



OVERSIZE FIGURES * LARGE SCALE WORKS

**THE CAVE DWELLINGS & PAINTED ABSTRACTIONS VOL. IX - THE NUDE NAKED
IMPALED WALLS OF PAINTED ENERGY**

WORKS OF ART BY A. C. TUCKRUSKYE

OVERSIZE FIGURES * LARGE SCALE WORKS

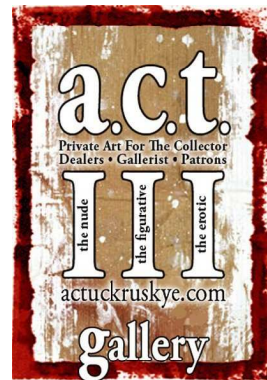
THE CAVE DWELLINGS VOL. 9 - THE NUDE NAKED IMPALED WALLS OF PAINTED ENERGY PAINTED ABSTRACTIONS

Drawings And Paintings Of The Nude
Gold Leaf Painting - Calligraphic w/Stream Of Conscience Messages
Cave Dwellings/Frescoes - Larger Than Life Works - inc. the written Legend Of Theophilus & Tyrus
Graphite Pencil, Painted Gesso, Mixed Media, Gouache, Pastel, Collage

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Dedicated to the legendary energies of the models herewithin. The personal and private, as well as the generous open delivery of, naked offerings. My eternal thanks to; JAS, Cloud, Yardglass, and the artist known as Charlie.



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(Opposite)
Rope Burns (Bequeath My Flesh To The Devourer) 8' 2" x 4'
(graphite, gesso, mixed-media, gold leaf paint)

This is an obvious homo-erotic staging that attempts to revoke a clandestine attitude toward the academic male nude by going a step full force ahead into the path of sexual bondage. We are faced with a blatant presentation that is asserting its identity, with full intention, to reveal the exposed nature of the "price paid" that love and suffering share as synonymous.

A strong emotional impact is delivered with a scarcity of figurative detail, thus a disregard to the fullness of the human form creating as much attention and energy to the sepulcher in co-existence with the overall totality of the work.

(Overleaf - spread pgs. 4, 5)
Is The Embryo Dead 4' 2" x 8' 6" (Overleaf - detail pgs. 6, 7)
(graphite, gesso, mixed-media, gold leaf paint)

Entangled naked bodies convey a sense of sexual struggle in a larger-than-life exhibition of clenched flesh and irreverent, yet inevitable, desire. Infused with dynamic strength and executed with force and an avalanche of movement the action, in a living encounter, prepares us for the poaching of the predator or the defense by the prey.

(Overleaf - pgs. 8, 9)
Render Myself Useless 4' 2" x 8' 2"
(graphite, gesso, mixed-media, gold leaf paint)

The model takes a pose of controlled contortion. An oversize cave dwelling painting with a larger-than-life figure bearing a larger-than-life burden of an erection in a turmoil of dripping paint and blood-like stains. A tenacious forbearance is in consideration as the very concentration of the pose, becomes even more explosive due to the extreme truncation of the figure.

The frescos encasement fails to contain the massive form that has an overpowering need for orgasmic release or else the alternative... an aneurysm.

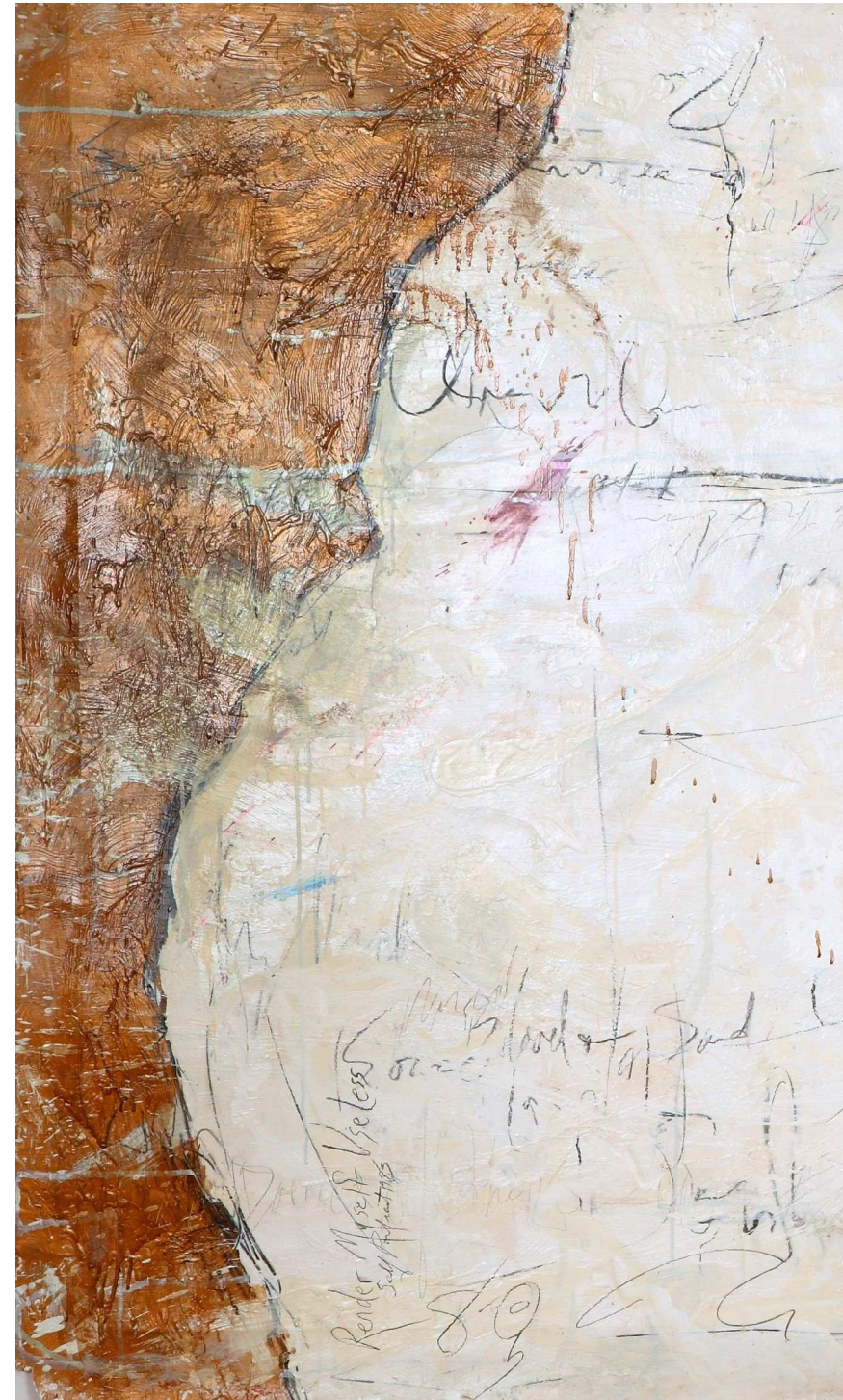














Large Scale Works * The Nude Naked

Final Alter (Q querelle and me) triptych panel 1 left 6' 2" x 4' 2"
(all panels, graphite pencil, mixed-media, gesso, gold leaf paint)

Worn by the anger and angst of the quarrelsome quarters of contemptuous art... the artist takes a stance to present himself as the final refuge (the immediate visual details of the three stages are; tool in hand, throat in siege, fist in defiance).

So tool in hand, not his cock but instead, the other stiff rod that shapes his digressions is the modus operandi. A piercing stare suggests – 'you've got to be kidding', yet at the same time says, 'go fuck yourself...what's here is what I'm left with... take it or leave it.'

Deliverance triptych panel 2 middle 6' 2" x 4' 2"

The gateway to each of these triptych tablets might be said to be; a surrender, a sacrifice and a rebuttal, respectively. The center stage was never fully realized as a finished tablet, so therefore the concentration is completely about the painful self-imposed strangulation depicted. Academic draftsmanship heroically builds the tortured form where it remains impaled... a human form not to be released.

