



**BALLET OF THE VALEDICTORIANS**

ENFANTS PERDUS VOL. VIII - A GOLD LEAF POLYPTYCH IN THE ROUND

A. C. TUCKRUSKYE



# THE BALLET OF THE VALEDICTORIANS

ENFANTS PERDUS VOL. 8 - A GOLD LEAF PAINTING IN THE ROUND

A SERIES OF 6 TRIPTYCHS - 18 PAINTED CANVASES FEATURING THE MALE NUDE

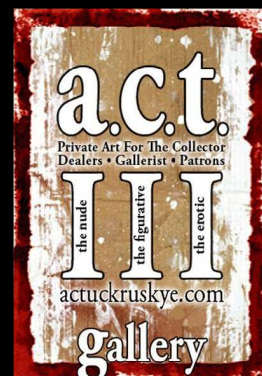
The Works Of Art Of  
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Dedicated to the Urban Legend that defines the boyhood of their (BoV) gesture in time. And the bravery to their forlorn cause.



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(detail from Gomorrah - triptych 1)

*OverLeaf* -

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE QUAILS SECRET / INSERTS (panel 1)

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE QUAILS SECRET / GOMORRAH (panel 2)

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE QUAILS SECRET / OF ANOTHER COUNTRY (panel 3)

(62" x 42", gesso, rabbit skin glue canvas, gouache and gold leaf paint, graphite pencil)



## The Ballet Of The Valedictorians - Triptych 1

### The Quails Secret / Inserts (panel 1, left)

*Upon entrée to the dance we are engaged in a somber and distraught forum about to open to a cycle of events that will unfold on the heroes of this legend as they will be known from here-on-in as the "Schoolbus Boys" (a valedictory society of 18 naked motherless/fatherless boys whose incubations and unnatural conceptions were of an insidious nature with outrageous implantings).*

Although his insert is at full attention and ready for action the first centurion we encounter becomes lost in the druid dream-state of his addiction... that which leaves a numbness toward any sexual appetite. He is whole, he is fearless, he is dominant unto himself as he wears his adventurous nature in vice.

Tantalized by thoughts of rollicking freedom... his reach is into a blindness of soul. Mislead by the nocturnes in the cave darkness from whence he dwelled... that which leaves him swallowed forever... abandons him in the 'Gate Of Hell - Indulgence'. In an accidental drug overdose his death is a somber release as it becomes the first burden of the "Ballet".

### The Quails Secret / Gomorrah (panel 2, middle)

The first act (triptych) is cloaked by darkness of an uncharted playground (where dwells the quail) as the thistles and weeds provide safety in the underbrush. This centurion is now freed to indulge in ravenous sexual encounters. He begins to falter as the temptation of lusty festivals are now in abundance and his insatiable desire to plunge steadfast prevails... but alas, he is saved by an 'angel-of-mercy', a spirit which, in a rare moment of virtual apparition, has come to challenge his fall into the concourse of Gomorrahism.

This angelic spirit is the brother he never knew who had died at birth. It has come, in auspicious ambiguity, to restrain the desire, perhaps even the need, to self-destruct.

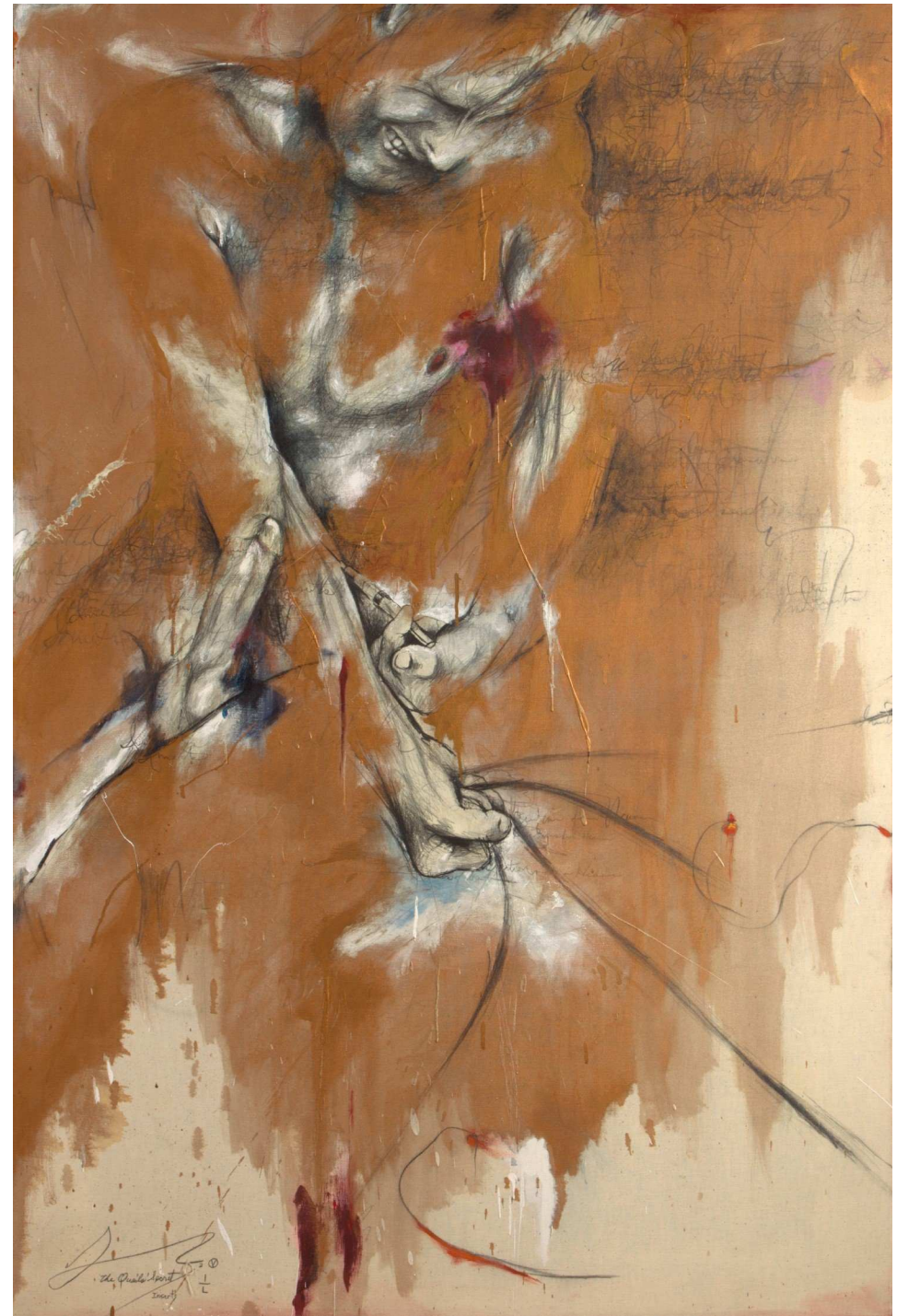
Our boy's fingers tear across the façade of his station as his hands are cuffed by the power and strength of the shepherd that restrains him. The guardian angel provides hope as he succeeds in salvaging him from blunder.

### The Quails Secret / Of Another Country (panel 3, right)

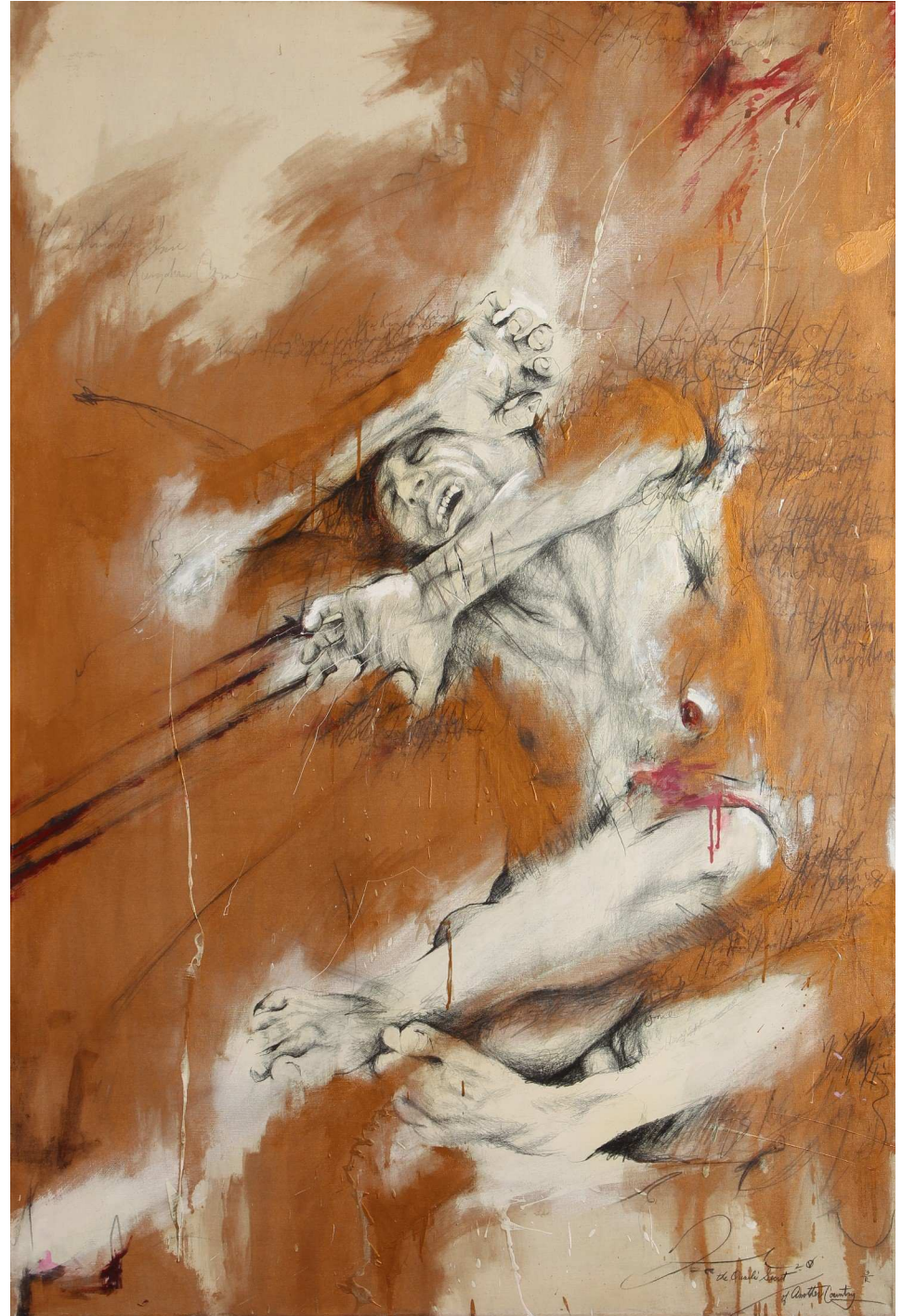
The fever of despair and the pain of loss are the conscious factors that burst this centurion into dismal depths of degradation. The legs, torso and arms of the pose deliver the motion as if the body was a disjointed vessel formed by a backward 'Z' gesture pulling it bi-directionally... thus the energy is released inside a human capsule that implodes with ravenous emotion.

The hands transform into claws, the figure clearly attempts to find another way out... a way other than by the unsuccessful razor slashes that adorn his wrists. The distressed expression of the face is dominated by the vacant despair of the mouth.

Perhaps he was enlightened by the celestial visit of his other brother's angel. However, in another country, there still lingers the heartache in which he had reached out to from the edges of suicidal darkness. Therefore he must embark in providing a footprint for the isolationism of the "Marionettes" repose to come.









(detail from Oracle - triptych 2)

*Overleaf -*

The Ballet Of The Vaedictorians: MARIONETTES SOLILOQUY / ORACLE (panel 4)

The Ballet Of The Vaedictorians: MARIONETTES SOLILOQUY / JACKS (panel 5)

The Ballet Of The Vaedictorians: MARIONETTES SOLILOQUY / VALEDICTORY (panel 6)

(60" x 42", gesso, rabbit skin glue canvas, gouache and gold leaf paint, graphite pencil)



## The Ballet Of The Valedictorians - Triptych 2

### Marionettes Soliloquy / Oracle (panel 4, left)

Attitude and indulgence left the "Quail" vulnerable. A game of solitaire is now afoot... it needed to be that way.

A soldier of his own envy takes up partnership with a mirror of vacant narcissism that will play a part in the bastardization of self-control and retention. The vertical envelopment of the form accentuates the isolation and introversion. The gesture is statuary as it contemplates the horrific interface and final dispatch of the "Quails" encounters (from the triptych of the first act).

