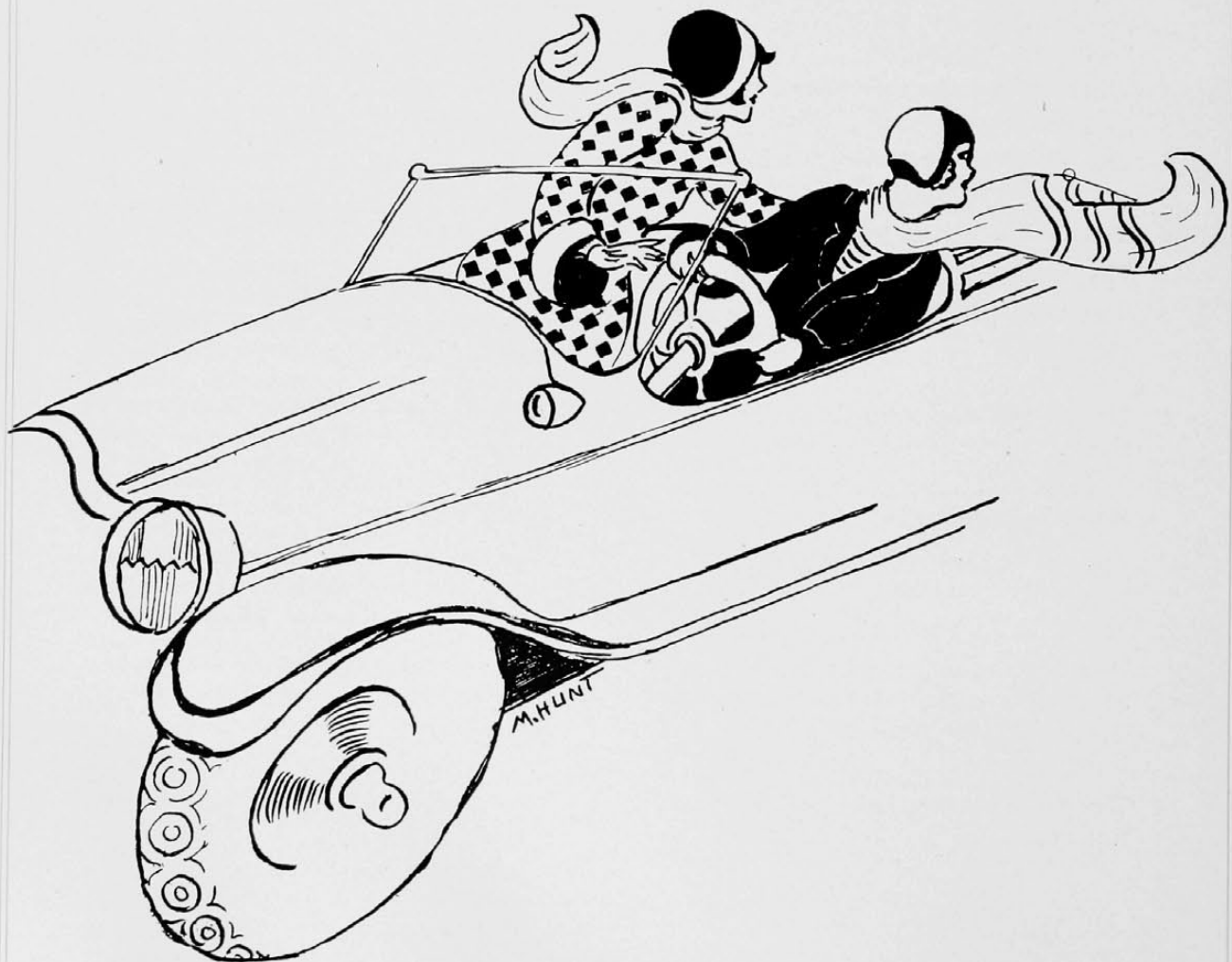


IT was an evening of great silences and spaces, wholly tranquil. It was an evening teeming with sheer, exuberant, instinctive joy. It was the ecstasy and festival of summer. It was torture of the most exquisite kind. Holding her frail warm body against his own the lover whispered into a tiny ear 'neath a fluff of spun gold hair, "Dearest, you are seraphic." Diverting her eyes, her answer, sounding like wavelets on a summer shore, came soft and low, "I know, dearest, but I am losing weight every day."



"Quick, pull into a side-road; there's a cop following us!"