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Naked Art

n u d e s ~ f i g u r a t i v e s ~ e r o t i c s

The Complete Works - Vol. 12
Encounters and Expressions

The Works of Art of
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presented by al tucker on behalf of a.c.t. III gallery - act3artworks.com

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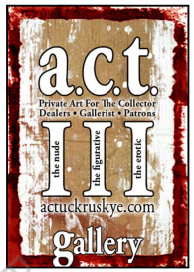
This legacy... as given up to my son, Justin-Drake.

Dedicated to those models that performed generously in modeling for the works of art herewithin.



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Preface ~ Naked Art vol. 12

At a random interval welcome to the beginning, and beginnings hold no authority only the end does, and the end can't be defined as permanent because it congregates with the next sonic level of transient universal matter becoming the next… and then the next… and then the next… stage of where we attempt our deployment.

Opening Definition

When faced with nakedness multiple accreditations can be addressed; to cover it, to celebrate it, to ignore it, to deny it, or define it. Nakedness in art has boundaries but they are uncontainable in scope. Astounding plateaus of: commitments, platforms, doctrines, manifestos, librettos, letters and diaries – all impale all of arts naked history as they exist with exuberant life plunging forth in search of strategies & defining circumstances that continue to take on the next cradle of arts uncharted darkness and the unknown….. art reborn in a new light… and then the next light. The reoccurring perpetual light of yet another dimension uncovering infinite levels of curiosities becomes the outcome.

Introduction to a.c.t. III

Naked art is not necessarily nude art aka figurative art (thus art can be naked in an infinite variety of stylizations and assemblies) and so the birth of MoNA (Museum of Naked Art) has far reaching arms. It has been established here by the ACT III gallery to procure / house the on going event of the nude in art. It is understood that 'naked art' will also allow for on open forum in defining what is "naked" in art… I propose a perpetual curating for this institute… from broken glass thru oil and watercolor into photo graphic thru slick verbiage and CAD design, et al.

The art of a. c. Tuckruskye (act III) is naked but co-exists with its nudity in a variety of discernible theory's/platforms and experiences. The nakedness of his work, just work, leads to the nakedness of the figure and form and so we approach this as a beginning. The nude figure in this artist's art dominates the oeuvre set in motion amongst the energies thru a series of stylizations drawn from universal figurizations – human form, life drawing – and the roots found from singular academic presentations through aggressive copulations.

Art that capitulates from the spleen of desire is revealed within the momentum of the drawings as they search to find their threshold. Sometimes they remain an underbelly study of the models pose or they go on to painterly explorations and abstract exasperations of the human form. The artist's journey, expressionistic at times, would reach a level in which he would express figure art through a tumult of angst and neurotic energies.

Here he, a. c. Tuckruskye, defines the life figure with an argent attitude and along with the flogging of self-censorship it helps him to spearhead a body of work that percolates with energy as the essence of the nudification in his art. Using the figure as the seed, "Each naked figure starts out as a honest record of an 'artistic' human event: the pose [as presented by the model]".

"To herald the gesture, the models delivery and the 'naked' nude pose is the initial premise. Then to recover, uncover, explore the freedoms becomes the primary concern". Thus the beginnings of 'Pencil Knitting' and scratch 'n sniff works of drawings on paper launch the initial foundation of this figurative career.

Another variation of work are the 'NY Narrative' encounters which lead to an interesting but less than copious path of exhibitions that proved to be a subtle dead end.

The etched style of 'Fused Figures' came next with explorations of sexual engagements of hetero and homo erotica and genital counterparts. Gallery exhibits proved somewhat successful as the audience could digest naked heterosexual engagement. This all culminated in a resolved approach of working with the nude as seen in the 'Golden Looms' style which becomes the true core of the figurative works though Tuckruskye's career. Challenging larger formats as in the 'Cave Dwellings' infused calligraphy and a darker more robust pallet lead to continuing deviations but the ground pigment / mixed-media /magna varnish / gouache became his own private pallet of media employing gesso, gold leaf paint, charcoal & eternally using the partner he was married to – his 6B graphite pencil, forever.

A Brief Encounter

Born on New York's lower east side to Polish immigrants he was the first of four brothers. A catholic school education left scars and is best noted by his favorite story that was an 'Easter' episode. "I was taken by the hand on Good Friday into the church, there was a 8 foot crucifix laying on the ground in front of the altar. The naked figures hands, feet, stomach and face were bleeding… then my grandmother told me to kiss 'Boju', kiss his wounds… she wanted me to kiss this bleeding bloody tortured mans cuts!" Tess, grandpa's roof top pigeons, infested railroad apartment cockroaches, dads downtown stories of decomposing bodies was what he grew up with… it eventually gave way to Pratt Institute & C.W. Post for bachelor and master degrees in art education and fine arts.

So a slice of the history continues as such… New York's Soho would become the playground. First an unrealized interview with Ivan Karp but then a successful interview with Leo Castelli in his 420 Broadway office amongst Oldenburg 'soft-ezze' and Jasper 'caustic-isms'. A portfolio of slides was reviewed by the grand Italian master as he was the generator for a Galaxy-Of-Art-Light. ACT III's work was young and somewhat academic at the time, just at the point of boiling-over-the-top. But a pot that was simmering was not enough for Leo. Albert would make reference to this meeting with the following allegory, " I was like a polish meal to Mr. Castelli… this meal was ready my kielbasi was big and meaty but it would need a lot more homemade horseradish to kick start it... and get it off."

