An abstract painting with swirling, organic forms in shades of brown, blue, and red. The brushstrokes are visible and expressive, creating a sense of movement and texture. The colors are layered and blended, giving the impression of woven or flowing fabric.

# NAKED AND EXPOSED \* FIGURATIVE ART

GOLDEN LOOMS VOL. V – THE BEGINNINGS

FLIRTING WITH THE FIGURE & EROTICA

THE NUDE \* WOVEN FLESH & FORM \* ART FOR PRIVATE COLLECTORS & PATRONS

THE DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS OF A.C. TUCKRUSKYE



# NAKED AND EXPOSED \* FIGURATIVE ART

GOLDEN LOOMS VOL. 5 - THE BEGINNINGS  
FLIRTING WITH THE FIGURE & EROTICA

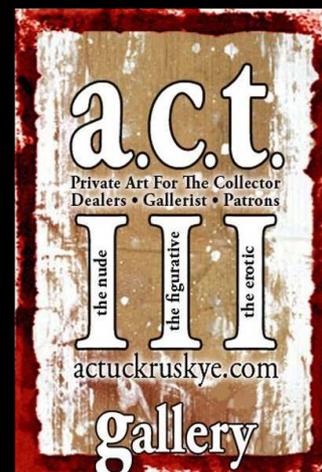
Drawings And Paintings Of The Nude

Looms of Gold Leaf - Calligraphic w/Stream of Conscience Messages - Cave Dwellings Frescoes - Larger than Life Works  
Graphite Pencil, pastel, gouache, painted gesso, mixed media, collage

The Works Of Art Of  
a.c.t. uckruskye (act III)

act3artworks@gmail.com c: 516-698-2253 p: 516-593-4040 f: 516-593-4044 actuckruskye.com actnudeart.com  
presented by al tucker on behalf of a.c.t. III gallery - act3artworks.com

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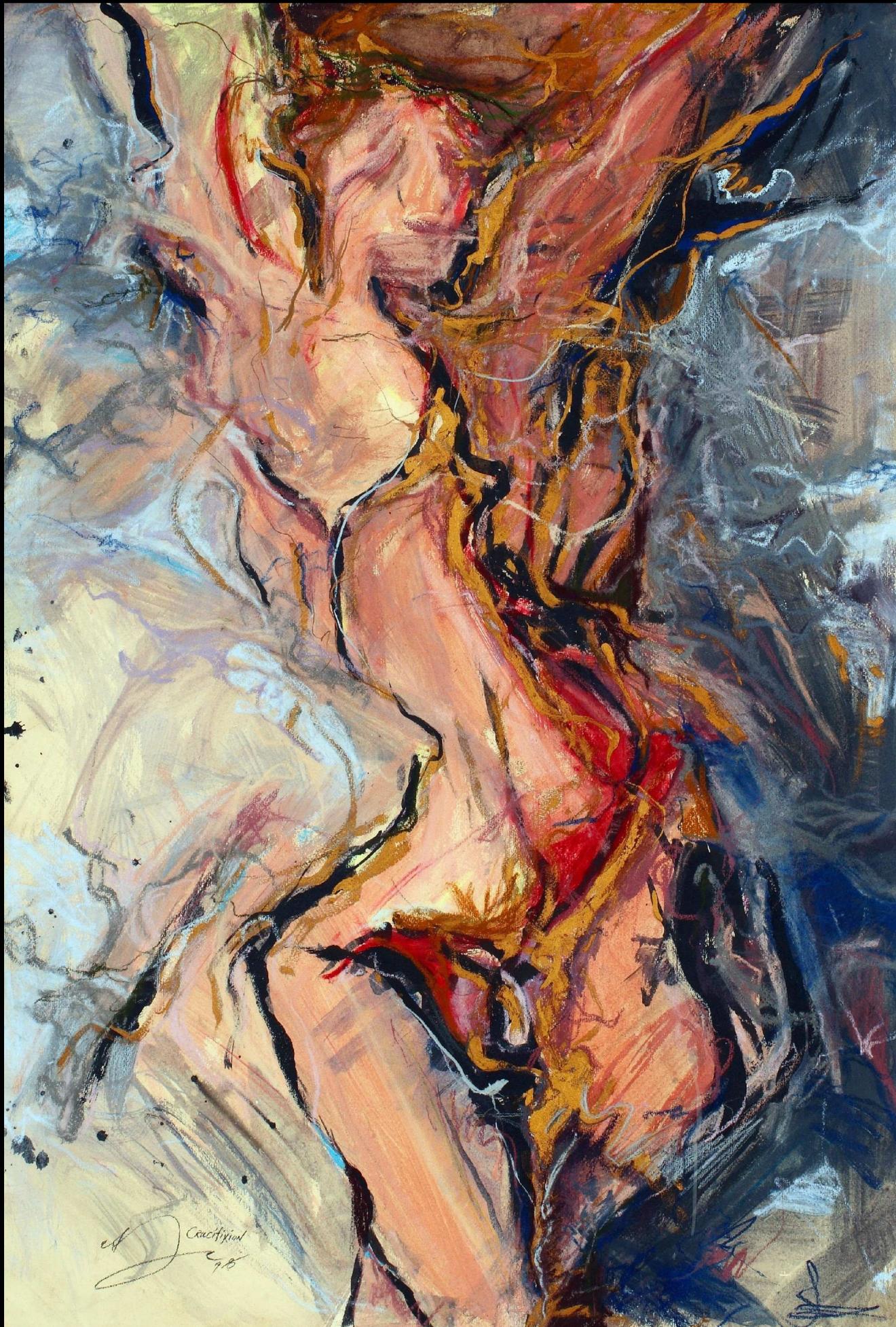
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Crucifixion 39 x 28 (mixed media, ink, gold leaf paint)

The essence of the figure is accentuated by the plutonious eruption. Being inside and outside simultaneously as retention is countered by extensions of roaring lineage against torn streams of color. Excitable and disheveled execution is the matrix for this figure that had no "life study" as its origin.

The tangent here was to tear form out of form and give aberrance to a crucifixion that is pledging to discover abstraction out of academia. This is an encounter of distraught life drawing in a painted tumult portrait.



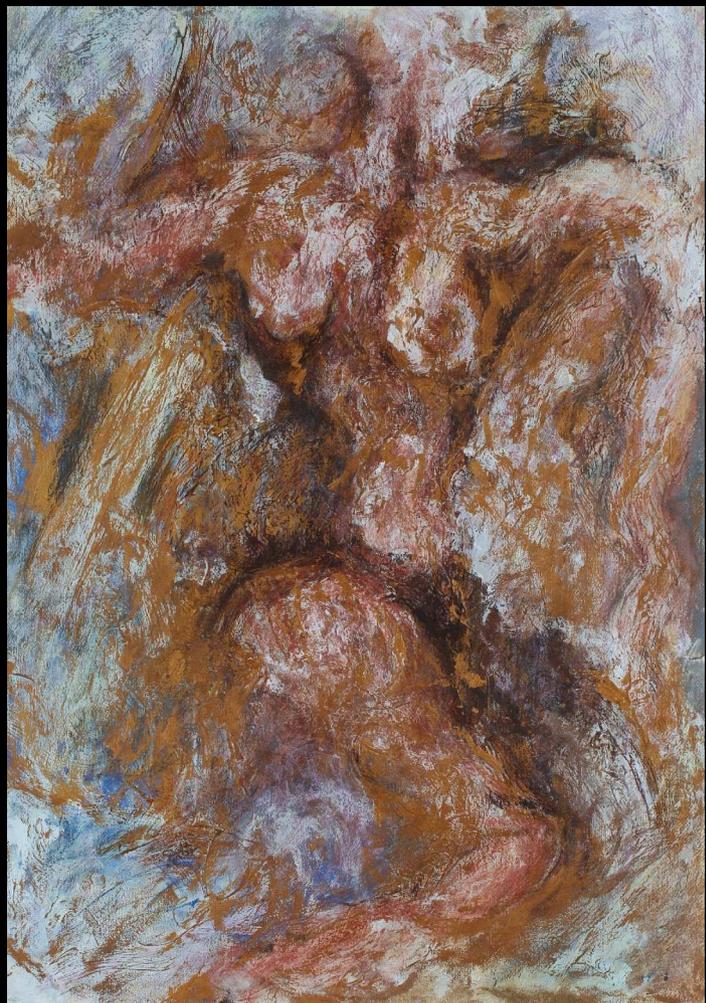
Strawberry Blond With One Nipple & Red Toenails  
Wants A Kiss 35 x 23  
top left (charcoal, pencil, pastel & gold leaf paint, gesso)

Perhaps sensually erotic, perhaps not, maybe just playing-footsie. Flowing contour line ordains the female form. The linear quality is intentionally bold and domineering thus challenging the authority of the robust gold field onto which it is stationed. The playfully treated hair takes command as it surrenders to the nipple and the red toenails. The warm tones of flesh begin to expel tender rendering that soon gives way to a 'tear and scratch' treatment, thus the rendering has a conflicting attitude. The final execution remains satisfying and unsettling both... the lips suggest a kiss as a 'fuck you' finale.



