

The Golden Triangle

Sexuality, Money, Power: \$exonomics



\$exonomics[®]

A mischievous and disrespectful inquiry into women's and men's sexual reasoning and behaviour

A. de la Lieux
Montreal, Canada

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EXCERPT



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inquiry into women's and men's
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While "Pure love" is heavenly destiny,
human Reason is its unique terrestrial companion.

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Sexonomic Games in the Highest Orders: A True-Love Story

In our first demonstration of sexonomic strategy, we are dealing with two individuals from the two highest *orders*, a *Quintessential*-man and a top-ranked *Art*-woman. Their personal data is as follows (update as of February 2007):

LUNDQUIST, Goran Joachim, 40 years old, widower, no children.

Swedish citizen living and working in his villa, in St. Raphaël, France.

Ranking Swedish contemporary neo-post-impressionist.

World renowned for his exhibitions. Permanent display of his seven major paintings in the post-impressionist wing of the Guggenheim.

Holder of the Légion d'Honneur and of the Royal Swedish Bernadotte medal.

Several honorary doctorates from top-level European and American universities.

Two of his most recent paintings, *A Toast to the Toad* and *The Turquoise Frog Orchestra*, were recently sold in New York, each for more than \$6 million.

Lifelong member of the Swedish Socialist Party, even though multimillionaire by inheritance (paper and pulp, timber) and from selling about 150 of his paintings. Formerly expensive lifestyle, including a Piaggio Amphibian and a 40-foot yacht, *Lady Dagbar*. Silver medal in the *épée* at the 1990 Olympics. Captain of the St.Raphaël polo-team. In 1995, seriously injured in an avalanche off Kitzbühel, still slightly limping. Superb bearing, with the famous Lundquist-nose.

One of Europe's most eligible bachelors in the world of the arts, he married *Dagbar van Soencken*, Miss Denmark 1988 and Givenchy's top model in 1987.

His wife perished in the same avalanche. For years he suffered terribly from her death, kept aloof of women, gave up all of his wealth except his villa and the yacht and fifty per cent of his revenue, from the sale of his paintings, to the Lundquist Foundation for Disadvantaged Children. Rumours concerning his alleged homosexuality seem unfounded. Is cared for by his domestic of many years, *Magdalena Sophie*. Business agent, *Dagobert Elcken-Hubéry*, Paris, 16e. Banks: *Banque des Pays-Bas*; *Schweizer Kommerzbank*.

The quintessentialness of Lundquist's person is revealed only in part in his personal data. The ability to forego highly materialistic living standards, honouring the memory of his dead wife, and the strength of character that showed itself especially in his continuing creativity are attributes that many of the high-quality *Lace*-men were also deemed to possess. What, then, made Lundquist truly *Quintessential*? This was exactly what de Bellemaire would have to find out because Lundquist's ranking within the *Quintessential-order* of men was of crucial significance in her own quest to fill her sexonomic heart.

de BELLEMAIRE Francine Sharon, 30 years old, divorced, no children. Canadian citizen, Cultural Attaché at the Canadian Embassy in Paris. B.A. Honours Political Science; B.C.L., LL.B., McGill University, Montreal. Linguist. Member of MENSA. Top graduate of the class of 1997 of the Sexonomic Institute of America. Art Evaluation diploma from Sotheby's. Only daughter of the Hon. Pierre de Bellemaire, Senator, and Mary born Harting, remarried Osborne, de Benedicti, Loxenfeld, Schoenheit. Former assistant editor of Professional Woman.

Only 15 years old when her father committed suicide after wasting his family fortune drinking and womanizing, Sharon, a long-legged tomboy teenager who had loved skiing, boating, horses, and designing, and hated her father's escapades, joined a commune after her mother remarried. Brutalized by the leader, she became pregnant, aborted, went through a 6-months drug binge, and then recovered. Finished high school, maintained an A-average through out; at McGill, won two medals as a ranking Law graduate; but never again allowed a man to touch her until she decided to marry an intellectually remarkable but otherwise nondescript law professor. Applying for a divorce before the year was up, she enrolled in the one-year intensive programme at the Sexonomics® Institute in Montreal, and obtained five A+++ in the most challenging courses (Biology of Human Sexuality; Human Ethics and Sexonomic Strategies and Games; Seminar on Sexuality and Power; Lab Session on Refined Sexual Practices; Theory of Finance and Sexonomic Behaviour; Blue Chips: Stock and Men) in her quest to learn everything possible about high-quality men and their sexonomic needs.

Took time out to become Canadian women's Laser sailing champion. Fluent in the two official languages as well as in Spanish and German, the posting to Paris followed a junior assignment at the Embassy in London, during which time she earned the Art Evaluation diploma. Still an avid rider, the formerly unruly and undisciplined teen had, since her posting in Paris, become one of the remarkably attractive personages with the youthful set at Deauville. Her responsibilities at the Canadian Embassy involve mainly cultural liaison and representation, art exchanges, and exhibitions.

