



NUDE FIGURATIVE ART \* EXPLOSIVELY DEFINED

THE DARK SIDE VOL.VII - THE EXPOSED  
NAKED ABSTRACTIONS  
AND  
DRAWN & PAINTED TORRENTS

CAVE DWELLINGS \* THE NINE GATES OF HELL \* MERCY FOR THEOPHILUS & TYRUS  
EMANCIPATED LIFE PAINTINGS FOR THE PRIVATE ART COLLECTOR

THE DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS OF  
A. C. TUCKRUSKYE



# Nude Figurative Art \* Explosively Defined

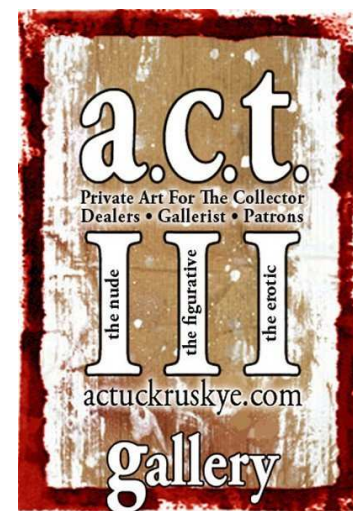
The Dark Side vol. 7 - The Exposed  
Naked Abstractions & Painted Torrents

The Painted Dark Pallet \* Scratched Abstraction Drawing and Calligraphic Works  
Featuring: The Nine Gates Of Hell \* The Tragedy Of Theophilus & Tyrus  
Emancipated Life Figure Paintings for the Collector of Private Art

The Works Of Art Of  
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Blood Sperm 44 x 30 (pencil, pastel, collage)

She remains in darkness, finding a swell...  
explored by her own recognizance...

She opens wide to a haphazard hell... with the  
tingling of fertilities mysterious quintessence...





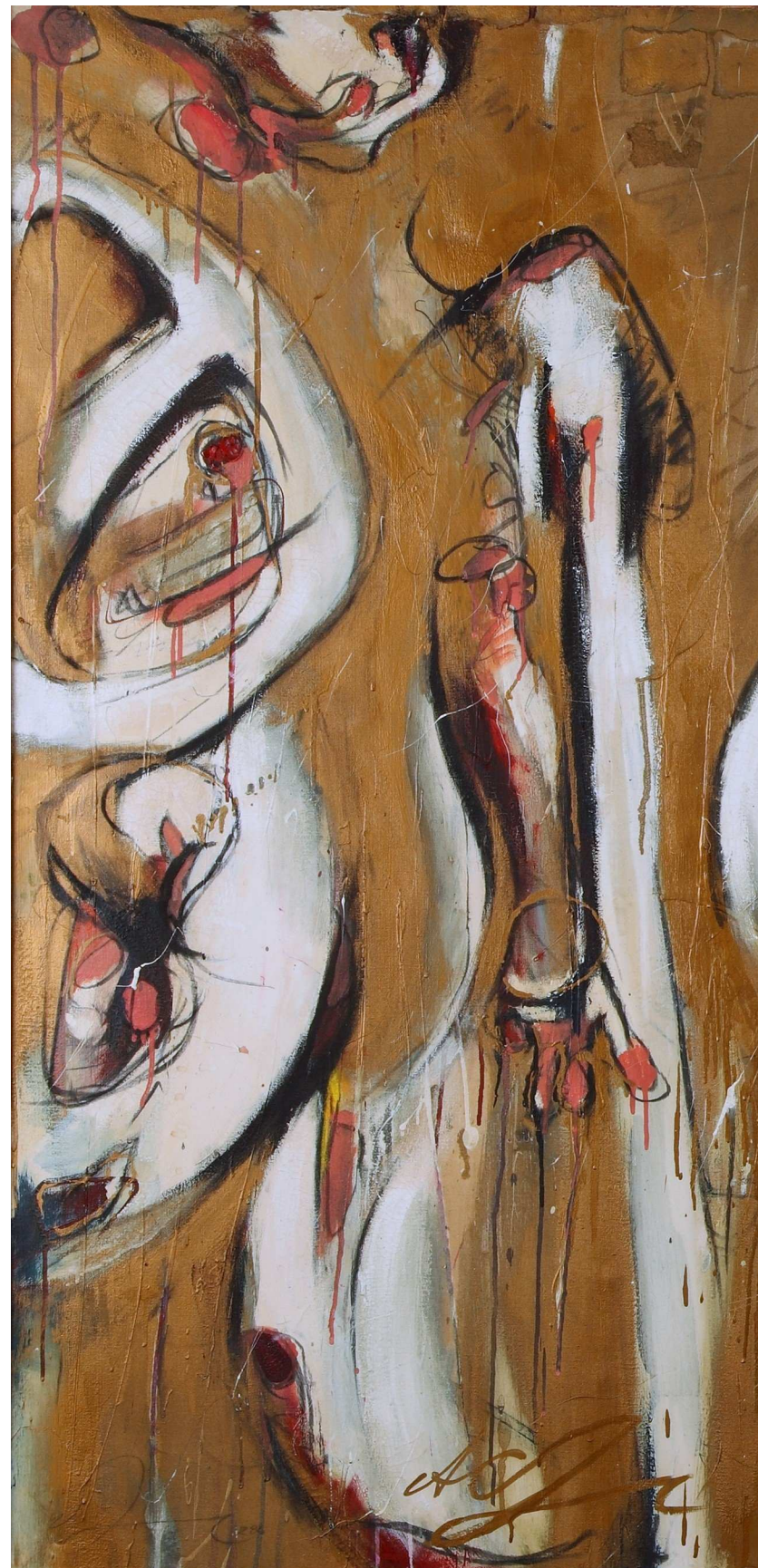


Victim 30 x 44 (pencil, pastel, collage)

In the depths of a dark light... he is taken apart to find a soul... long lost by execution so trite... the tempest in nocturnal plight makes him whole...

(Overleaf)- Our Lady Of Bath Brings Mercy To The Gay 48 x 72 (gesso, gouache, gold leaf paint)

A firm vertical structure dominates a lurid dance across a lost legacy. The abandon control gives way to a lyrical execution. Simultaneous ambiguities of figuration are carried through the swaying and swinging of vivacious persuasions. The human form and the abstract painting engage in a frolic. The echoing completes itself amongst the swatches of shapes framed in this gold leaf cradle of an event.