The Square Root Of Man 30 x 22  
top right (gouache, gold leaf paint)

In a torrent of gold leaf paint the passion of an indulgent male nude explodes with energy during an act of self love with both hands busy... one groping at his shaft and the other exploring the boiler room.

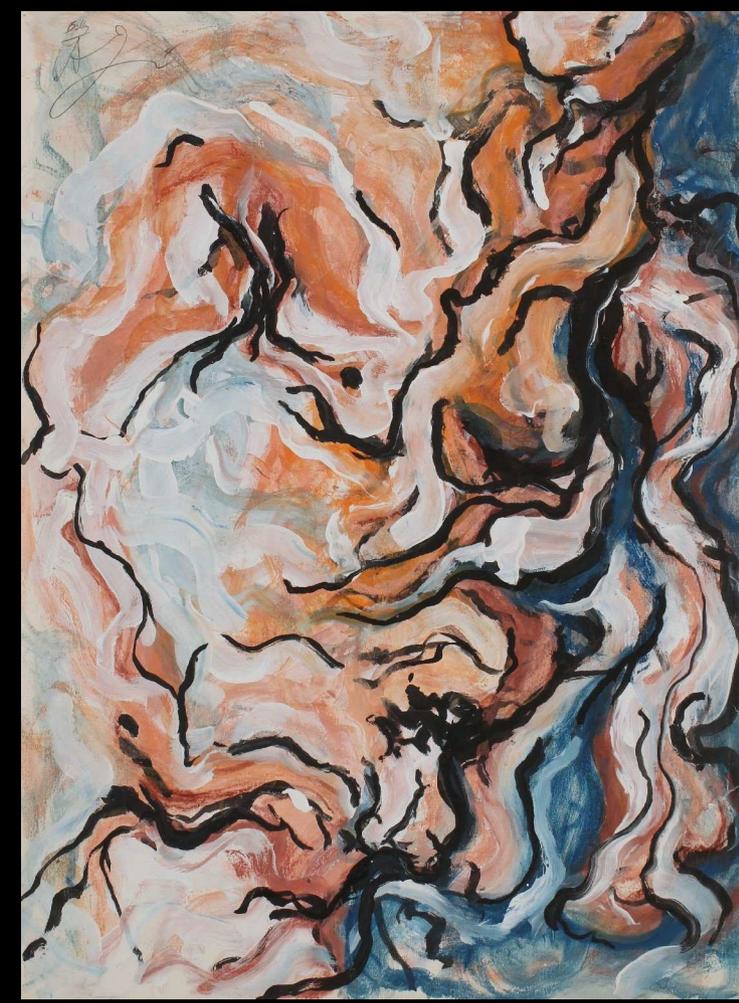


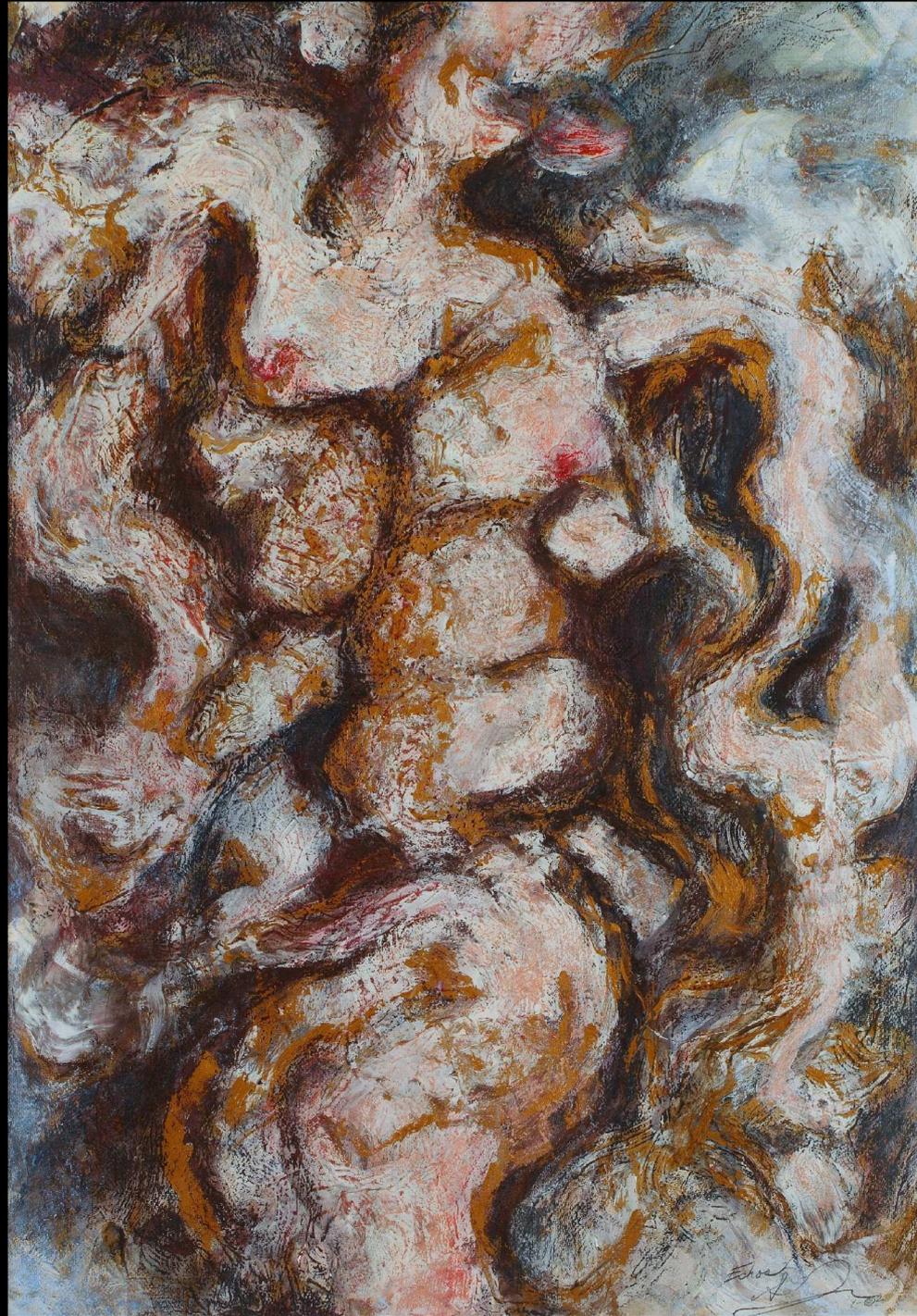
Female Fossil (Discovery Within The Cave) 39 x 27  
bottom left (gold leaf paint over gesso and pastel)

A looming form is carved out of an extremely textured façade. She is the matrix of an unsettled pose as it turns towards us and away from us at the same time trying to find its essence. Encased in the execution of the gesso impaled surface is the fossil remedied with pastel color and entombed in a gold leaf Tutankhamen chamber.

Pounds And Pounds Of Sand 30 x 27  
bottom right (mixed media, gesso, ink)

A lopsided gesture is formulated with bold black lineage heading the task of defining the figure. A pose vacant of contour with interior hints of definition of the form through the sporadic delivery.





Echoes 39 x 27 (gesso, pastel and gold leaf paint)

The female nude is depicted as a voluptuous embodiment with the suffocation of a massive flesh form. A neurotic performance of spatial flesh gives way to a feminine erotica that hides in its ambiguity as it smothers the viewer in its own contentment. She is, she was, she will be... in the echoes of lust.