His steadfast stance is in salute to his firm gluestick and its counterweights that showcase his vigilance. The oracle is found to be satisfied by this remedial solution. The puppet-master's strings are taught as our marionette awaits to be pulled and played with. The performers in the "Soliloquy" all enter as faceless entitlements... but entitlements of what? In preparation of self...

### Marionettes Soliloquy / Jacks (panel 5, middle)

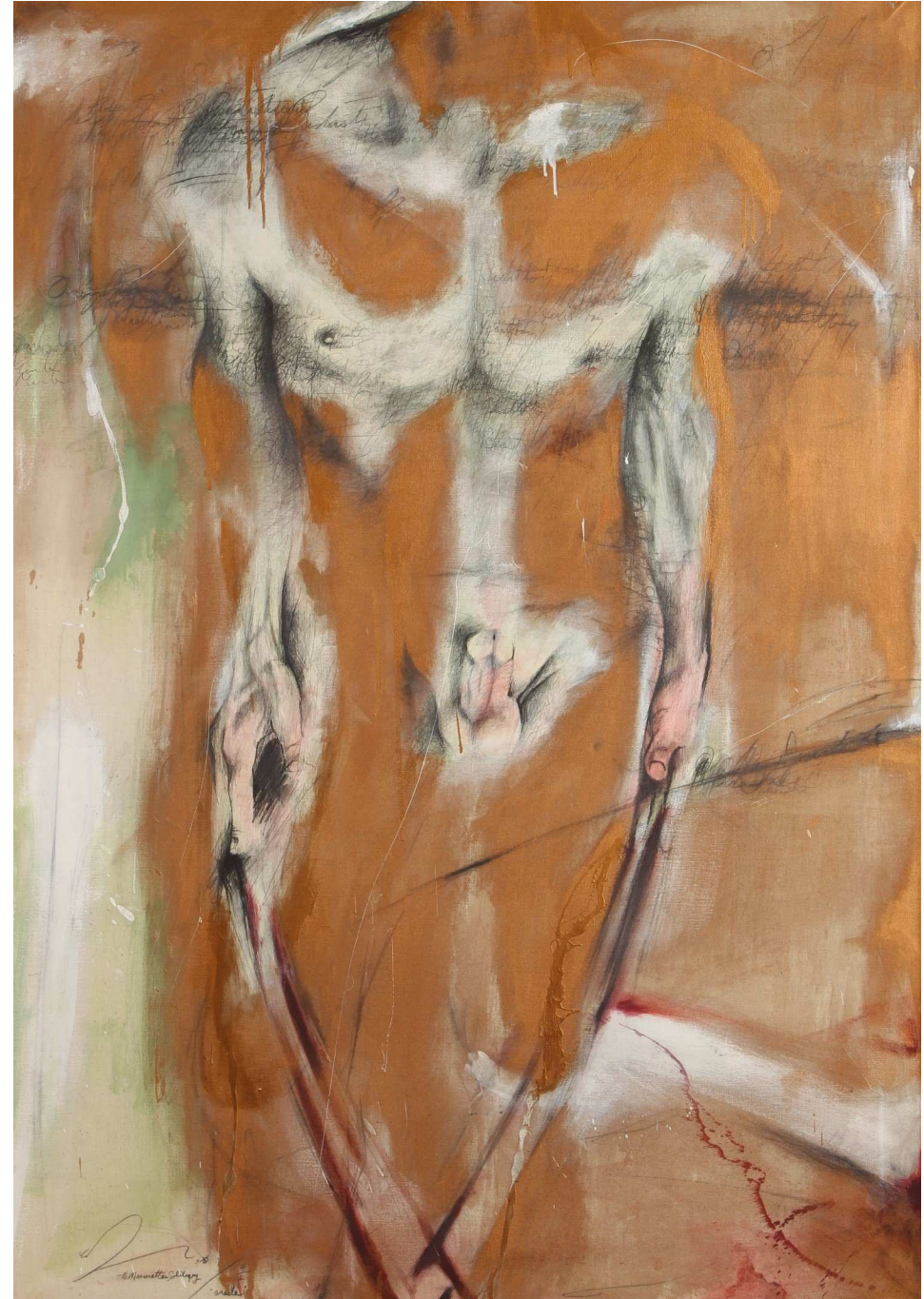
A figure in fallen response bears callous tension as he lies in a poignant constitution. The rage is focused on the human machine that, with all its faculties coherent, will be directed to compensate for the stored tension in a land of masturbatory piñatas. A clutch of 'warm flesh' or an 'icy ghost' is apparent as they both reach for the needle that spills the jack-spunk.

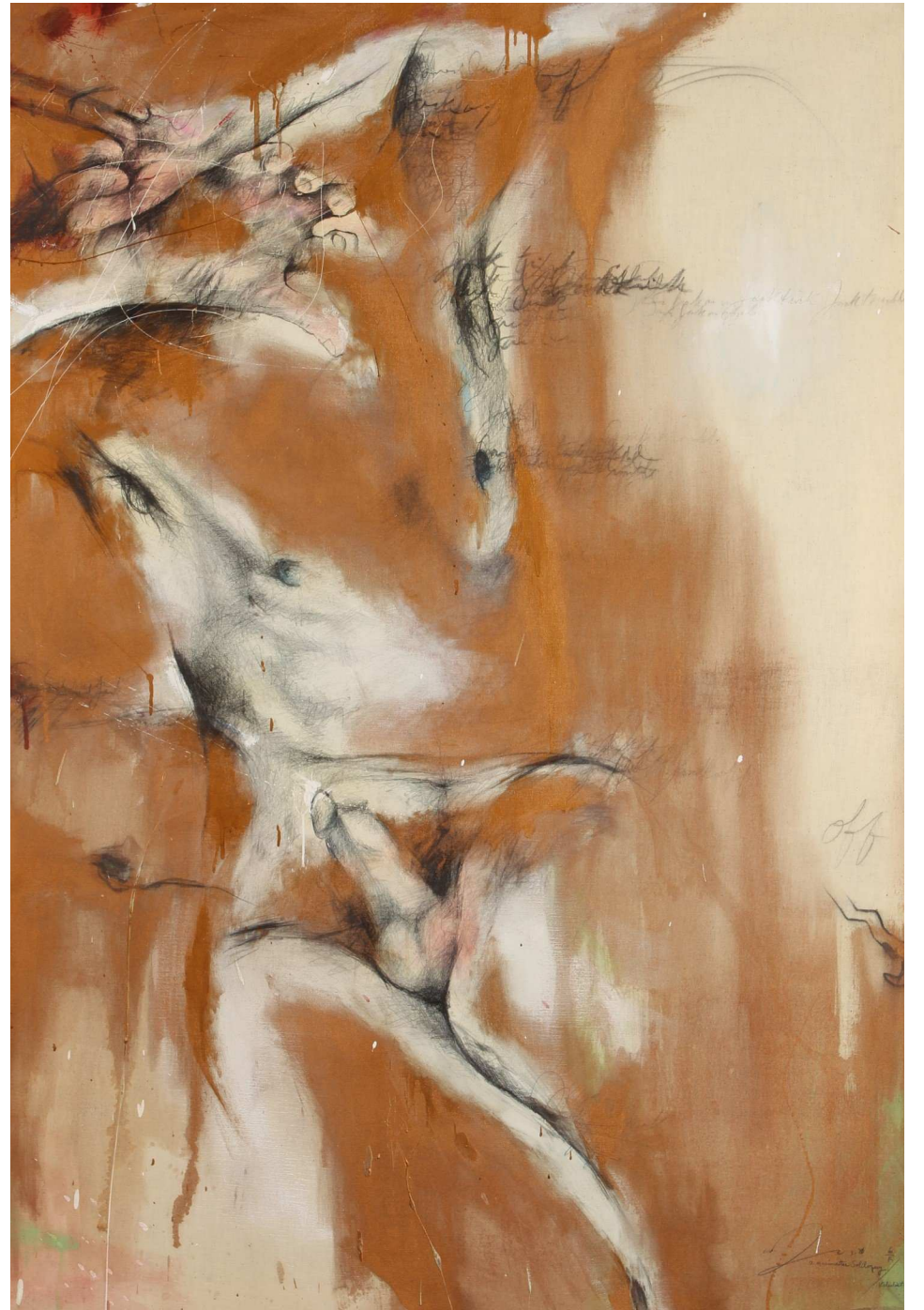
Oh how strong are the strings of manipulation with degradation that will dominate... beholding to a theory that stagnation is the best, the safest, covenant. To this land of puppet pleasure the 'Schoolbus Boys' have retreated... believing that upon this ground they can stabilize their journey, and reprise their intent for the emancipation of their intellectual, creative and plutonic nature, unaware of the heroic deeds that await them.

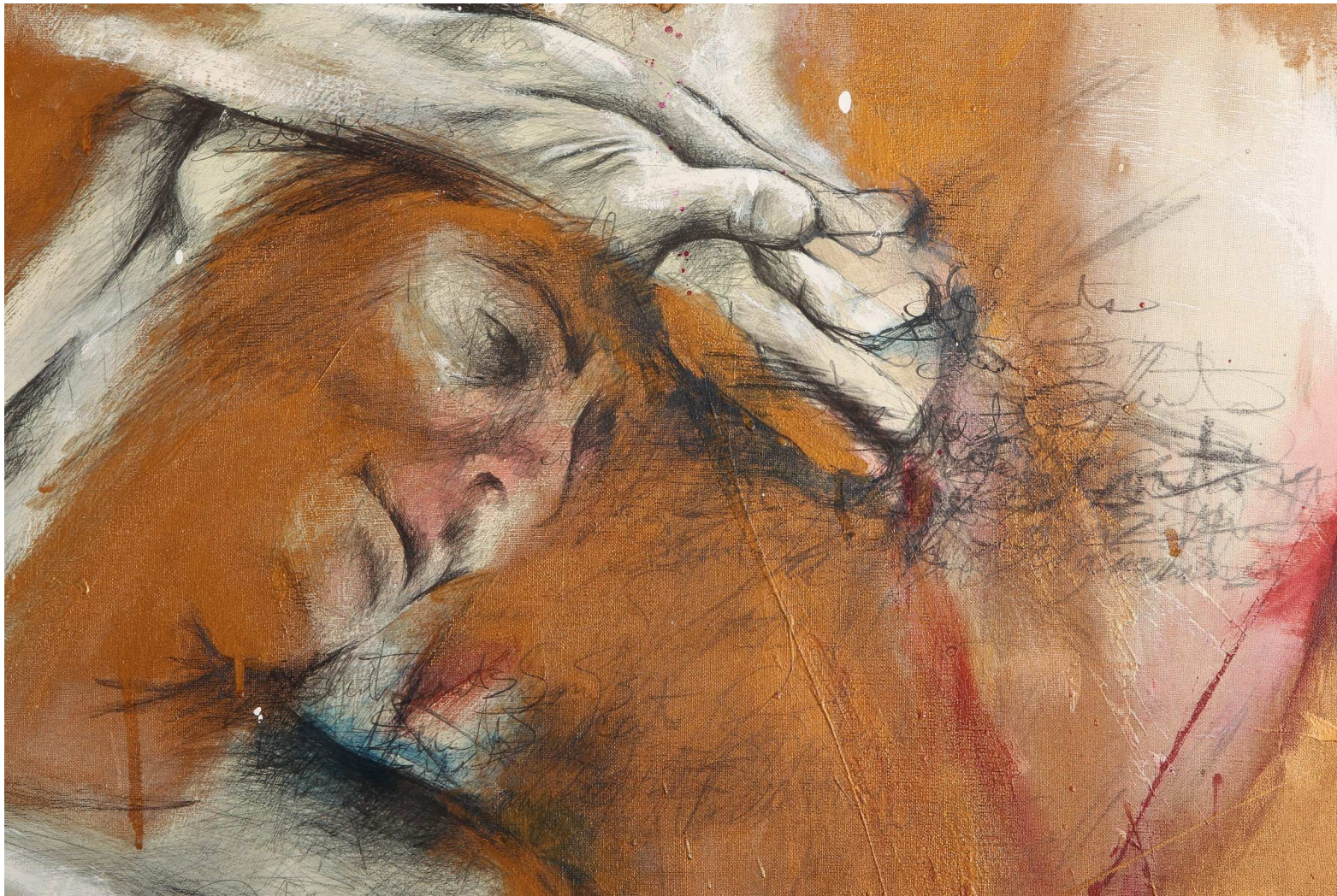
### Marionettes Soliloquy / Valedictory (panel 6, right)

Another faceless sorrow with a firm thrust but with a change of sentiment. Knotted posturing of the hands anchor the force of the upper torso with arms that crisscross as they break-away from the puppet-master's strings of controlled maneuvering.

