passes in his bowler and his stiff collar through a universe full of flowers and always on holiday, in a fairy-story setting where castles look like boxes of toys, where parasols hang in the air merely out of a desire to protect human beings, where policemen exist only to smooth away troubles and flowers grow exactly where people want to see them.

Peynet himself makes a strange contrast with his drawings. One wonders where this big boy, with his vigorous hand-shake, manages to find so much gentleness. But one only needs to hear him talk about his work, in his very simple way, to understand that he has excluded hate, jealousy and cruelty from his thoughts for good. It is illuminating that, when Peynet was asked to do a series of drawings with the topical theme of the atomic bomb, he just could not find anything. There was no inspiration. How, after all, can lovers, flowers and birds be reconciled with the idea of total destruction? In a Peynet drawing everything is human, and humane. Even the penitentiary of the flowers seems a gentle place, where the man who has committed the crime of making artificial flowers — a crime against beauty and nature — is condemned to break flower-pots.

The Wedding is another characteristic example of Peynet's talent. It is a gouache that shows us an unbelievable little township in grey and brown, built on a steep slope like the towns of the Midi and clustered close together to give