The Artist In The Field Of "Q" triptych panel 3 right 6' 2" x 4' 2"

It would seem here that the Q series (inspired by Jean Genet) ends in defiance. The figures fist and the clutched staff prepares for a defense as the facial expression demands, a call to action, to be recognized. The painting is erratic and incomplete which is further testament to the swell in its rendered anatomy.

(Overleaf spread - pgs. 12, 13)

Everyman Entertains The Thought (Foreskin Removed) 4'x8' (Overleaf detail pgs 14, 15)
(graphite, gouache, gesso, gold leaf paint, collage)

More is stated by less that's drawn. Readily the effeminate beauty of the male nude is quietly attested to by one long sweeping continuous line that defines the entire pose; from knee to elbow the force of the delicate rendering is pushed forth by the soft pink/flesh color behind the figure. The mindful absence of color in the figure adds to the intrigue.

A very selective draftsmanship is humbly, and with great finesse, employed in a very strategic manner. The face, caressed by the arm and hand, maintains a smug boosting attitude more so than an expression of placidity. The genitals are cautiously rendered in careful detail. "Here I am, I am man, I am naked, this is my pose I am satisfied to expose myself."

(Overleaf spread - pgs. 16, 17)

Bondage - In The Sling 2' x 8' (graphite, gouache, mixed media)

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.









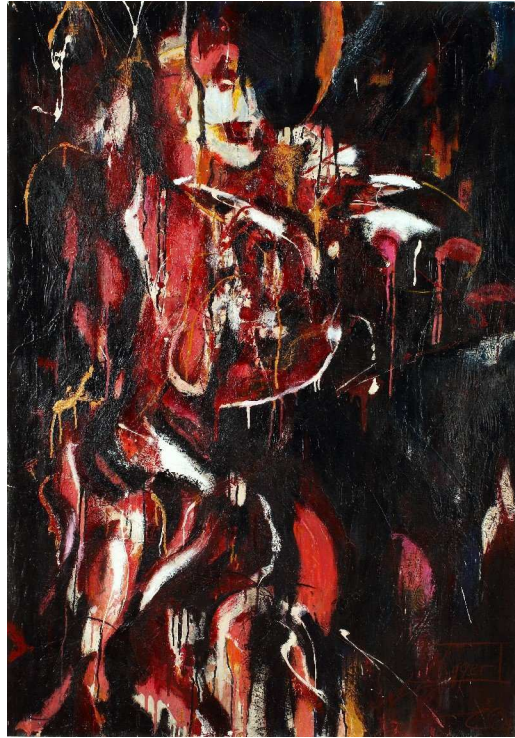








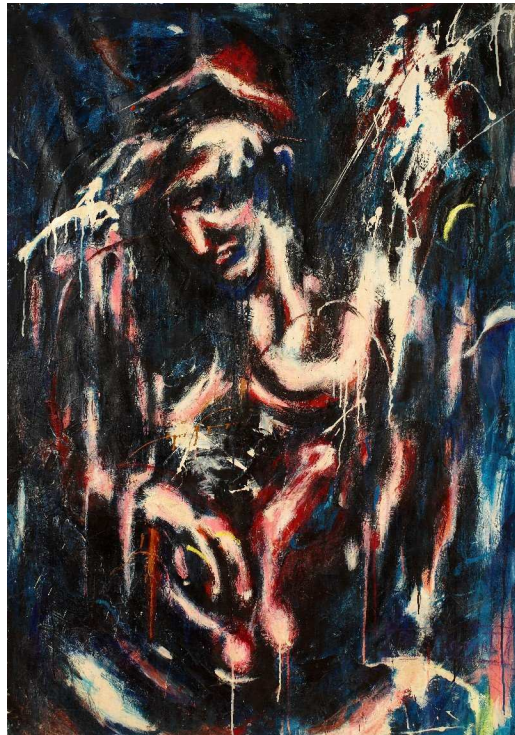
Large Scale Works * The Nine Gates Of Hell - 4 Diptychs



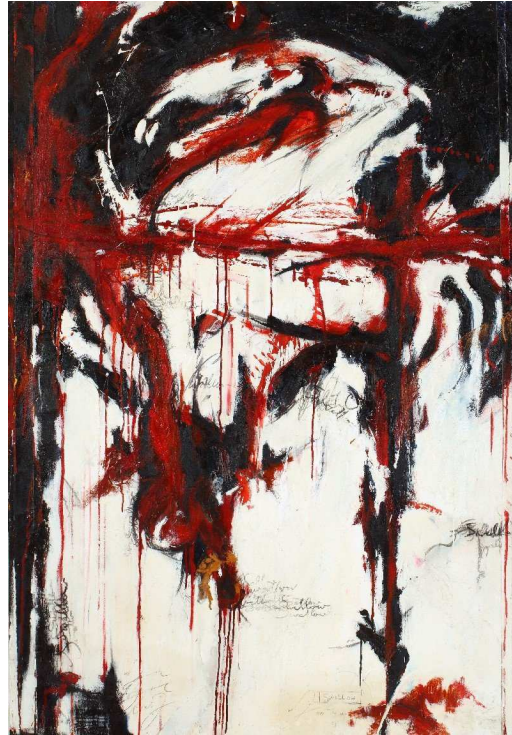
Nigger 60 X 42
(gate 1 - Frailty) 60 x 42



Bloodbath 60 x 42
(gate 2 - Consumed Regurgitate)



Protagonist 60 x 42
(gate 3 - Boasting)

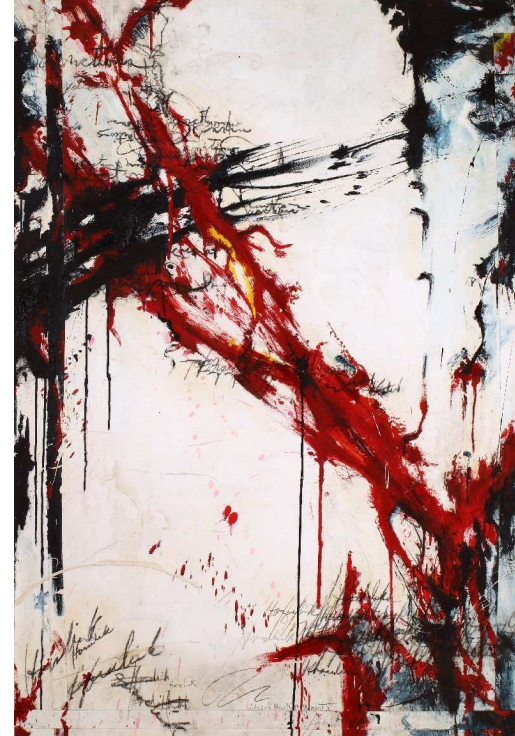


Swallow 60 x 42
(gate 4 - Execution Of Innocence)

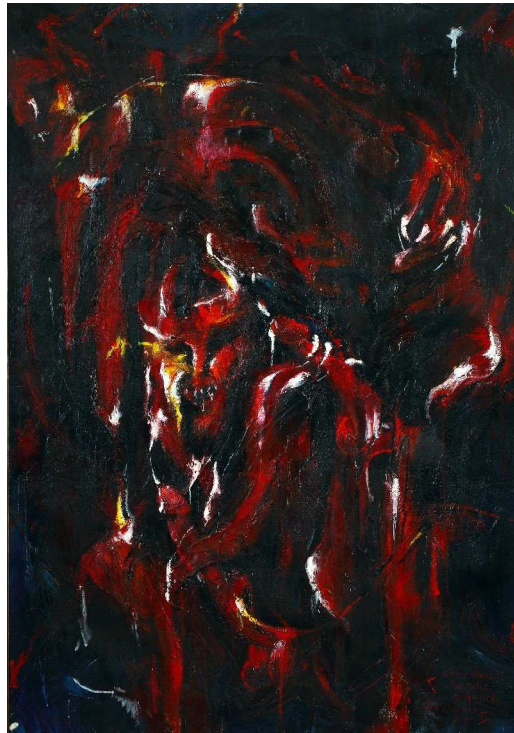
(Overleaf details; pg. 20 Swallow - Gate 4, pg. 21 Where Lies The Relic - Gate 7)