He shall be victorious in finding the path to return the legion to his battalion of paidos in this gesture of sober faith, reaching for daring hopes. The ennui of the puppet-master will be dissolved by a riotous mess of tangled strings. Our boy puppet will discover that his strength will be the empowered tool of this figures climax; his hands are his voice, the elastic stretch of his body is his vessel that is anchored by his thighs that are firmly planted in place in dexterous support of his torpedo of manhood. The jack-trick is done. Self-proclaimed narcissism is now a lost discipline. Onward...







(detail from Scouts - triptych 3)

*Overleaf -*

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: DANCE OF THE BOARS / SCOUTS (panel 7, left)

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: DANCE OF THE BOARS / OFFERING (panel 8, middle)

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: DANCE OF THE BOARS / THE THIRD ACT (panel 9, right)

(60" x 42", gesso, rabbit skin glue canvas, gouache and gold leaf paint, graphite pencil)



## The Ballet Of The Valedictorians - Triptych 3

### Dance Of The Boars / Scouts (panel 7, left)

Caution is thrown to the wind. After the self-indulgence and shameful discovery during the “Marionettes Soliloquy” (the triptych that precedes this) we enter into a fellowship of thanksgiving. We verify and undo that which has come before, now the “Boars” take the stage. In a gentle twist of form, with an introspective gaze, the scout procures a presence that is suggestive of an approval of what is next to come. The choreography of the arms and hands gesture in a magicians-like hocus pocus.

So the scout has performed his duty well having found a path of safe haven to lead from the self-love indulgence of the puppets into a state of communion... this they shall continue upon... because next... the “Boars” shall attempt to exonerate their dance.

### Dance Of The Boars / Offering (panel 8, middle)

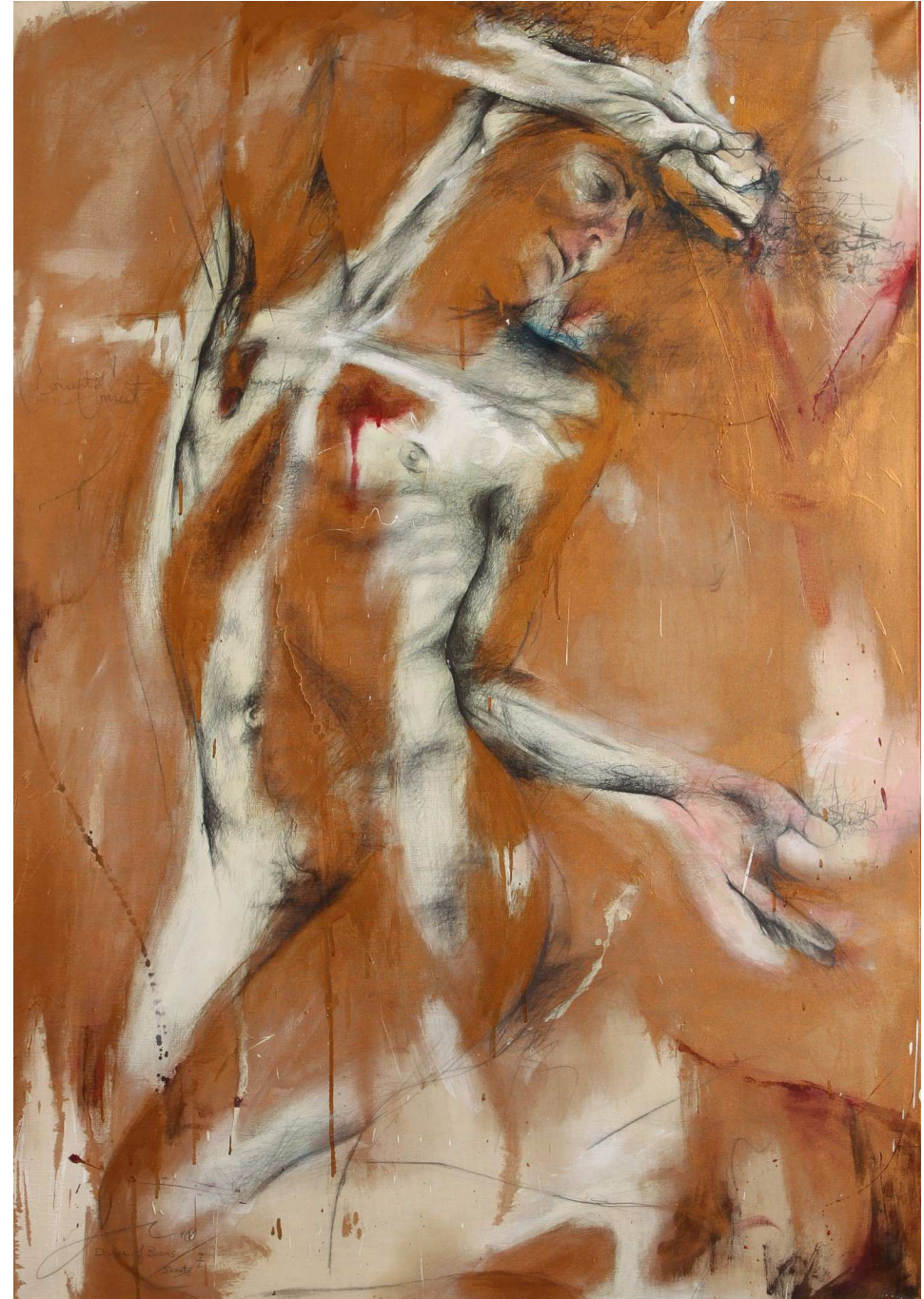
The spell before this is now broken but it leaves a very susceptible environment in which the wild boars prance leaving to much room for promiscuity. The dance here has a set back as an intended communion takes on a route of peril. An offering initially meant to be that of honorary and innocent brotherhood is cursed. Out from turbulent vapors and a forlorn mist appears a shadowy hollow figure. A “Schoolbus Boy” falls ‘curl-victim’ as he is championed by a reared-in-force devil messenger during this poisoned passage.

The blue mask reaches for the inner sanctum as pederasts sex finds its asylum and claims it. The lawless demonic rape of this young boy / scout turns the offering into a sacrifice leaving behind a wasteful death by the transmitted disease of the devil... we now have lost another valedictorian.

### Dance Of The Boars / The Third Act (panel 9, right)

The “Ballets” exposed confessions and promiscuity have place it in a cauldron of turmoil. The scout of this triptych (found in this third episode) must find balance and reinstate pathos. Performance blood...with his arms pinned back and with a breach of the chest his hands signal... beware, behold, benevolence.

Securely stationed on his knees of prayer any virtuosity of an erection is finally expelled so as to gain intellectual mindfulness that will dispatch itself over sexual delirium. The anguish, in a repentful expression, is in a release that is found by the recognition of all the bloodletting that went on. He now becomes the benefactor of all that has come-before but he carries the burden of being the messenger of the future yet-to-come. With determination the ninth scene ends the third act with the strongest of the brothers firmly in beholdence, not surrender, as he shall not let the ‘sounder of the boars’ dance be unsettled... thus giving way to establish the “Grand Law” of the valedictorian graduates.













(detail from Callous Moon - triptych 4)

*Overleaf -*

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE GRAND LAW / FORCE (panel 10)

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE GRAND LAW / CALLOUS MOON (panel 11)

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE GRAND LAW / INTO A SOVEREIGN STATE (panel 12)

(60" x 42", gesso, rabbit skin glue canvas, gouache and gold leaf paint, graphite pencil)



## The Ballet Of The Valedictorians - Triptych 4

### The Grand Law / Force (panel 10, left)

A firm and sweeping pose ties itself into itself. The expression on the face is one of deep and pensive acknowledgement of the challenge at hand. The figures pose suggests a, flown-like-a-bird, dispatch. The deputy recognizes the responsibilities (in the triptych of the fourth act) to the sanctions of surrender. The key here is to proliferate the energy during surrender and remain a forceful barrier as it searches and struggles for the law of the land to provide fortitude and to stabilize our heroes that now falter.

The winds of belligerence act to carry on the momentum that needs to uncover the governing incarcerations... 'as you relinquish the losses - you find new strengths'.

### The Grand Law / Callous Moon (panel 11, middle)

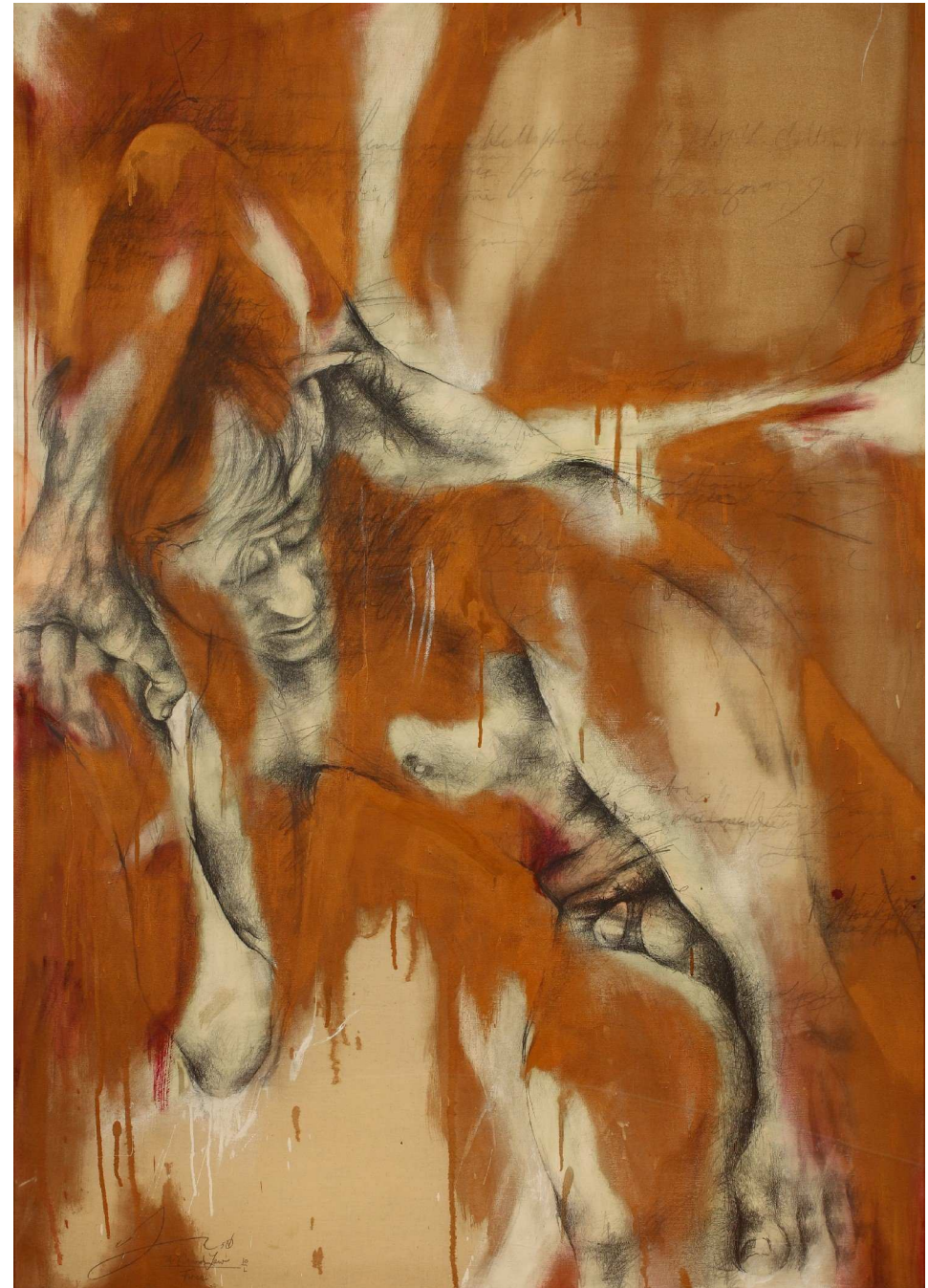
A purged upstretched form looks to the heavens to validate that which will uphold this unconventional covenant. This peaceful deputy can soar to discover that the moonlight he is basted in holds argent luminous secrets... in this 'surrender for' and not 'surrender of' an eternal love of brotherhood. The two flanking figures gesture in motion hosting a grand gateway as they open, like the waters of the red sea did for the prophet and his people, sweeping to the left and right. Thus as harsh a mistress as the moon might be he will find strength in the callous' he endures. His mouth opens to sing a hymn... his one arm is lost to us as he cradles his head. His clutched hand holds the unnamed essential desire.