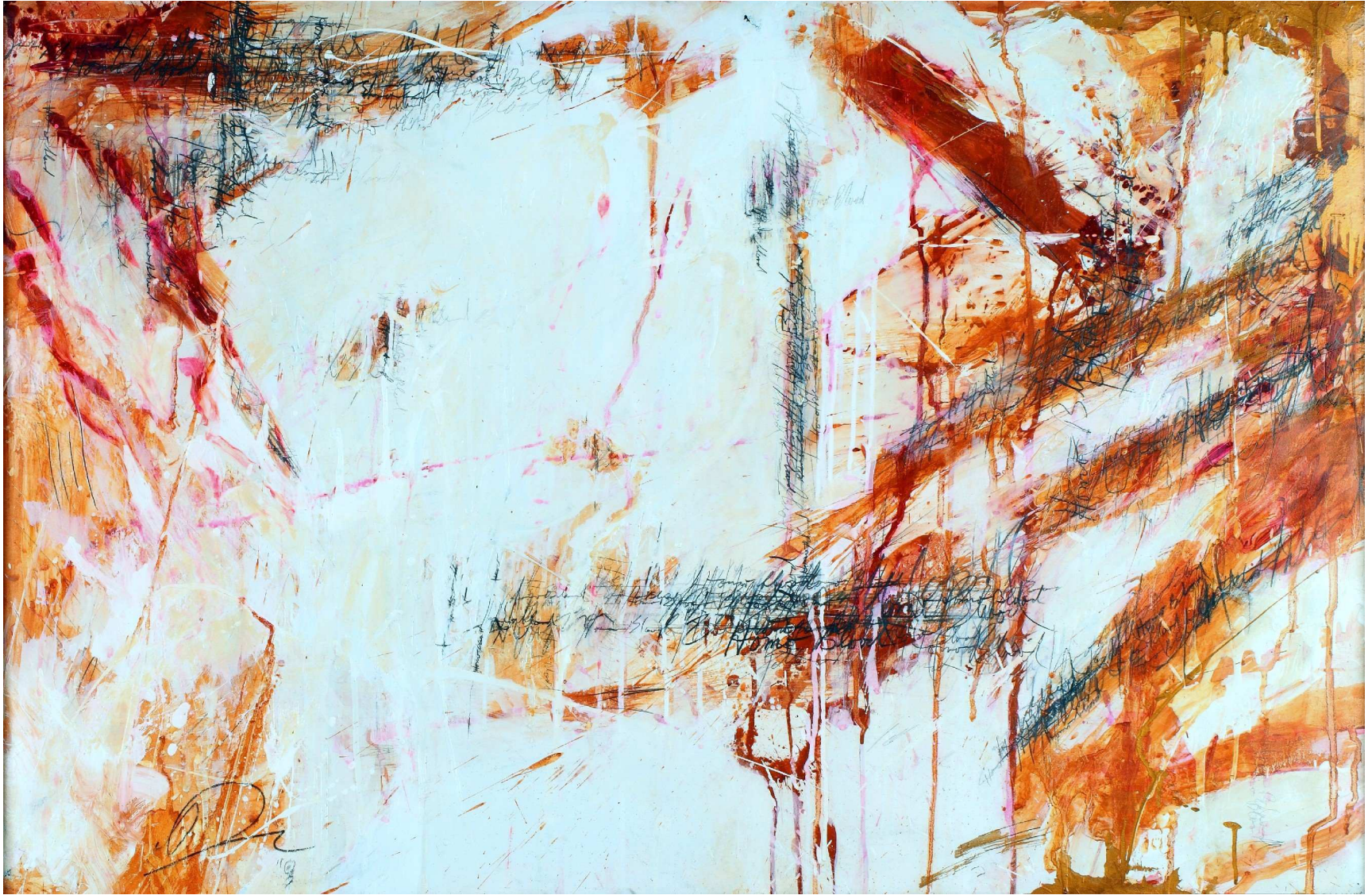






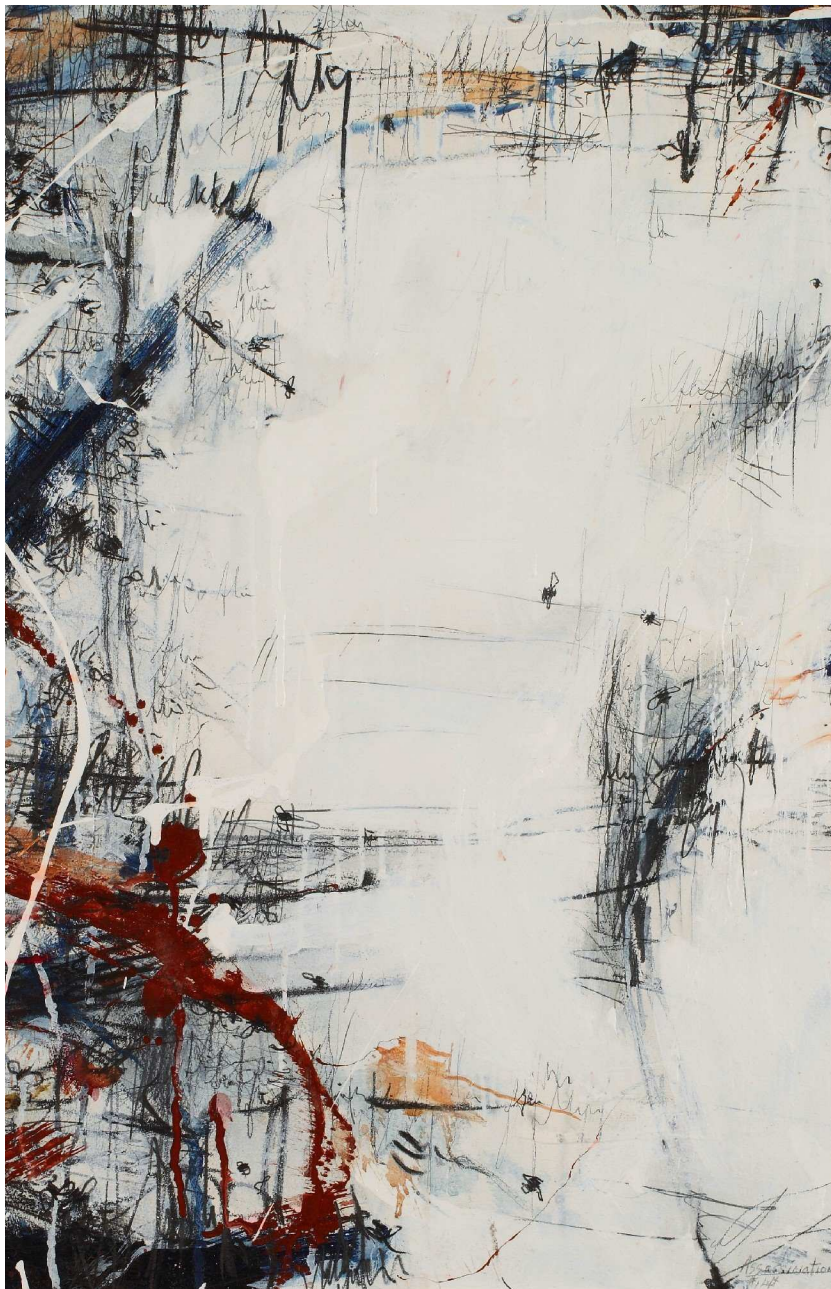
Tokyo - center panel 26 x 40 (gesso, pencil, gouache)

A work of art in the land of scares... to have pulled energy from the human figure and dispel its parameters leaving the rudimentary structure of the naked form behind as it becomes the subject, that is to say the drawing becomes the subject.



Homoblood 26 x 40 (gesso, pencil, gouache)

The flesh is all that is left of the naked pose that originally initiated this discourse... again, we are left with a frontier in the land of scars... ripped and savaged flesh remains behind and is left to present an abstract gesture on paper.



Assassination (panel 1, left) 30 x 22 (quadripartite; all panels - pencil, gesso, gouache)

The incisions of line formulate the space that conjugates to dirt and filth concentrations in and about a playful surface.



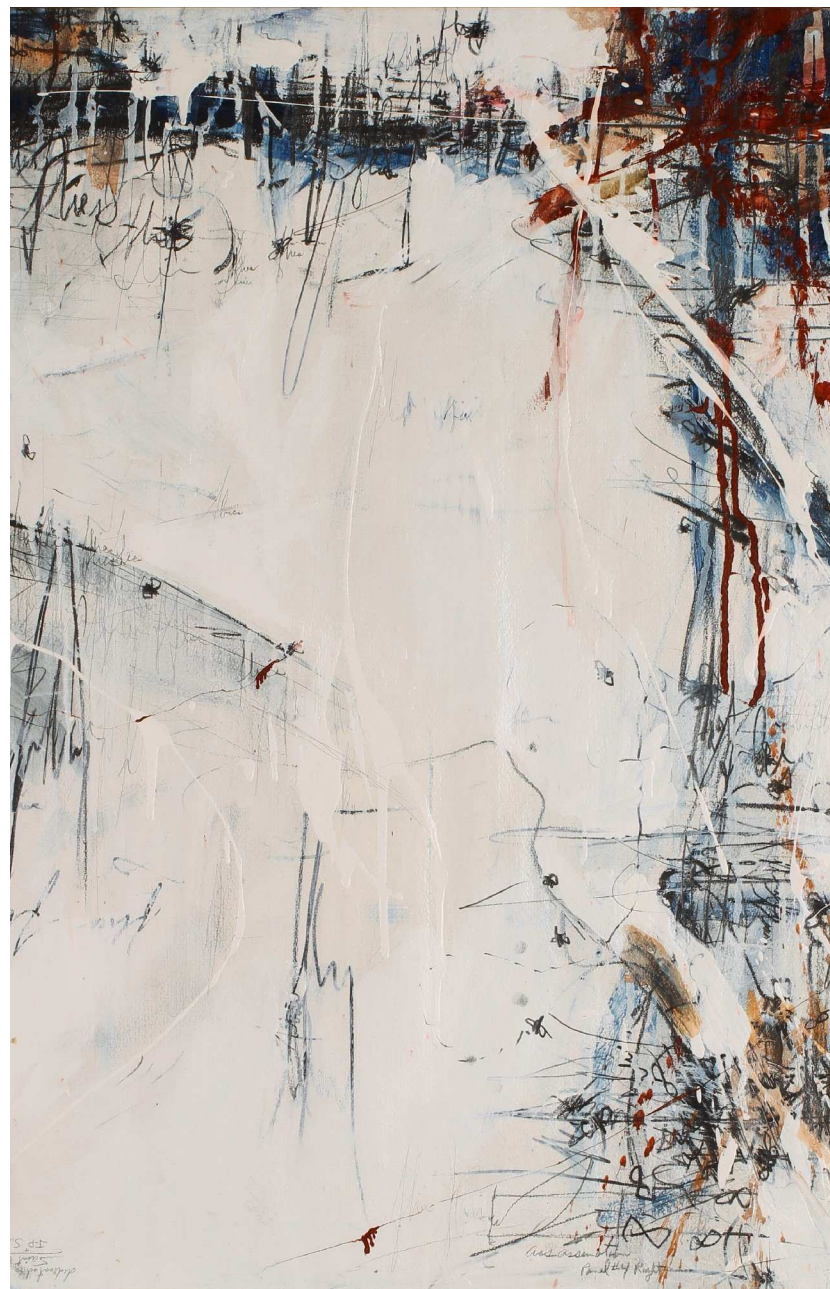
Assassination (panel 2, left) 30 x 22

The playing field contains the 'sport' as it can be seen here in full action... spectator of the 'game of flies' as the deposits of secretions and insect wastes cover the yardage.



Assassination (panel 3, right) 30 x 22

Again, incisions, in the land of fleshified scars, a multitude of incisions of line deliver the final assassination...



Assassination (panel 4, right) 30 x 22

Scars, cuts, bruises and nasty filthy flies are witness... but to the assassination of what... the assassination of who... ?