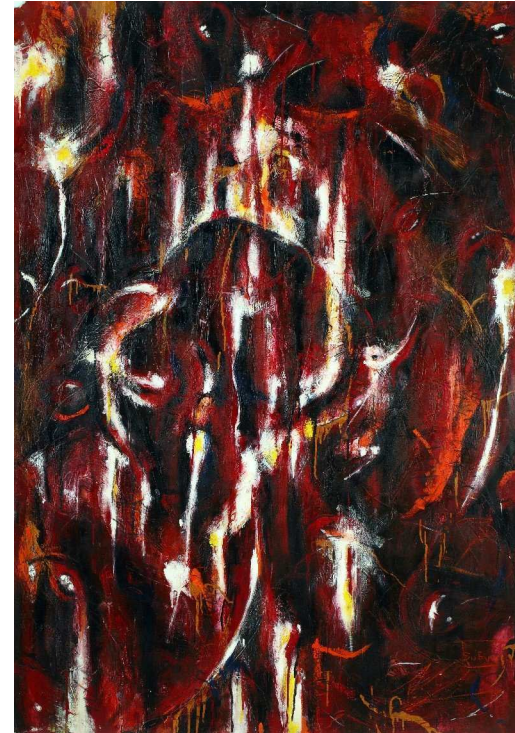
A Heartfelt Moment 60 x 42
(gate 5 - Indulgence)



Horselick 60 x 42
(gate 6 - Morte de Intellect)



Where Lies The Relic Of Desire 60 x 42
(gate 7 - Brothel Of Fornication)



Subversion 60 x 42
(gate 8 - Supreme Authority)





Dark Shadows Of A Crucifixion (Slave Not Christian) 8' x 4'
(gesso, mixed media, gouache)

Conjured up, out of the darkness of the pallet, a figural abstraction presents a sacrificial-like path to its presence. Bold strokes of red and white cut into the black undertow as they strain and tear into an amorphous form. The lacerations make the crucified figure their home in a belief that all that's tendered is already dead.





The Mariner's Demise As Seen Thru The Eyes Of The Albatross 42 x 60 (mixed media, gesso, 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 a 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.



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.

Cave Dwellings Persona - General Note

The environment of the 'dwelling' works are intended to give the feel of prehistoric ramblings and tell-tale stories, depictions of events as in 'lascaux' and 'altamira' of France and Spain, respectively. And so a surface is made ready as it is prepared and then chiseled from the cave rock wall encasement. A storyboard of figures are carved out leaving an imposto/fresco-like façade.

A documentation of events, often figurative, are bled into the walls or scratched out of the walls to render the odyssey... the gold leaf paint on layers of encrusted gesso act to contain the unfinished turbulence of the atmosphere in which the figure/gesture take life. Often the painting and rendering is infused with obscure written words or passages as they scour to find a search-string of meaning.

Written calligraphic entanglement amid patches of random color create environments around larger-than-life figures that define the caves carvings and their tale.

Cave Dwellings revels in a purgatory of pornographic scratches lead by a prehistoric constitution that share their timeless acquaintance to mankind.

(Overleaf pgs. 28, 29)
Heroic 6' x 12' 6"
(gesso, graphite, mixed-media, gold leaf paint)

The tempest is the prevailing factor as art imitates life. The gestures work in juxtaposition to one another. With stupefied expressions of disbelief both larger-than-life figures are captured in a turmoil of feverish 'surrender to' or 'acceptance of the apparent apocalypse. This cave dwelling records an atmosphere that ponders a catastrophic doom.

That... what is next to come... we await.





THE HEROIC

©4

Chavez



The Swan Song Trilogy - 3 panels 4' x 8'
(gesso, mixed media, pencil, gold leaf paint)

A triptych of works of coexistence, executed with a fresco style, depicting the intimate character of the model. Their tale is told as each canvases dwellings could have easily been culled from palace ceilings, church walls or mausoleum entranceways. The flesh seems eaten away exposing skeletal and bone-like bleached armatures... of the human body... of life drawing... of the male nude... personified, amplified, idolized, emulsified and detonated by the cross section characteristics of these cave dwellings.

A forceful pattern is created by inter-relating forms, mirror images suggesting the duality of man exploring fraternity. Fresco style oversize work in gold leaf paint impregnating gesso fields of texture carving out the male nude with graphite pencil and painted gouache mixed-media. Bondage of spirit and brotherhood is the theme with pungent execution to demonstrate the complexity of mans' physical fullness.

Slow Dance On The Sistine Ceiling - top opposite & pgs. 32, 33)
Finding the duality of the human spirit the figure springs out of its own embodiment... the heart is clutched in sheer reverence to its chapel.

Hail to the saints that make men free.

Flown From Milton's Paradise - middle oposite & pgs. 34, 35)
Falling into an inner sanctum of conscience self-exposure as explorations of delight and discourse sets the figures in a rubik cube of entanglement.

Beware the soldiers that incarcerate life.

The Titanic Sinks In E Major - bottom oposite & pgs. 36, 37)
Quietly accepting the fraternity of his brotherhood he discovers the mirror of his own existence. A fate of deep sleep is played out on the extended 'piano' spine built out from his fingers.

Hearken to youth whose innocence has no fear.





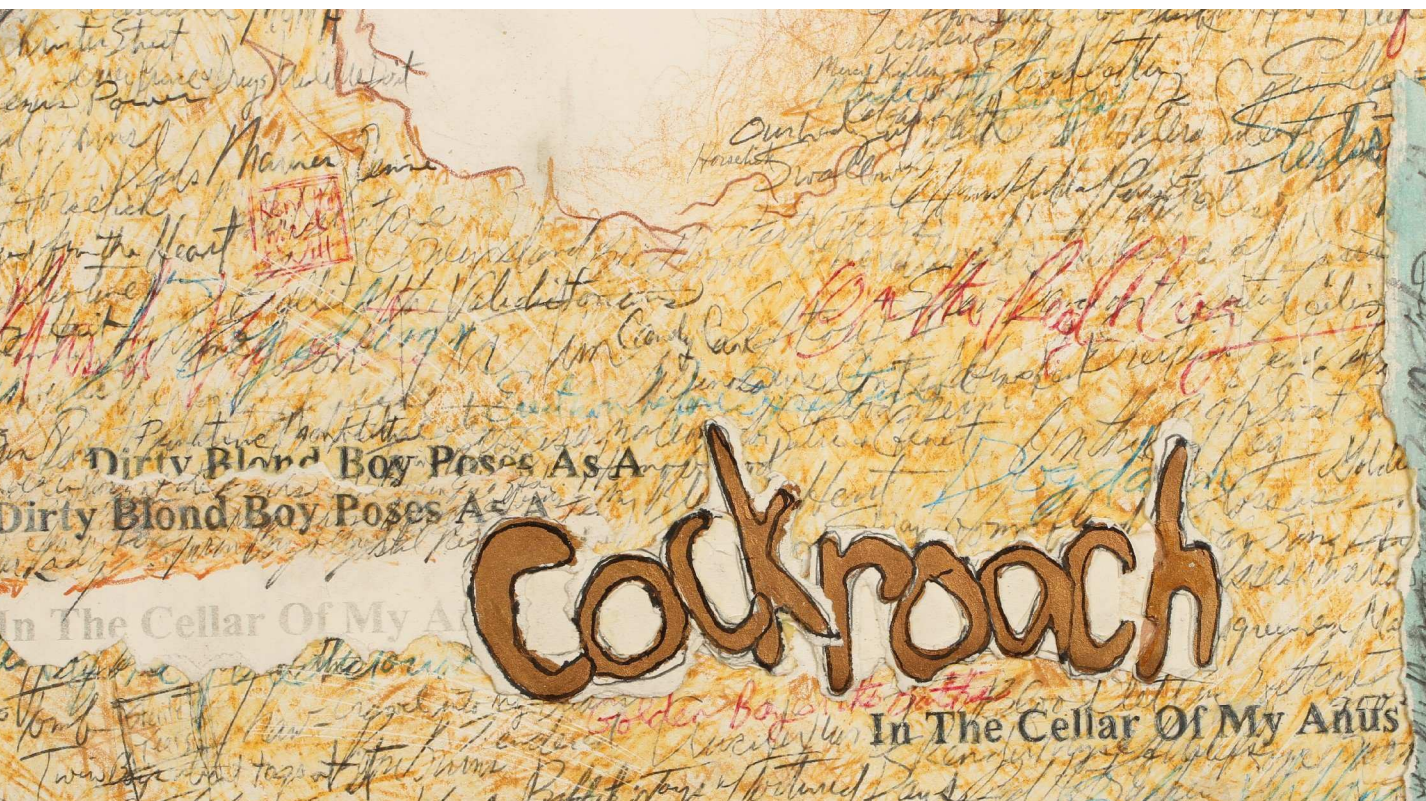












(Opposite - right)