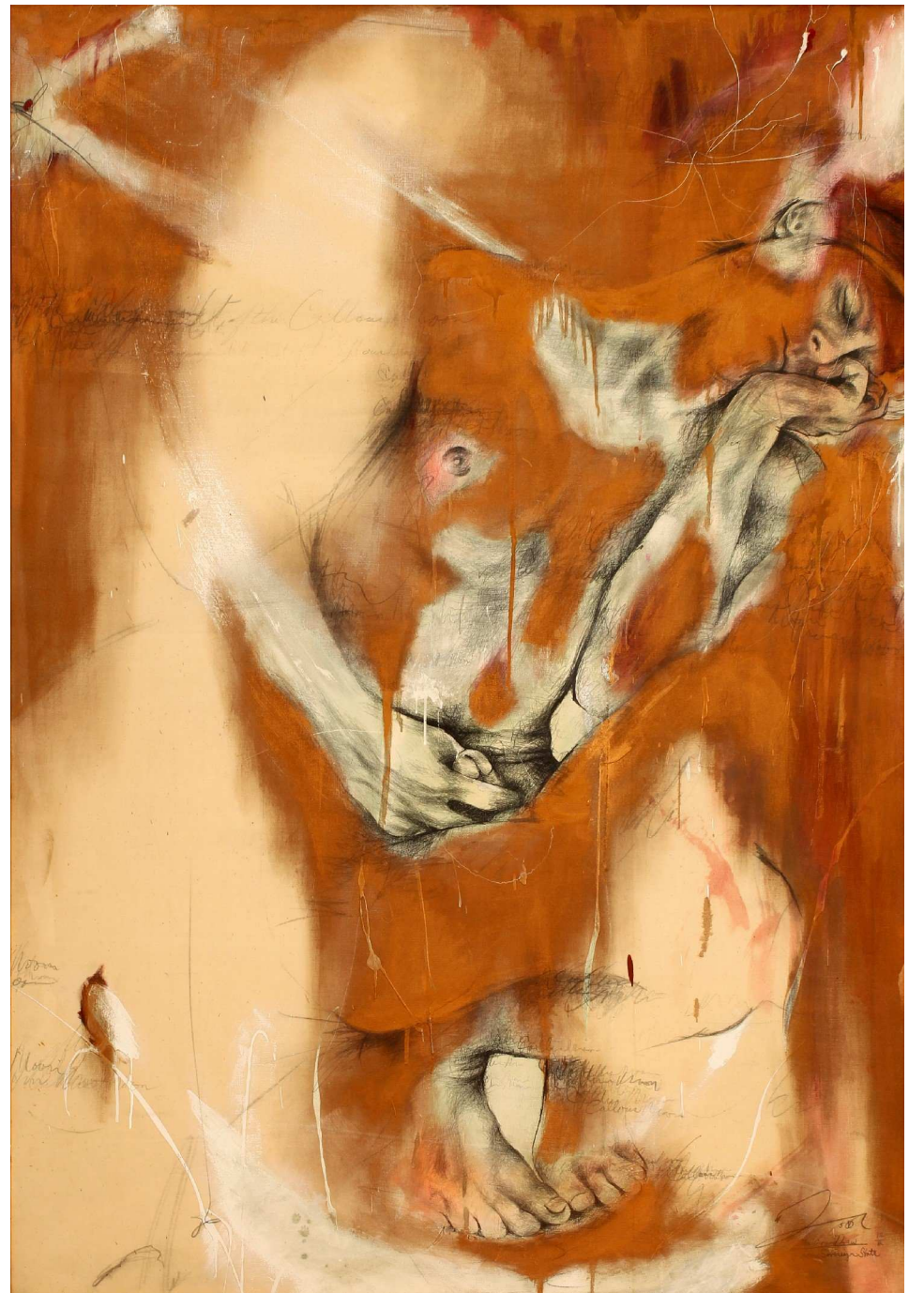
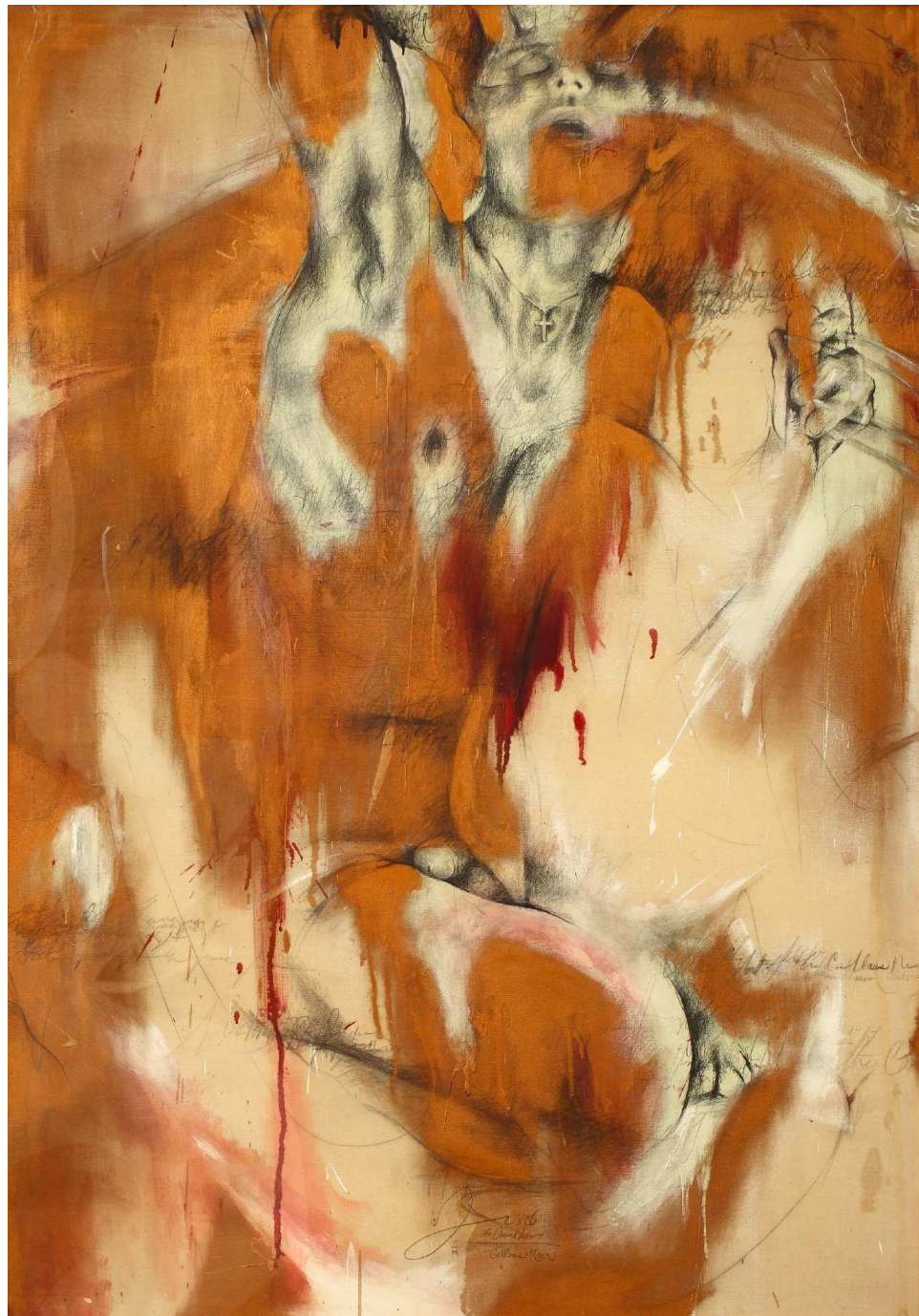
The heart in its place is profusely bleeding and bursting as a rocket 'prudens futuri'.

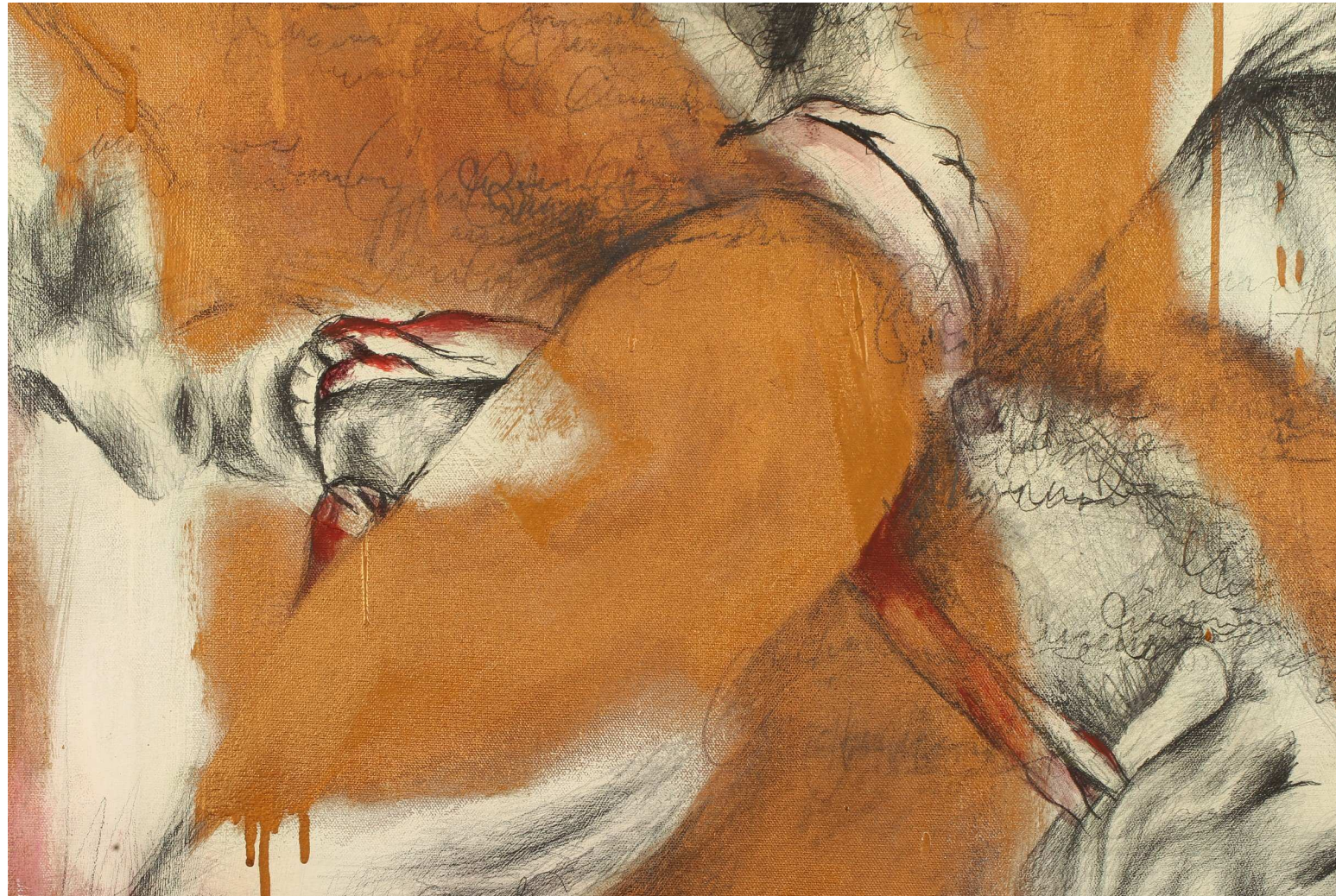
### The Grand Law / Into A Sovereign State (panel 12, right)

The penis flaccid, rests within his fingers grasp. The figure seems rested and content, perhaps after the gift of release. The tranquil state is challenged as it might be contradicted by the legs that are bent and the feet that hold the weight of a stance that might want to spring into action.

The "Grand Law" is guided by a penal code that, up to now, has failed in providing law and order. Our boy, in solitary repose amongst that which doesn't allow for the peacefulness to prevail, ensures plans for reaping the harvest that will be found as they formulate the legacy into a sovereign state and so, by definition, it now has supreme authority to propagate further or consider the end to this arduous dance.