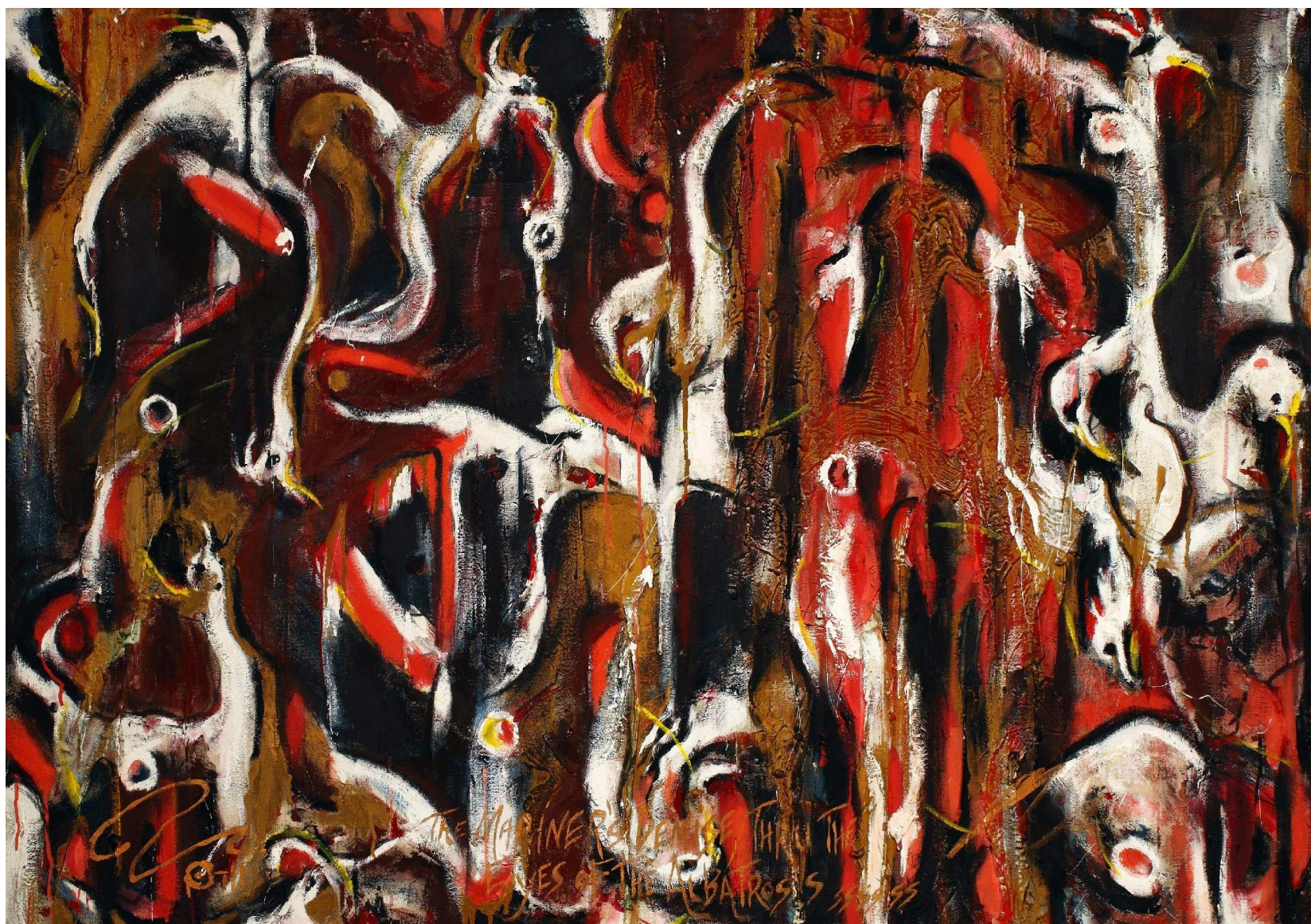
Spunk (left panel) 26 x 40 (pencil, gesso, gouache)

Austere grandiose dominance of void is the central existential theme. In one detail there is the whisper of a rendered figure with a lack of embarrassment as it seemingly has fallen to a slumber while, juxtaposed to its counterpart, another whispered rendered figure seems to be horridly infested by professing infused guilt.



Spunk (right panel) 26 x 40 (pencil, gesso, gouache)

Two forces thrown out to the edges of near extinction from this dual panel with a spacial conquest of 'void'. A void that has succeeded in mobilizing a scratched haphazard wasteland in the vomit-like execution the work dispels. No pose... just pure perjured ... attitude.



The Mariners Demise As Seen Through The Eyes Of The Albatross 42 x 60 (gesso, mixed media, gold leaf paint)

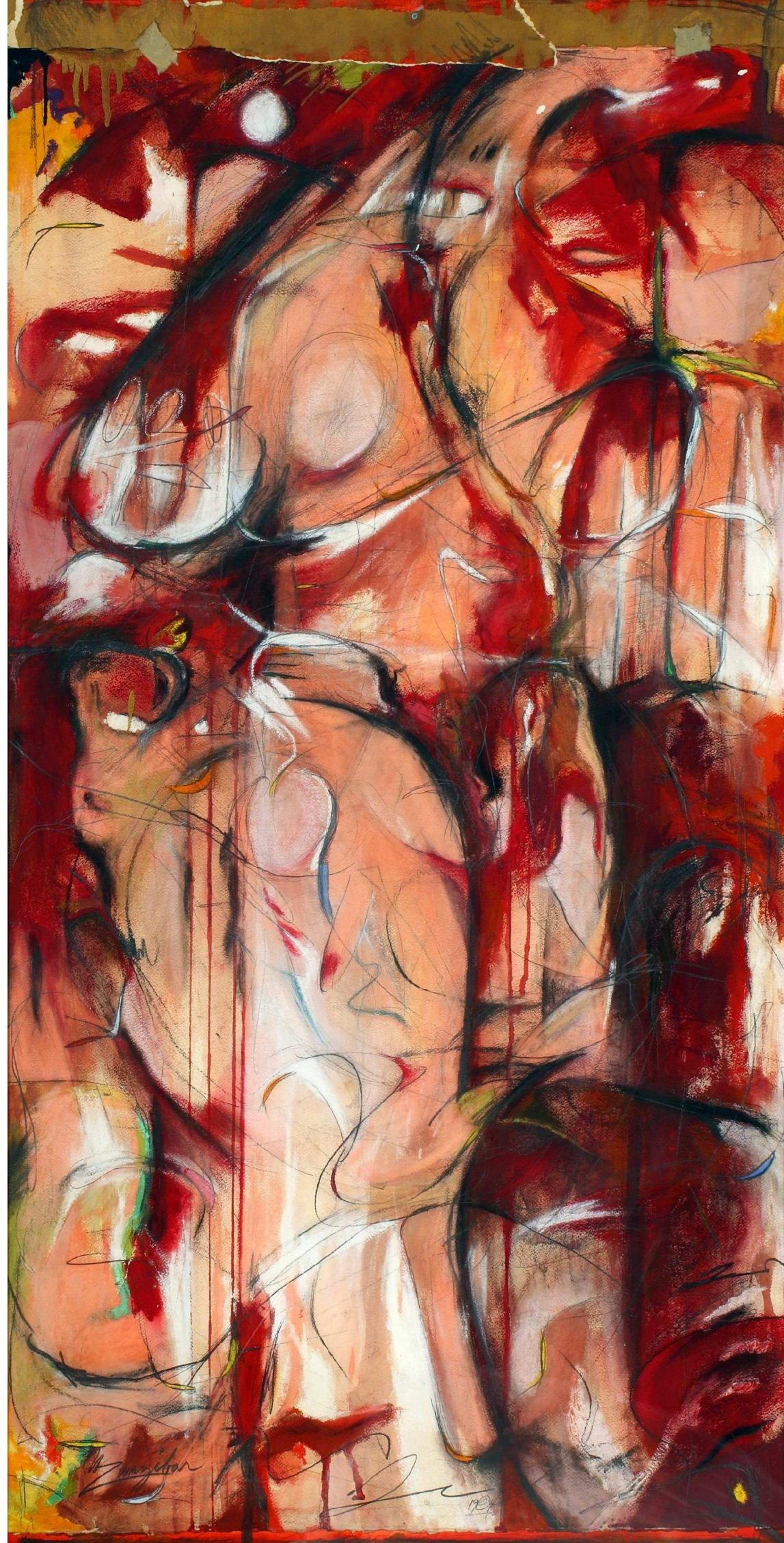
A fertile terrain with eminent darkness that plays host to a lyrical dossier of forms. Movement that lunges forward and out at the viewer while at the same time internally capturing the repeated motions of murder. The albatross is found and hung and found and hung again... and thistled and plunged ... all with the weight upon its protagonist. The viewer is left with the victim... the mariner, or be it, the beloved aquatic bird.



Zanzibar 48 x 24 (pencil, pastel, collage)

The woman figure is not abused or contorted but merely celebrated in a symphony of color and bundles of form that congregate to capitulate to the radiance and strength of the female nude form.