Dirty-Blond Boy Poses As A Cockroach
In The Cellar Of My Anus 34 x 50
(crayon, graphite pencil, mixed media, collage)

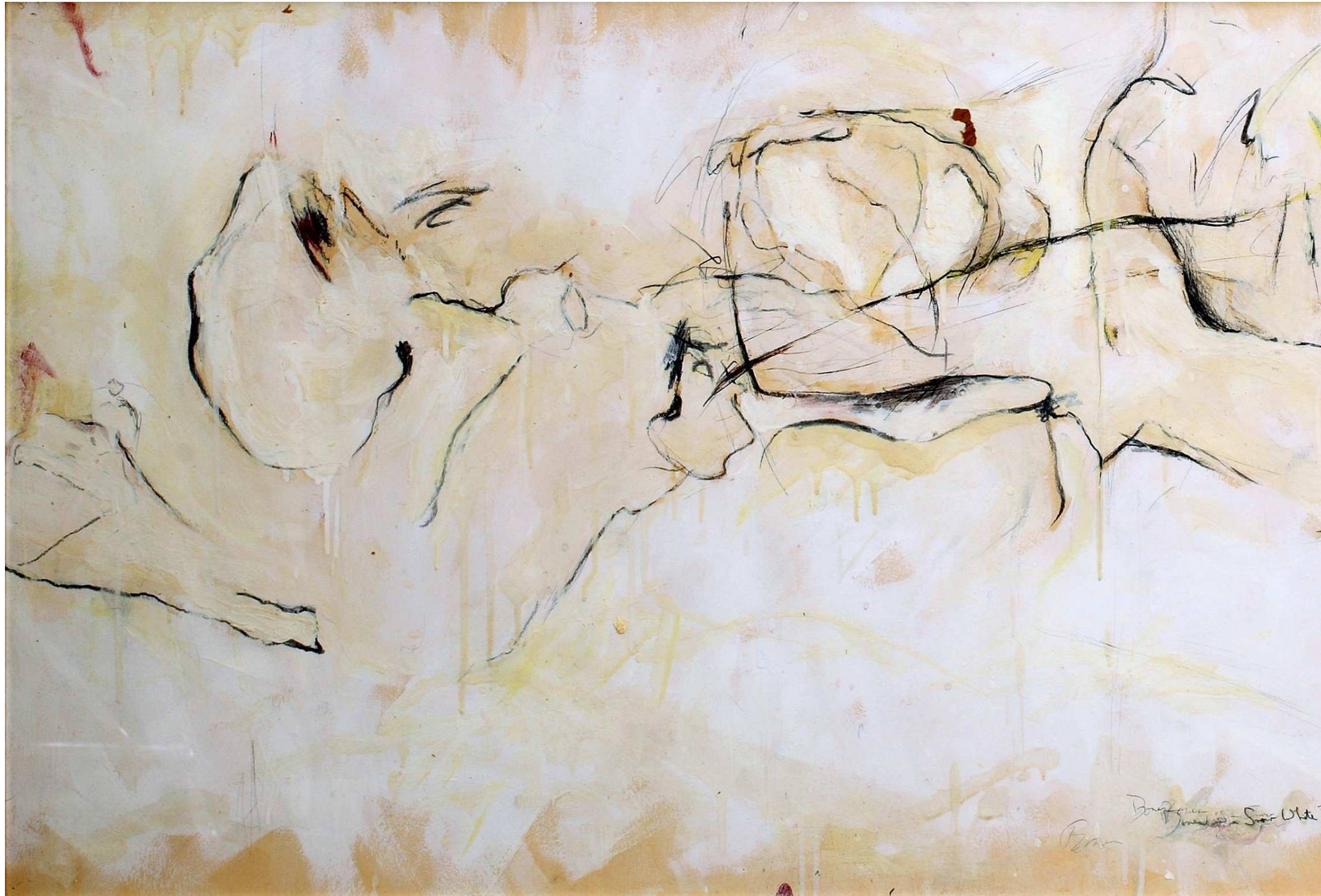
Scientifically rendered but absent of rendering is the melodrama of a work that relies largely on the extreme nature of the model's pose... that void, which remains in the figure, is intentionally left starving for the artist's attention. The figure is calling out as it is perpetrated by the phantasmagorical 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.

(Cockroach - detail pgs. 38 and 41)







Bones In A Snow White Pit On Egyptain Soil 2' x 6' (charcoal, gouache, encaustic) The playful inhabitants of one singular form is broken down to an armature of skeletal lineage. The only pieces that remain in the encaustic vat are splintered lines leaving an existential path. Dismissed of rendering the abstract scratches paint themselves into a vanilla sky.....





Bare Wires In Water 4' x 8' (graphite, charcoal, 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 reek 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.



Colossus – The Creation 4' x 8' (gesso, mixed-media, gouache, gold leaf paint)

Not thrown from the heavens, nor created by Zeus, but obscurely hatched after the fornication of a cinder from the sun, a speck of dust from the dark side of the moon and a particle of plankton from a slime deposit in Darwin's primordial pond... thus the creation of this specter, before realizing its embodiment, comes from a vessel that houses not egg nor fetus, instead a calcium bone-like and copper mineral-like shell that pulsates with an energy till, after a nine year incubation, it is realized... thusly, the Majesty Of Darkness.

The Tragedy Of Theophilus And Tyrus

Mercy Killing (gooseflesh 500,000 times)

Responsible Darkness & Fertile Seeds - Part I

So, to narrate the tale of Theophilus and Tyrus the pages of Greek legend turns back to their mischievous conception and covert birth. Copious going-ons and uncontrolled fornication was but a mere shrug-of-the-shoulder or wink-of-an-eye to Zeus, king of the Olympian playground.

This is a recount of one of those playful nights when the master of the gods exercised his forbearance and plangent desire to satisfy an uncontrollable urge to have intercourse with a demi-god, one little known to him and strangely private and secret to the rest of the Olympian entourage.

Such a desire and such a night would not be out of the ordinary for the master did as he pleased in the 'guise' he would choose. Often his disguise was for his own pleasure and to impress the target of his lust. So in the very middle kingdom darkness, when all the heavens', earths' and universes' aligned their posterior exits,* and were in full synchronization with each other, he chose his visit to his demi-god.

* (The posterior exists are the darkest, blackest existent space and, as they were aligned, it would make for a 'perfect storm'. In this case the darkness of each would manifest four-fold thus bearing witness to a darkness beyond all infinities darkness... its occurrence (the alignment) only took place every 50 centuries).

So in the blackest blackness, blacker than the depths of all infinity he ventured out in the 'guise' of 'illumination'. Zeus entered the covenant of the demi-god Uterrius Vulvoneous. She was lured to the mesmerizing glow of the 'luminous phosphorescent plankton' which was the altered-state he took that night.