Lives alone, le Marais, with a part-time domestic. Has season tickets for the Paris Opera and is member of the Riding Club of Paris. Bank: Banque Nationale de Paris; Royal Bank of Canada. Few savings. Favourite designers: Givenchy; Lagerfeld; de Shmorinsky.

The sexonomic issue at hand? Lundquist had no intention of even looking for a woman, even though lately, after his frequent agonizing hours about the death of his beloved wife, he started noticing an increasing disquiet, not so much about the void in which his wife left him but about the moments of general emptiness in his life. The arrival of new neighbours with their two lovely children would induce him, even during his most intensive painting sessions, to wonder what his own children might have looked like.

Paris. Stage One: Cupid and the Moment of Truth

De Bellemaire had first seen some of Lundquist's work at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts about one year before her posting to Paris and experienced a very intense, gripping, moment—an instantaneous revelation which caused her great anxiety and descended right into her calves, making her shiver. As a lark, she then took the plane to New York, wishing to be present at the auction, by the Silverstein gallery, of Lundquist's two most famous paintings. Once again, she experienced that inexplicable vertigo effect. Upon her arrival in Paris, she was given authority to promote Canadian art and to arrange for exhibitions especially of French-Canadian artists to be held in France. Pondering upon how to get the semi-recluse Lundquist to leave St. Raphaël in a matter other than his own private affairs, she hit upon the idea of staging a prize-winning exhibition of young French-Canadian painters studying in Europe and inviting three renowned artists to be the judges, one of whom would be the Swede. His enticement: the said two paintings had been bought on behalf of a Vancouver multimillionaire.

Recalling one of the three most exclusive principles of schooling at the Sexonomic Institute, viz. to become perfectly well informed about the future partner's sexonomic valuation, which would consist in confirming Lundquist's character traits, checking out his sociopolitical priorities, updating the information concerning his assets and income expectations, compiling a dossier on his views on, and relationships with, women, including their preferred gifts and personalized perfumes. If all this data was to her liking, she would then, about six months before the exhibition, use high-level intermediaries in order to extend the invitation with the maximum chance of success.

She would also have to think of her official role as well as of her being a woman: What were his likes, dislikes? his pleasures, displeasures? How could she attract his attention? What would the so apparently sensitive hands of this man holding the painter's brush and projecting such opaque images in their translucent pastel shades feel like, touching her face and seeking to trace out every one of the throbbing azure blue speckles in her eyes? Will he appreciate her expertise in sailing and invite her to his yacht? Even if he did, she would never board the *Lady Dagbar*. Noticing that her passion quality was threatening to run away from her control function, de Bellemaire recalled the second of the most exclusive principles of sexonomic behaviour: "Unlike a LUSSEY, a LADY LUSSEY will never emit even the faintest of her personal whiffs even at the most qualified and exciting suitor before her owner's Reason signals the go-ahead. A go-ahead will be given only if this particular relationship is expected to result in an increase of total sexonomic happiness." Critical of her moment of weakness, de Bellemaire, true to her nature as a top-level *Art*-woman, snapped back into performing her highly rational professional tasks and went about staging the exhibition. But she decided to check out the favourite *eau-de-cologne* of the former Miss Denmark and, after a tantalizing moment of reflection, proceeded to spray the tiniest amount of Cacharel's Anaïs-Anaïs right in the centre of the invitation and written by her own hand.

His reply was not long in coming. Bemused by the letterhead and the great seal of Canada, and instantly perceptive of the woman's exquisite touch, Lundquist couldn't evade the scent and looked puzzled at his wife's portrait, framed in black and hanging on the wall right behind his

favourite easel. Then he glanced back at the longhand note and traced the ups and downs of the letters as if attempting to discern the spirituality of the writer. He then raised the letter to his distinctly aquiline nose and, suddenly deeply pained, looked back at his wife. In his face, the reflection of the agony over her death transcended towards the scent that arose so enchantingly from that unknown woman's hand. Motionless for an impenetrably personal moment of lonesomeness, Lundquist moved to his easel, looked around amongst his many tubes of paint, and picked three tubes: French ultramarine, Cadmium red deep, and gold ochre. Typical of postimpressionists, he then tried to match the scent and the colour, which would give him an identifying clue of the nature of the Canadian woman who had signed the letter. De Bellemaire.