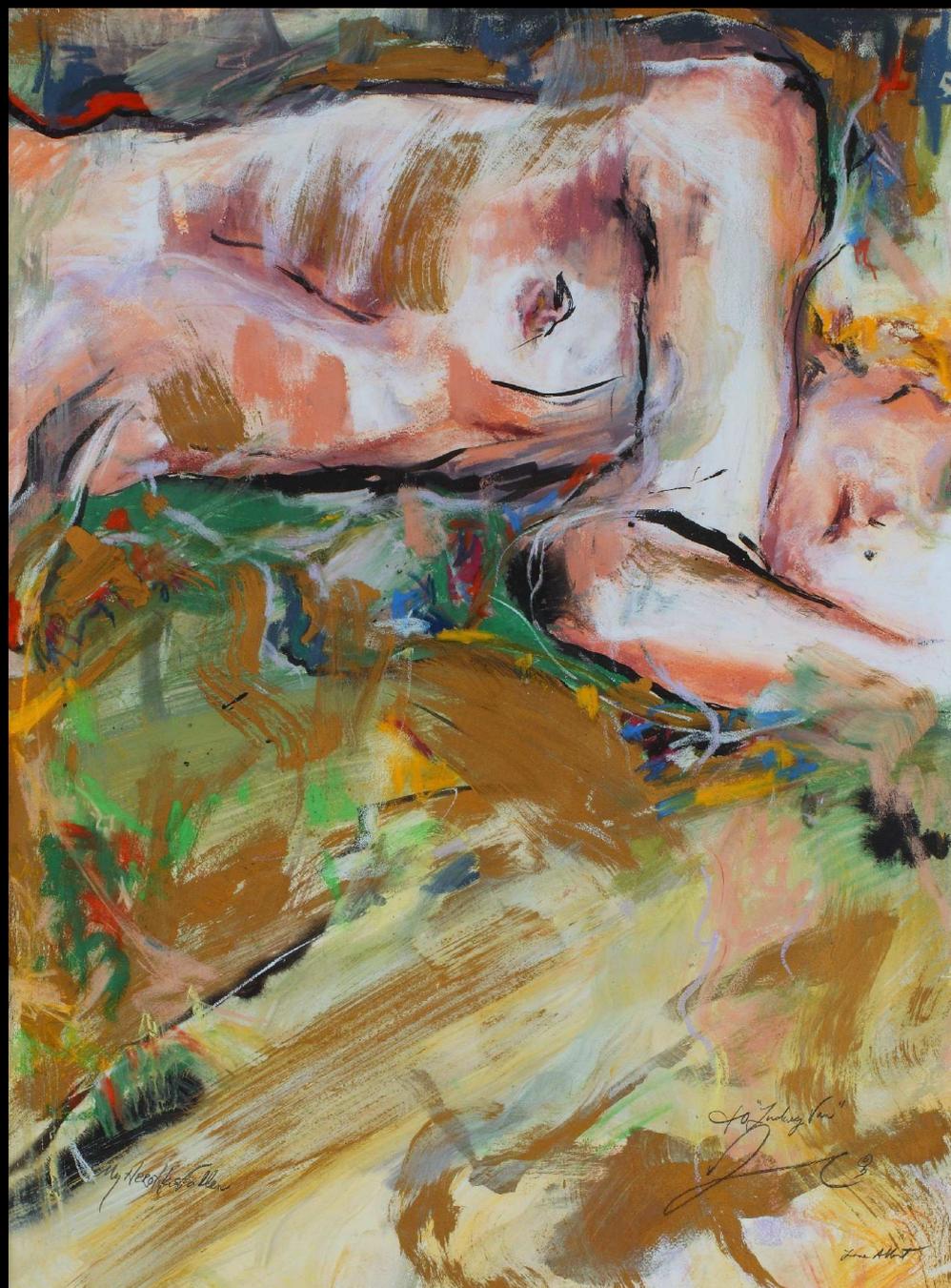
Youth (Study Of Billy Cloud) 30 x 22 (pastel and gold leaf paint)

The golden fleece is in demonstration as a youthful boy. The warmth and glowing pallet of singing rays of golden sunshine bounce in playful harmony through his form and with conscious diligence it encapsulates the surrounding aura. A work of serenity and placid fusion. He will be a cloud, change to a boy, then become a golden fleece again... tucking his wings safely under his armpits in confident reconciliation for himself in this age of fiberglass.



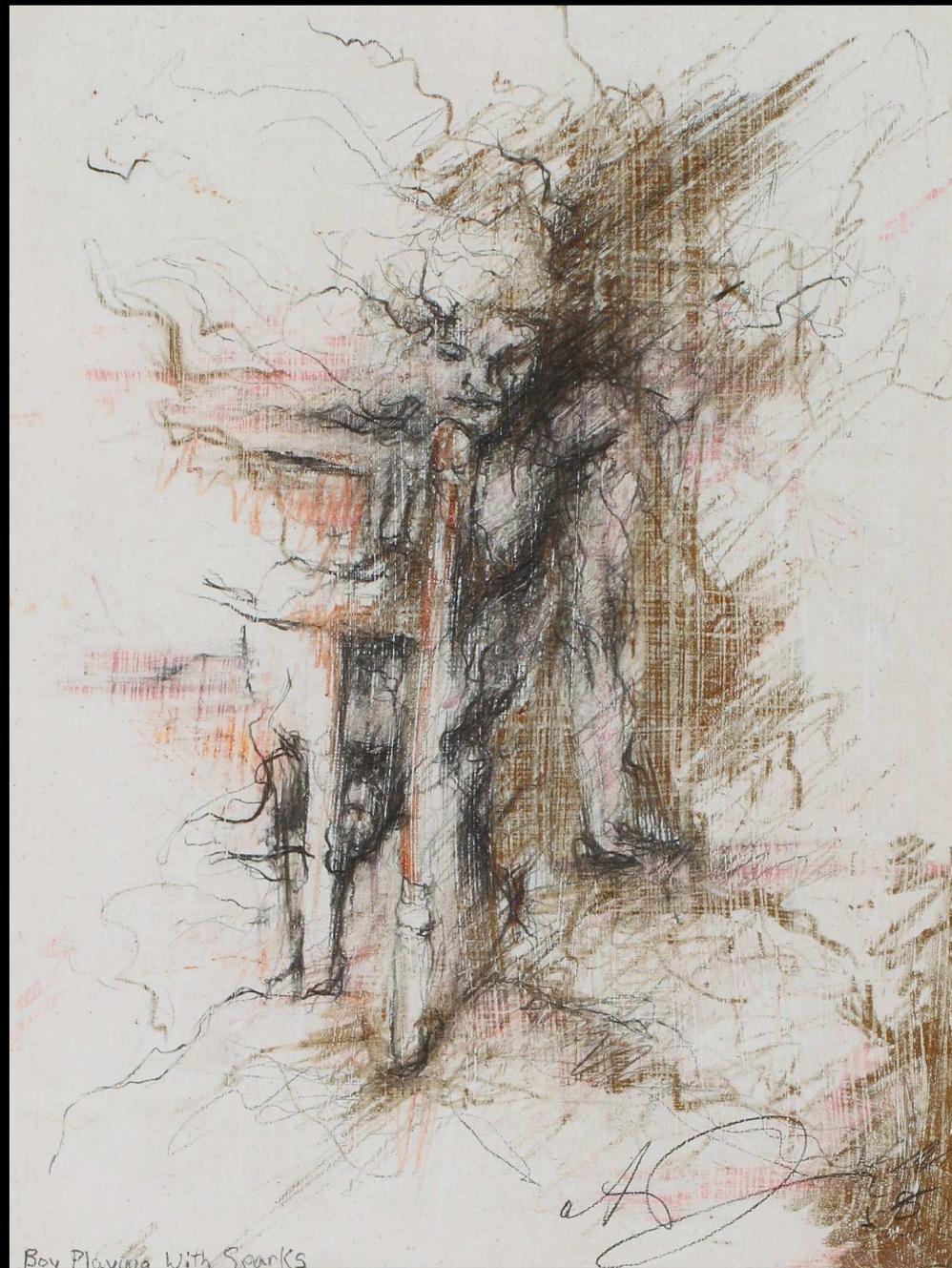
The Aboven Bower 30 x 22 ( gesso, pastel and gold leaf paint)

There is much movement in this figure as it regurgitates back into its own ball of sap and energy. It reaches to clutch its homoerotic self in an attempt at distribution of form. Head bowed, arms outstretched and legs spread to open the very entertainment of puberty.



My Hero Has Fallen 32 x 24 (pastel, ink and gold leaf paint)

A horizontal pose that takes on a vertical posture, comfortable flesh in a pond of color is defined in a box-like package. Strong willful black ink contour in sporadic outlines, taking harmony with the patchy flesh treatment, spells out the restful form.

