

The image features a dark, textured background with a large, stylized figure in a striped shirt and a smaller figure below it. The figure in the striped shirt is positioned on the right side, leaning forward. The smaller figure is on the left side, appearing to be a smaller version of the same figure. The overall composition is abstract and artistic.

NICOLE EISENMAN

BEHAVIOR



HYACINTH JOUISSANCE  
SWIMWEAR

**INTERNAL SWAT TEAM MEMORANDUM:  
TO ALL UNITS**

**RE: REQUEST OF HYACINTH JOUISSANCE FOR DEFENSE  
ASSISTANCE OF POLYNESIAN-STYLE GARDEN**

Reconnaissance of Bee War Room, cunningly fronted by popular local nightclub discotheque known as "The Honeypot," reveals it to be orchestrated from behind the scenes by a suave and wily sect of European Honey Bees (EHBs), who disguise their involvement by hiring only the lunkheaded Dutch-descended South African Honey Bees (SAHBs) to act as liaisons with public, i.e. doormen, bartenders, bouncers, etc. Patrons themselves are chiefly drunken AFBs on furlough or parole, out to get a "buzz" on.

Operation is masterminded by internationally known financier Drone, Helmut von Bückzöcke, the sinister genius and famed Head Bee of the German-New Zealand Bank and Honey Cartel, who currently has the upper wing in Honey Futures, but will stop short of nothing but total monopoly of World Honey Markets.





The morose Von Büzkøcke, reputed to be a repressed homosexual, is said to nurse a grudge against all flowers ever since his days at the Austrian Academy of Queens, where his adolescent advances toward young Hyacinth, exchange student at Petunia Finishing École in the neighboring *Strasse Wenn du das lesen kannst bist du ein Arschloch*, were rejected in favor of the enormous stinger of an untutored but gregarious SAHB from the Volcanic Amalfi shores, who lived only to cross-pollinate and dance, weaving beautiful but useless patterns into the bright summer sky above the grim pedestrians of the *Strasse*.

In reference to Jouissance and her Polynesian-accented garden, Von Büzkøcke is often heard to mutter **"The golden honey of the New Jersey bitch will be as the Durafume log to the inferno of my power as it rolls across the continents."** Notwithstanding his scorched-earth policies, Von Büzkøcke is reputed to be extremely charismatic and Team members are cautioned to avoid falling victim to the icy charm of his stinger. Or the icy stinger of his charm. Or the charming ice of his stinger. Whatever.

Cloistering himself in The Honeypot's innermost sanctums, Von Büzkøcke surrounds himself only with the most nubile of freshly-hatched male Drones, who do nothing but lie about or fly about harassing Hyacinth. When he encounters them, Von Büzkøcke is rumored to dive-bomb the female bees who actually do the grueling work of converting pollen for his massive enterprise, literally beating off their own wings in the exciting labor of storing honey.





The scene below, mistakenly attributed to in the current Sotheby's catalogue to Jacob Jordaens, and supposedly entitled, *Warriors Disembarking for Battle—Study for "Alexander the Great Wounded in Thigh at the Battle of Issus,"* is in actuality part of a series of on-site sketches produced in the 19th Century by the great European Honey Bee master Günter "Buzzy" Bumbleheim III. This piece chronicles the famous *Battle of Giverny Gardens*, in which invading German bees vowed to wipe out every flower in the garden, stating "The garish beauty of the harlot blossoms is but the deceptive offspring blooming forth from the underground springs of female effluence. The diseased fluids of French female desire seep into the pure soil of the Fatherland, contaminating it and causing the young male *Überbees* who partake of its foodstuffs to swoon. Enthralled by the nonproductive, cheap pleasures of the flesh and sensuality, they risk being sucked into a mucous whirlpool, losing sight of their commitment to the national ideals of Order, Supreme Control, and the Ceaseless Erection of Concrete Retaining Walls. Eternal vigilance against the engulfing red floods of *Fraulava!* Do not succumb to the maelstrom! Stiffen yourselves against the seductive secretions of their sluggish loins!"

