pages; What Mad Universe is light, funny, adventurous and full of springtime vigour, while this new title is a November book. Skilfully done but a bit grey, a bit dull, and for the completist only.

A WIZARD IN BEDLAM by Christopher Stasheff, Granada £1.25, 224 pages

Reviewed by Dave Haden.

With Stasheff's third novel it becomes apparent that the author's forte is variations on a theme---high tech hero arrives on a colony that has reverted to medaeval hierarchy, acquires large sidekick who is not as dumb as he seems, meets pretty girl, etc. If you've read Stasheff's first book, The Warlock In Spite Of Himself, then you've no need to read this watered down version. If you haven't read A Wizard In Bedlam then don't. Get hold of his first book---it's far superior and much funnier. Unless he gets a few new ideas, though, it looks like Stasheff is destined to write only one decent book.

CUJO by Stephen King, Macdonald £6.95, 345 pages

Reviewed by Pauline E.Morgan.

King's success lies in his ability to take ordinary people with recognisable problems and make the unexpected happen to them. Principally involved are Vic Trenton, an advertising executive in danger of losing his main account, his wife Donna who, bored with suburban life, has taken a lover, and their four-year-old son, Tad. There are no heroes here, only victims. The most unfortunate victim is Cujo, a friendly, lovable St. Bernard who contracts rabies. Unforseen circumstances find Donna and Tad marooned at an isolated garage in a car that won't go on the hottest day of the year. Outside is the rabid Cujo, determined to kill them. It is not only the way it is told that makes Cujo so terrifying, but the realisation that this situation could happen tomorrow, to you. This is a fine example of horror at its best.

THE MAN IN THE MAZE by Robert Silverberg, Star £1.50, 192 pages

Reviewed by Chris Morgan.

Alienness and alienation are the twin themes of this exciting and underrated novel. First published in 1969, when Silverberg was a prolific producer of good SF, it tells of Richard Muller, a middle-aged ex-diplomat who incarcerates himself in a deadly alien maze because of a terrible alien-induced disability. Trying to find Muller and persuade him to leave the maze are an ageing cynic and a young idealist. None of these elements are new, but Silverberg's arrangement imbues them with freshness, while his fast-paced style allows a lot of background detail to be given without slowing things down. Recommended.

SCIENCE FICTION SPECIAL 43: PEBBLE IN THE SKY by Isaac Asimov (200 pages), THE SCIENCE FICTIONAL SOLAR SYSTEM edited by Isaac Asimov, Martin H.Greenberg & Charles G.Waugh (317 pages), Sidgwick & Jackson £8.95.

Reviewed by Margaret Thorpe.

Pebble in the Sky (Asimov's 1st novel) needs little introduction and, like most of his works, bears its age extremely well. The hero is yet another of Asimov's alter egos---a poor Jewish immigrant, now successful in America, who is transferred to a terrifyingly soulless future Galactic Empire. Instead of being disposed of as useless, he becomes involved in the Revolution, as an essential member. Asimov displays other talents, as scientist and editor, in the introduction to each of the stories in The Science Fictional Solar System. He updates the information on each planetary subject and interprets the facts as known at the time of writing. None of the stories are new, but all of them are interesting, and well worth reading. The authors include such well known names as Niven, Sheckley and, of course, Asimov himself. It's a pity that the book's cover isn't a little more pictorial, but it still represents good value for money.

NIGHT OF LIGHT by Philip Jose Farmer, Penguin £1.25, 176pages

Reviewed by Bernie Norton.

Take the age-old conflicts between good and evil, between religions, between different factions of the same religion, all are here together with a murderous thief who becomes a priest, after first becoming the father of a god. Add a personal vendetta, a little intrigue and a lot of blood, and you have Night of Light. I found this to be a fast-moving adventure story, not very deep in spite of its religious theme. A very entertaining read.