Disengaged tiny rambunctious particles sparkled with bursts of illumination as Zeus and Uterrius made love. He made nine pelvic thrusts and it is said that each thrust lite the entire universe with a nanosecond of light brighter than the sun... and its power gave way to the birth of the planets... thus the 9 planets in the solar system known to earths' mankind was created. All of which, after the intercourse, fell back to exhaustive darkness.

One sperm was darkness, one sperm was light and the third sperm was phosphorescent plankton of the sea as Uterrius' vulvoneous conceived triplets in that night. So... in her/his womb the she/he held and nurtured the embryos 'till birth'. explanation to follow.

WORLD

All Is Not As It Seems

Now be it disclosed that this was, and is the only time, a man/woman gave birth to a child. The disclosure is as follows; Uterrius Vulvoneous was a demi-god born of a questionable and undisclosed god/mortal... or, beast and phantom... thus, she was also a he. The she/he was a *ecce homo*, the only man ever recorded in Greek legend and throughout history and within the human race... that was born with the full child-bearing womb of a woman and the genitals of a man. A penis and testicles able to ejaculate fertile sperm and a womb able to conceive, nurture and bear children... this was her/his duality*.

*(On the night before Uterrius was to be overtaken by Zeus, she hid - the he of himself - into herself. So Uterrius had made an incision in her/his chest from just above the penis 8" up toward the belly button at which time Uterrius stored the penis and testicles under the skin and sowed them within her/his chest hiding her male origins to deceive Zeus. Thus let it be cited hereafter throughout this tale that references made to Uterrius Vulvoneous will be as; she/he, her/his, or mother/father.)

Leaving only exposed her/his vagina she/he was then prepared to accept the erection of Zeus. Zeus never knew he had fucked a man that had a capable and fertile egglet hamlet for the male glue-stick, he also never knew that she/he had given birth to triplets conceived of his seed.

The Deceived, Divine And Devoured

The triplets, two boys and a girl, were born; Theophilus, Tyrus and Terra. Uterrius, in fear of ever having to compete with Terra's beauty, ate her daughter at birth. The devouring of the infant girl was also done as a sacrifice... thus she/he would sacrifice from the mortal-side making the offering to her/his god-side, thereby reinforcing her/his omnipresence in hopes of more power and protection for what she/he had planned for the twin boys. Any account of Terra, other than the devouring of the infant daughter, remains unknown. There is one exception however, and that is that Uterrius fed the blood of the girl to the twin brothers. Being nurtured by blood and milk with female compositional genetics added further to the boys' feminine composition.

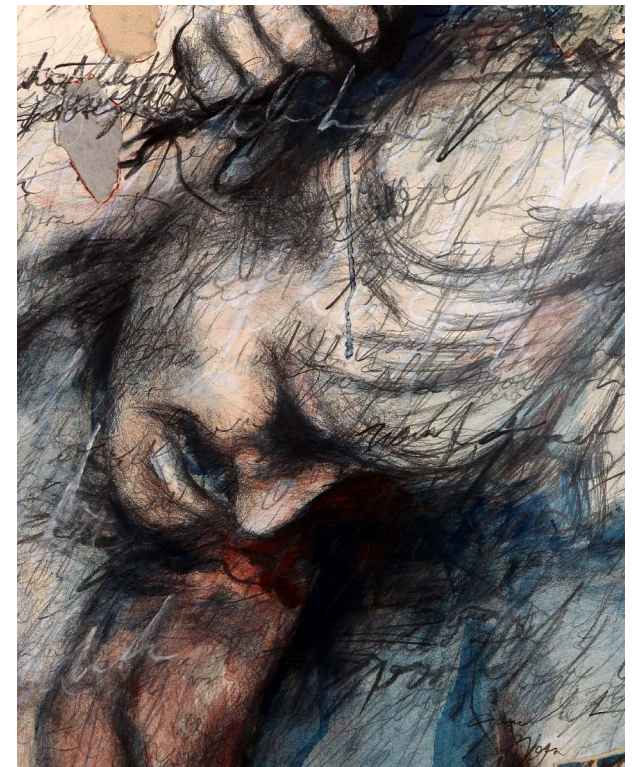
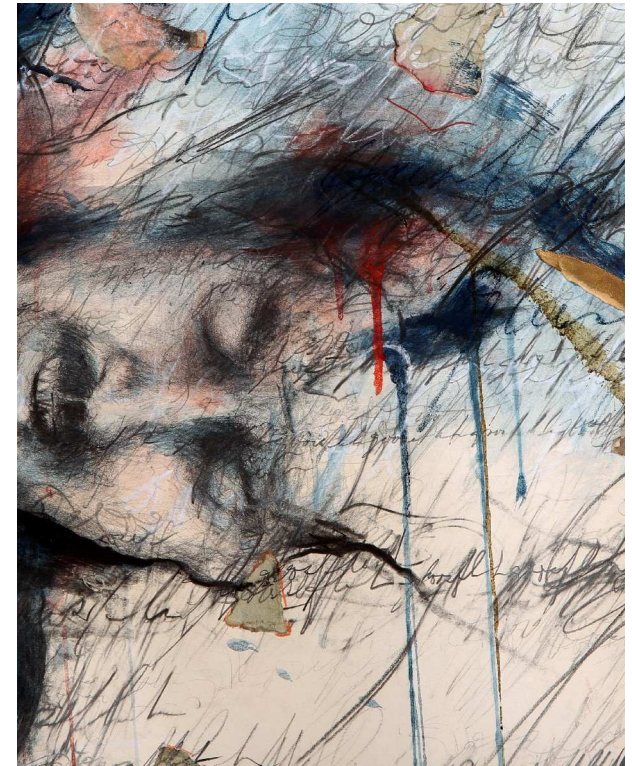
Theophilus and Tyrus grew strong and in secret on an obscure 'underhill' of Olympus where many demi-gods practiced their origins and prepared for their deeds before they would embark on heroic adventures.

Left Is Straight And Left Is Left

Most notable about the boys, was not their enduring strength or effeminate beauty, but rather, was an extraordinary cunning and a curious particular stigma which gave them a physical uniqueness... both boys were born with two left feet. An exclusive attribute only known to them and never to be found in the mortal world, demi-god middle world or the Olympian world. Alas they were not cripples, on the contrary, Theophilus could walk a straight path left foot over left foot (not side by side as in a normal strut) and his moving forward was with more strength than the average demi-god. His birthmark gave him a unique power due to an astute concentration on his walking abilities that he had to develop from birth. Strength from a different step and stance gave him a power of formulated movement.

On the other hand Tyrus would forever move forward, side stepping to the left and then center, favoring two steps to the left then moving forward and center. His particular birthmark, like Theophilus, also gave him a warrior advantage as he moved naturally but in a quirky manner. Any adversary would never be able to anticipate his next move. And so their adventures were not impaired by the duality of having two left feet.

continued -





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. Infact the one boy might come to the other driven by male desire as his partner would feel very much a feminine amorous at the time. The two existed in a very special sexual torrent in their intercourse and lovemaking presence.

The twins early youth is 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). The adolescent years found the demi-god boys engaged in adventures of minor accomplishment. Theophilus was an 'open forum' and in sun-drenched dwellings he was energized to perform his tasks. Tyrus was an 'ambiguous disclosure' and with the pretense of nocturnal doctrines he found his power to accomplish his adventures.

Goldest Gold In The Darkest Black - Part II

It was during the twin brothers adolescent years that a slow methodical pilferage of a secret treasure was taking place. Thievery and looting of this greatest treasure was unbeknownst to any Olympian god and most especially to Zeus (whose secret treasure it was, shared by no mortal or god, it was his and his alone). On the dark side of a sub-mount of Mount Olympus was a grotto that was always cast in shadow and darkness. The wealth of Zeus was stored in a cave forged by volcanic eruptions, over ageless periods of time, after which it cooled to create an impenetrable rock... a cave like no other that could keep its glowing molten properties while at the same time being cured and settled. The interior was laden with volcanic ash that had cooled and mingled with the dust from the reaches of outer space creating a warm blanket on the ground beside the glowing stone walls, stronger than any stone or rock this made for a vault of impervious security with numerous chambers that were filled to the brim with the king of Olympus' private reserve.