If what determines what you draw is not the subject but the drawing then, what determines what you paint is not the painting or the subject but the properties therewithin that together drawn and painted find the actuality and therefore return to the roots of the subject - in this case the presentation of figurative flamboyance and the properties found in abstract nudification.



## Nude Figurative Art \* Explosively Defined

Crucifixion I (first stage triptych) 40 x 26 (gesso, mixed media)

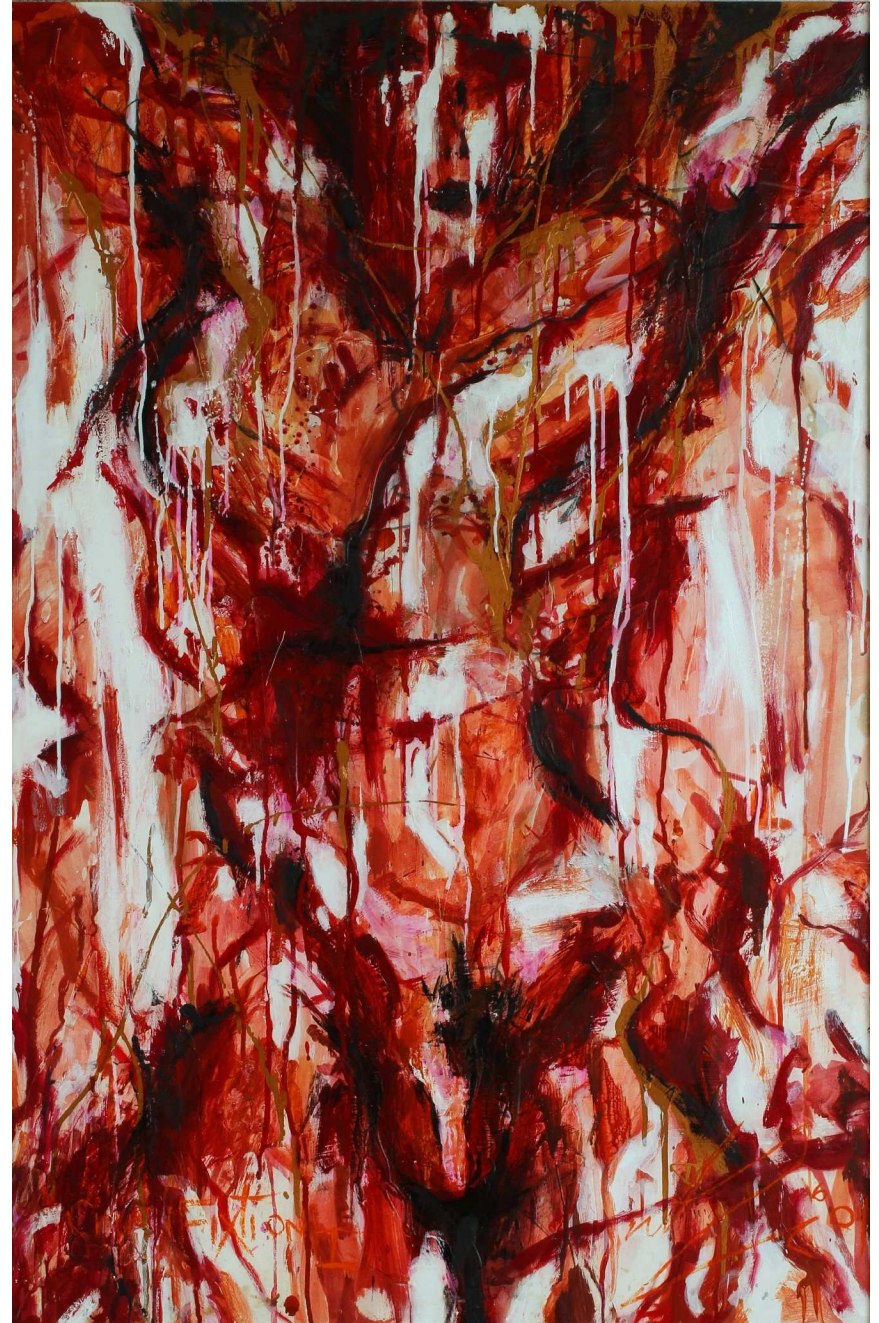
A bleeding pallet is the device used as the human form moves to liquescency. The painting has no struggle, just a sheer blatant intimacy in exposing its fate. We are left with the figure that we nudy to then find its essence.

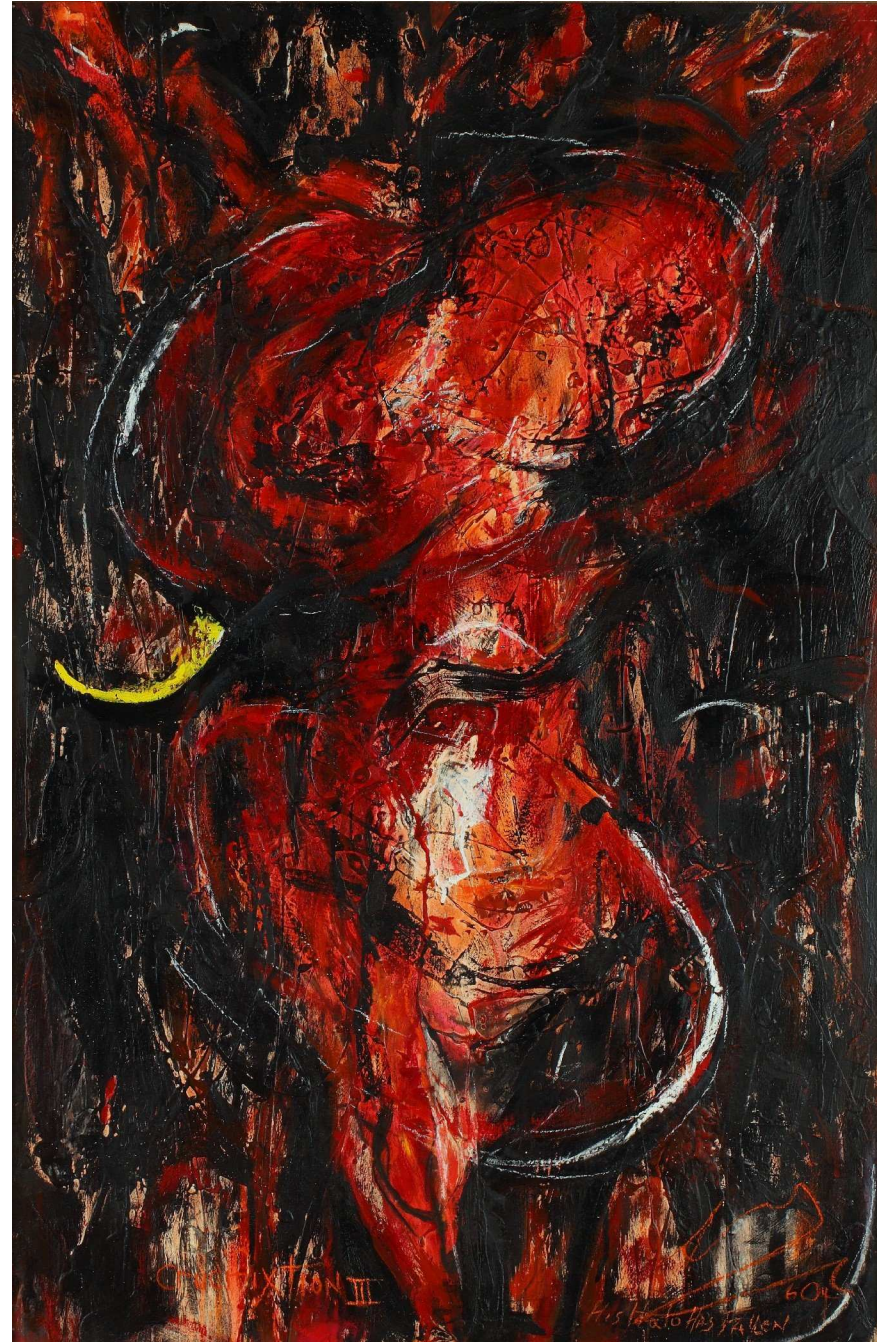
Crucifixion II- His Flesh Belongs To Her(second stage) 40 x 26 (gesso,mixed media)

The tortured form is displayed in a dark vestibule as it exhibits an anguish. The burning flesh is loosely contoured in a golden shroud that emphasizes the demise on the cross.

Crucifixion III - His Halo Has Fallen (third stage) 40 x 26 (gesso, mixed media)

Impoverished deity, a deluge of darkness leaves the figure encrusted in ebony and rouge. The final stage bleeds once more into an abstract embryo of form. The gesture is procured by the final movement.







## The Tragedy Of Theophilus And Tyrus

### Mercy Killing (gooseflesh 500,000 times)

(spread pgs. 18 & 21 details of the work)  
(overleaf pgs. 22 - 23, 7' x 16' - pencil, mixed-media, gouache, gold leaf, collage)

To narrate the tale of Theophilus and Tyrus the pages of Greek legend turns back to their mischievous conception and covert birth. This recount begins with one of the darkest of dark nights when Zeus, king of Olympia, took on the disguise of luminous phosphorescent plankton. As it was often his practice to alter his state as he planned a night of fornication. He chose a little known demi-god named Uterrius Vulvoneous for his lustful evenings endeavor.