(Bumbleheim was killed in a bizarre accident in 1918, during construction of his masterwork, *Gott ist mein Stachel*, a giant sculpture of a stinger. The statue, a tribute to the *Freibeies*, mercenary bands of giant wasps who roamed northern Europe, pillaging and putting down Drone rebellions, collapsed mysteriously, crushing Bumbleheim beneath 25 stories of concrete and steel.)



Photos at Far Left and Left are childhood photo-graphs of Von Büzkøcke carried in the breast pocket of his loyal sidekick Perri Le'Fan-Dupree.

Top Photo is X-ray of Von Büzkøcke's troubled Inner Child, discovered in the personal dossier left behind when he fled the Bunker for the Jersey shore.



From the Desk of Pascale de Bonaire  
Swat Team Commander and Head of "Operation Golden Showers"  
Frostfreeburgh, New Jersey



Dear Ms. Jouissance:

Salud and Bonsoir! We hope this note finds you well and, as the poet Sylvia Plath said, "Strewing your cool odors about" in a non-goal-oriented fashion! Much like the famed French Female Orgasm after which you are named! To fill you in on some of our latest strategies:

1) Vis-a-vis the deadly Bee Hotels: To date these have not been as effective as we hoped, but we have an idea that we believe will increase their entrapment facility ten-fold. To wit: After visiting The Honeypot disguised as Bees, it occurred to us-not uncraftily, you'll agree!-that perhaps the well-known love of the Postmodern Bee for the fast-paced "Techno" beats of Today can be used against them. To this end we have ordered from our compatriots at Bose a "raft" (technical measurement) of tiny mirror-balls and eensie-weensie Surround-Sound disco speakers to be installed *toute suite* in each of the Hotels, as well as the Venus Bee Traps. In this way we hope with pulsating musics to hypnotize the Imperialist marauders through the spring-trap doors, in which case, of course, their gruesome but deserved fate is assured.

2) On your rare but welcome visits to Headquarters, you have perhaps admirably espied the globe-shaped device affectionately dubbed "Yellow Bird" by our crack technicians. Be assured that the styrofoam balls are not blowing around in a pattern of arrogant randomness! No, rather they are used to simulate Bee flight patterns, enabling our Trained Professionals to decipher Bee communiques, thereby anticipating Bee Offensives before they are launched. Yellow Bird: truly a magnificent Beast!

3) The Girls are most excited about our new "Golden Wall of Honey," a common oscillating lawn sprinkler which shoots propane instead of water. This machine turns the SAHBS celebrated lack of impulse control to our advantage. When lit, the resulting spectacular yellow curtain mesmerizes the stinking infidel bees, who zip toward it, entranced, only to discover-too late!-that their wings are a-sizzle with a flame not unlike that of their leader's fascist dreams of power!

Here's hoping this finds you lying around in the sun looking gorgeous and bringing joy and your wonderful vitalizing pollen into the *pistillate* or "seed-bearing" heart of your countrybuds! Courage, Ms. J! Stay strong in your heart, for together we'll put the "Just Be" back in "Bee"!

(Enclosed please find invoice as agreed for various materials required by our crack Amazon Team, including Jolt sodas, Snackwells, good Cuban cigars, and of course the works of the great French Poststructuralists, without which our Glorious Enterprise would not stand a prayer of-*Ha!*-"getting off the ground!"

Your Comrade,  
Pascale

P.S. And remember: Patience is the Garage of Hope!

"We put the Be back in bee"



Dear Pascale:

Enclosed please find a check along with my thanks for your latest efforts. However, I am not so sure about the tiny disco speakers. If I have to hear that goddamn Rimsky-Korsakov jungle remix one more time I'm going to kill myself. I'm losing petals by the handful as it is. Why can't Buzkøcke realize that by killing me, he is virtually committing suicide? Without us flowers, he is nothing but a fatuous little grub! Whatever happened to the days of Nectar and Roses, when we all swayed together to the easy rhythms of the Sun Goddess, singing her praises in a non-linear fashion?