In an instant, his thoughts were racing: the New York sale! De Bellemaire, the tall, willowy, ever so slightly bowlegged chestnut brunette who bid twice, smilingly, challengingly, invitingly, only to turn abruptly and depart after catching his eyes and leaving behind the pulsating glow of millions of eternal, royal blue, speckles. For the briefest of instants, she seemed defenseless, then she was gone. Three years ago, almost to the day. Once again, Lundquist looked at his wife, then proceeded to squeeze a drop of ultramarine and a tiny touch of the cadmium red. He stirred them ever so lightly, transferred a speck of the blue onto his left palm and of the red onto his right palm. Then he stood motionless, looked back at his wife, and merged his palms, almost as if begging for forgiveness. The pain vanished from his eyes and his face relaxed as he took the few steps towards the portrait and raised his ringfinger towards his wife's face, stroking her lips ever so gently. "Thank you my beloved for giving me a sign." He then turned around and moved towards his desk, resolute in his desire to accept the invitation. He looked at his open palms: the two colours had blended perfectly into millions of royal blue speckles.

Paris: Stage Two: The Arousal—Awakening the Body but Alerting the Mind

The third specific principle of sexonomic behavior is, in its long tradition, of special significance to quality women: a woman of the two top *orders* of women will never agree to a first date, unless the suitor has been granted three opportunities to be officially introduced, the time Cupid needed to act or to refuse to act. If Cupid refuses to act even if eye-contact interest has developed, he must be accorded three more chances to initiate the Moment of Truth, even if he must at times be helped along. Deeply impressed by the royal blue speckles, Lundquist saw himself face to face with the premonition, that his life was about to undergo a dramatic but inevitably positive change.

Lundquist flew into Orly the morning of the opening day of the exhibition, and was escorted to the Embassy by the Third Secretary. De Bellemaire prudently decided not only to abide by the protocol but also not to expose herself to a direct hit, in the airport reception lounge, by one of Cupid's arrows. Art-women had no business acting like receptionists, even in matters of the heart; and especially not if they were out to move up to the unique and exclusive plateau of the Queentessence market. Instead, she would wait for him at the main entrance hall to the Embassy, wearing a Givenchy dark blue pantalon silk suit with light gray trim and a medium gray

high-collar blouse with a necklace of three strings of natural pearls. But unlike his wife's classic hairdo straight and with a central parting drawn back and gathered into a tight knot at the nape of her neck, de Bellemaire decided to arrange her hair in soft waves so as to bring out better the full lustre of the natural chestnut glow with its purple highlights, tied in a loose knot and secured with a matching natural-pearl hairpin.

Cupid did not need three opportunities to accomplish his task. As a matter of fact, he didn't even have to let loose the first arrow because the blue-gray of Lundquist's nordic-ice eyes first crystallized and then melted into free-flowing anticipation as he disembarked from the official motorcar, and caught sight of that ever so slightly bowlegged Canadian woman standing in the entrance portal. Her attire revealed that she had the courage to challenge the rigid formalities of diplomatic standards, while her choice of the blue confirmed to him that she understood that colour was both an aesthetic and an emotional experience. For a moment he wondered if she had Swedish blood or had been to Sweden, for the hue of the medium gray of her blouse could have originated with the Carstens steel mills, famous for the texture and resilience of its alloys and possessing a worldwide monopoly in the unmatched mellow colourings of their high-tech products. Her eyes confirmed his disquiet concerning the perfume: this woman knew the best of France and of its genius, and was able to make her own choices. Inevitably, he did kiss her hand and was then bemused to discover that her pupils had instantaneously and noticeably widened. How slender she was - a perfect size eight, tall. She would certainly not have to expect a man to bend down in order to kiss her, but it was curious to notice that she was wearing medium-high heels, as if she weren't certain about how tall he really was, a crucial consideration for their first direct eye-to-eye contact.

De Bellemaire would have ample time to study every feature and line in his face during the exhibition and the deliberations concerning the prize-winning artists. Fleetingly she noted the remaining grief, especially around the corners of his eyes and what looked a recent but unusually stern line between his eyebrows. But his whole mannerism, from the hand-kiss to the litheness of his movements, revealed not only an exceptionally fine sense of touch but also a gentleness which is characteristic only of those men who possess the four basic requisites of quintessence and are therefore in full control of all their facilities: wisdom, knowledge, authority, and tenderness.

After the festive opening of the exhibition and during most of the official part, which would eventually include the prize-winning ceremonies, de Bellemaire devoted most of her time to catering to the presence of the invited dignitaries, which included the three judges of the competition. She was able narrowly to avert several mob-scene-like moments around the person of Lundquist, who was signing numerous autographs. During the five p.m. tea, she finally managed to sit down at his side; only then did she notice how haggard he was, well-nigh undernourished. His suit appeared a custom tailored Pierre Cardin, but it was not the most recent cut and it also seemed too loose, as was the collar of his shirt. Neither were his hands, so typically bearing traces of many oil colours, able to lie still. Super-creativity or hyper-sensitivity? Her heart suddenly turned upside down, letting loose a warming and caring energy beam and transmitting it towards this man who did not even perceive of his need to be looked after by a loving woman. But she managed to control this outburst of feeling and went on to think ahead,

the prizes, the evening reception, and his announced departure on the following morning.