Uterrius Vulvoneous is the only recorded being in the Olympian world or any other world, where she was also a he. Uterrius had the genitalia of both female and male; she had a womb able to conceive, nurture and bear children and a penis and testicles able to ejaculate fertile sperm. Thoughtout this tale U-V will be referenced to as both sexes; she/he, her/his, or mother/father.

Uterrius made an incision in her/his abdomen and sowed the male genitals inside her body to hid them from Zeus. And so on that night, of illuminated intercourse, U-V conceived of triplets. One sperm was darkness, one sperm was light, and the third sperm was illumine darkness. Unknown to Zeus the triplets, 2 boys and a girl, were born; Theophilus, Tyrus and Terra. Uterrius, in fear of having to compete with Terra's beauty ate her daughter at birth. She/he fed the blood of the girl to the twin brothers thereby, being nurtured on blood and milk, the boys inhabited female compositional genetics making them effeminate.

Theophilus and Tyrus were born with a unique physical stigma... both boys were born with two left feet. Alas, they were not cripples, on the contrary, Theo could walk a straight path, left foot over left foot (not side by side as in a normal strut). On the other hand Tyrus would move forward, in a side stepping manner, favoring two steps to the left before moving in a forward and center advance. Their birthmark gave them a unique power.

Both boys, on occasion, would partake of each other in a sexual nature. What seemed like pederasty is somewhat questionable due to their shared inherent genetic properties. The twins adolescent years were unrecorded due to U-V protection and a sinister nature as she/he coveted her goal (the secret looting of the greatest of all treasures). It was during this time that a slow methodical pilferage of the secret treasure of Zeus took place. The wealth of Zeus was stored in a cave forged by volcanic eruptions the interior floor was laden with a blanket of volcanic ash and moon dust. The key to entry was a luminescent key which could only be summoned by Zeus... or the striking together of two dried bones of a female born of luminous plankton sperm.

The treasure consisted of gold & silver, precious rubies & jewels and most notably gems including 3 Aggwetts; the most rare and powerful of all gems. Upon taking their "once a decade" inventory Zeus' treasurers noted

that much of the treasure was missing. The ultimate infringement being that two of the three original Aggwetts were imposter's, an attempt to fool the treasurers' that all was well. The scene of the crime was studied as evidence of the perpetrator came to light. On the cave floor, in the lava ash, were multiple paths from one set of footprints. All the footprints present were that of a person with two left feet. So the undeniable evidence pointed clearly to the brothers Theophilus and Tyrus.

The guards were called out to arrest the twins. Theophilus was the first to be found and stood before Zeus as he passed sentence; the two demi-gods were ordered to fight to the death in the great arena under Mount Olympus. He then declared that the survivor of the battle would be declared innocent of the crime leaving whoever fell victim to bear the blame of the robbery. All of Olympia now waited for satisfaction... the search continued for Tyrus.

Theophilus erected a great cross, in the Olympian arena, to crucify himself to exonerate his name in a warriors self-sacrifice. He did this to expand on the truth as he declared his innocence and scorned Uterrius for the covenant of their birth and her/his mischievous nature and cunning manipulation. Theophilus declared no knowledge of the treasure nor anyone's involvement in it as he took on the burden of guilt, due to his two left feet. And so by his own hand he freed himself with this action and his declaration.

Tyrus gave himself up, furious at his brothers self-proclaimed innocence, that-in-itself would mark him as guilty forever. He came to engage in battle with his brother... the battle that would be known as 'mercy killing'. He upheld Zeus' original proclamation in that the fight would be to the death and the victor would be declared innocent, he was confident he would win the battle. Tyrus attacked his brother grasping his arms by the wrists. He eventually tore them from the cross as they eternally scratched across the sky of Uranus leaving a permanent tear in the vanilla sky façade.

From a mount in the great sky Uterrius, in hiding, watched the engagement. She was hopelessly entombed by leprosy that riddled her/his body. She began to shed tears of sorrow but her tears were those of leprosodic scales and patches of flesh as they fell on the arena ground filling it with the decay and blocking the sky out in darkness. Theophilus and Tyrus were interlocked, hands clutching, with legs entangled and bodies folded together. Tyrus generated a numbing sensation of fear... cold... excitement... which caused Theophilus' flesh to spawn with goosebumps. His skin now broke out into 500,000 pimples of gooseflesh.

Tyrus turned to his entrapped brothers face and, after kissing him lightly on the lips, savagely bit at his throat tearing it out of his body. Theophilus lie bleeding to death. Tyrus stood before Zeus, spit out the throat, as he declared his innocence. As he walked away he left a trail of footprints behind in the leprosodic ash. With two steps to the left then forward and center it became evident that they were a match, identical to those prints found in the looted treasure cave... clearly... the evidence pointed to Tyrus as the perpetrator of the theft.

Zeus handed down sentence. The first thing was that Tyrus was force to eat the throat of truth of Theophilus, but never to digest it. The decree of punishment was as such; Tyrus would live-to-die, that is he would live-in 500,000 deaths, one for every pimple of gooseflesh. He would know all the pain and suffering and horror (as he would be the death) one after the other. The first of these deaths he suffered on that very first day was that of Uterrius Vulvoneous, her/his death was from the decay of leprosy.

After fulfilling the next 499,999 deaths he was further sentenced to eternal darkness in Tartarus. It was there that he was ordered to record, both in writing and illustrated format, every one of the 500,000 deaths. But, he was to do so with a handicap which would be an eternal reminder of that which pointed to his guilt. So his left feet were severed from his body, and his hands were cut off as his left feet were then attached to his wrists to become his evil burdensome appendages.

Zeus now had to address three other issues: First, the leprosodic decay that mixed with Theophilus blood and vanilla liquid from the tears in the sky would be gathered as a fearsome powerful

## Naked Figurative Art \* Explosively Defined

explosive named "T N T" (trinitrotoluene). Second, the name Uterrius Vulvoneous would be stricken from all records for eternity, and its mischievousness and deceit would be cleansed and reversed as Zeus named all womankind with; a 'uterus' to bear children of allegiance and a 'vulva' so as to know sexual pleasure. Thus was born the beauty of women and healthy propagation. Third, since he and the boys engaged in sex of a homo nature, he resolved that 'homosexuality' would extinguish pederasty and be recognized as an acceptable practice of lovemaking.

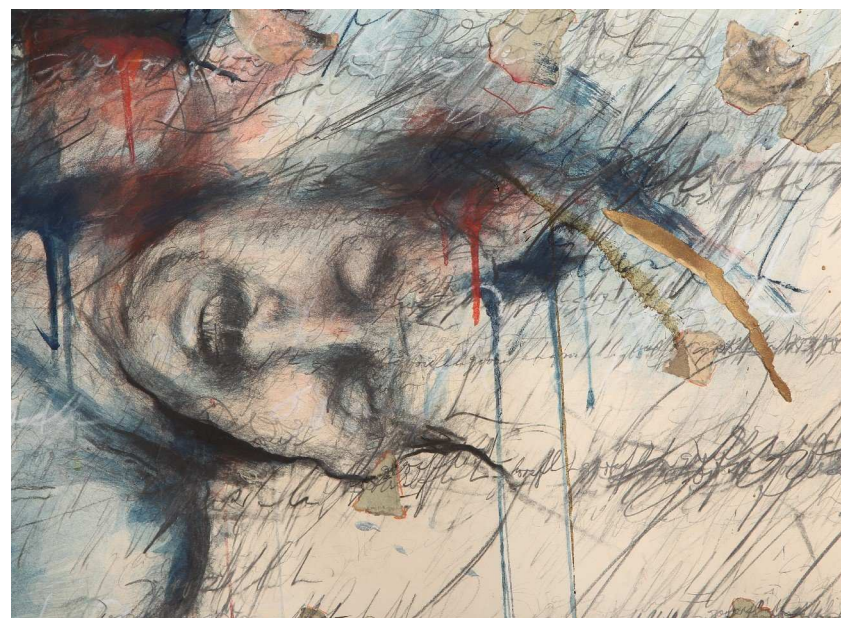
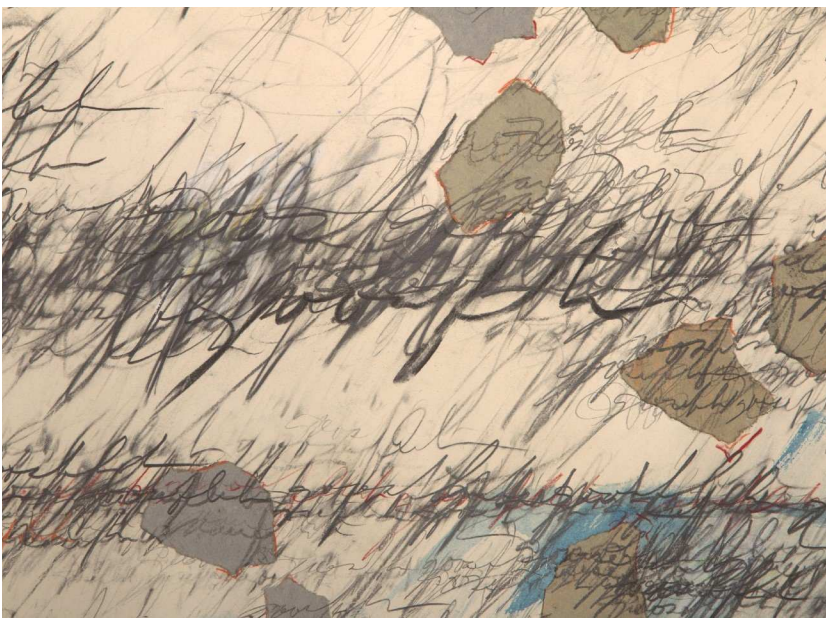
He declared that Theophilus body be enshrined, where it had fallen, with beauteous geodes of crystal, quartz, agates, and gems. Finally, a great statue was ordered to be erected from the retrieved treasure. The statue of Theophilus would stand for 'truth'. The naked monument would be culled from gold, silver and all the most precious gems and jewels. This colossus would carry a few very curious features to empower its integrity as a guide to certain principles forevermore.