(detail from Blood Vessel - triptych 5)

*Overleaf -*

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: HYMN TO A HEADMASTER / BLOOD VESSEL (panel 13)

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: HYMN TO A HEADMASTER / DAGGERED (panel 14)

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: HYMN TO A HEADMASTER / LIMP REFLECTIONS (panel 15)

(60" x 42", gesso, rabbit skin glue canvas, gouache and gold leaf paint, graphite pencil)





## The Ballet Of The Valedictorians - Triptych 5

### Hymn To A Headmaster / Blood Vessel (panel 13, left)

Habits so hard to break, haunts of failure and internal damn-nation that our student cannot escape from leads him into disbelief with a complete loss of faith. In denial of his classmate's "Inserted" death, his arm is now bound and strangled with a rag that leaves him to ponder the swollen highways of his own veins. The echoes of a surrogate Sergeant bellows outloud 'left-face/right-face' as if in an intended platoon march. The powerful clutch of his hand 'marks-time' with the forceful surge of his erection. His tightly clutched teeth cause his mouth to bleed into the blood soaked rag.

A 'Doubting Thomas', his disbelief of the previous frightening deaths (from Act 1 & 3) clouds his thinking. A "Schoolbus Boy" lost, in the smokehouse of his own hysteria & fatal drug abuse, becomes yet another tragedy as he falls into an eternal coma... he is with his brother now but in a purgatory never to return to us.

### Hymn To A Headmaster / Dagged (panel 14, middle)

His heart is dropped into his hand as his shrug is one of despair as he is stunned and left in the bewilderment of the time and place... oh no not here, not this, not along the path of valedictory. In "Dagged" this student is violated further as he suffers the pain, so much more pungent, as it is in 'Et-Tu-Brute'... for alas, it was his twin brother that beguiled in the "Blood Vessel" that burst during his awkward drug indulgence which left him in an eternal coma of hideous black sleep.

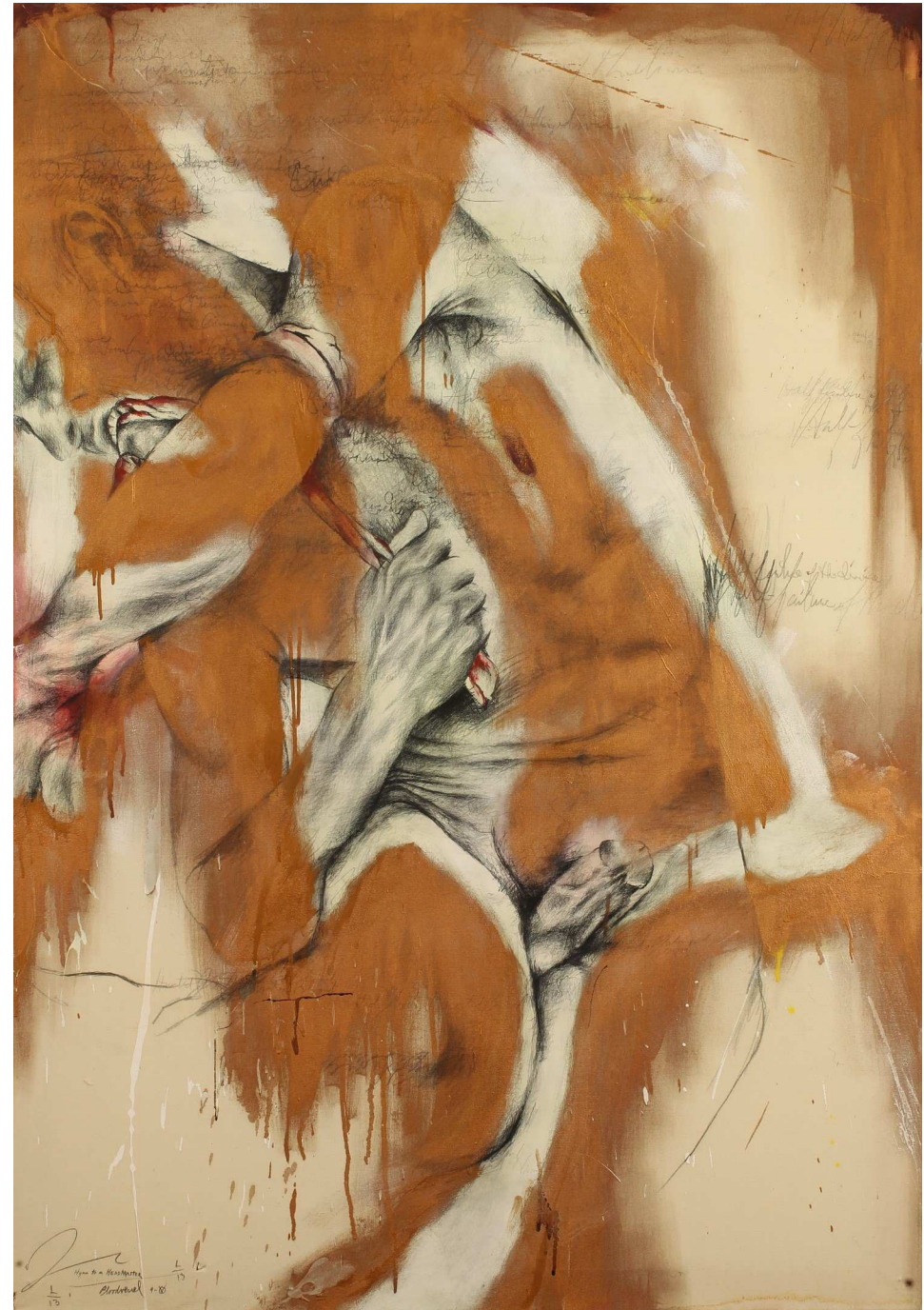
It is here that the bleeding continues as the forlorn and distressed boy is done-in by his brother's living brain dead corpse. His eyes deep, deep and dark and black will lose their sparkle forever as his flesh spawns an isolated encasement. The enlightened spirit that he now lives in is as if he were a vagabond wanderer begging for spare change.

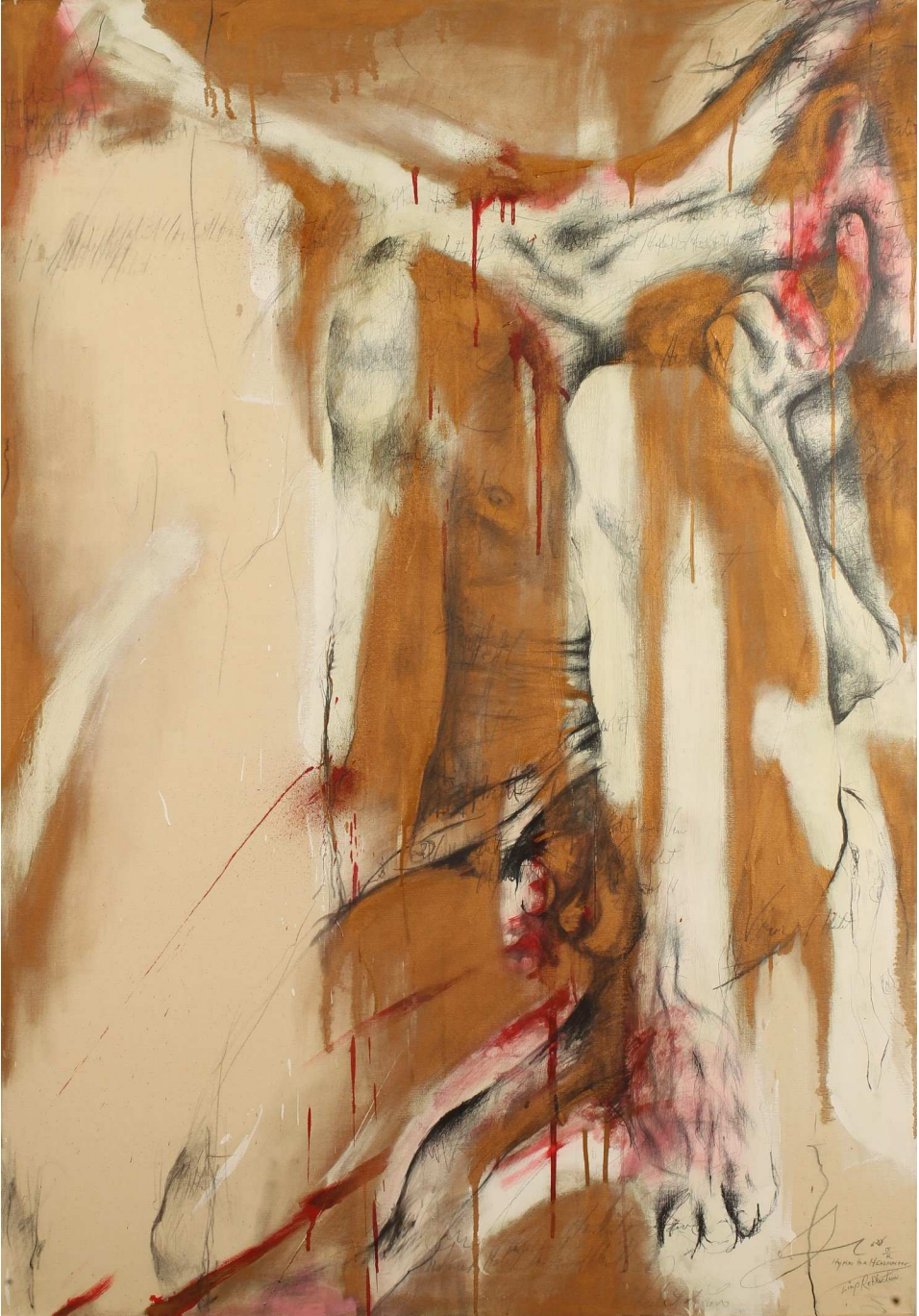
### Hymn To A Headmaster / Limp Reflections (panel 15, right)

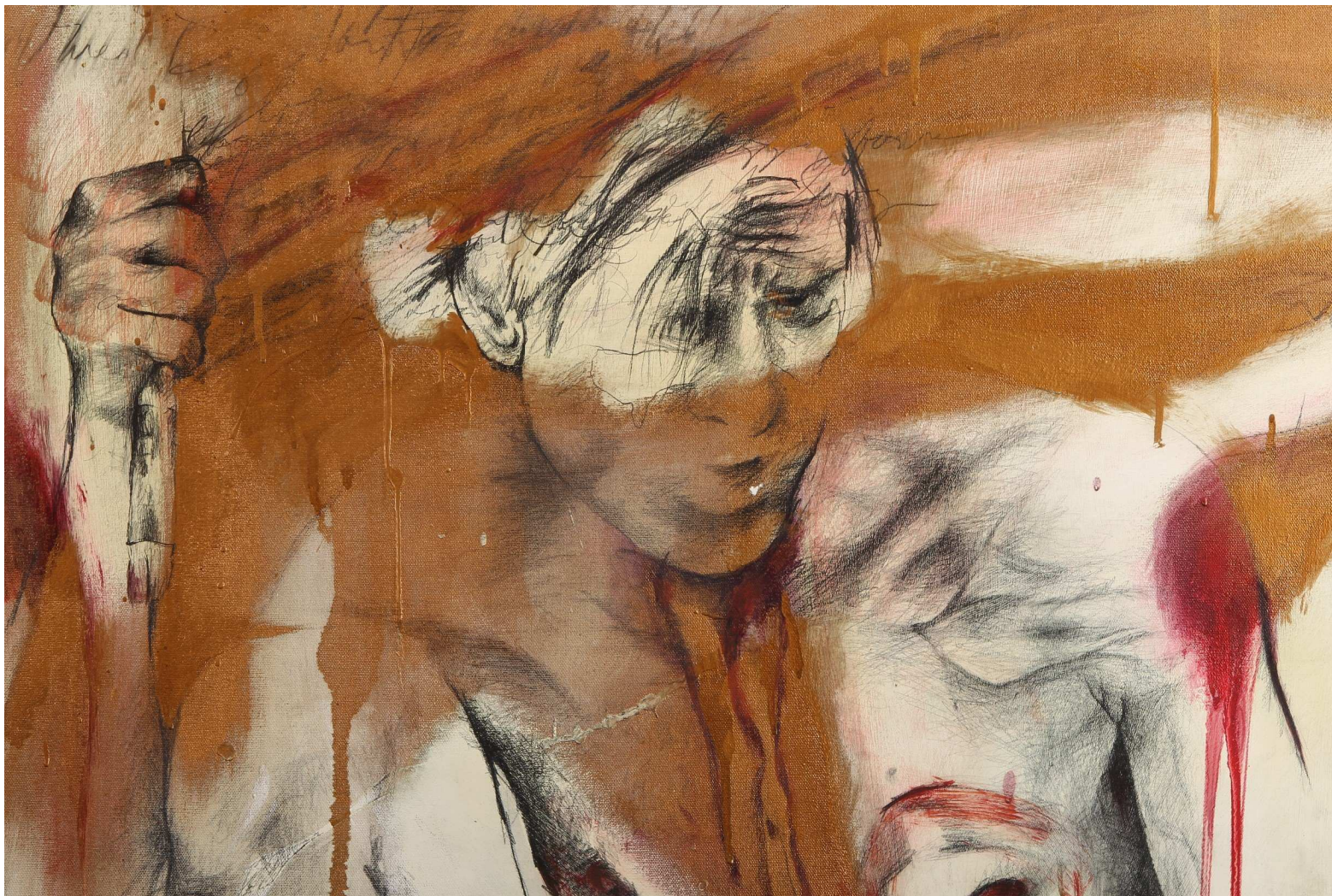
Where shall the final rendezvous take place? To the chamber of the headmaster all must report where sheet music will be distributed . The chorus for brotherhoods', then and now, will be rehearsed and as they are sung they will echo with a fraternal pledge.