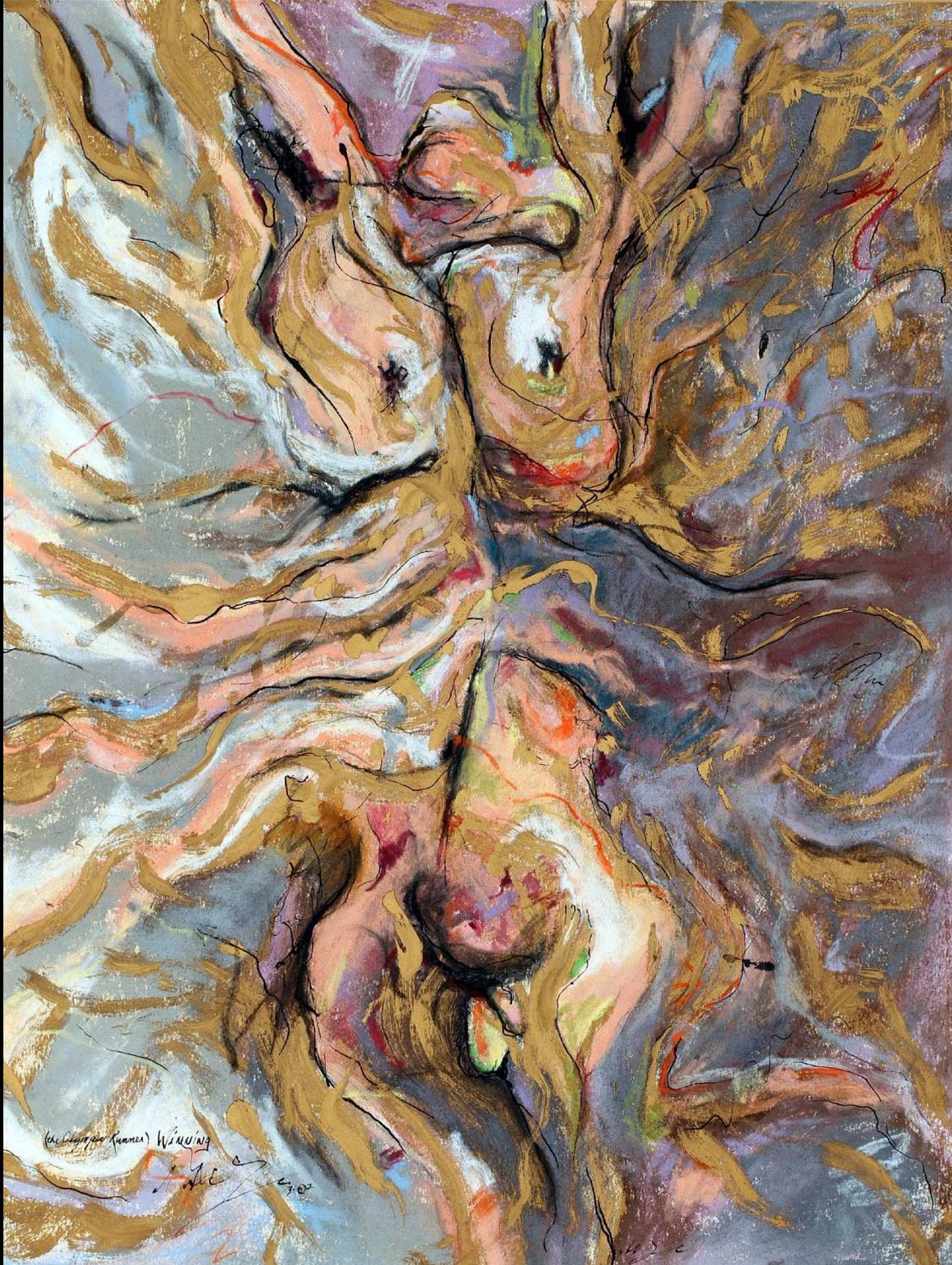


Boy Playing With Sparks 8" x 6" (gesso, pencil, gold leaf paint)

A naked boy scratched in cinders of line  
Sits in his own daring revelations  
He can't find his purpose or his design  
He'll flounder & concede to peaceful congregations

No longer an 'ism' to the art world  
He'll play with rubble and assemblies of glass  
His stuffed toys & private sparks will be hurled  
Into a dungeon where he is fearless to trespass





Olympic Runner) Winning 24 x 17  
(pastel, ink and gold leaf paint)

The arms and chest brag with no surprise as they burst through the ribbons of the finish line. The upper torso and lower trunk are severed by the auspicious guidance of the brushwork and color technique that dominates to deliver heroic celebration as the accomplishment of deeds and honor are forecasted by a spirit and the beauty of the design.



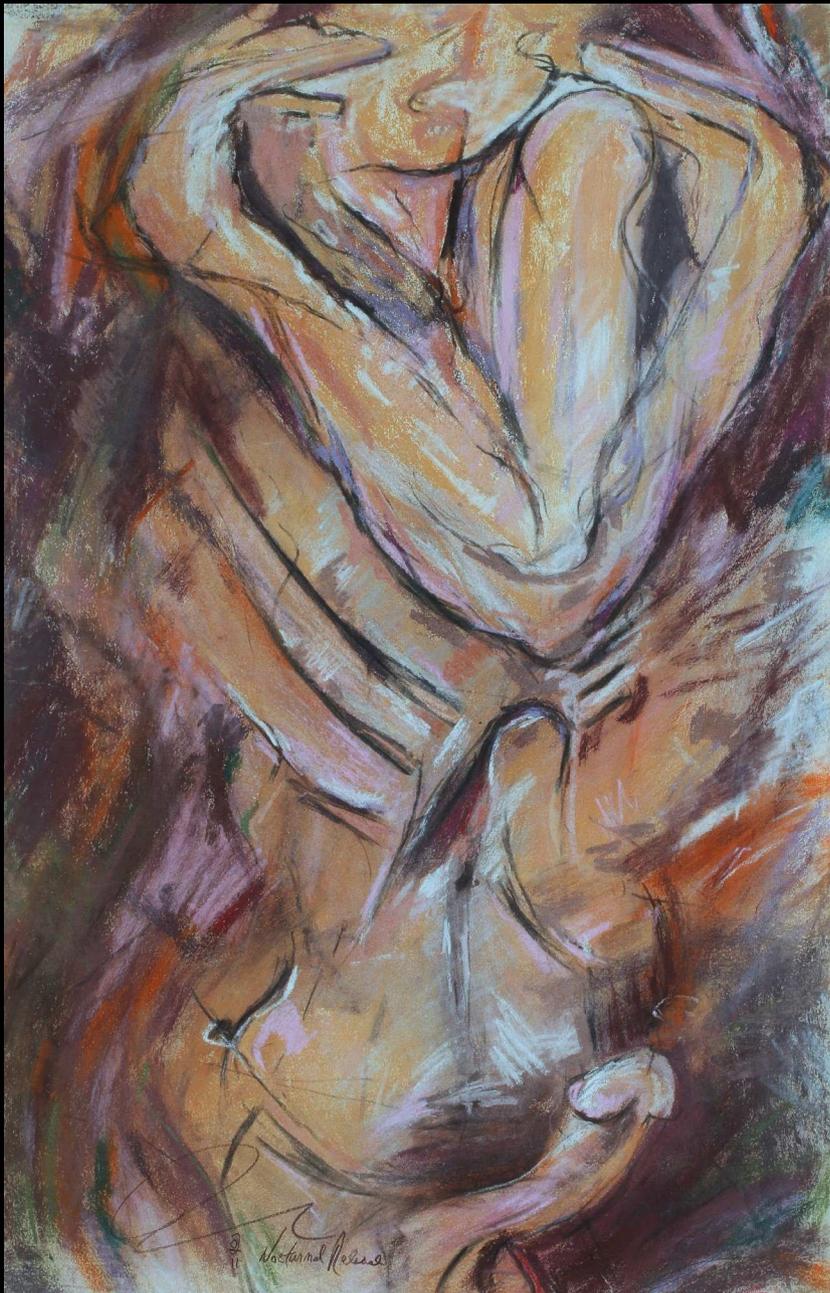


A Little Squirt Of Love 42 x 30  
(pastel, ink and gold leaf paint)

A muscular energy pervades... the density of a massive figure is the first impression but soon gives way to its molecular demise as it forms itself and then un-forms itself to suggest an altered state. Explosive in every element of execution the sanctum of lust is found in the exploited act of masturbation. The face and shoulders become unraveled and the strong decisive muscular thighs make a sturdy commitment to support the erection and make it the erotic focal point ... calling it the gateway to male satisfaction.