Several times during the formalities their eyes met, the initial defensive alertness being gradually replaced by an expression of curiosity and then by the display of confidence. The official part of the evening was suddenly turning out to be much longer than foreseen or desired. Finally, just after one a.m., Cupid shifted into high gear: *"Madame de Bellemaire, I now find that I must postpone my planned departure by at least twenty-four hours; an unanticipated situation has arisen which I must absolutely look into. With my profound congratulations for a magnificently arranged official part of the exhibition, may I count on your help, most of it concerning my work?"*

One of the "pieces of business" was Lundquist's desire to meet in person the first-prize winning young French-Canadian and to invite him to stay in St. Raphaël for a few months and attempt some postimpressionist work. The other concerned his desire to stage a very private exhibition in London and also to contact Sotheby's through her contacts. A very large aid project had arisen from hurricane Hugo's swath over St. Kitts, destroying all elementary schools and orphaning quite a score of children. He wished to set up a special fund of one million dollars and would have to sell, as quickly as possible but without suffering a significant discount, two of his very personal paintings which he had never planned to sell and which were in the vault of his villa in St. Raphaël.

De Bellemaire arranged to take off the following morning, and met Lundquist and Jules Lagace, the talented French-Canadian, for brunch. She then contacted the Paris representative of Sotheby's, and brought her guest to the Gare du Sud. Parting at the terminal, he took hold of her hand, touched every one of her fingers and looked into her eyes with the gentleness which only quality men who had suffered a great deal can muster: "At the proper time, you will come to St. Raphaël, won't you?", hanging on to her lips like a little boy who will die if there is not even a crumb of cake left on the plate by the time it is passed on to him. De Bellemaire once again felt the vertigo effect open up a huge abyss all around her except where he was standing. She had difficulties remembering which basic principle of the Sexonomic Institute applied to this particular, precious, moment, at the Gare du Sud. She looked back at him and then at her fingers. He had kissed only one of them, the ringfinger. "I will, at the proper time. Depending on the arrangements by Sotheby's and on whether you will feel safer if I act as the carrier." After many years of numbness, the glow she had experienced only once before, was beginning to permeate her being as a woman. It was highest time that he boarded the Riviera express.

While driving back to her office, she had extra time to sort out and analyze her feelings - quite a task in the mayhem of Paris traffic. At the Sexonomic Institute she had passed several major tests concerning her inborn talents and state of sexonomic happiness. The test results and eventually the quality of her work and examinations placed her into the highest range of *Art-women*. Her having wasted that time in the commune, and the following abortion, caused her such anguish as to make her for a while even lose the sense of belief in herself. She knew that some members of the *order of Art-women* will seek to compensate for very stressful periods by engaging in unusually frequent intercourse, mainly with those Vulpine-men who are very good "at it", and are extremely pleased to provide for free this sexual shakeup service. A few *Art-*

women would even seek to compensate by turning to drugs, but rarely for longer than three months. *Lotus*-women would never use drugs, but *Art*-women will. But unlike many *Conch*-women, *Art*-women never become addicted. The fact that de Bellemaire was unable to resist taking drugs in seeking to solve her problems after her father's death was the proof that, in spite of her many superb innate qualities, she lacked the perfection of *Lotus*-woman. She did not become addicted, but her using them when she should have known how to refrain, left her with an enormous feeling of guilt. Bedding with the men in the commune, studying at the Institute the practical art of lovemaking and its many detailed techniques, and marrying the law professor were, on hindsight, intimate linkages with men who were inferior to her - even her husband - but were a price that had to be paid in her attempt to understand her sexuality and its role in her life as a woman. But, fully grown up, she realized that she would never again compromise herself with such men because they left her empty and cold, in spite of the regular occurrence of orgasms in the purely technical but vulgar erotic sense, during her lab sessions at the Institute and, then, at the hands of her husband.

Only recently did she get to realize that sexonomic fulfillment cannot be achieved except with a man who would be an extension of herself, a man with whom the naturally earthy human biology of lovemaking would attain a heavenly glow and with whom the togetherness of mind and spirit would take on a forever creative dimension. Such a man could only come from the *order of Quintessential*-men. With such a man it is never love on first sight but a slow and premeditated process of learning how and why to love him. But this process would have to be triggered, upon first seeing that man, by an initial intensive meltdown in her innermost being as a woman, a meltdown which her Reason would have to prove capable of controlling. That moment arose when she saw Lundquist for the first time, in New York. She was twenty-eight then and had to leave in a terrible hurry because she did not want him to see that she was experiencing that meltdown, right there and then and for the first time in her life. She had since matured into a thirty-year old *Art*-woman who knew by experience that her overall qualities and exquisite femininity, would arouse the attention even of the men of the highest *order*. But, longing with her body for Lundquist, her mind was wondering whether those exquisite men would ever understand her escapades as a teenager? Would Lundquist only understand, or would he also forgive?

