

# The Golden Triangle

Sexuality, Money, Power: \$exonomics



\$exonomics®

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

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EXCERPT



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

While "Pure love" is heavenly destiny,  
human Reason is its unique terrestrial companion.

**A. de la Lieux**  
Montreal, Canada

## Sexonomic Games in the Lower Orders: The Banality of Sex for Cash

*Eliza: Fashion-show director. Unmarried because always on the run, and the ease with which she can obtain sexual gratification from the best-looking and effectively performing male models - a condition for their renewal of contracts, yet with the added advantage of earning double income (one half of which tax-free). In the language of sexonomics®: a Conch-woman bordering on Polype-woman.*

*John: Recently engaged for the first time to model men's underwear, sleep-wear, and leisure-wear. Loves women and lives off them, must therefore keep in female mind-arousing shape. For his first-ever appearance with Eliza, he wanted to look his most charming. He had heard of her sexual moods and preferences, and is looking forward to cashing in on them. In language of sexonomics®, Girandole-man, descended from the order of Vulpine-men.*

Eliza tried to pinpoint the vague feeling of anxiety that had plagued her since that morning's eight o'clock sales meeting. It wasn't the fact that everyone had rushed from the comfort of their beds to the stifling and sterile atmosphere of the reunion without so much as a cup of coffee to recharge their batteries, nor was it the gnawing realization on both her and her coworkers' parts that they had been on a workaholic marathon for the last ten days in a row (without even the slightest chance at lovemaking suffused with the expectation of tintinnabulating eroticism). Although the "design team", as they had been labeled by the company's directors, had been through similar situations in a variety of other postings, this particular sales union was different.

She walked down the sunny hallway of the little auberge on her way to a fast lunch before the next meeting and couldn't help noticing through the expansive bay windows how the sun seemed to catch the crystals of snow on the ski-hill - mid-March in the Laurentians. Everything looked crisp and pulsating with little darts of colour sparkling off the moguls in the distance, the skiers themselves like festive ants scurrying down the slopes. There had been talk of an afternoon trip up to the hills, but as she had remarked earlier, it was more likely an alternative for the salesmen who viewed these meetings as "one more party". Her friend Anna had hinted conspiratorially, that may be it wasn't such a bad idea to strap on a pair of skis, get someone to give a good shove from the top and roll all the way down to an unmarked ambulance waiting below - at least it would get them out of the dreaded fashion show.

A fashion show. Now there had been the winner of all ideas blurted out at practically the last moment by their ever-flighty president. As if they didn't have enough to do in preparation for the annual five-day sales meeting, they were now obliged to participate, yes, actually to model, in a fashion show that was for no one's benefit but the salesmen and the salesladies. From music to choreography, make-up samples of the latest line, it was one more headache in a long list of tasks that had to be professionally accomplished. 'We don't want to look stupid', the president had said. And so a list was drawn up of the thinnest and best-looking people in the company,

which amounted to nine - not nearly enough to keep the pace moving for the show. The staff receptionist was added, the daughter of another employee, and Anna's cousin, John, who had had fashion-model experience and had been engaged a few days before this event.

Eliza, being somewhat more Rubénienne than the others on the design team, had been relegated the duty of make-up artist and dresser for that dreaded evening. At first, she had been slightly insulted, after all she did fit into the samples and was far from ordinary-looking; but as the sales meeting had drawn nearer, she had silently thanked her stars that she would play only a backstage role in the whole affair. What really bothered her was that she was now forced to run directly from her presentation to the big dining hall where preparations were under way for the show - two hours to countdown.

Anna greeted her at the door with a proffered glass of wine in her hand: "You look as though you need this - it's a *Château-Margaux!*" After taking her first sip, Eliza glanced around the room - the stage had been set up in the shape of a T, and in a semicircle in front were small round tables where all the sales persons would sit. Everyone seemed in a sort of giddy pre-show stress, the girls all scooting around like frenzied chickens wondering where to put the rack of clothes; the credit manager and Ann's cousin battling with some quirky inoperative part of a stereo system. It seemed best to start on the girls' make-up as they required the most attention to detail; besides, if she ran out of time, the men would be more than thankful that they didn't have to undergo such tribulations.

Face after face came under her delicate hands and was transformed by late-spring shades of shadow and deft strokes of eyeliner into that generic "healthy" model look. Eliza took a long draught of wine, looked at her watch and decided to corner the men into their bout with the make-up artist. She realized as the minutes ticked how little we explored peoples' faces. Up close they were all big pores and little lines, bad skin and uneven complexions. Those she had thought to be clean, clear and healthy from a distance, looked, at kissing distance, sun-damaged or frostbitten and badly aging.