There was no way of entry except for a key which could open the only (way of) passage into the cave. The key to entry was a luminescent key which could only be summoned by Zeus when he transformed into his altered state, at which point, the key would glow (shed a light) and would pin point the direction to the locked passage that needed to be undone and opened to grant access.

There was however one other way to conjure up the phosphorous key. The striking, in a chime like fashion, of two dried out bones of a female infant that was born of luminous plankton sperm could be the only other spark of light that would uncover the lock. The striking would waken the bone and allow it to be used as an entry key and unlock the greatest treasure in the cosmos. And so Uterrius Vulvoneous, who had saved the skeletal phosphorescent remains of her daughter, had access as she/he planned the greatest robbery of all times.

Zeus' hidden wealth, collected over thousands of years, consisted of precious metals, of silver and gold and platinum, rare and exotic forms of art, scriptures and doctrines and the most precious stones and jewels, rubies, emeralds , diamonds and gems including 3 Aggwetts; the most rare powerful and precious of all the gems in the universe, and the only 3 that existed, belonged to Zeus.

Once a decade the king of Olympus made a deposit and took inventory. And so a mission of treasurers were sent to account for his private wealth. Upon taking inventory it was discovered that the chambers of gold and silver, of diamonds and jewels seemed somewhat empty... missing... looted. They checked for the Aggwetts and the 3 that were in the vaulted tabernacle seemed in place... but a leak of light bounced off the glowing walls and shone on the Aggwetts providing energy to one of them that made the other two look out of place... the observation by the treasurers was correct... two false gems had taken the place of the originals so as to be a deterrent to the longevity of the looting. The two placebos could not compare to the remaining true Aggwetts beauty, glow, and energy. Secret thievery and looting had taken place to a huge and massive extent. The treasurers stepped back to study the scene of the crime, they sent for the great detective Mycronos Spomes. *continued -*

Clearly there was undisputed evidence of shadows retained on the glowing walls and footprints evident in the lava-ash covering on the cave floor. There were multiple paths of one set of footprints that lead to each room of vaulted gold and jewels, and that same set of prints were clearly defined twice leading to the tabernacle of Aggwetts. All the footprints present were that of a person with two left feet. It was clear the tracks that remained behind were deposited over a period of time, for their size and weight had different characteristics... but all tracks, all paths, all footprints were those of two left feet. The shadows left on the walls could not define more conclusive evidence, they could only record that the perpetrator over extended periods of time had grown taller upon each entrance. The undeniable evidence, however, pointed clearly to the left footed brothers Theophilus & Tyrus. But which one, or both?

Tear The Truth From My Throat

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 and crucified himself to that cross, in the arena, to pay the price. He did so with intention to exonerate his name, his family name and his own warriors pride, after all he did have two left feet. As part of his crucifixion he declared that his voluntary self-sacrifice would expand on the truth as he proclaimed his rightful innocence.

Since it was Zeus edict that one should die and the victim would carry the branding of the crime: even though Theophilus declared his innocence, he was still on the cross of guilt. He spoke of his mother/father Uterrius Vulvoneous's deceitful covenant of their birth and that he would take accountability and would die at his own hand to exonerate himself and his brother Tyrus, as he could not believe that he could commit such a crime. If it wasn't one of the twins, or both, then this left only some sort of trickery at the hands of Uterrius to be the only explanation. Theophilus could only testify to the fact that he himself had no knowledge of a treasure or who might have been the thief... he said so in honest sacrifice, "I'll die for this crime, bearing two left feet, but I am innocent although my death will be labeled with the guilt."

When Tyrus learned of Theophilus' declaration and course of action he was furious. He was outraged by the attempted sacrifice by his brother because that-in-itself pointed to himself as the guilty 'left-footer' and would leave his brothers words always to ring out against him with their claim of innocence. Tyrus insisted that the only way he could claim his innocence was to fulfill the sentence of Zeus and fight to the death. He was confident he would win. Zeus did not interfere, intrigued by the events and impassioned with his own lust for vengeance.

Such then was born the part of the battle known as 'mercy killing'.

Tears To Tears, Flesh To Flesh - Part III

The great gladiator Tyrus attacked his brother grabbing his two arms by their wrists. He clenched tight and even tighter still. He struggled to tear his crucified arms from the cross but Theophilus' strength was as challenging as all the powers of a great minotaur. His brother pulled at his arms once again as he tightened his body around Theophilus much like the times they engaged in their sexual encounters only this time it wasn't 'force of pleasure' it was 'force of survival'. Their legs entangle, their bodies enveloped, their dynasty was exposed as Tyrus was able to finally free Theophilus' claw-like hands... freed only from the cross as they stretched in crucified formation but, he had not as yet conquered. Theophilus' fingers scratched across the sky of Uranus, who felt it most, as it left a scar that he could not covet from the other gods... the deep rip in the vanilla sky resounded through the heavens... most

deafening was the wailing cries of Uterrius who had taken refuge in Uranus' kingdom. There Uterrius would station herself/himself in hiding to observe the battle of T & T as it took place in the great arena of Olympus. So above them she/he waited as her/his gluttonous guilt ate deeper into what little soul she/he had. Her/his punishment would be the death, or rather the struggle for life, of one of her/his boys.

Was it one or both of them that stole the great treasure? Who was manipulated by her greed, cunning and lust for wealth as she clanged and chimed the bones of the daughter she ate to open the vault? Or was it U-V herself/himself... did she/he create some foolery to point the guilt to the left footed boys? So now she/he waited hopelessly entombed by leprosy that riddled her/his entire body. What father was he to have let it come to this, what mother was she that ate her own and set a path of damnation for her men.

So the sorrow came and with it tears, but the tears were dry yet she/he shed them nonetheless. And so the tears took the form of dry scales and patches of the leper's skin as it shed off of her/his decaying body and fell like rain from the deity of the sky over the boys as they fought a warriors battle. Now the twins were interlocked; hands clawing and clutching, legs folded and purged, hand to arm, torso to backside... flesh on flesh as Tyrus generated a numbing sensation to his brother that, at the same time, became sensationalized which caused his brother's skin to spawn with goosebumps. Pimples that now populated his skin and covered over his entire body as a result of fear... cold... excitement... or... the roughness to his skin that capitulated in his body in as loud a manner as did his scratching or gaping tear in the façade of the sky. The 500,000 gooseflesh pimples caused an even heavier rain of decaying leprosidic flesh as the gray dauntless skin fell from the sky to fill the arena floor.

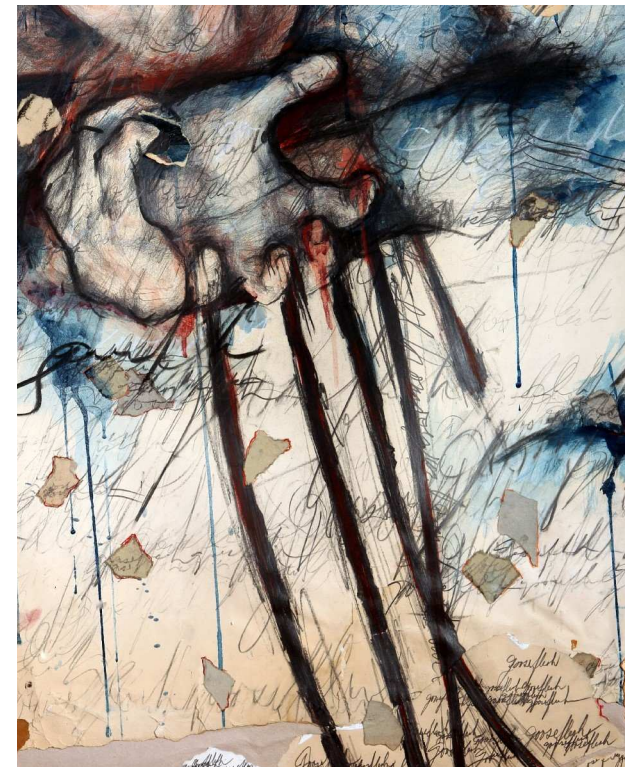
"500,000 times my gooseflesh is yours," cried Theophilus as his power became diminished (be it remembered he was a demi-god of the sun-drenched dwellings which is from where he took strength and form.) So alas, a curse were the leprosy tears that blocked the sun. By now darkness covered the sky and all that is in it... and so all between heaven unto the Olympian realms was darkened by the she/he regurgitation from above. The darkness gave Tyrus even more strength being as though he was a demi-god of the nocturnal.