On the spur of the moment, de Bellemaire decided to tell him everything when the proper time arose. If he were only a *Lace*-man, she might lose him there and then. But he was *Quintessential* in that he possessed wisdom and spiritual wealth, which meant he would manifest the quality of generosity. Whenever he looked at her, she knew that he would understand and forgive. He would because he must have observed her truly ladylike appearance and must have discovered that she had most of the requisites to qualify for *Lotus*-woman, HIS *Lotus*-woman. However, even if he did all this, she would still face a major, personal, handicap: several times since that initial meltdown, urged on by the burning sensation in her loins, she has caught herself tempted to take the first step towards him. But she did not because she knew only too well that a *Lotus*-woman would never run after a man. Being *Lotus*-woman, she would expect even the highest-quality man to take up the pursuit. She had ample evidence that no woman, including *Lotus*-woman, could retain her sexonomic valuation if she reversed the roles and overtly attempted to become the hunter. Her natural disposition of a most finely attuned sexonomic rationality,

complemented by sexonomic training and experience, *Lotus*-woman and top-level *Art*-woman will instinctively know how to entice men of quality to commence the bidding. Clearly, if she was to have any chance of playing a winning game with Lundquist, she would have to convince her control quality that, for the time being, her passion had to be checked—absolutely.

By the time de Bellemaire parked her car in the garage of the Embassy, she had convinced herself that Lundquist's curiosity had been aroused at the Silverstein gallery and that she could henceforth anticipate the second stage, the Arousal, to take its ideal course towards sexonomic fulfillment. She entered her office with a radiance which an observing cognoscente of human intimacy would refer to as so much more than a woman in love: a woman in love who knows that her strategy cannot possibly fail.

No one, at the embassy or amongst her friends, noticed during the following week de Bellemaire's increased disquiet about the lack of communication from St. Raphaël. Sotheby's London responded on the third day after his departure: no auction would be necessary as a reliable buyer was standing by to see the said paintings, possibly within the week. On the following day, a fax was received outlining the conditions of Jules Lagace's visit. It was addressed to de Bellemaire, with the request that she should accompany the French-Canadian and remain a few days to review and classify those paintings, which had never left the villa and which he was now willing to put on the market. Except for "mes meilleurs voeux", the fax contained no greetings. De Bellemaire would have preferred a concluding personal touch, but as an *Art*-woman wishing to move up, she knew that *Quintessential*-men could and should never be prodded. Since she really desired this man, she needed to exercise extraordinary prudence in her strategy follow-through. She had no choice but to reassert the primacy of her control function in order to neutralize and keep in check the threat of her pleasure-quality needs turning her LADY LUSSEY into blazing, unmitigated passion.

St. Raphaël: Stage Three: A Story of Sexonomic Success, First Act

Even though living a very private life and feeling very comfortable in his state of voluntary isolation, Lundquist liked mixing with crowds, especially if made up of numerous individuals. Unlike colonies of ants on the hunt for food, none of which would ever step out of line, individuals moving in a crowd bear a unique quality and manifest a sense of purpose of their own. Unlike a mob, who have a common goal that makes them fall into step and threatens to consume them all, an assembly of individuals on the move appears as a kaleidoscope of uncoordinated acts, of motion without an ultimate goal – in fact, a giant chessboard on which the pieces move at random rather than at the command of the opposing players, a set whose players will neither win nor lose. Lundquist had never had the urge to find out the supreme powers of a chess queen, since, had he wished to, he would possibly have had to consent to subject his freedom to the will of the queen and to the rules of her game, the "royal game". His wife had understood and left him be himself, with his French ultramarines, Cadmium deep reds, and Windsor emeralds. But never the brown-and-ivories or the black-and-whites of the traditional chess boards.

On both occasions, de Bellemaire had appeared in his life, dressed in two of the three colours

which were typical of his first two periods: the red and the blue. Arriving in St. Raphaël, would she be dressed in the pastel-green that was also Lagerfeld's sensational and so totally unexpected choice for the 2001 season?

He recalled de Bellemare's summertime dress at Silverstein's: fire-red Shantung skirt, loosely falling in a triangle down to her knees, and revealing about one third of her outside thighs as she made her way towards the auctioneer. Her stride seemed a cross between a ballerina and a horse woman: tippy-toeing while at the same time moving her long legs forward as if in harmony with the gait of the purebred. He had seen and admired the poetry in some of the most exquisite legs of tall women, especially the Nordic women intending to leave their imprints all over the Riviera; but de Bellemare's legs were in perfect balance as well as in perfect control. The balance of a woman of extraordinary poise, the control by a top-order woman, a woman who knew, what to do with men without robbing them of their freedom; a woman who, seeking to experience a mind-trembling meltdown for herself, would never open her legs towards even the most superior male – not even while riding on her very own prize-winning stallion -, unless he wore her very own colours, colours hand-picked for each unique occasion.