Addressing the last gesture (in this triptych of the fifth act) the thinker in a faceless sterile posture is in wonderment of 'where we've come from' and 'what it was all about'. This classmate, unobstructed, reaches a solitude in repose as voices spill out in classroom hymns, the pledge to allegiance, the spoils of victory are in harm's way... do they falter from success due to false visions of grandeur?

The strength of a form, in thoughtful restitution, harbors the next direction. He struggles to find the right chord to carry the hymn to completion. In recognition of that which has damaged forever this brotherhood he finds strength. Still bleeding and basted in blood splatters he will cleanse himself. Bravely he contemplates his toys as he turns away from previous scars to face the emancipation yet to come.







(detail from Pounding Heart - triptych 6)

*Overleaf -*

The Ballet Of The Vaedictorians: TOYS OF TORTURED DAYS / POUNDING HEART (panel 16)

The Ballet Of The Vaedictorians: TOYS OF TORTURED DAYS / FINAL ALTAR (panel 17)

The Ballet Of The Vaedictorians: TOYS OF TORTURED DAYS / DELIVERANCE (panel 18)

(60" X 42" gesso, rabbit skin glue canvas, gouache and gold leaf paint, graphite pencil)



## The Ballet Of The Valedictorians - Triptych 6

### Toys Of Tortured Days / Pounding Heart (panel 16, left)

The axiom of the entire "Ballet" lies here-in "Pounding Heart". A tool of the trade makes its debut in angry cognizance with clenched fists that strike their mark. The closing altar is realized... so sing praises, dear boys, and don't let the spikes and plunges of life's journey be your motif. He will pound in defiance against that which stagnates the emancipation.

Pound dear boys, 'till you have become men... pound dear men, 'till you have become heroes. Be heroes, *'Ecce-Homo'* and find good and righteous vigilance to share despite your awkward birth right. Gather your strength as you find your tools of navigation. For that which is yours is unique to you and will serve you proudly but you must work untried, with no reproach, towards its shaping and molding.

Here is this boy-to-man with eyes that pierce in this breeding ground of awkward art, phantasmic gestures and realized births. He shall heal his bleeding soul finding firm authority in this brotherhood of royalty.

### Toys Of Tortured Days / Final Altar (panel 17, middle)

The bondage of soul comes from within, but here a desperate need for attention, without the scruples to find the balance, has victimized this boy. Oh woe, such sorrow screams out for he who remains here has denied his own self-worth. In austere percolating presence this manhood is as he will make of himself... but oh not this, the mercy is a pathway to his own infection. With lost hope and a solitude that can't express his desires or unleash and confess his truths he... the most forlorn of brothers, in an act of cognizant waning and self pity, clutches at his throat and chokes and tears his voice from the 'Hymn of the Headmaster'.

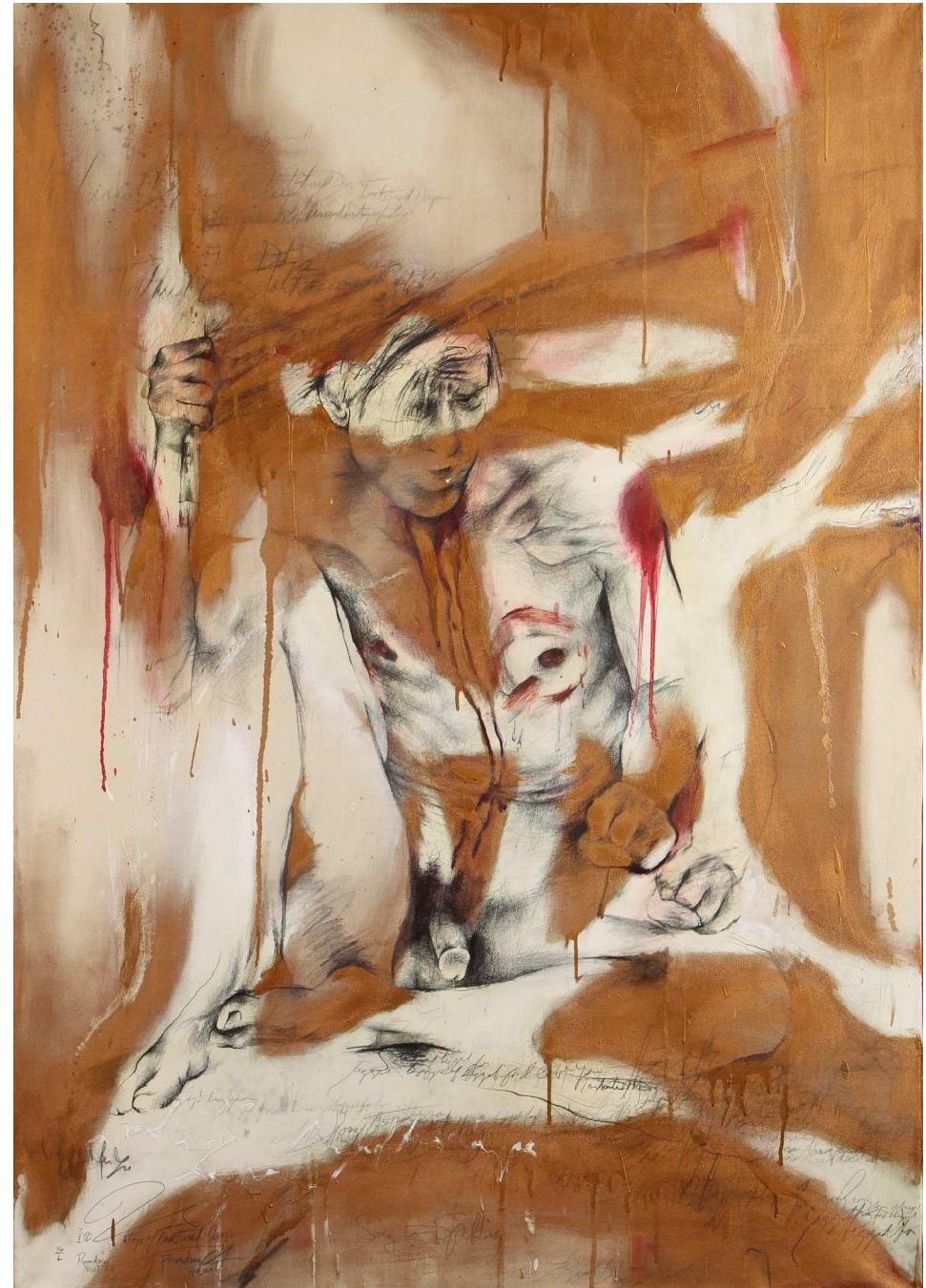
His suicide weighs heavy, his heart will be enshrined in the "Q" of flesh (a purgatory) for his toy brothers... he will glow as a cinder of coal in a furnace of void... a burning testament as reminder of what bondage should never have become.

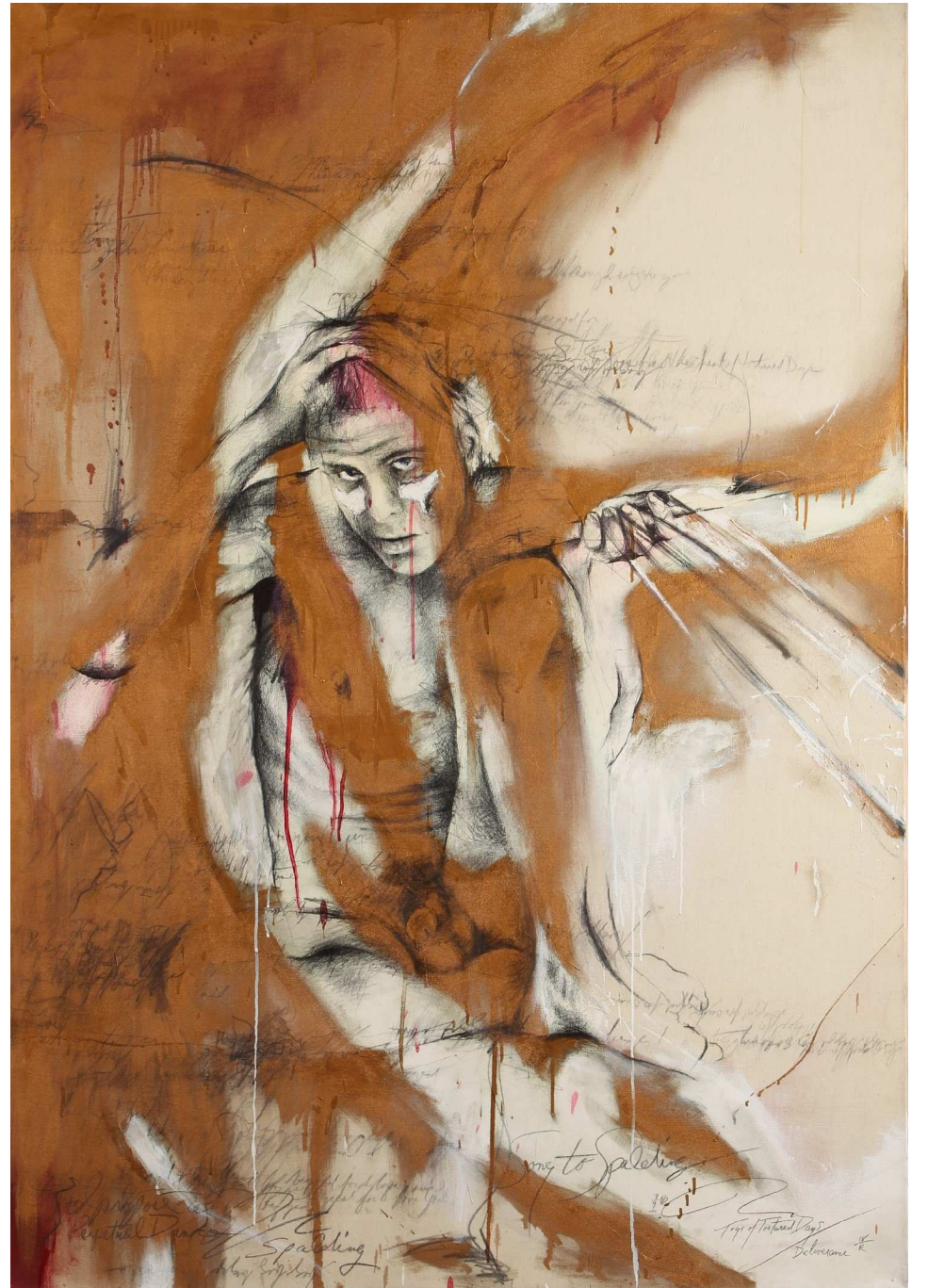
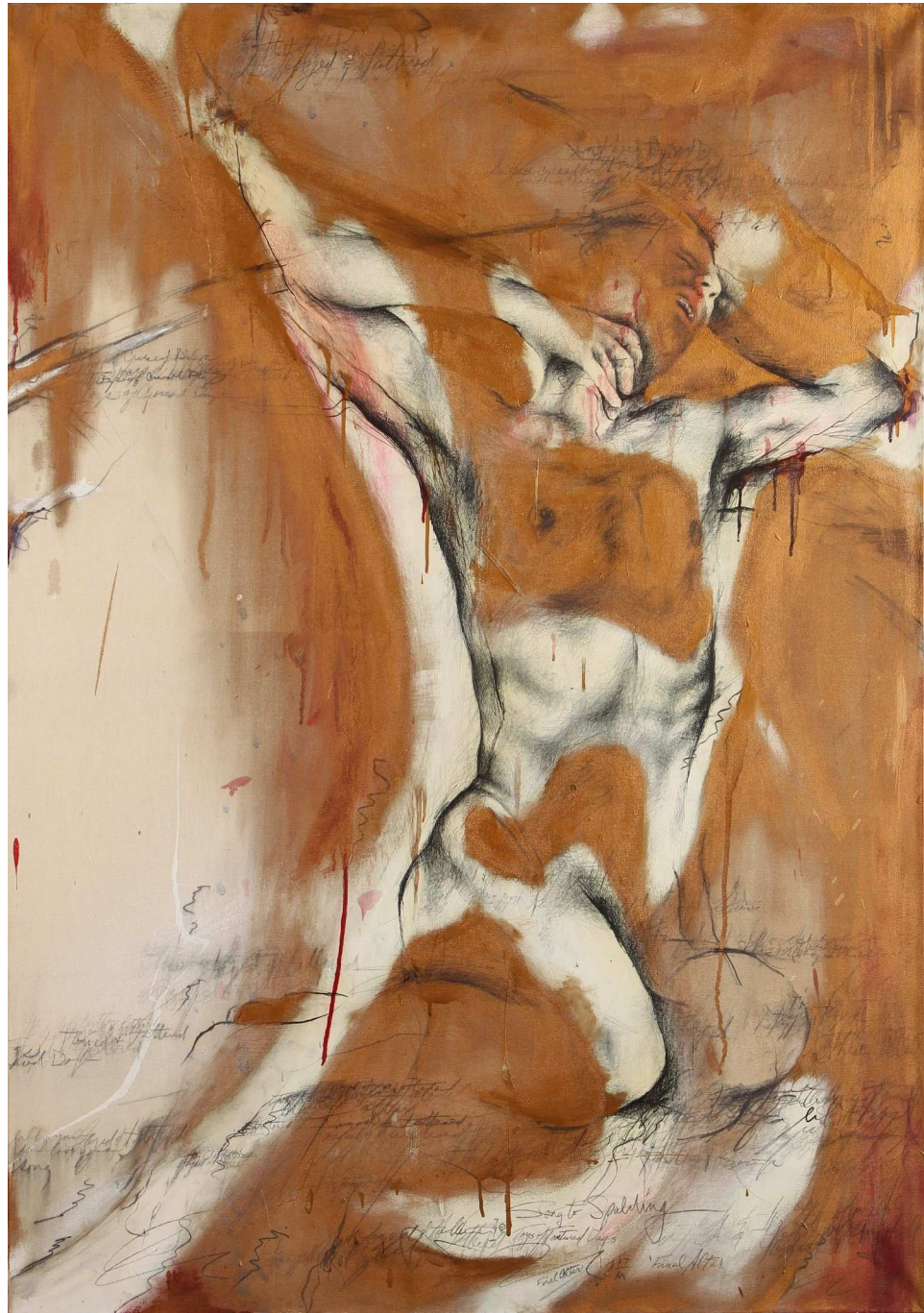
The fourth and last of the unfortunate losses in this "Ballet" is revealed as the surviving entourage of 'boys-to-men' now find their heroic adventures and the odysseys' that will fulfill their destiny that will spell out their legend.