Two of the great Aggwetts, with their clarity which had supreme and rare energies, would be used as eyes to see truth for all time. The throat was left hollow, as a great tunnel, but from it sprang the mascots of knowledge, abundance, and spirit; now known to the world as a winged bull, a legged trout, and a gilled falcon, respectively. The arms were folded across the chest to protect heartfelt emotion from getting in the way of the naked truth. The letter "V" (as in victim) was carved into the groin area. The two left feet of the statue pointed to the right, as the penis was laid in the crotch pointing upwards and to the left, thus both side of political truth would be protected.

The winged bull flew the skies to oversee knowledge as it gathered wisdom, the legged trout brought forth abundance as it scoured all lands, and the mighty gilled falcon found spirit as it plunged into the depths of the oceans to find and deliver, that what is most essential but invisible to the eye, the wealth of untapped spirit. They did so in eternal earnest bringing their duties back to the tunneled throat of the monument.

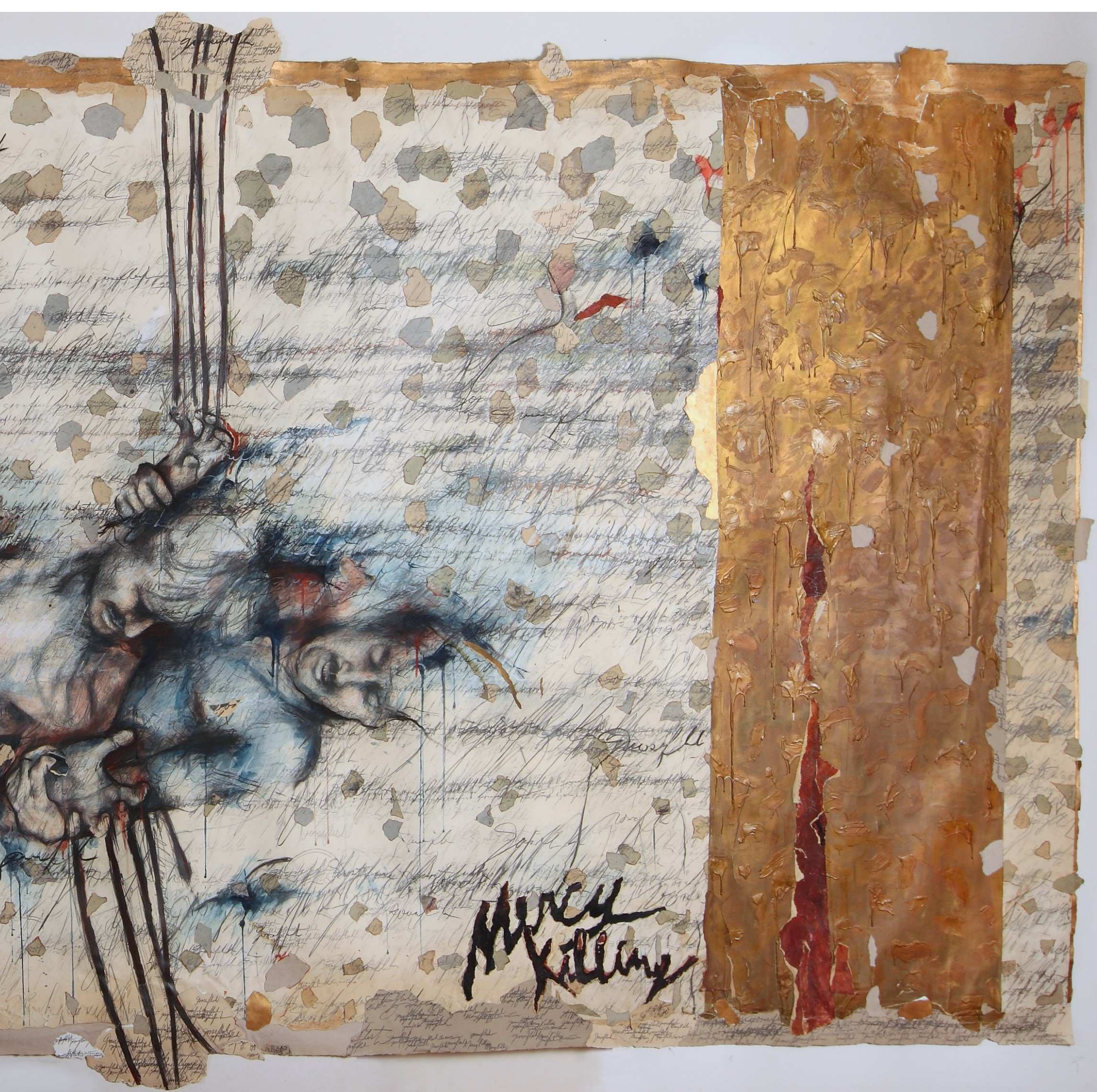
And so let it be done... as it is finished.  
Thus the "V" (in victim) found responsibility with its mascots and  
would forever be resurrected thusly:

*Virtuosity in Knowledge,  
Vitality in Abundance,  
Vigilance in Spirit...  
may they forever prevail!*









March  
Killing



Bondage - In The Sling 3 ft x 8 ft (gesso, gouache, ink, mixed media, pencil)

The figurative underbelly for this action painting is entombed in black massive strokes irreversible in an explosive coronation of a gesture in bondage. Impossible to contain, the ambiguity takes hold as force and form ignite and the viewer's field of entry is exasperated.



Bare Wires In Water 4 ft x 8 ft (graphite, gesso, mixed media)

An over exuberant burst of lines and sparks of energy sweep across the canvas without control or destination. A tour-de-force of action painting is the melodrama of what might be one singular form that has a colossal presence as it seems to wreak havoc. Another path of revelation could be the attraction of two figures embraced in a mutual engagement of intimacy that can also be the 'sex education lesson' being scratched out on this schoolroom chalkboard.



Dirty Blond Boy Poses As A Cockroach In The Cellar Of My Anus 34 x 50 (pencil, prisma, crayon, gouache, collage)

Scientifically rendered but absent of rendering is the melodrama of a work that relies largely on the extreme nature of the model's pose... that void, which remains in the figure, is intentionally left starving for the artist's attention. The figure is calling out as it is perpetrated by the phantasmagorical encasement. A playground of discovery, with a capacious manner of line and contour, in a squalor of graffiti, is the exhibit that is left to ponder.

The form is dynamically driven as the catharsis struggles to find its host to satisfy the elevation.

An abstract painting featuring a complex interplay of dark red, black, and white. The brushstrokes are thick and expressive, creating a sense of movement and depth. The overall composition is dense and textured, with a central vertical axis of white and yellow tones that contrasts with the surrounding dark hues.

# The 9 Gates Of Hell

(in 4 diptychs' plus the 9th gate & final landscape of the underbelly)

Frailty makes you a venerable lotus  
Consumed reconvenes the regurgitation of human fluids  
Boasting makes deity a slave  
Execution of innocence strips the spirit  
Indulgence lays way to envy debauchery  
Death of intellect gives you origin as a primordial pod  
Reverse fornication breeds fear of propagation  
Supreme authority claims the soul  
Void becomes the womb



Nigger (Gate 1 - Frailty) 60 x 42

*the art -*

Overbearing power and compacted action invites the viewer to the many stages of its structural darkness, alone and solitary the overall composition is jarringly androgynous. It speaks to whomever enters it with packed quintessential figural references.

*the gate -*

Dissected and digested is the welcoming entrance where all current attributes, both past and present are disposed of. Frailty is given up to the succession of (due to the lack of strength) physical, moral and spiritual provocations. When no strength prevails no protection from the 'digerster' can be armored so the venerability of flesh and soul is captive to the agnostic and paralyzing first gate of dwellings.