John quickly jumped in anticipation when she told him it was his turn in the chair. He wasn't bad looking in a rakish sort of way, with that boyish charm she knew came from living as a bachelor for extended periods of time. Dirty blond hair - what was it that attracted her to blonds, she had never any luck with them? - a good clear skin with only the faintest hit of a tan, and as she leaned over to smooth foundation across his cheeks, she looked at the bluest of eyes that had crossed her path in a long while. Elize moved closer between his open legs to be able to apply the eye pencil and realized that she had been holding her breath. John looked up her as if he had been studying her expressions, and had a little smile. She started to blush, a reaction she hadn't experienced since she was about fourteen, and exhaled. Maybe it was the wine that was making her feel flushed! That must have been it, since she hadn't been drinking much lately owing to all the overtime. In one respect, she was glad that his make-up was finished, for she had the sudden urge to lean down and do some exploratory surgery on his full mouth with her tongue. On the other hand, it was a bit of a shame to let him get out of her grip, for who knew if she would ever get him back in that chair!

In any event, they had to hurry to the dining room to start dressing for the show, so Eliza informed John that he had been the easiest and by far the most fun to make-up as he had been the most relaxed of the lot. She found out as they walked down that he had done other fashion shows for Anna, but never had found someone else who had such a soft hand.

The sun had set while Eliza had been occupied with her duties, and the dining room looked less barren than it had earlier. All the tables were set with silver and crystal, the linen napkins folded in exotic shapes, the lights were low and the room actually had a quite romantic atmosphere. There had been no provision for where the models would change, so one corner of the room had been transmitted by huge greenery planters into a more private area. The racks for the clothes were jammed against the windows to block the view from the outside, and luckily the girls had found a huge storage cupboard that would serve as their dressing area; while the men would have to change among the racks as they had at the real shows. Even though there would be a musical soundtrack for the show, they would have to keep quiet behind the scenes. The audience didn't need to hear shouts of "where are my pants?" in the middle of the show.

All the girls felt quite capable of dressing themselves, so Eliza was relegated to the task of dressing the male models. It was fortunate that everything had been labeled in advance as all she would have to do, would be to pull off their clothing, throw them into the corner, get them buttoned, zipped, and snapped into the next outfit. Not a bad job, the more she thought about it. How many times in a girl's life did she get a half a dozen men stripping down in a frenzy before her, literally all them at the same time? John!

The next forty-five minutes were spent in a whirlwind of straightening collars, tucking shirts down pants, diving for missing running shoes and grabbing for the right outfit in the grand procession of things. Eliza didn't have a second to look at the runway, and even if she had, she wasn't tall enough to peer over the shrubbery walls. The next thing she knew the music was winding down and the sound of the applause was coming from the tables. All the models were crammed into the rear of the room, the girls jumping up and down kissing each other, the men somewhat more restrained, grinning and slapping each other on the back. Eliza watched the spectacle from the sidelines feeling somewhat left out, when suddenly John came up to her, wrapped his arms around her and planted a big kiss on her unsuspecting lips. "Thanks for your help", he grinned, "I would have been out there without my pants a few times if it weren't for you."

Dinner was served by candlelight with all the girls on the design team at one table, with John wedged between Anna and Eliza. Both the main course and the conversation were delicious and as their glasses were repeatedly filled, everyone started to relax in ways they hadn't done in months. The jokes started to be bandied about, funny anecdotes about other meetings, other trips. Eliza could feel John's foot close to hers under the table, but didn't want to think anything of it until she felt the gentle pressure of his hand on her knee under the table. That was one way to accentuate a story!

His small touches, casual to an observer, continued through dessert, and each time she felt his fingertips on her skin, she quivered. Normally inviting a man when she wanted him, it wasn't like her to just let someone be so forward, since they had just met that afternoon, and had barely an

hour's worth of conversation between them. Apart from Anna, who had told her in passing about him, the only thing that made them familiar was the fact that she had made up his face, put on his pants and laced his running shoes. This might have something to do with the sense of intimacy she felt. However, she also recognized that the deep inside of her being was rapidly heating up ... all these fashion shows and all these pressures ... she had been without "it" far too long ... and John felt like a man who would certainly know how to please her!