ONE HUNDRED MILES ABOVE EARTH by Raymond J.Ross, Robert Hale £6.25, 192 pages

Reviewed by Dave Hardy.

This is the sort of book that makes members of the Birmingham SF Writers Group think "Well, if that can get published there must be hope for me!" Four RAF Regiment wallahs on an exercise in Scotland are abducted by an invisible UFO "one hundred miles up from the Earth's gravitational pull", and are informed by a disembodied voice that they must run a sort of assault course (without rules) in order to free themselves and over 100 colleagues, the latter held in suspended animation... The writing style is stilted, the grammar gruesome, the punctuation peculiar, and the 'story' plods along at a pedestrian pace. And it's full of typos. If the awful cover puts you off, don't have second thoughts!

RODERICK by John Sladek, Granada £1.95, 347 pages

Reviewed by Chris Morgan.

Roderick is a young robot who grows and learns just like a human boy. Sladek uses Roderick's chequered progress through childhood and school as a vehicle with which to satirise most aspects of contemporary US life. It's an extremely funny novel in places, being well worth reading just for Roderick's experiences at school. Other scenes are less successful, and the general excess of complexity means hard work for the reader. Worth trying. There's a sequel due.

KING DAVID'S SPACESHIP by Jerry Pournelle, Futura £1.95, 332 pages

Reviewed by Alan Cash.

About to be colonised by a Galactic Empire and reduced to virtual slavery is Prince Samual's World. Then the head of the Secret Police discovers a loophole in galactic law. Self-governing status can be obtained from the Empire if proof is forthcoming that the planet has the capability of space-flight. All the available technical knowledge seems to be in the hands of the Empire, which refuses to allow its dissemination to a lower culture in case the destruction of that culture results. Then a story that technological information is available in an overlooked computer on a nearby barbarous planet leaks out. How the mercenary Nathan McKinnie wins through to smuggle back this vital information brings Pournelle's knowledge of military tactics again to the fore. An entertaining read, though many ideas are raised only to be ignored, making it a longish book for a story with really only one thread.

FUTURE HISTORY by Jerry Pournelle, Futura £1.95, 383 pages

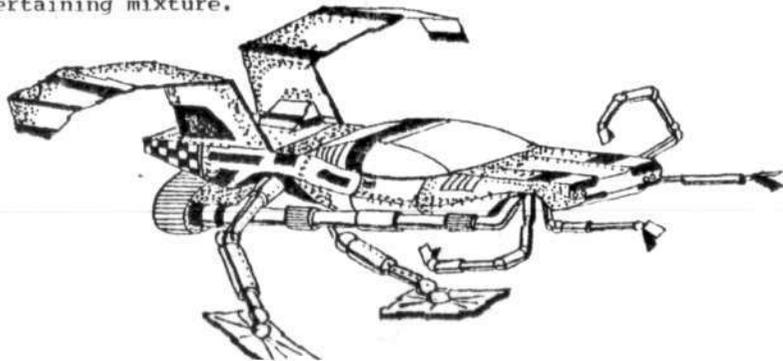
Reviewed by Anne Gay.

Military mercenaries swash and buckle with panache in the two action-packed novels (The Mercenary and West of Honor) which make up Future History by a very intelligent Pournelle. John Christian Falkenberg is everything a hero should be: handsome, decisive and a winner with a heart of gold, as well as a gargantuan capacity for booze. But the upbeat action packages a more thoughtful element of people and politics: the loyalty and honour of Falkenberg's forces versus the corrupt power play among the rulers of worlds and galaxies. Set against a consistent and credible background, Falkenberg's troops shine out as admirable and realistic. They emerge as the only ones with clean hands. They have some great marching-songs too---pity there's no sound-track. Old soldiers and young escapists will enjoy this one.

BLACK HOLES edited by Jerry Pournelle, Futura £1.75, 334 pages

Reviewed by John Farr.