On his return flight from New York to Paris, he was unable to detach his mind from those thighs and their inward extension towards her pelvic area. Firmness, resilience, resolution, authority; but also compactness, buoyancy, resonance, spirit. An extraordinary woman! Lundquist remembered reading up on the traditional qualities of *Lotus*-women: "a body soft as petals, skin tender and fair as fragrant pollen...". His mind momentarily shut off any other meanderings because he was still too committed to his dead wife. However, halfway across the Atlantic, an unexpected mental jump made him remember, and even spell it out, word by word: "...a LADY LUSSEY *resembling a lotus-bud about to burst open...!*", which revelation resulted in a shockingly sudden outburst of energy between the two pockets of his corduroy traveling trousers. From Paris, he then flew on to Nice, deeply stashed away for complete privacy in his business-class seat and wondering what kind of woman it took to ride her men the way she rode her stallion?

Arriving at his villa and feeling increasingly guilty about the wanderings of his mind, he literally ran to the portrait of his wife, hoping that she would scold him. Her eyes radiated their usual velvety warmth and looked at him with the serenity of a loving woman who understood that her husband was a living human being and, therefore, in need of something that she could never again share with him. Eventually, his acute feelings of remorse abated; while the curiosity of his mind and the excitement in his pelvic area also calmed down. Two years earlier, Lundquist had buried Dagbar van Soencken. Four years after New York, he left for home after the exhibition in Paris, and waited for six days after sending the fax about the visit of Lagace and de Bellemare. Two more days followed, during which he tried to force himself to concentrate on his work. But his mind just would not cooperate. Instead, he started sorting out which paintings he would put up for sale in London: Seven paintings, excluding the two from his vault. Those two would have to wait until de Bellemare's arrival.

Finally, and after what had seemed like an interminably long forenoon, the confirming fax was received. London would be happy to make the arrangements for the following week. She could

join him at Orly for the flight to Heathrow. On the return leg, they would pick up Lagace and her personal things and proceed to St. Raphaël. But she could not remain longer than two weeks - one half of her annual vacation allowance.

Lundquist would fly out from Nice on the following Monday in the morning. Touch down at Orly and fly on to Heathrow at 11 a.m. They could be at Sotheby's at 1 p.m. and fly back to Paris at 7 p.m., and would then decide whether to continue directly to Nice, or to stay over until the following morning. In anticipation of her visit, he asked Magdalena Sophie to arrange for an extra helper, who would do general housekeeping and would get ready the two-bedroom guest-house in the rear of the gardens and with a splendid view of the sunrise over the Mediterranean. Then he went to the vault and took out two of the three paintings. He carefully looked at each, one at a time, and then held on to the third one for a very long time: the first portrait of his wife, dressed in a fisher-woman's netting and with the disheveled and wet hair so typical of the wives waiting at the wharf at 4 a.m. for their fishermen husbands to arrive, and terribly apprehensive on stormy days that they might never make it back.

They had been married for twelve years. Anticipating a lifelong marriage, he never did more than two portraits of her, and he knew all along that he would never part with either of them. The first portrait was done against the Cadmium red backdrop which is so typical of the sunsets of the French Riviera, and which was the basic colour theme in his initial stage, the "red" period. He took this painting to his atelier, compared the two faces, traced out with his ringfinger the lips on both paintings and then rested his entire right hand on the heart of his wife's first portrait. For a while he seemed engaged in a quiet dialogue, his face motionless and his eyes peaceful. He then took the first portrait back to the vault and returned with the other two paintings, one from his "red" period, the other from the "blue": *Serenade to the Dancing Butterflies* and *Entrapment by the Royal Moth*. Both had been presents to his wife, recalling two amusing and unforgettable incidents on the occasion of their first and fifth anniversaries.

Lundquist was packed by Friday evening but, so totally unlike himself, spent an agitated night tossing himself around and feeling suspended between the haunting images of his wife and the enticing visions of de Bellemare. He saw his wife come to life, shake piles of snow off her body, and reach out after him, only to push him away and disappear back into the deep snow. Then he experienced a surge of heat permeate his whole body as he watched his hands move towards the thighs of de Bellemare and move up towards her chest and come to a rest. Suddenly, her blouse parted and her breasts became fully exposed and with erect nipples as if inviting him to touch them. Beautiful, full, life-approving breasts; breasts created to be nibbled at, to nurse children that are wanted, his children. By about five a.m. he had had enough and got up. Saturday morning, a perfect time to take a five-mile run along the beach and to reestablish his internal balance. Getting back within the hour, he showered, shaved, had another silent conversation with his wife's portrait, took his breakfast, walked down to his boathouse and sat down by the mooring. For a long time, he stared at the sea and then shifted his focus on to the Lady Dagbar. In the mild rocking motion of his yacht responding to the rising tide he perceived a beckoning and felt tempted to board and take the vessel out to where the swimming waters were unpolluted. But all of a sudden he felt lonely and turned towards the villa, stepping out with deliberate slowness.