All that French food had stuffed them to sleepiness by eleven o'clock, so Anna and Eliza decided to go for a walk in the surrounding countryside. John volunteered to be their chaperone and offered each one his arm. It was crisp and cold outside, the stars just starting to peep out from behind the clouds and the silvery trace of a crescent moon lighting up the path before them. They laughed and made comments on the houses, each one remarking how they would change this or add that; they told of what they really wanted to do, how they planned to get out of the job-ruts they were in, how they felt about the next few days. John was by far the luckiest of the three of them: while they would be involved in presentations the whole next few days, he would be on the slopes. After a good hour's walk, they circled around and headed back to the auberge. As they were going up the steps, Anne claimed exhaustion, saying the only thing she wanted was her pillow. Eliza was still revved up from all the fresh country air and asked John if he'd join her for a drink at the bar.

They just managed to get the last call at the near empty bar and sat down beside a few of the female salespersons playing backgammon near the windows. It was now as if John and Eliza had known each other for a long time: they sat and sipped at their soda water, making small talk and looking off into the distance as though nothing really had to be said. He slipped off his loafers and put one foot under her thigh and the other in her lap as if he had been doing it for years. She looked down at the designer socks as she stroked his instep and wondered to herself whether this was really such a wise move on her part ... the boiling point was just about to be reached. John mentioned how tired he was and they bid their 'goodnights' to the ladies still battling at the backgammon boards. As they walked down the hall towards their rooms, he put his hand at the small of her back, a comforting yet guiding sensation that made Eliza feel as though she didn't have to make any decisions at all. He stopped in front of his door, inserted the key and led her into the darkness.

She had been right, nothing had to be said, nothing was really that complicated. John seemed to know how she felt, how she wanted to feel as they kissed. It was a slow and sensual dance in the dark as they moved towards the bed still wrapped up in exploring each other's mouths, soft and silent as they lowered themselves down onto the feather mattress. She could make out the outlines of his face hovering above her, something a little more animal now sharpening the features that had been soft earlier on, and she knew that he would be a perfect lover. Hard and fast when she allowed, gentle and submissive when she wanted to dominate. They peeled each other's clothing off slowly, reveling in each new layer uncovered, caressing until impatience would hit them and the next layer would be stripped off.

Eliza and John spent hours making love together, discovering each other's bodies like map-makers charting the New World, lingering over crevices and hidden places until they were both exhausted. John lay in Eliza's arms like a child, head curled in towards her chest, his breathing

slow and shallow. She knew that any moment he would fall asleep and that she would have to extricate herself from his grip. How hard it was to leave him, to tell him that she had to go back to her shared room with Anna, and back to work in the morning. She dressed slowly in the dark, caressing him longingly as though any moment she could start their lovemaking again, telling him to call her when they were back in the city. Eliza pulled the disheveled covers up around John, kissed him softly, quickly took two one-hundred-dollar bills from her purse, placed them under his jeans, then silently pulled the door closed behind her.

As she lay in her own bed going over the events of the day, reliving the pressure of the fashion show while still filled with every pleasurable moment of her being with John, Eliza suddenly realized that she didn't even have his phone number. This time, the after-effect felt different ... deep inside warmth, an enduring glow, an aesthetic high that she hadn't experienced for years. Also, unlike numerous times in the past, when she would normally have picked up the bar-cheque and left behind a cash-cheque for the amount that had been decided upon in advance, this time her cash donation was voluntary which made her feel much better. How did John really fit into all this? For a change, a less demoralizing end to this sort of short but exciting game? Or possibly the beginning of a most curiously tintillating adventure?

**Dear readers:** You are now invited to reflect on the four persons and the course of events in these two accounts of "sexonomic strategies and games", and to take a position with respect first to de Bellemare and Lundquist, and then to Eliza and John. How do the two strategies and the two outcomes compare? If you found yourself in a similar situation and had the opportunity to pursue your own strategy, which of these two male/female partners would you prefer? Can you explain your choice? Would your choice involve only pure emotion or would it also (and discreetly) be linked to material considerations? If the latter, can you explain why and what form it would take? If the latter, would your material consideration have rendered your lovemaking less fulfilling (more inferior)? If you had been in Eliza's place, would you have given John less money or more money? Or would you have left without giving him any? Finally, would you wish to share your personalized horse (stallion or mare) with the man you love - love because he never had, and never would ask you for, any kind of payment in return for his continuous commitment to provide your LADY LUSSEY with the ultimate romantic and masculine lovemaking?