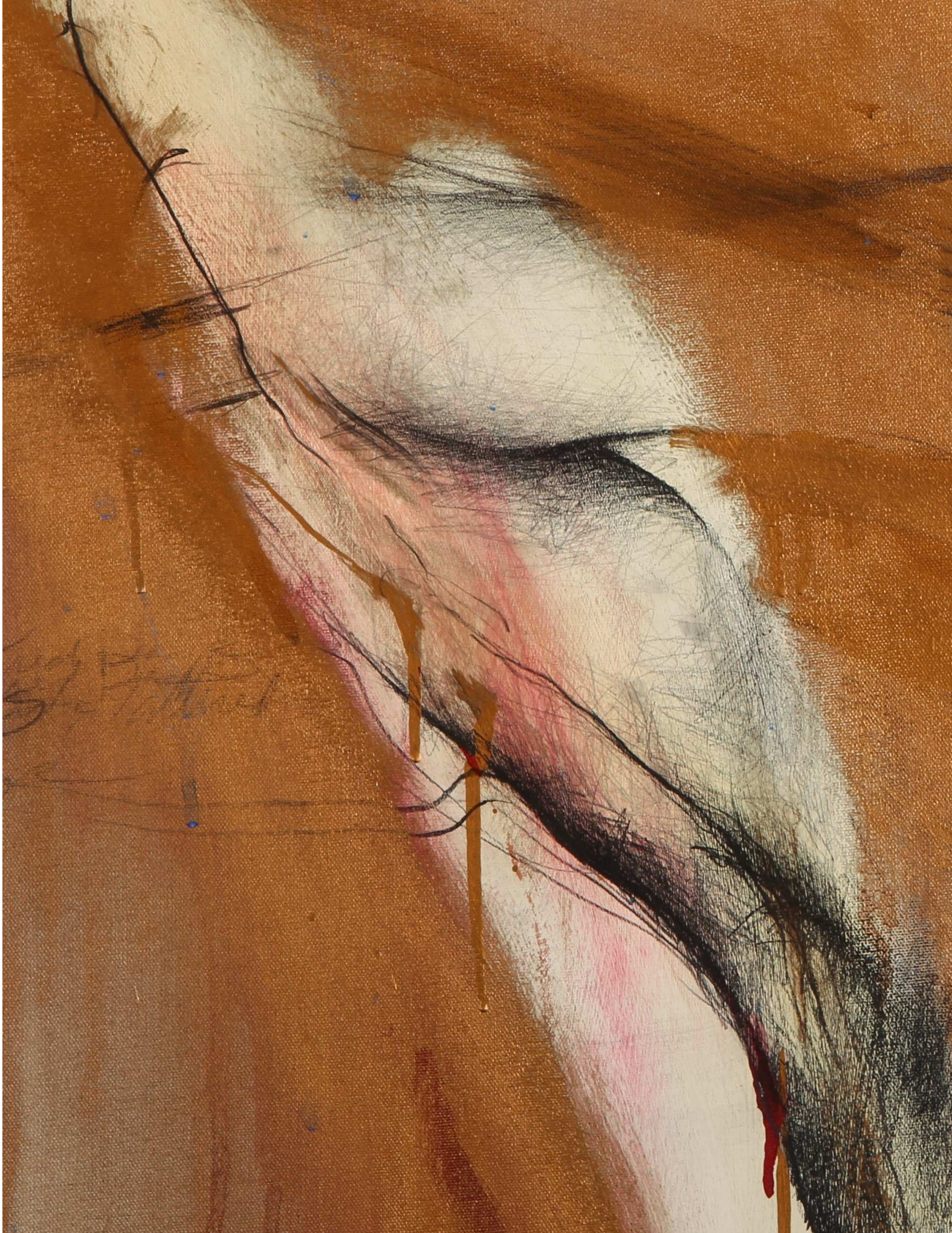
### Toys Of Tortured Days / Deliverance (panel 18, right)

Eyes that peer out and upward in witness to all that has happened are set in a daze of distance. The 'boy-to-man, in satisfied terms with his own contrition, prepares humbly to seek the end of the wayward and weary journey as he will put his toys aside to find its new entree. His hand retrieves the spear-of-the-arts as if possessing the hammer of Thor. The suicide of the "Final Altar" becomes grounds for a sacrifice he will not endorse. Machete fingers rake through his hair as he clears his face of the mane. With a lack of obstruction he will behold a new reverence.

Bearing witness he revels in the delivery with his own acute presence. Are these 'chimes and bells of freedom' that we hear... No! Where we come from these celebrations are cited as 'thunders of freedom calling'. The song is now sung, the hymn has garnished the soul, with fortitude and ingrained inseparable bond he will proceed. The infection is over. No further vaccination need be had. The graduation ceremony is now ended. The future begins... today!