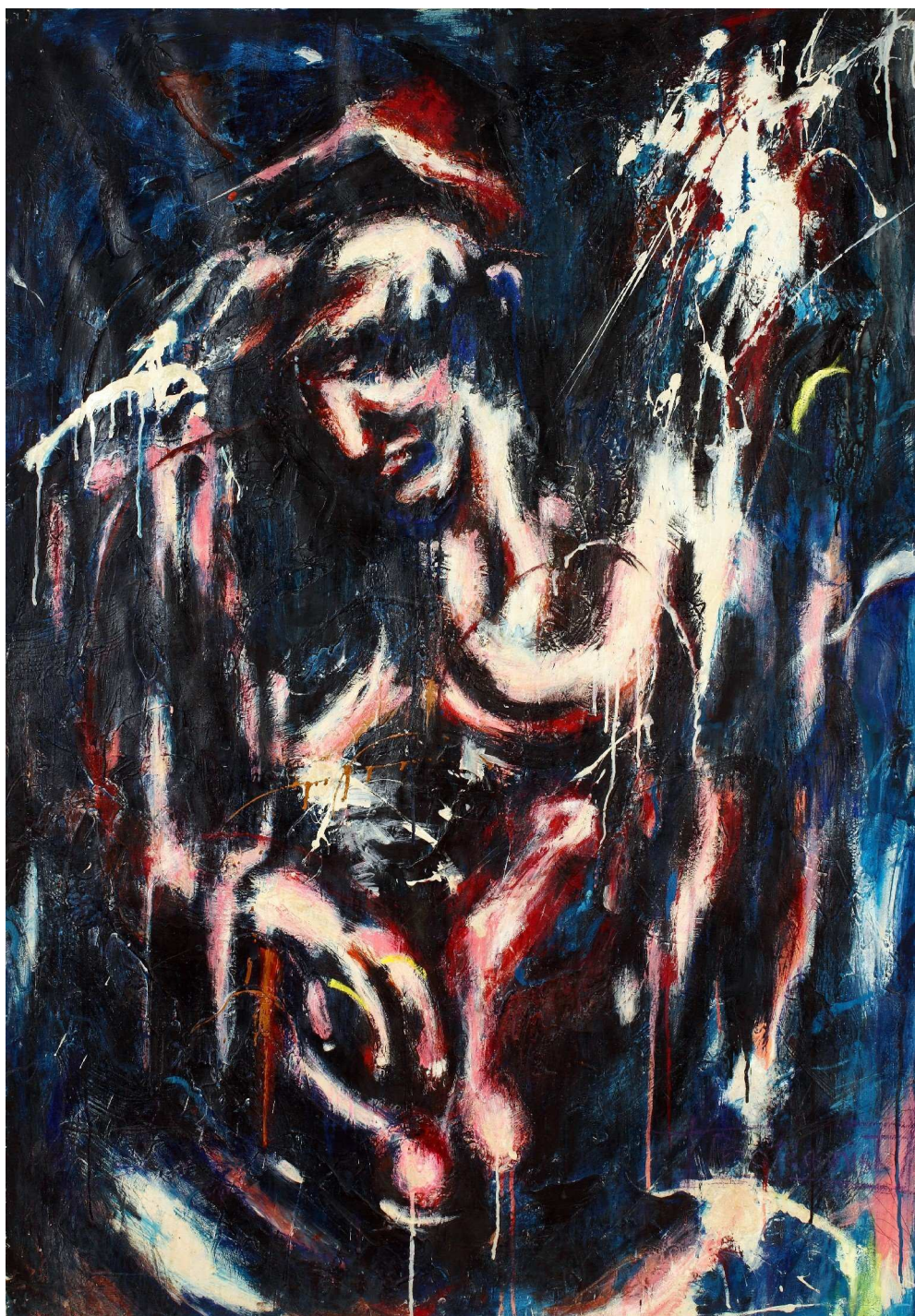
Bloodbath (Gate 2 - Consumed Regurgitate) 60 x 42

*the art -*

The harsh pallet of color is complimented by a rigorous narrative of painted figural surrogates. Bleeding gestures are delivered in auspicious layers as it dissects itself so the viewer can enter and digest as much as they want. We are placed into the alter of savage flesh where the stench of blood and raw meat is exposed.

*the gate -*

Limbs are severed and the structural inhabitants are cut into pieces to reveal the ghosts of human spirit and display the frailty of its existence. Stripped of the flesh veneer in this gate of consumed delight the turmoil and havoc is exposed. Then, after devouring it and regurgitating... and devouring it again... and again. The endless cycle of no beginning with no end is born from what was past on from the underbelly of the first gate.



Protagonist (Gate 3 - Boasting) 60 x 42

*the art -*

The physical endowment becomes the primary concourse of this dark yet strangely luminescent space. Strong forceful strokes of impasto dominate with expressionist boasting emphatic about its invitation to deliver its swollen soul. The pink flesh dances as the figure is found in a black 'n blue cage of color.

*the gate -*

To show off and brag about its powerful size and prominent strength just makes this gate a focal point of mirrored envy. In this retreat (gate) it gives way to conceited self-satisfaction without criteria of open dialog of the self-discovery. Once you have faced this source you are only left with the skeleton for there is no (self-worth) just vain boastability and a phallic in lust.





Swallow (Gate 4 - Execution Of Innocence) 60 x 42

*the art -*

Action becomes rival to the form as the structure is the quest of explosive turmoil. Fiercely painted, the brushwork tears to pieces the nude figure that could no longer be salvaged. There is a sparse development of lineage & rendering as the structure completes itself & has no apologies when it comes to its dominating phallic tool.

*the gate -*

The gate holds such force and strength that it is testament enough to its supremacy over innocence. Here infancy and youth will have their purity torn open to bleed out any hope of moral development. The 'swallow gate' will slaughter puberty and maturity as well, and the functionality it bears... thus the innocent will be left with guilt and innocence will no longer have a claim... for its virtue and spirit, at this gate, will be plundered and rapped.



A Heartfelt Moment (Gate 5 - Indulgence) 60 x 42

*the art -*

The figure remains institutionalized by the delirium that is called out in a dripping pallet of nocturnal colors. The heart of the matter becomes the action that has been preserved. An anonymous figure delivers itself to an audience that has no face... and a piety that has no religion.

*the gate -*

At the center of the human universe is the swell of our private needs. One can clutch at it and never come to the realization that the obscurity will eventually lead to a path of decay. Fallen to self-appointed debauchery this gate emerges the guest into its own private squalor. All the temptations are laid out and what's left of any virtue is victim to a fertile vice. Indulgence was made easy here... for the fourth gate... executed all innocence. Guilt in these depths now seems like a worthwhile desire.



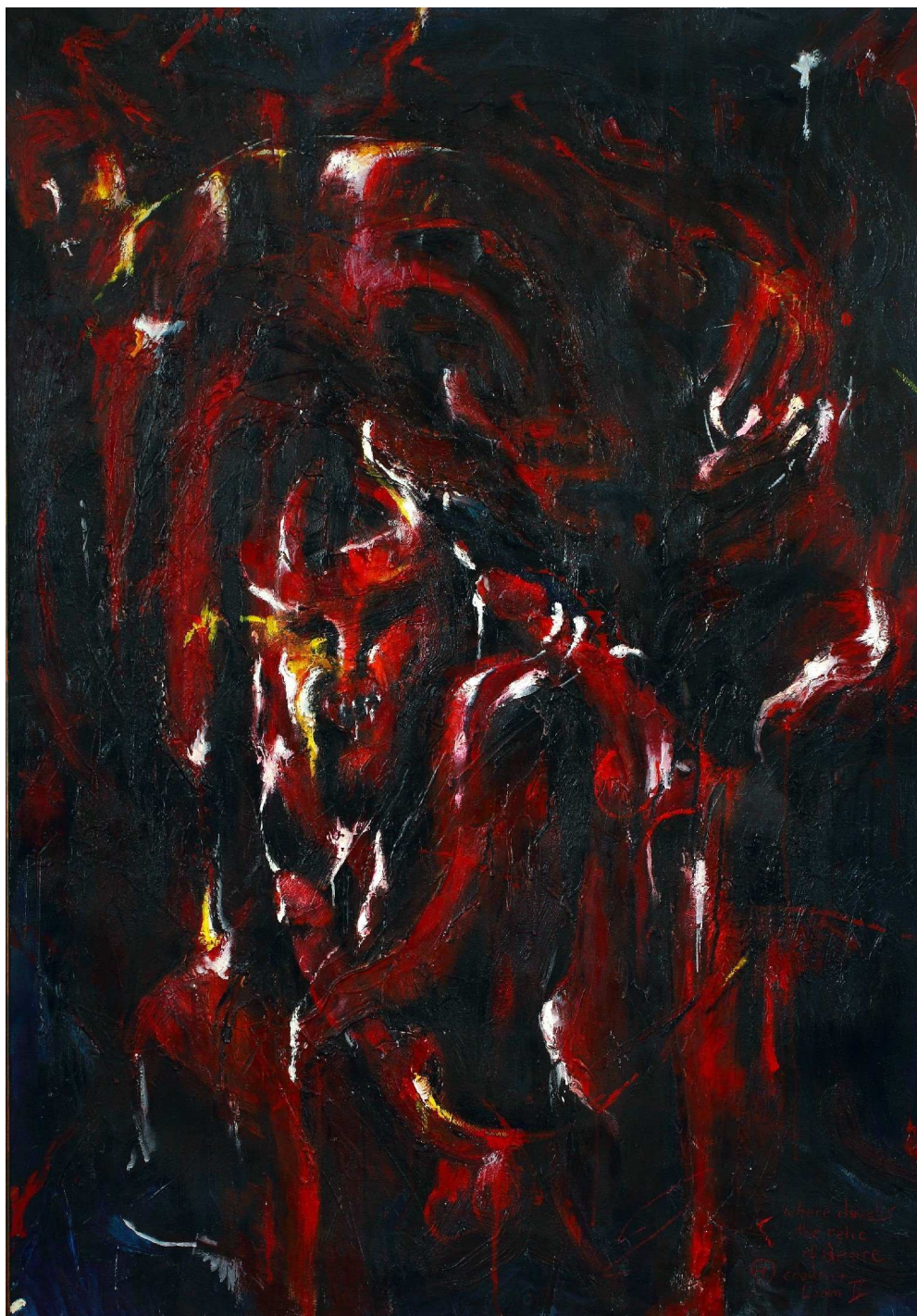
Horselick (Gate 6 - Morte 'de Intellect) 60 x 42

*the art -*

A tour-de-force of kinesthetic pictorial. Savagely torn from form into sonic gestures and deliberate unmapped places of tumult and catharsis. Here the underlying roots of the figure is depicted with its arm exposed and indulging in its heroin rapture. We are beneath its surface.