Theophilus turned his face to his brother, Tyrus did the same looking him in the eye. They interlocked their eyes as their faces engaged. Tyrus moved his lips closer to those of Theophilus. He kissed his brother lightly on the lips, the gooseflesh energies accelerated, and then with the kiss, as placebo of intent, he quickly tore away from his brothers face as he lunged and gorged at his throat, with his second greatest weapon, his teeth. He bit at his throat three time, each time getting deeper and deeper until he was able to rip it out of his neck.

He held it in his mouth careful not to swallow it. Theophilus was left bleeding to death. Tyrus walked through the decayed skin that had decomposed into a haven of disease, filth and dirt on the arena floor. Thus the victor walked to the supreme throne where he stood before Zeus and spat out the throat of Theophilus. He proclaimed that, "Because my brother knew of his guilt he punished himself hoping to avoid the painful and shameful death he would be left to suffer with. To this point it was a clever way to declare his innocence and to die with/of self-proclaimed innocence to absolve his guilt." So let it be done... as it is finished. Tyrus, with the blood of a fresh kill flowing from his mouth, raised his head up to Zeus with his eyes looking beyond in arrogant conceit of his victory. He said no more and turned to make his exit. Innocence was now his, or was it?

Zeus' word would have to be justice. Tyrus walked away, his side stepping left foot took two steps to the left then forward and center. He left a path, a telltale path, in the muck of leprosidic dirt. All attention was on Tyrus as he walked away. All that was left was the dead bleeding body, a pulsating throat and the incriminating tracks of retreat in a trail remaining behind the victor as he exited.

Mycronos was the first to notice as he called to Zeus' attention that the footprints, the steps to the left were identical to those found in the great treasury vault. From the time the feet were smaller until now it was a theft that



had gone on for years perpetrated by U-V and carried out by the young Tyrus over the course of years of growing up 'till he was a man. True they were the tracks of two left feet but until now no one ever explored the details of the uniqueness of the trail. The footprints in the cave lava-ash were steps to the left, a match to the footprints in the arena decay, those of Tyrus and not Theophilus whose left over left step was different. The justice of T & T at the battle of 'mercy killing' had reversed itself...

Never Digest, Eternally Live-To-Die

Zeus smashed down his lightning bolt scepter, a crack split the heavens and was deafening as it sent rays of power and light in all directions. With a thunderous sound he shouted out to Tyrus to stop and turn to face him as he ordered his guards to seize the monster and drag him forward to face his scorn. Then and there immediate action was taken... so first and foremost he ordered his guards to force feed the bleeding throat of Theophilus into Tyrus as he was ordered to eat, and never digest, the throat. It would pulsate within him forever.

He ordered Tyrus to pay for his theft and the murder of his brother as he was the true assailant. The decree of punishment was one of longevity and was declared as such; he was now ordered to live so he could die 500,000 times... Tyrus would suffer the pain and agony, the torture and darkness of 500,000 deaths... one death at a time given up for every goosebump he imparted to his brothers gooseflesh. He was incarcerated into a void that knew no time and space, a void that held no light or dark, a void that could only see, hear, feel and finally suffer the demise of demi-gods and mortals alike. So let it be done... as it is finished.

He would now live with any and all disease along with the agony that it tortured its victim with over long and extended trials of suffering. He would suffer the deaths of; sudden killings, gladiators torn apart by lions, men beheaded by kings, maidens burnt alive at the stake, gods feasting on their children... all would be his... wicked deaths, sorrowful deaths, natural, accidental or premeditated deaths... they now were all his to endure before they passed to heaven or hell... he would know, feel and "be" the death itself... the meaning, the soul and physical antagonism was chained to him forever in his void-like existence.

And so on the very day of the decree he was impaled with the first of these deaths. Uterrius Vulvoneous lay dead on an obscure Olympian hill, her body pushed out by Uranus from her/his hideout in the sky. Tyrus was now to bear the disease of leprosy, he relived the decaying flesh, he suffered the skin falling off the body, he felt the pain of her/his delicate genitals as they ripped themselves from the body due to the unbearable swelling and weight they took on during the infectious time of the disease. He felt the burning sensation of soured salted milk that flowed from Uterrius' womb. The eyes feel back into her/his head as the corroded brain leaked from the ears and maggots ate of the mush and their sound was magnified horrific... as the decree also declared that all deaths actions would have verbal/audio sufferings that would be magnified by 4-times its measure.

Thus was the first death, the death of his mother/father and now he had four hundred and ninety nine thousand more deaths to endure. After which he would be exiled to the kingdom of Hades where he would be incarcerated in the dark region of Tartarus.

It was in Tartarus that his punishment would continue. He was sentenced to record the 500,000 deaths (spawned of gooseflesh) that he had lived-to-die-in, this was to be executed in both written and drawn illustrated format. But a handicap was to be installed so that he would always know that which was the physical bearing of his betrayal. His two left feet were now severed from his body... but... they were not discarded. His hands were cut off and his left feet were attached to his wrists. And so with reverse appendages he was now to carry out his sentence to create the great book known as *'The Annals of In Saecula Saeculorum Morte'*.

The Creation Of Words - Part IV

Zeus now ordered the body of Theophilus to remain where it had fallen but to be enshrined in a great casing of crystal, quartz, agates and sparkling geodes, the glimmering beautiful rock and stones from the earth. A monument was declared to be erected in his honor.

But first there were three issues that needed to be addressed. Firstly, the arenas leprosidic dust that was now mingled with the blood of Theophilus and the vanilla liquid that oozed from the scratches made by Theophilus in the sky of Uranus would be gathered up. These elements were all electrified by the power and light from Zeus' thunderbolt when he struck it in anger at the sentencing of Tyrus.

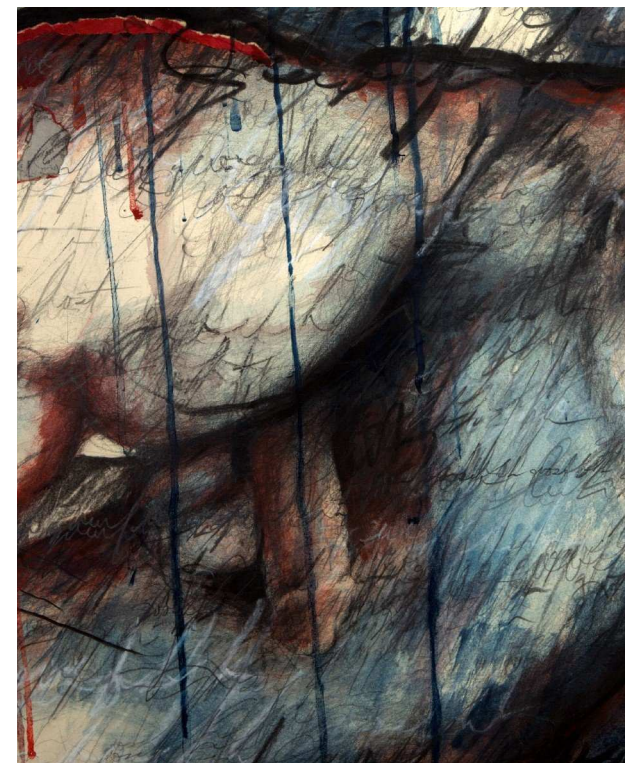
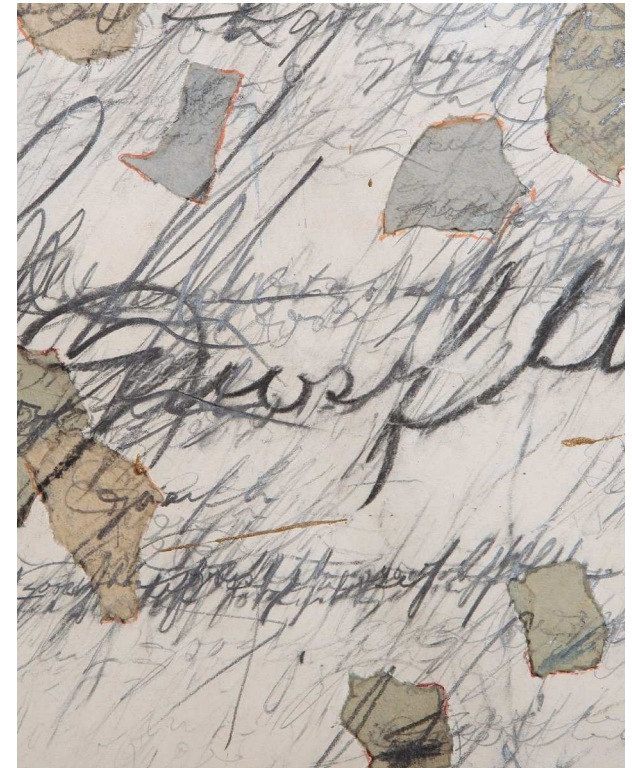
And so the potion on the arena ground would be stored and saved, protected and named 'TNT' after the 2 men that caused its forging. It, as TriNitroToluene, would become one of the most powerful explosives known to god or man. It was forever stored for all time in an open market.