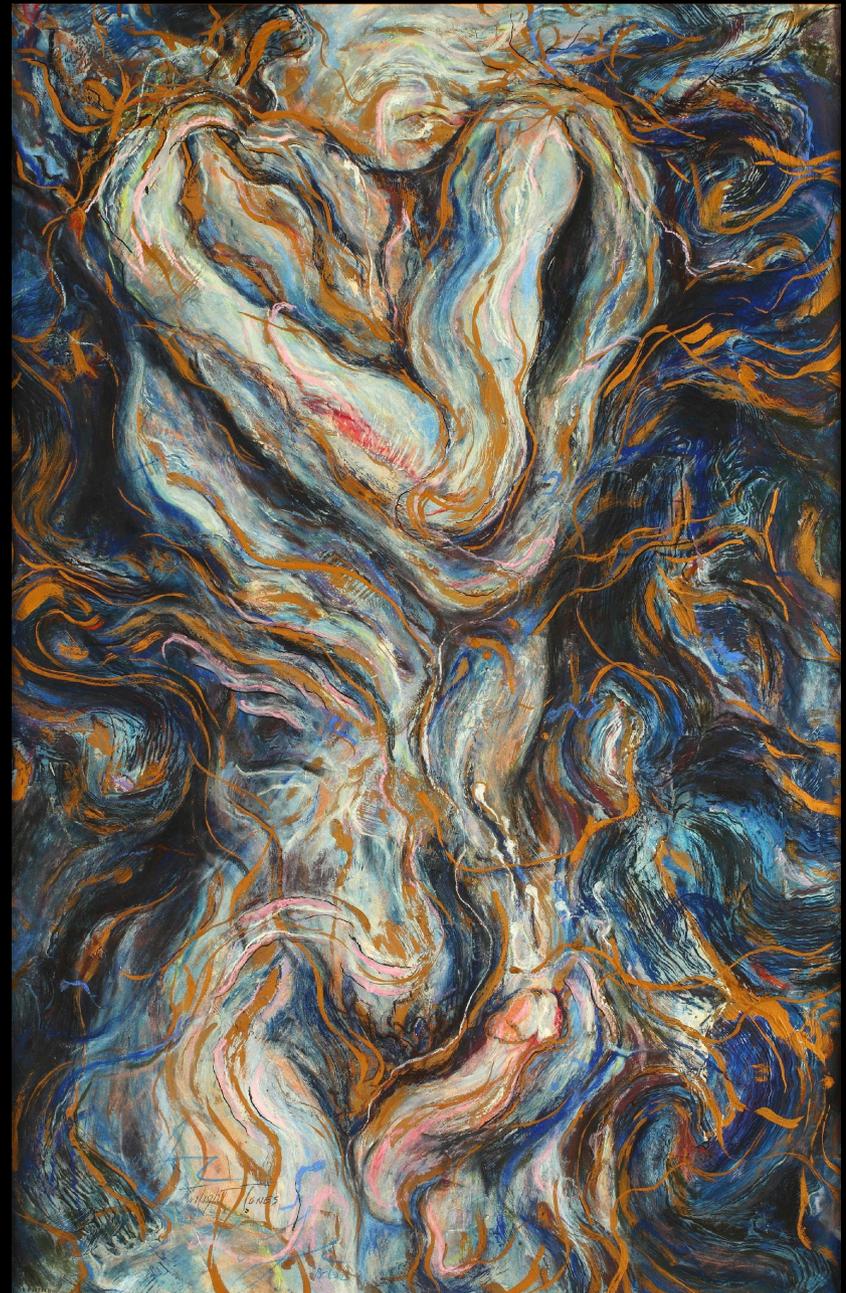
Genitals clutched by a paw, not a hand, escape to claim its rising kingdom in preparation for pleasure.





Nocturnal Release (Pastel Study) 36 x 24 (pastel on paper)

A visual free-for-all of angle and form. There is a sexual aggression that conjures up the figure and encases it with muscular form tooled by color and harsh angular interlocking segments that envelop themselves. An introverted pose, exploding within itself, forcefully containing itself... yet the strong forceful emancipated thrust of the erection escapes the very implosion of the pastel-du-jour. Crab-like arms clutch the body to hold the passion back but, ah yes... the sexual desire to use the phallic tool prevails... to fuck or not to fuck... that is the question.



Twilight Tones 40 x 26 (mixed media, pastel and gold leaf paint)

A midnight shivering embrace of oneself is the naked theme as a stark blue pallet takes over amid the twisting and winding gold leaf painted infusions. The figure's flesh is in ice cold contradiction to the strong warm erection it is supporting.

Erotica employing a great sensitivity that flows through the figure by way of the carefree bustle of wavering twisted brushwork concedes to a proper balance that is found between the upper body and its genitals. Guess he's bringing home the bacon.



The Poet 40 x 26 (pastel, ink and gold leaf paint)

A facial expression that is somewhat forlorn is projected amidst sparks that fly off the figurative form only to congregate into the total atmosphere that feeds back to the pose and into the flesh from whence it was conceived. Decisive and deliberate mass presents a wealth of color amongst reinforced defining black lines. The pose is academic as it is seated with legs open but not spread thus the exposure to the casual cock becomes an element that fulfills the classic form that is not necessarily intended to be erotic but instead, perhaps, poetic puberty.



In Our Altered State 40 x 26 (pastel, ink and gold leaf paint)

Authoritative black strokes secure its plasticity & firmness as the elemental structure that is formulated in this gesture transcends from draftsmanship successfully crossing the bounds into the metaphysical presentation of a painted portrait. With a face clearly pensive the weight of one arm holds the gesture firm in an erectile like erotic pretense. The mystery of erotica, is not the genital area but rather, is accentuated by the hand that is supported and floating above his cock suspended by a vacant crutch.

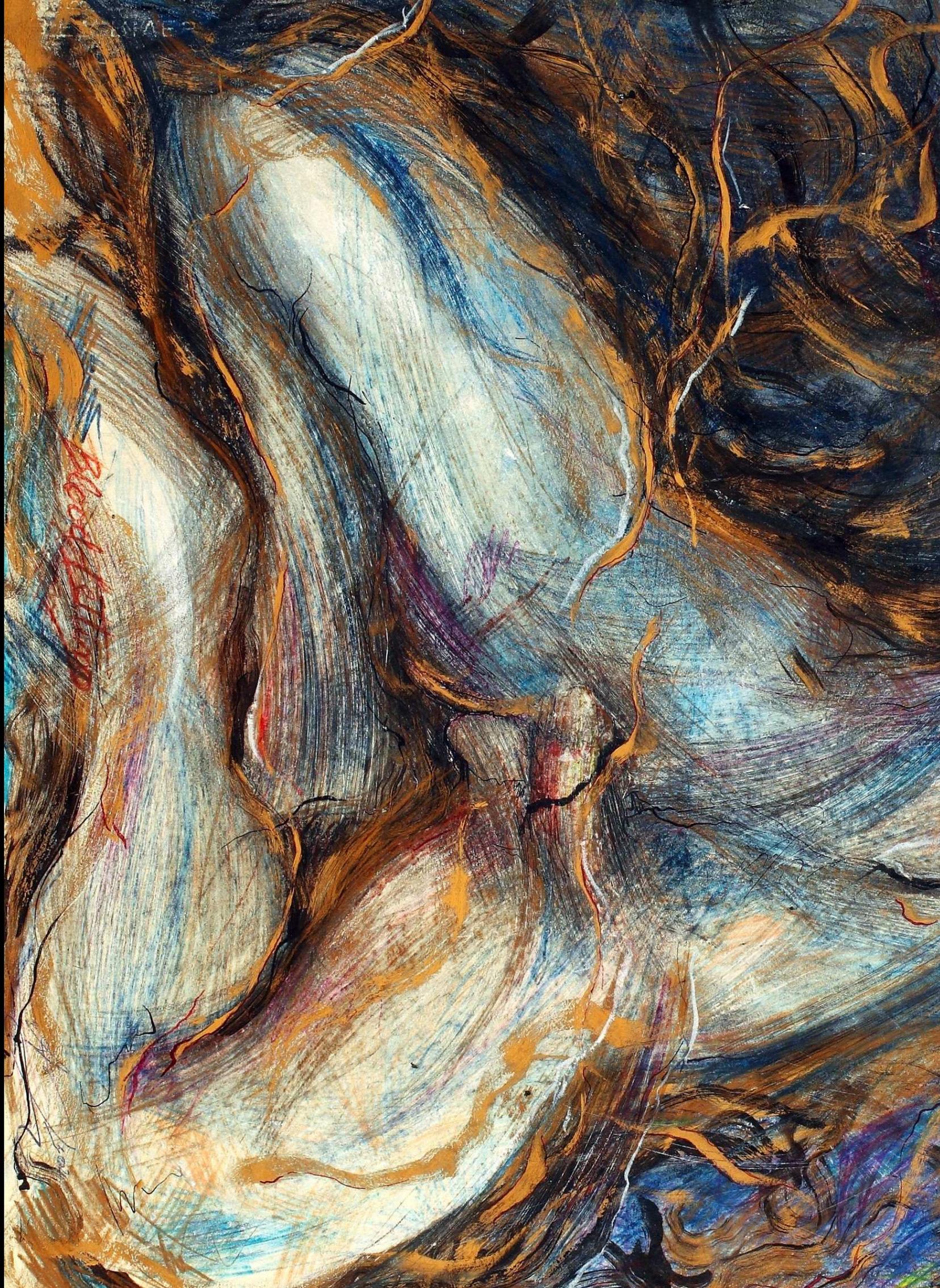


(Overleaf) Bloodletting 30 x 41 (pencil painting and gold leaf paint)

The male model in many events, with a healthy lack of inhibition, is the finished piece (the work of art being, himself) . This is true when the nakedness found in the pose will depart from the norm to the unexpected & the unique. The depiction, if it can be spared from the feverant desire to bring it to total abstraction, makes the model, not the work of art, the finished product. The postulation presented here pays homage to that theory, thanks (JAS).