Entering the alcove, he stood still for a moment and proceeded to his studio. He took the nine paintings, rearranged them as to size and inserted them into two of the crates standing by the rear wall. He then washed his hands, entered his bedroom and commenced packing his carrying case. A few moments later he stopped, walked over to the telephone and dialed Paris. No answer. Then he remembered that embassies were closed on Saturdays. Looking quite disturbed about not being able to put through his call, he stepped out towards his car, got in, and drove to his service station. He absolutely needed to get to Paris before Monday.

Paris: Stage Four: A Story of Sexonomic Success, Second Act

Lundquist flew into Orly Sunday at 4:25 p.m., confirmed his flight to London and booked his crates with the paintings. He then took the CNCF into Paris and stepped off at his usual hotel, the Adelbert, in the 4e arrondissement, whose owners had been his friends for more than twenty years and whose cuisine had always been in perfect accord with his flavour buds. After settling in, and not having de Bellemaire's private number, he called the Embassy on the chance that she might be working; but there was no answer. His intuition told him to try the Riding Club. *Oui, Monsieur. Madame de Bellemaire vient d'arriver. Mais elle est déjà en route, avec Poseidon, pour faire la course d'obstacles.*

What distinguishes *Quintessential*-men perhaps most, from the lesser *orders* of men, is their exuberant spirit and apparent eternal youthfulness. Unlike other men, *Quintessential*-men's energy field radiates an abundance of strength that will serve the multitude of those who need to tap it. This abundance accords to these men a unique dynamism and propels them to incessant creativity. Yet, they never trespass because they need not ever live off anyone else or any one else's energy supply. Such is their spirit that, upon hearing that the woman who had by the sheer magnetism of her femininity- but still unknown to herself - discovered the key to his own Being, this particular *Quintessential*-man jumped out of the hotel's telephone booth and performed, right there and then, the first five paces of the Swedish royal quadrille, floating on a cushion of happiness and almost tripping over his, slightly disabled, left leg. Forty years of age, and yet still adolescent enough to rediscover, that the buds of loving, inborn in humans and forever ready to start sprouting, constitute the bridge between the eternity of our spirit and the immortality of our personal and physical identity. His hosts were observing this unusual interlude with the condescending airs that are so typical of the Gauls when confronted, on their own soil, with foreigners and their incomprehensible habits. "N'oubliez pas, le dîner est servi à 9 heures!" "Mais, Alphonse, j'ai dû partir!" And off he went, dancing down the stairs and across the square on his way to the Métro, *direction Bois de Boulogne*.

De Bellemaire had indeed gone to her riding club, for the weekly dressage of *Poseidon* as well as for her own physical conditioning. However, on this day she also had a feeling of frustration to burn off, since she was finding it much more difficult than her sexonomic schooling had ever implied, to cope with the increasingly erotic presence of Lundquist in her sublime life since arriving in Paris. What annoyed her most about herself, was the fact that her LADY LUSSEY had gone ahead to indicate that she would henceforth receive only that man's sexuality to the total exclusion of any other, even though her very personal owner had just met him and knew very little about him. When living in that commune, de Bellemaire ceased believing in miracle men

on knights galloping on their white steeds. She did not even know if Lundquist had ever sat on a horse. But she did find out that he had indeed been an Olympic silver medallist in the épée; and that a man who knew how to swing a sword would certainly be able to handle even the purest-bred mare!

Custom has it that the Riding Club of Paris absolutely insisted on proper attire on arrival and the appropriate gear for the dressage. She crossed over to the ladies' lounge, went in, entered her compartment, and changed into her colours: red and blue, diagonally divided, with a turquoise scarf and rider's cap; black low-heel boots with a turquoise trim. While changing, she looked at herself in the mirror, even more critically than usual. Becoming thirty years old had never caused her any anxiety; but this glorious-looking man couldn't possibly be older than forty-five - an urgent cause for special concern. Her horsey legs would out-compete even those of horsewomen in their early twenties; she had absolutely no trace of cellulite; neither was there a single line in her face that might indicate the onset of middle age. But, lowering her eyes and stepping very close to the standup mirror, she first scrutinized her breasts with utmost attentiveness and then focused on her pubic area. There definitively was cause for uneasiness: a barely perceptible sagging just below her nipples; a softening along the inside of her thighs. Lotus-women would not show any of these early deficiencies before turning forty-five. She tried to console herself. She hadn't had sex since the seventh month into her marriage; neither had she been lusting after anyone until her first meeting with Lundquist, at the Embassy. Would he notice these imperfections?