The key to the stolen treasure was found lodged in the female genitalia of U-V. All of the treasure was recovered including the most precious and powerful Aggwets. Secondly, Zeus wanted to clean all woman-kind of the mischievous Uterius Vulvoneous. Since it was from her womb that these boys were born as demi-gods he ordered that all women would have genitalia that would be named thusly; the 'uterus' to bear children and the 'vulva' to know sexual pleasure. And so her/his U-V name as it was known was stricken from existence as thus her evil and her name was reformed into the beauty (life giving) of women and the magnitude of propagation.

Thirdly, Zeus could also not ignore the fact that his act of fornication was in one regard that of homo sex. It was also clear that the two boys also shared the same pederasty lovemaking tendency, whether born of their genetics & feminine blood or driven by desire and lust for male to male preference, it became a moot point. Zeus would deny this a pederasty and declare an acceptable doctrine/creed of which the sexual intercourse of two males would now be named and framed as 'homosexuality' and be it a recognized and acceptable practice in the world of lovemaking, forevermore.

Finally a great statue was ordered to be erected from all the retrieved treasure. It would be a statue of Theophilus and would be known to stand for 'truth'. It would be culled from gold, silver and precious metals, adorned with every form of gem and jewel. For the eyes of the colossal monument Zeus used 2 of the great and powerful Aggwets whose supreme and rare energies would see truth for all time. They had the clarity of the compressed weight of time beyond diamonds and power beyond the sun... truth would always be seen clearly through the eyes of their rare and precious supremacy... he reserved the third, and only other existing unique stone, to be embedded into the center of his mighty thunderbolt.

This naked monument would stand at the gates of knowledge's arbor. It would be designed with a few curious features. Firstly, the statue would be erected with a deep tunnel-like void that would be wide opened at the throat... and from out of that throat's void, as part of the statue's integrity, was extended the mascots of knowledge, abundance, and spirit; now known to the world as a winged cattle, a legged fish and a gilled bird, respectively. The arms of the statue were folded high across his chest and over his heart so that the naked truth could never be disturbed, distracted or misguided by passion or emotion of the heart. Below his abdomen beside his hip on the right side just above his groin was the letter "V" (as in 'victim') that was etched deep into the gold. The "V" would be defined in each of the mascots' guarded properties. The two legs of the seated statue were joined together and forged with two left feet that together pointed to the right... and his exposed genitals lay on the right side of his crotch with his semi-erect penis pointing upward and to the left. Thus both directions of left and right were supported by a pointed competence that would empower mankind with a firm stance and a copious fertility. The gates of left and right wing political truth are said to be born of this mighty statue.





So that future warriors and heroes, as they passed under the monument of Theophilus, would be cognoscente to always 'voice' the truth, it was supported and reinforced by the throated mascots representing sky, land and sea. So, of all cattle, the bull was named to carry the wings; and, of all fishes, the trout was honored with the forbearance of the legs; also, of all birds, the falcon would be indoctrinated with gills.

From the air would be gathered wholesomeness and robust knowledge as the flight of the winged bull, with its great power and strength, would protect and nurture knowledge bringing wisdom back to the throat of truth.

From the land would be cultivated abundance and navigation as the journey of the legged trout, with its fertility and mobility, would search tirelessly as it endlessly scoured all lands far and wide to provide a bountiful harvest and so return with fortitude to feed it back to the tunnel.

Lastly, from the waters would be explored infinite spirit as the plunge of the gilled falcon, with its swiftness and courage, would swoop and dive into the depths of the deepest oceans to breathe life, through its gills, into all formations and inhabitants as spirits, unbeknownst to all, would be awakened and emerge from the fathomless waters, that which is essential but naked to the eye is the totem spirit as it was brought back to be nested in the cavernous throat of the statue of Theophilus.

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

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





March Killing





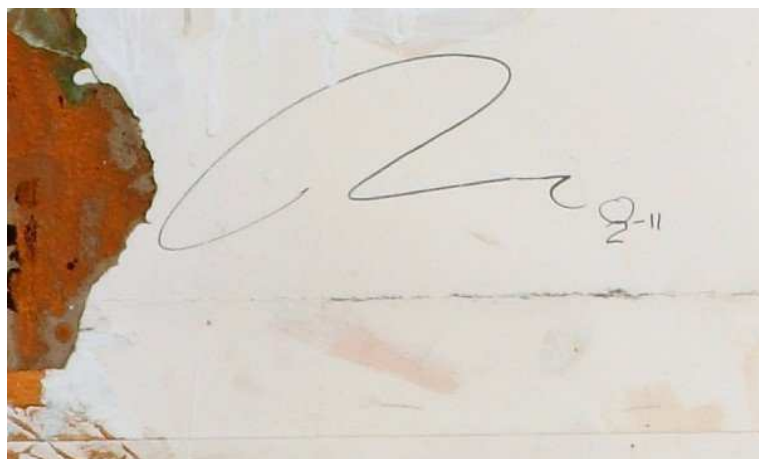


(Previous Overleaf - pgs. 58, 59)
Rend The Wind And Will 6' x 12'
(graphite pencil, mixed media, gesso, gold leaf paint,
calligraphy infused)

Autoeroticism; insatiability, compulsion, self-denial, guilt. Surrender of an erotic nature seems to be a solution for this naked solitary soldier. Eyes that peer out in disbelief accompany a form that prances forth from a blood red silhouette. Voluntary nakedness, the beast, in self-proclaimed agony, tries to share its innocence... finding it or not. Perhaps a tear in the wall of time might be the only rescue to find the root of temperance... thus a spacial capsule with the desire to launch into a tangible escape.

(Opposite - Left)
A Dinosaur's Control 8' x 4' 2"
(graphite pencil, mixed media, gesso, gold leaf paint,
calligraphy infused)

The artist models for himself to capture a moment of raw deliverance. In a wavering of lost love, with a soul bleeding in angst, he turns the tourniquet upon himself. With a wince on his face his teeth clutch tight to bite into the knotted rag as it strangles the arm to motorize the blood in the highway of veins that swell in the pendulum of his arm. The vessel can now be exploited as it awaits what tool will be chosen to ease the pain and suffering; a slash of the razor or the plunge of a needle.



*May my figurization
find fertility in the nudified human form and
grant me the fortitude of Arts endeavor !*





*expression is a key to life -
creativity is its blood...*

Therefore I am