

The stories in *The Wild Cherry Tree* amply illustrate the fact that the author's talent has many facets. In each one of them the atmosphere is authentic and the characterisation satisfying. Even in the slightest of the stories, the personality of a trampish scrounger of the countryside is so convincingly outlined that people who have scarcely seen the open country know at once that the man is true to life.

In the title story, a pig farm of unutterable squalor is evoked. It is so dirty and neglected in appearance that pig-like human beings seem indistinguishable from their charges as they wallow together in the same filth. This dreadful squalor is contrasted with the bright hues of the fashionable clothes which the farmer's wife hoards obsessively. The reader finds this juxtaposition credible, as are the twists in the strands of all the stories.

*The Marriage of a*