The two small studies below were a delicate roadmap to preserve the preliminary drawings remarkable contour in uninhibited exposure that the secure shameless model propagates. The over-the-top pose becomes the igniting factor to the explosive apocalyptic movement of the final piece, "Bloodletting", that swims & swells in its own sexual pleasure.











Blisters Of The Sun 42 x 30  
(mixed media, gold leaf paint, gesso, painted pastels)

The golden looms stylization of painting adds to the intrigue of this homoerotic gold leaf painting; search for the embrace, search for the encounter, search for the tender, behold a touching engagement of sexuality within the grasp of understanding the locked lips and torrid flesh... two forms with male to male preference in an act of fidelity providing challenging, yet acceptable, erotic art.



He Is A Lonely Cover 22 x 30 (gesso, painted pastel, gold leaf paint)

The swaying of the form is molded out in wave like sweeps as the brushwork swells within and without the reclining figure. Despite the turbulence there is an overall peaceful repose. A gaiety quilt of pastel color acts as an anchor to the fortuitous gold leaf brushwork.



Softcore I 22 x 30 (Pastel, gouache and gold leaf paint)

Tightly woven squiggles and squalors of line interweave themselves to present soft, not fully realized, figures in a sexual encounter. A spatial ambiguity surrounds the work where erotica is delivered in segmented portions to complete the anthropomorphic image.



Softcore II 30 x 22  
(pastel, gouache and gold leaf paint)

Passionate twists & winding brushwork pave an abstract path to define an erotic rendezvous. The reclining woman arouses herself. Her counterpart enjoys the act of fellatio as he delicately fondles her nipple. Sexual ethics & morals are not in conflict with this erotic art since there are no romantic apologies in this purely physical celebration of lovemaking.



Red Hot Sucker 40 x 26  
(mixed media, pastel and gold leaf paint)

An overall burning sensation of genitalia dominates the pose of two engaged figures exposing their sexual activity... erotica in its most explicit state. The profound coloring dominates the engagement such that the totality of the figures become one form that is an exhibit of phallic and vulva consolidation. The works entire pose transforms into one display of genital coloring as it would be at the height of sexual arousal.

Two figures in the raw element of overall burning desire.

There is

A broken wing for every angel

A shattered glass in every bar

There is

A missing piece to every puzzle

A locked door in every heart

There is

A dying fish in every ocean

A stillness to every storm

There is

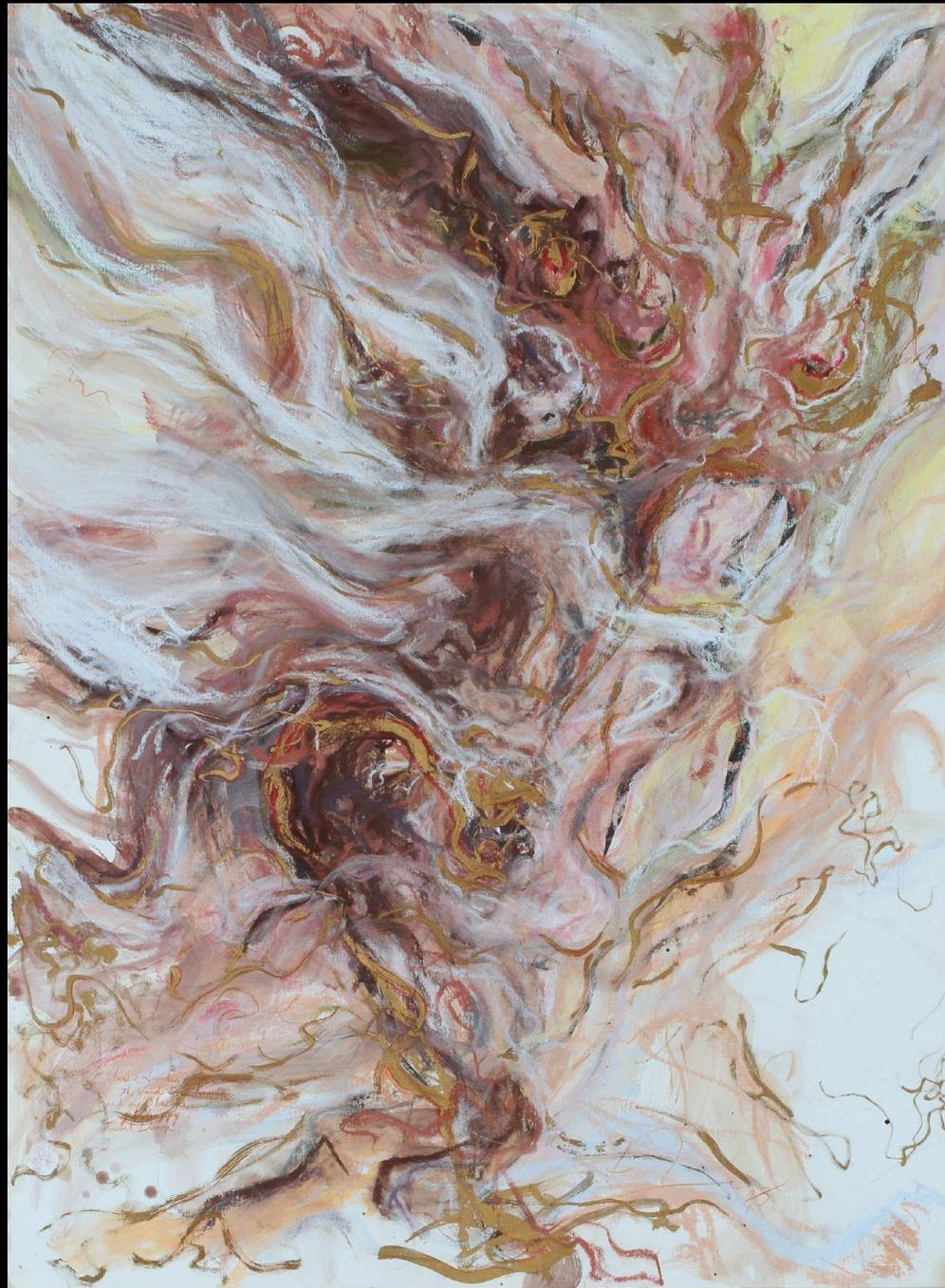
A sunrise to every darkness

A lost moment in every soul

There is

Two sides to every shadow

And a nowhere for every thing...



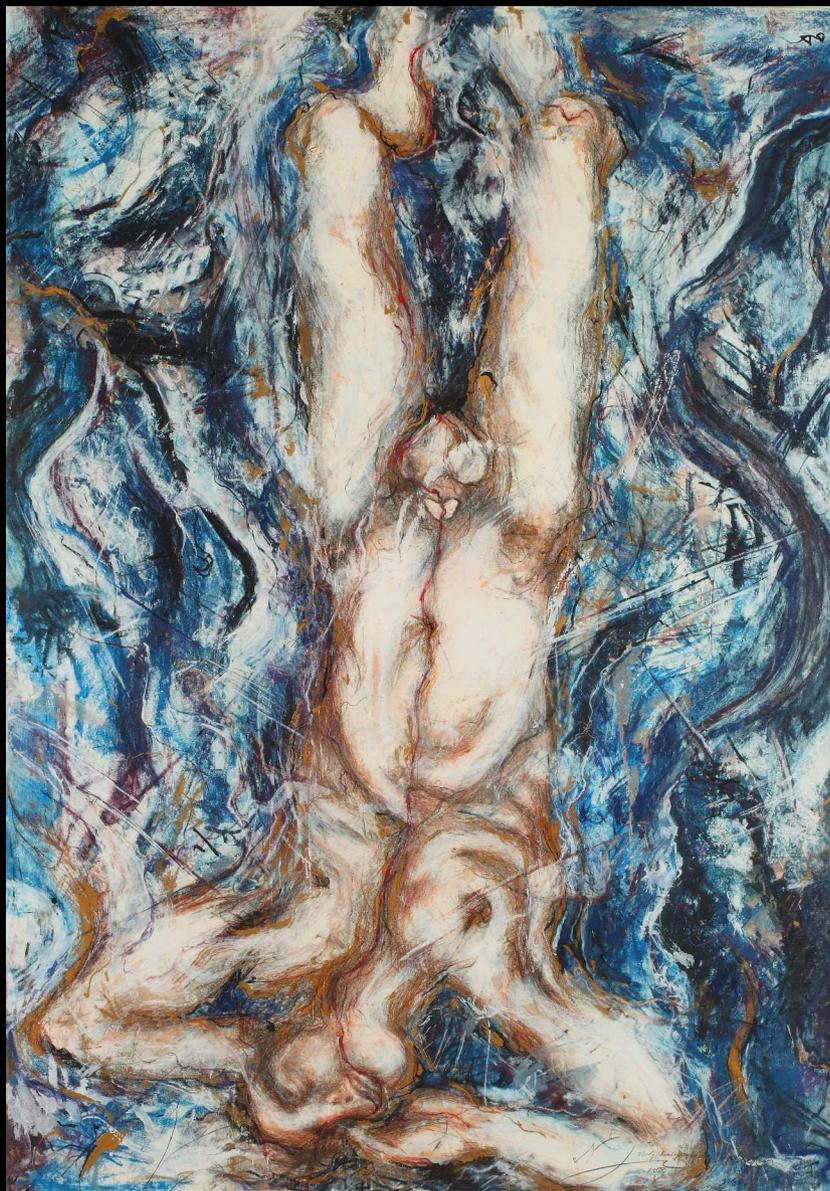
The Tribal Dance 24 x 16 (pastel and gold leaf paint)

The delivery of an explosive and elusive form blown throughout the chimes of evolution. Once you've capture the essence you have then taken control. Herein is the exuberant presentation of spirit and freedom. The knurled treatment of the figure finds release in the exasperated painted form... listening to the work is more rewarding than viewing it as it dances to the sounds of tribal drums.



