cost. And the only manifestation of "society", in the person of the policeman of the square, is there only to represent security and protection for his little people and their loves. There is no such thing as fear, because fear is the very antipodes of kindness, and here everything is kindness and humanity.

To make people smile; it is surely a commendable programme on an earth torn between bitter tears, bitter vengeance, and the not less bitter irony of the indifferent. Looking at these drawings, we rediscover the emotions of growing youth, of our earliest love and our first try; and we realise how deep is the philosophy of this naïve and simple life. Houses are there to shelter men and their happiness, flowers to charm their eyes, animals to love them and serve them. The world we live in seems to have unlearned these elementary truths. Even sorrows and disillusionment are here on a scale made to fit man himself; hate being shut out, nothing can take on the dimensions of cruelty or profound despair.

The captions are nothing more or less than a transcribed continuation of the drawing; where concrete forms no longer suffice, Peynet substitutes the abstract form of the word with equal felicity. His texts have the same freshness and the same naïveté, and their delicate spirit makes them sound natural, as though we had found them ourselves. Perpetually in love, Peynet’s little man