*the gate -*

The subsequent dissolve of the intellect as the property that separates it... as in 'man from beast'. The refusal to recognize intellectual concourse and to accept ramped blundering and blind discourse as a policy of existence becomes this gates creed. The ultimate death of 'human intelligence' is in fact the 'acquiescence with' and 'embracing of' a barbaric pseudo pod from Darwin's primordial pond leading to the very instillment that becomes the beast.

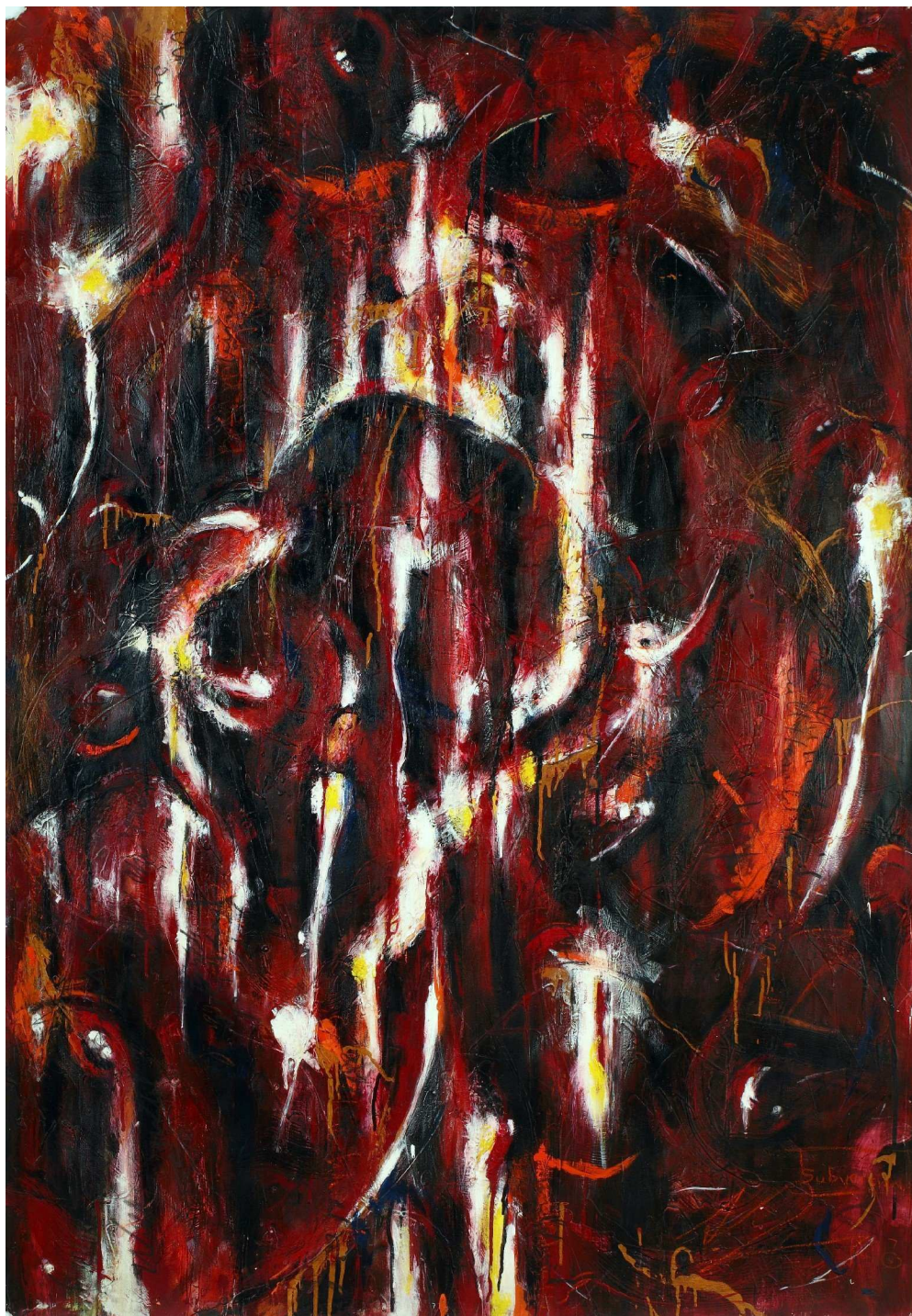


Where Lies The Relic Of Desire (Gate 7 - Reverse Fornication) 60 x 42

*the art - the gate -*

At this depth can the 'private parts' be considered a relic, the sought after and worshipped adornment of manhood, or can it be a red hot poker to chastise the sexuality of those that encounter it at this level... and are left defiled by its out-of-proportion, out-of-control insidious manner. Cocks left burning in anguish and screaming in their own pleasure/pain as the carousel of hell fucks in a reversal of propagation.

Devil-take-care as all the gluttony of fornication becomes drunk with the desire to become undesirable... so that when an act of intercourse takes place it's at the unwanted unfertile stage making it even more potent due to its innate reverse pleasure. The gate before this, putting intellect to death, set the pace for contrary bearings of fucking. Abound in an imperiled atmosphere the allure, that is in place now, offers the opposite of its intention of offering some good.



Subversion (Gate 8 - Supreme Authority) 60 x 42

*the art -*

The surface texture and the deep red painting is enhanced as its dark black 'n blue counter-structures infuse within the totality of the work. The absolute viscosity takes over and there is no oxygen in this furnace of visual overbearance but it is clear that the work perpetuates on its own source of creative fuel.

*the gate -*

Rumble, mumble, chatter: deafening sounds of uncharted speech. Lips move, in an audio infested pallet but with no definition of itself and no direction home. Voices of capitulation. Authority is defined as 'power or right to command' but here we have 'supreme' authority which supersedes any possible insurrection (there is no exit because there is no entrance) just the perpetual commands of dominant darkness in endless voices from an internal supremacy that recognizes no bound and will never concede.



Firefly - grosz appetite not satisfied (Gate 9 - Void) 60 x 42

*the art -*

The figure smothered by darkness in which the air is trapped to weaken a physical presence. The golden halo is an illusion of support as it is a forgery to the human form and spirit which once was. A black-and-white tenant, the figure has lost itself, drained by the eight gates, an erection with no home, a surrender unrecognized, forfeited reality now and evermore - *'Fait Accompli'!*

*the gate -*

To entomb the thought... to deny the surrender... to make venerable the passion..., and savor all this in a deep dreaded pool of nothingness... thus the frail, the consumed, the narcissistic, the innocent, the indulgent, the intellect, the sexuality, and the authority live (no, not live but rather, exist) in an underworld where humankind can systematically be stripped by gate after gate, into depth after depth, of defiled after defiled masochism until it reaches the throne of the underworld called "Void".



*above - signature detail from the canvas, "The Mariner's Demise"*

*(Overleaf - pgs. 38 - 39)*

Colossus – The Landscape (For The Final Lair) 4 ft x 8 ft

The protagonist is in the black shadows. Dirge-like strokes of darkness becoming even more austere as they ejaculate in a realm of burning landscape. The painted form predicts the omnipresence of 'His Satanic Majesty'. Power is secondary to rage, to fondle is to indulge and let chaos be the force. The enlarged swollen phallic reveals 'ready for action' fortitude as it sits with the master on a throne of glowing coal. Does the duplication of figure and phallic mean a brother, a peer, a mirror, or are they the outrageous properties of self-reproduction?







Spent Dayside  
of the artist from  
the Dark Side





The background is a complex, abstract painting. It features a central figure, possibly a crucifixion, rendered in a palette of deep reds, blacks, and dark browns. The brushwork is thick and expressive, with visible textures and some white highlights that suggest a sense of movement and depth. The overall mood is somber and intense.

*he wanted to eat of the shadows  
... but couldn't*

*he had the strength to fuck the rays of light  
... but didn't*

*he premeditated the murder of his reflection  
... but wouldn't*