The frontier-of-science bandwagon most jumped-on by SF authors during the 1970s concerned black holes. This anthology reprints 18 stories, articles and poems connected with the subject. Foremost among the included authors is, of course, Larry Niven, not only because he's a friend of Pournelle's but because he's written more (and generally better) black-hole stories than anyone else. Also present are such noted hard-science authors as Charles Sheffield and Robert L. Forward, and, just to prove that Pournelle is trying to pander to the literate, a poem from Michael Bishop, too. It's an entertaining mixture.



Voyagers, as you will see from the cover blurb, is about an alien craft which enters the Solar System and eventually approaches Earth. Ah, you may think, this is Bova's Rendezvous With Rama, In the Ocean of Night, or The Jupiter Theft. In fact, it has little in common with any of those. Our hero, Kieth Stoner (ex-astronaut who has grabbed the opportunity to get into space again, even in a Soviet craft with a Russian co-pilot) doesn't even get outside Earth's atmosphere until page 339. This is a book about people and relationships, politics and East/West relations, and the workings of the military mind versus scientific mind. Drugs and religion are thrown in too, for good measure. As such Ben Bova handles its complexities quite well. A worthwhile read.

THE UNCERTAIN MIDNIGHT; THE LAST CONTINENT both by Edmund Cooper, Coronet £1.25, 192 pages each. Reviewed by Margaret Thorpe.

Two different treatments of the holocaust story are the subjects of the latest reprint offerings from Coronet. The Uncertain Midnight (also known as Deadly Image) is one of Cooper's best novels. First published in 1958, it describes a world in which androids are replacing men in the world, gradually leaving humans with no purpose in life. John Markham survives the nuclear war in a freak cryogenic accident. He becomes a living anachronism and a figurehead in the rebellion which dares to question the androids' superiority. It is beautifully written, highly recommended for the storyline and the underlying issues which it raises.

The Last Continent is a harsh contrast. Written in 1970, it reveals the disillusionment felt by the author and underlines the new threat to survival---not merely a nuclear war, but racial bigotry; man need not fear machines---only the intolerance within the human race. A few white survivors of the devastation remain on Earth, while black colonists on Mars have retained both technology and a racial pride which threatens the continued existence of mankind. The resolution of this conflict provides a highly readable novel.

FAN PUBLICATIONS

AN INDEX TO THE MAGAZINE SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF 1981 compiled by G.R. Kemp, Diamond Press £1.50, 48 pages; QUARTZ 1 edited by R.J. Robinson, Diamond Press 80 pence, 37 pages. Reviewed by Chris Morgan.

These two fan publications emanate from deepest Staffordshire and are available at Andromeda Bookshop. The magazine index has been painstakingly assembled from all the UK and US magazines (though not anthologies) which regularly publish SF or fantasy fiction. There seems to be some doubt about the inclusion of Questar, which is not indexed on an issue-by-issue basis, but does have its stories listed. Also, the contents of Twilight Zone are not given because it has not been obtainable in Britain. This is a very useful compilation and, as far as I can tell, is pretty accurate.

Quartz is an anthology of fan fiction, none of it good enough to be published professionally. The least poor of the stories is by Lionel & Patricia Fanthorpe; it could, perhaps, be lengthened into something quite reasonable, but at present it's well below the standard of which I know they're capable. I've never heard of any of the other contributors. None of them display any originality or writing talent. They perpetrate all the basic errors of writing known to man, and are obviously in dire need of considerably more constructive criticism than I have room to offer.

Editorial Notes

Thank you to Locus, Ansible and all contributors. Art credits this issue: Ivor Latto (p1), John Dell (p2) and Phill Probert (p7). Next month we'll have reviews of books by Colin Kapp, C.J. Cherryh, Philip K. Dick, Gene Wolfe, etc, as well as some stunning new features (such as a lack of spelling mistakes). This March 1982 issue has been edited and produced for the BSFG by Pauline E. Morgan, 39 Hollybrow, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 4LX.