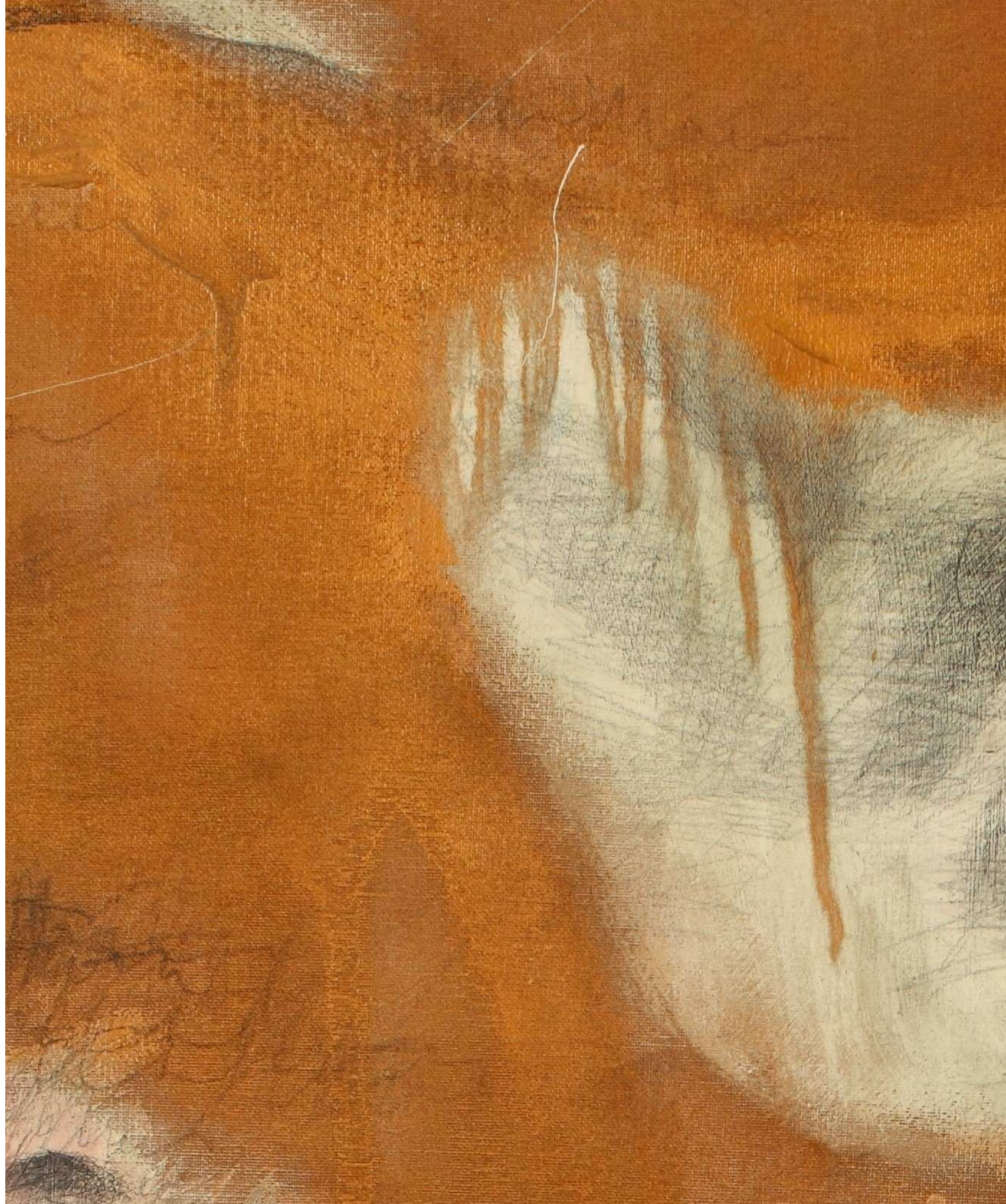




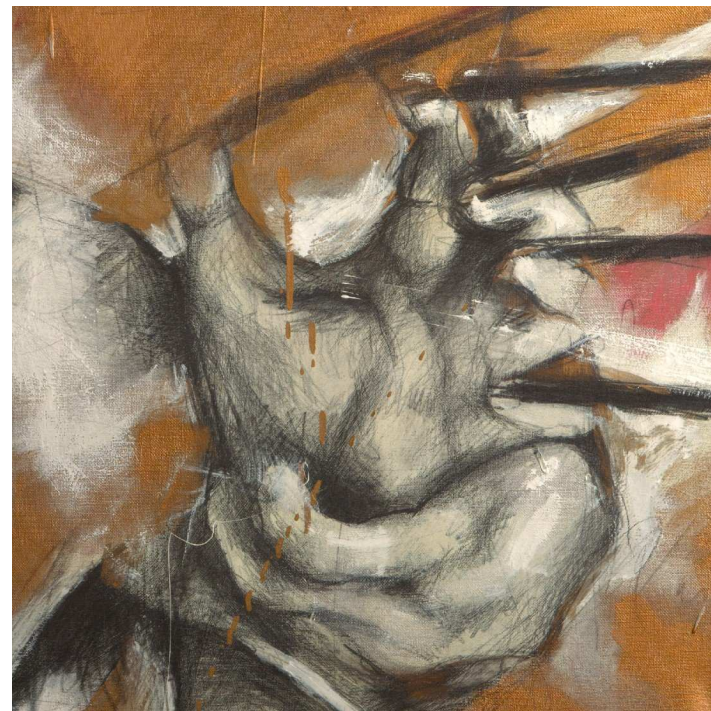
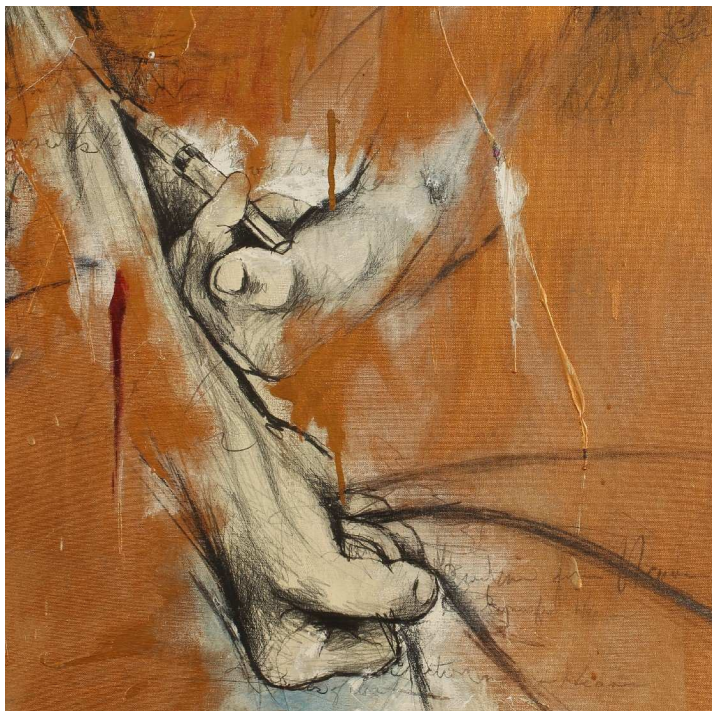
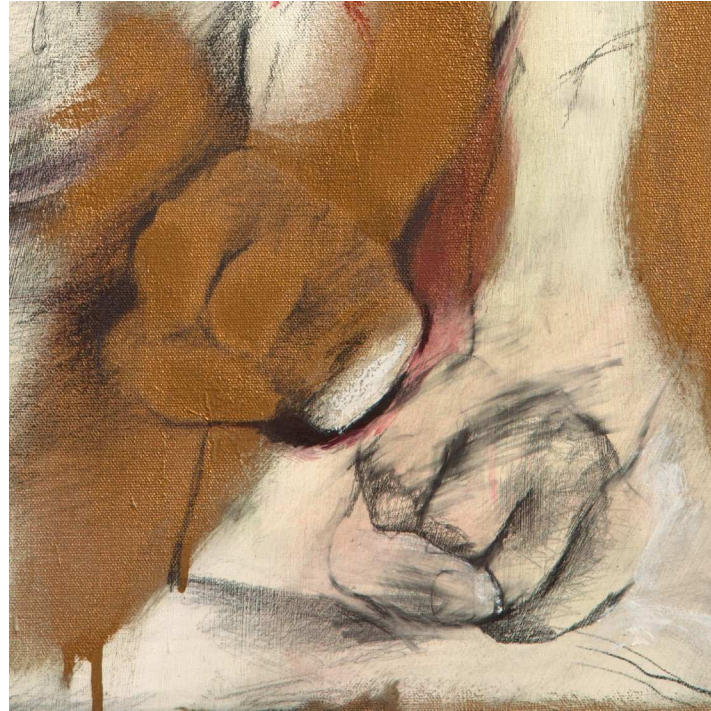
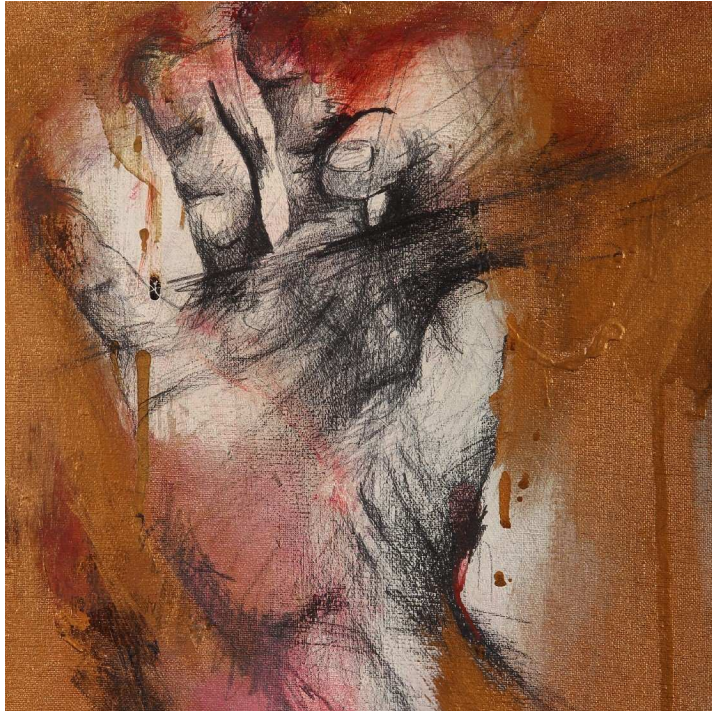


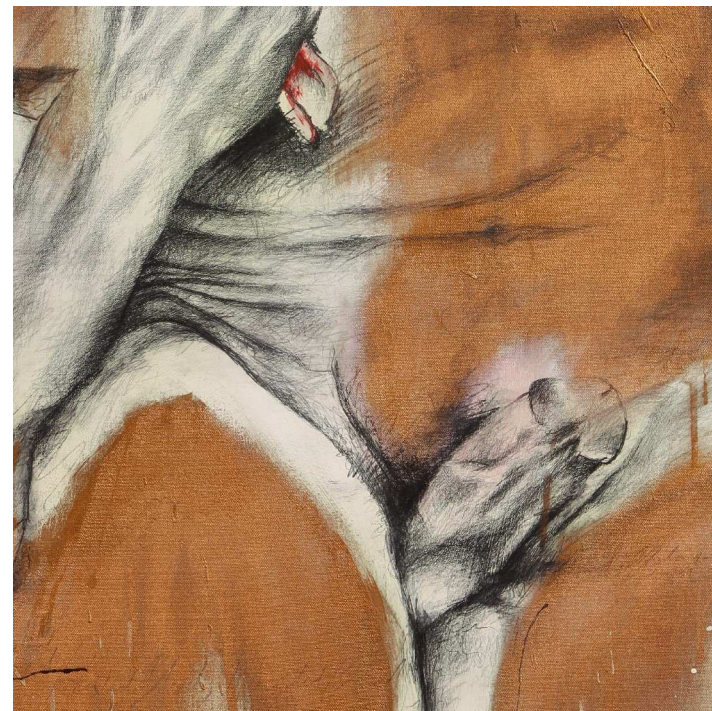
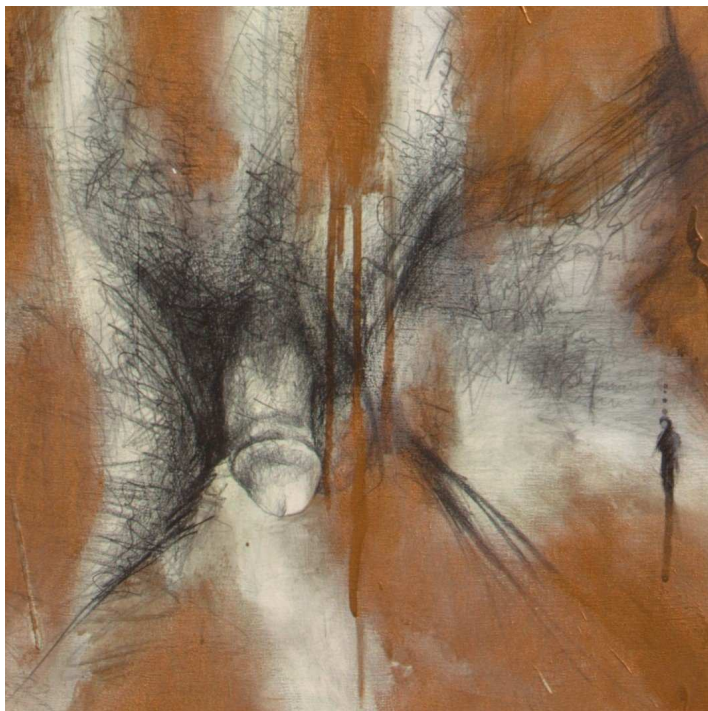
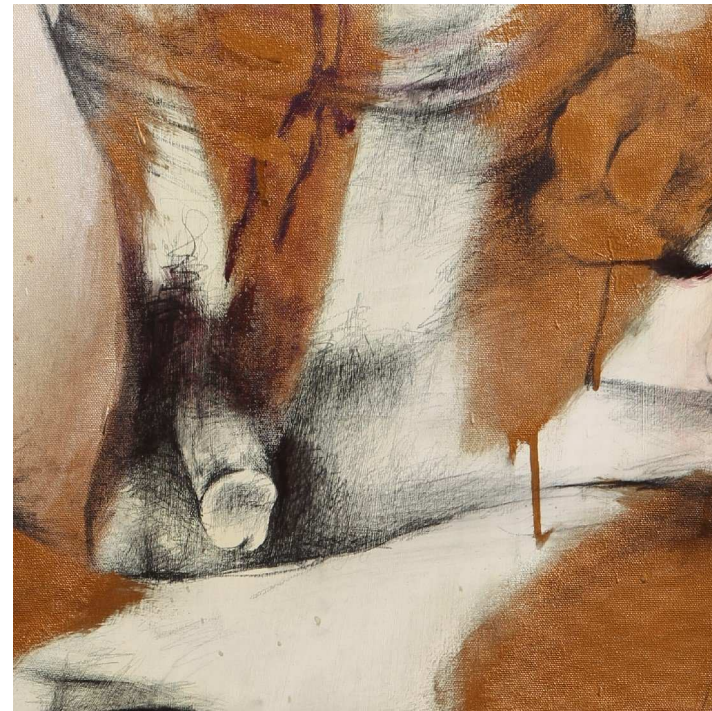
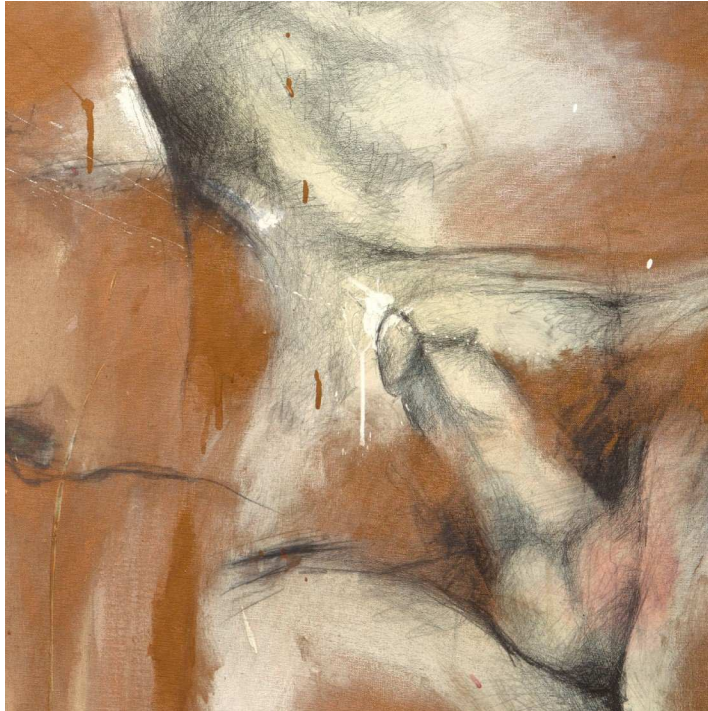














7/9  
Pounding Heart  
Stays of Tortured Days  
Pounding Heart













*the last thought I had is that there is a light,  
a golden light.*

*the first thought I had was that I never had  
the last thought...*