Her mind's brief moment of pessimism struck an innermost chord as her LADY LUSSEY spoke up with clarity and determination: *"De Bellemaire, stop thinking nonsense. We both know only too well that we really want this man. This one and no other. For life."* De Bellemaire responded calmly: *"I've seen him only twice and talked to him only once. On first sight I recognized his select qualities. I have sixteen days to find out if I want him for much more than just to satisfy your needs: one in London, one in Paris, and fourteen in St. Raphaël. During those days, you'd better not be too impatient, else you'll get absolutely nothing!"*

Mounting *Poseidon*, she rode out to the oval and broke into a canter. Five circles. Then a long gallop, halfway along the racetrack. After a brief rest, she then took her stallion into the *Bois* and rode him hard for twenty minutes. How he loved it: his rider in perfect harmony with his rhythm, her thighs totally responsive to the heaving of his massive chest, while also holding him tightly enough to perceive of the power of what he felt was a complete woman. In the kingdom of horses just as in the realm of humans, there are five *orders* of stallions and of mares. *Poseidon* never had any doubt that he was the horse- equivalent of *Quintessential*-man, even though he had been sired unto his mother - an Arabpure thoroughbred whose lineage went back to the Ottoman siege of Vienna - by the prize stallion of far lesser birth, who belonged to a band of Gypsies passing through the outskirts of Deauville, and on whose speed the band depended for fast getaways before the law - a horse whose charms, manliness, and advances, his mother simply could not resist when he managed to break through the eight-foot high walls that surrounded her stall.

Turning around for a leisurely gait back to the Club, de Bellemaire rested for a brief moment,

sitting upright on Poseidon and stroking his neck. Suddenly a thought hit her and she broke out smiling: *"When Lundquist proves to me that he can handle a real horsewoman, I might just permit him to take Poseidon out for a ride."* She rode back pensively, wondering about his superior qualities and the reasons for his tremendous attractiveness. Was she about to commit the error of many women, even of the higher *orders*, who throw themselves into the arms of men known to be philanderers, in the expectation of outbidding all other competing women, and yet unable to recognize such men's ultimate egotism?

During the shower the last traces of her uneasiness vanished. She even smiled as she visualized Lundquist trying to mount *Poseidon*, but not succeeding. Getting dressed, she felt aglow and decided to stop for a Martini on ice with two razor-thin slices of lemon. Sitting down, she suddenly perceived a shadow of someone standing tall in front of her. She raised her eyes and once again felt that instantaneous outbreak of the vertigo. Lost for words, she raised her hands while trying to hide the glow of her royal blue speckles. He took both of her hands, kissed each with the gentleness of an artist whose unique natural talent enabled him to make apparently floating cumulus clouds look so real on his impressionistic paintings, and spoke quietly but with the resonance of a quality man who had made a binding decision: *"I need you!"*

Inseparable from the moment of their leaving Paris, de Bellemare and Lundquist sold the paintings in London and took care of the legal formalities pertaining to the Fund.. Returning to Paris, she asked for all of her vacation time and took Lundquist to the Racing Club, to meet *Poseidon*. Standing in front of this beautiful animal, Lundquist reached into his pocket and retrieved two lumps of sugar, which he offered to the stallion. The horse looked at de Bellemare, sniffed at the open hand, and gently pressed his snout into the palm of the Swede, taking hold of the lumps of sugar. He then rubbed his nostrils against the sleeve of the Swede's blazer and asked for more. *"He has already taken a liking to you, but I will not ask you to mount him tonight. We'll have other things to do."* She then took him by the hands and asked him to race her to her Jeep. The one who'd get there first would do the driving.

De Bellemare and Lundquist did not make love until the sixteenth day of her stay at the villa. Lagace had left after the end of the first week claiming that he had had an urgent call to return to Montreal. For sixteen days, this magnificent man and this exceptional woman, were fighting to hold back their intimate needs, while seeking to conform to the code of the highest *orders*: *Until you know about the totality of the person to which your Being feels so emotionally attracted, your Reason will remain in full charge of your enticement-and-control quality and will guide your passion quality. Only when you have realized that the merger of your two Beings has become inevitable (because it had been ordained by Nature), will you proceed to make your Reason fully and truly the substantive part of your loving. This is so because only such loving will last forever and because only such loving can fully occupy your sexonomic hearts.*

Seven days into her visit, de Bellemare knew that their union would be a complete one. But there was still so much to learn, about him and about his dreams. On the eighth day, he asked her if she would marry him, which she accepted with their first kiss. But instead of hopping into bed, they got the urge to swim to the yacht and take her out to where the waters of the Mediterranean were pure and cool. They remained on board overnight, cuddling and shivering

with anticipation, and did so seven nights in a row. Somewhere, during those soul-merging moments, they touched each other. Never had she realized that being sexonomically liberated would give her such natural joy and fulfillment in their mutual quest to find to each other and to explore each other's mystique. And then, in the second hour after midnight on the sixteenth day, she experienced the overwhelming totality of her first complete meltdown as a woman truly in love. *"I will indeed marry him, for this man and only this man was meant to be the father of my children".*