Tensely,  
Hyacinth

P.S. What the hell does that mean about the Garage?



**SECRET COMMUNIQUE DANCED OVER THE MEADOWLANDS**

**FROM: KOMMANDANT VON BÜZKØCKE**

**TO: ALL UNITS**

**RE: RED ALERT**

**ATTENTION ALL KAMERADEN**

The lazy stamen of the American *swain-flauer* shall be made to churn as pistons, becoming the driving ramrods of my decontamination machine, an Engine of Purity humming contentedly like our glorious mother The Queen, fueled on the golden oils of the Global Honey Market which I alone will command!

**CODE BLUE.**

All Field Units report to Honeypot Central Command at once! Stat!

-V.B.





**Frostfreeburgh, New Jersey** – This quiet community near Watchung is still reeling from Saturday night's explosive battle at controversial local insect hotspot The Honeypot. The *mélee* reportedly erupted when intoxicated South African Honey Bees changed the television in the Yellow Jacket Lounge from *Bananas in Pajamas* to *Teletubbies*, angering the European Honey Bees, who are reportedly obsessed with the whimsical Australian children's import.

Exacerbating the situation were scores of agitated neighbors, already incensed by months of sleeplessness from the disco's throbbing beats, which penetrated their houses and even their dreams. Reportedly, the astonishing rate of 240 BPS quickened the pace of their REM's to unsustainable levels.

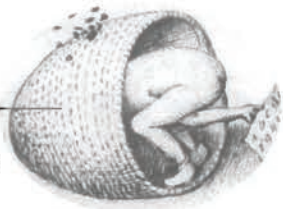
"Our eyes were literally twirling in our heads every night," said neighbor Dick Brown. "I cut crystal for a living, and lately I'm so cross-eyed I keep slicing my hands. Look. They're infected."

Neighbors blame the insanely fast beats for the disturbing influx of known child molesters into the area, claiming the beats scramble the signals on the molesters' electronic ankle bracelets, preventing police from effectively tracking them. Testy bathrobe-clad locals surrounded The Honeypot, but were dispersed with teargas by the National Guard before they could make good on their threat to "blow the roof off the dump."

"It was a madhouse in there," said shaken patrolman Brad Gannon, his normally chiselled good looks swollen into lumpen masses of angry red pustules.

"Poppers and South African Honey Bees are a deadly combo no man should have to endure. Walking into that hornet's nest, I felt like I was the captain of a ship whose crew members had mutinied, tied me up and thrown me overboard into the leech-filled muck of a putrid swamp, except the swamp was actually a raging river, and the river was in Africa and I was actually thrown below decks and there was no Katherine Hepburn and the boat was a party barge with a giant Evinrude motor jetting upstream, propelling us straight into a Conradian heart of darkness."

Calamine lotion reportedly had to be airlifted into the community from as far away as Montana.



When he encounters them, Von Büzköcke is rumored to dive-bomb the female bees who actually do the grueling work of converting pollen for his massive enterprise, literally beating off their own wings in the exciting labor of storing honey.



Photo of young unidentified male carried in Von Büzköcke wallet.

Only the finest make it past Darwin the Doorman. Presiding over the gaiety is the Queen, belle of the ball in her one-of-a-kind satin-lined, pipe-cleaner crochet featuring the daring geometries of Perri Le'Fan-Dupree. His techniques fuse a romantic yet edgy vision, plundering the history books to form a vision of the future.

Give Perri Le'Fan-Dupree a carton of pipe cleaners, and he'll twist up a rococco "romper womb" guaranteed to turn the brass knobs of Louis Quatorze green with envy.