Skinned And Sliced (Preliminary Study) 50 x 36 (graphite pencil)

The eyes hold a realization void of agony but aware of destiny. The natural and academic pose is abandon. The human pose taken here is a platform for the artist to discover a path of erotica as a physical 'bravura' stopping with a rendered draftsmanship before bringing the models pose to the brink of its intention: lurid act, ravaged by twisted brushwork and left raw to satisfy our morbid curiosity as to why he was hung upside down and to what degree will his flesh become devastated and reek havoc at the hands of abstract discovery.



Slowly Sliced Open By One Single Edge Razor 50 x 36  
(mixed media, pastel, and gold leaf paint)

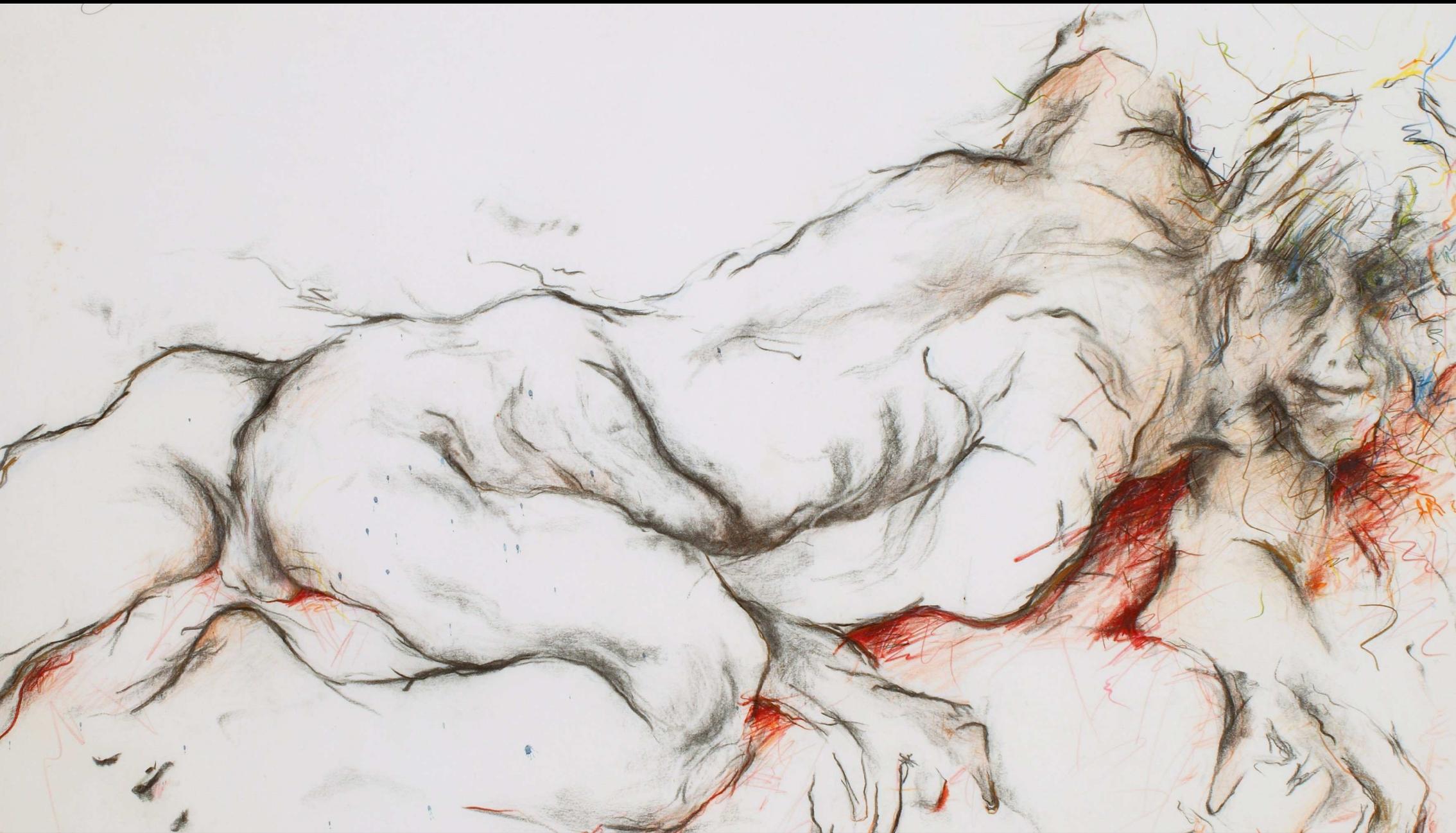
In an upside down acrobatic position we begin the discovery of the tortured male pose. Let the path of the incision speak for itself. There are four points of disclosure acting as the beacon of delivery. Thus in a vertical world of execution we indulge; we are lead from the knees (nailed and crucified to a timber unseen), to the testicles and penis rendered with meticulous care, where the ribcage and nipples contain the wholeness of the flesh as it leads us to the hand holding the twisted head, with eyes open... or eyes wide shut.



Sliced And Skinned 50 x 36  
(mixed media, pastel and gold leaf paint)

The congregation of spatial reality pays homage to the model as he and his masterization of his pose becomes the final 'alter'. The finished product will immortally belong to him alone... we are left with the energy of the moment and the shadow of our expected interpretation. We will not counter this by dissecting the already obvious dissection... not counter this by calling out the gutted starvation ribcage... not counter this by performing castration to the hanging testicles and the placid penis. Velocity and unconventional neurotic twisting, et al.





On The Red Rag 30 x 48 (charcoal and prisma pencil)

Emotional stress with no stillness... just raw energy running rampant in a most simplistic execution of this contour drawing. This rendered study cries, find me... howls, find me... invites, find me... my form is but vacant to the existence of the turbulent energy that remains. Here and now... find me and, whatever you do, don't dare to leash me... you'll be devoured.

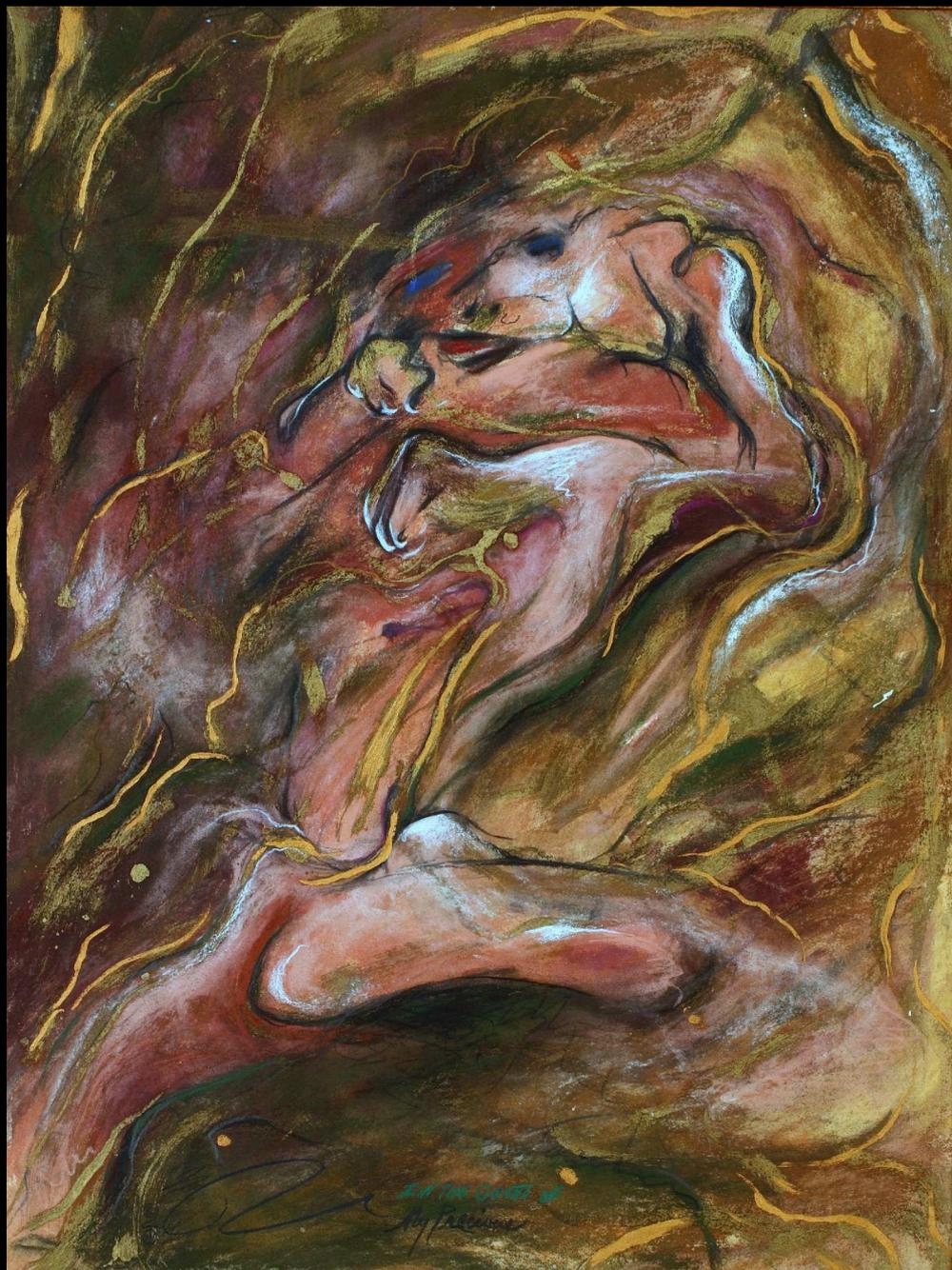
(Overleaf) Dogdamn 30 x 50 (gold leaf and painted pastel)

Knurled flesh with twisted exaggerated exposure from the buttocks to the shoulders are complimented by the grasping hands that, in a claw-like manner, hold fortress to the kaleidoscope of color and golden sparks that fumigate all of which find final judgment in the warrior facial expression that suggests this pose and its time line belongs to that of ancient Greek mythology.

The strong suggestion of muscle and movement emanate to present form with arresting vitality. A nocturnal thesis documents the fertile breeding ground of this singular predator... hungry to devour as he shows off his prowess.







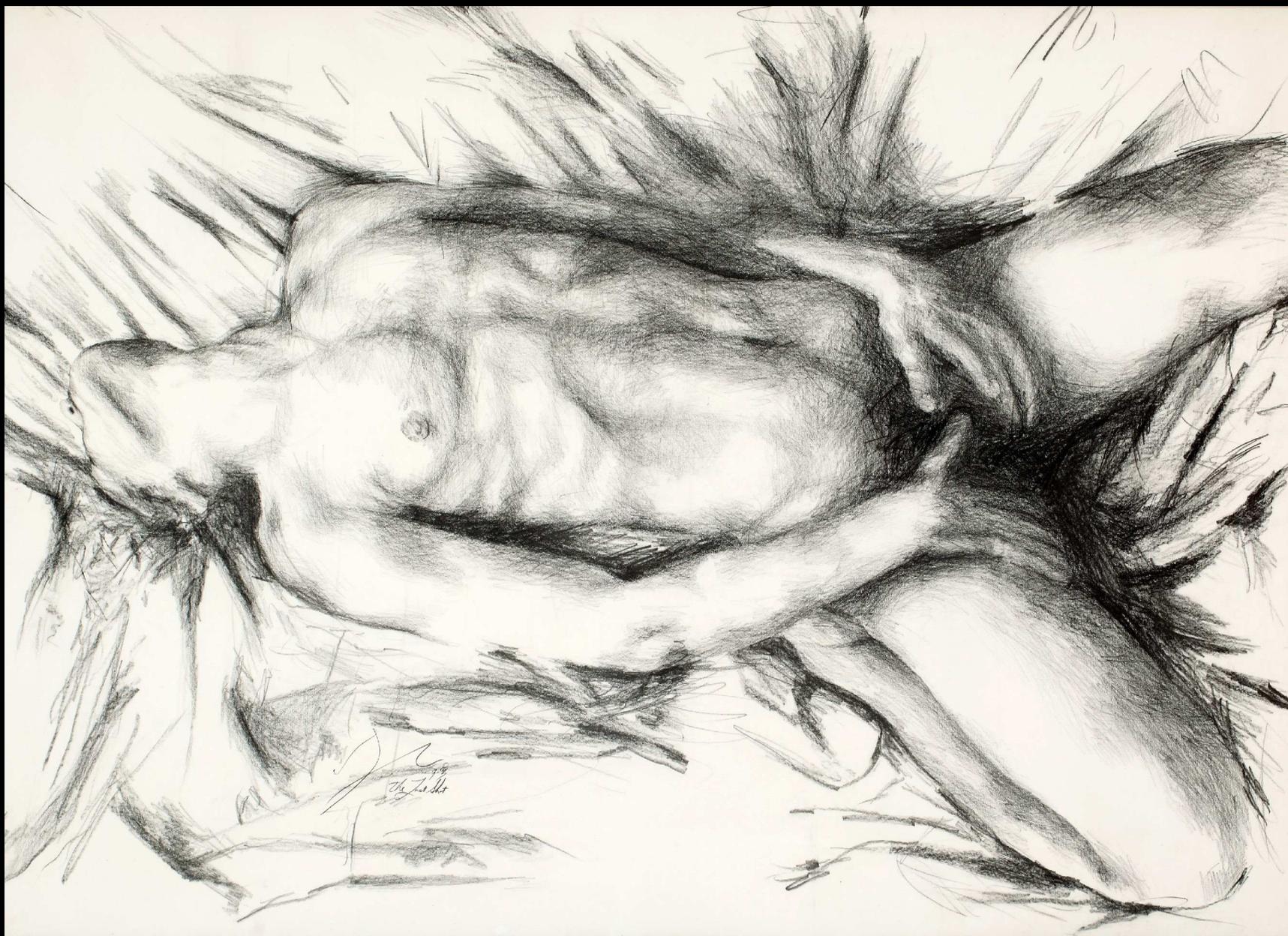
(In The Grotto Of) My Precious 22 1/2 x 17 (pastel & gold leaf paint)

Many times neurotic depiction takes on a painful persona that suggests erotica. Even as the work begins to lose the formal nude figurative form, and abandon it for a total wave of movement in pastel and paint, it is left still trying to formulate its own atmosphere. Thus we have a concise work that envelops itself.



Bulldog 24 x 17 (gouache, ink and pastel)

The management of the space is procured by interlocks of gold forcing the 'transformer' figure to the surface. Mechanical and robotic the form is treated with the harsh scratching of black strokes... from some dark planet it lunges forward to be realized. Draftsmanship is devoured by a savage and disheveled treatment.



The Last Shot 38 x 50 (graphite pencil)

Dark and mysterious is the crotch... the hidden genitals that are the center of an explicit very erotic figure. The subject matter could be engaged in the act of hiding or, in a potent sexual advance, directing us to his cock. Extrapolated presence is focused on the cultivation of the hands that delve into the dark mysterious pubic area that invites us to the offering of the male genitalia as the prize.

Interwoven crosshatched pencil/graphite lines employ a range of values and tones to depict the essence and formulate the thrust and weight of the pose. Enticing precise draftsmanship and selective detailed rendering take the stage as the elongated torso and its elastic form are molded out from the hidden genitals until it placidly rests at the buried head. The folded legs, embedded under his naked body, are stretched with an elastic ply as the model has secured an uninhibited pose of the utmost sensuality. A web of the sheets folds emanates out from the body in a cascade... yet they ejaculate inward to deliver the weight of the nude figure firmly embedded on the linens... delicate and tactile in its intention to make the body seem light and at the same time presenting its heavy weighted form on the spider web of sheet folds.

Just as the figure has slithered out of the cocoon  
In a simultaneous metamorphosis  
It 'IS' a butterfly and it 'DOES' spread its wings



i submit to you my one and only ambiguity -  
creative power!





An abstract painting featuring a dense, swirling composition of colors. The palette is dominated by deep blues, vibrant oranges, and soft pinks, with some lighter, almost white, areas. The brushstrokes are thick and expressive, creating a sense of movement and depth. The overall effect is one of intense energy and emotional complexity.

*found fondling 'round in your dreams  
better than to be  
fondling in someone else's*

*Twilight Jones*