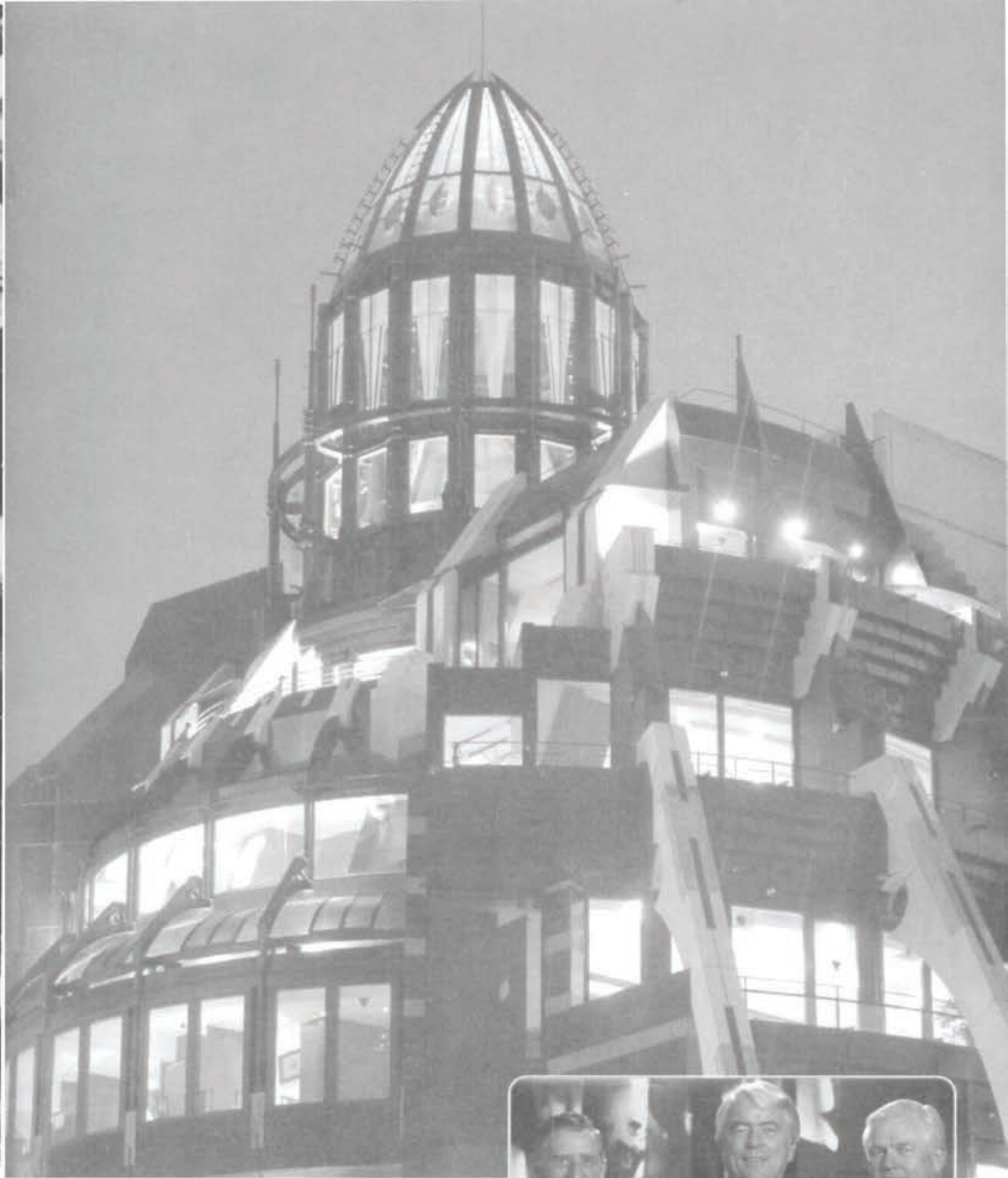


"the stubbornness of what remains when everything vanishes and the dumb-foundedness of what appears when nothing exists..."





*Worlds within worlds...*  
Mexican chairs for children take a turn as potholders for pansies on a handmade fence.



A rare photo of the so-called "Gelden Guild," the invisible Captains of Industry backing Büzköcke's embittered machinations.





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