Leo politely dismissed the portfolio and pointed it to the direction of Mary Boone and her gallery. In a snooty moment the dwelling took place but never took hold. His work wasn't, at the time, full of broken dinnerware… not a hip schtick. The figure in a michelangelesque delivery and the embellished human form was not an art direction for the times… given way to graffiti and smudged avenues of undistinguishable academia and vaults of trash.

And so the amorphic artist retreated to his amorphous state to conjure the army of spermazoia inside himself and say, "fuck-it … just paint"... and he did.

To Blaze a Trail / A Retracted Apology

Thusly the life figure for this two fisted 'pencil-machine-boy' excelled to proliferate the male nude as it became his obedient obsession as every encounter needed to be stripped bare and naked as 'nudification' was born by his pencil and brush that would hound out, waves of holographic sparks with centurions of undisciplined exploratory poses that developed rambunctious 'naked-stripped-and-bare' work.

He set out not to expose the male nudes 'ping-pong-set' but simply just to include it as part of the natural drawing. Perplexing attention to the figures sexual prowess… distilled in his attitude as it developed with extreme conscienceness of the male 'counterpart' (as act III calls it) so that a blasphemy covering would not get in the way of the viewer's enjoyment and articulation of the work of art. So the cock is not only drawn and painted as a human element but it is especially crafted and presented as it performs in the completion of the male-nude-naked-human-figure!

"I never understood it all, the grape leaf thing… and where the fuck did all these flowing cloths come from… I mean when you look at some of the nude art in history especially the male nude... here is a figure, stark naked in a forest and a towel falls from heaven… god forbid someone saw the gluestick and its counterweights."

Annoyed by the sole intention to hide the sexual identity: his sex organs, his genitals, his penis and testicles, his cock and balls... Ok, said and done! By this silly cloaking we actually draw more radiant attention to it, to that which completes the natural male figure.

This is not meant to be a critical analysis of the male nude in art history… as it has undergone a variety of stages from Greek times unto the current day.

To say there is a definition to naked art would cause a tempest of misconceptions. Naked composition in itself takes on the postulation of many forms of creative expression; the familiar and expected, the unrealized and sublime, the subjective and measurable abstract.

Figures as presented here, without manifesto, might call out a string of ism's:abstractionism, impressionism, expressionism, extentionism, figurizationism, et al. Thus through the ages the human form has been a coveted tool of dynamic expression... but the naked form, ah, at times it is challenged... as it prepares a journey into the fortitude of mystery and persona & the exploratory possibilities of delivery leaving us with a path of sensual entitlement & mystical ecstasy.


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CONTENTS

I
Pencil Knitting pg. 7

II
New York Narratives pg. 39

III
Fused Figures pg. 65

IV
Draftsmans Drawings * Pastels pg. 111

V
Golden Looms * Beginnings pg. 147

VI
Golden Looms * Matured pg. 181

VII
The Dark Side * Nine Gates of Hell pg. 207

VIII
A Gold Leaf Painting in the Round pg. 243

IX
Larger-Than-Life * Cave Dwellings pg. 281

X
The Tragedy of Theophilus and Tyrus - Mercy Killing pg. 315

XI
The Final Hour of Beginnings pg. 331

XII
Index of Titles * Portraits * Vignettes pg. 371

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Grouping
I

Pencil Knitting

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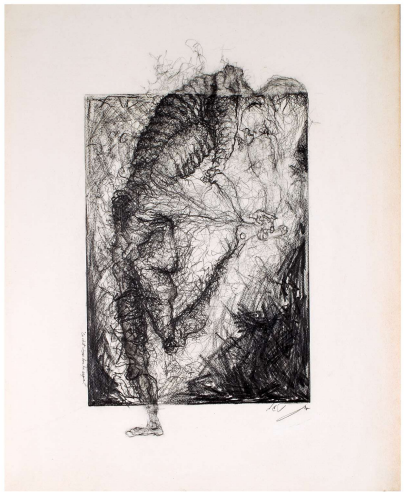
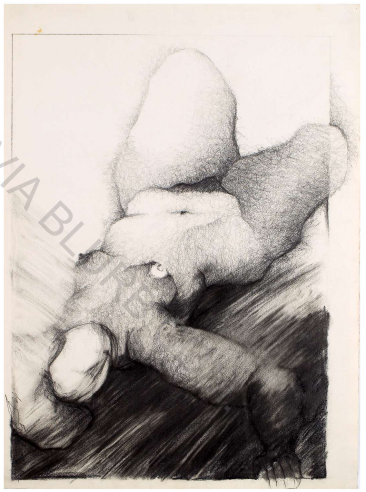
The Figure * The Flesh
The Woven Drawings
Academic Poses and Naked Models









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The Overture

In the studio during life drawing sessions the female and male nudes take their poses. At times a pose of long duration makes for a more detailed and 'finished' naked life study. On other occasions the poses would be delivered in a rapid succession thus a series of multiple contours or gestures capturing expression and movement on newsprint pad... the pencil, graphite stick, sepia charcoal or vine charcoal would often be the media employed.

So much for the studio. No, so much for the general standard for 'classroom-type' studio drawing. Those figures on those pads are accumulated on hundreds upon hundreds of pages and are the energetic lost testament to most of the works in this volume. Their importance is to cull out the path, the pathos, the inspiration, and experimentation that, makes for a fluid oeuvre, as the sketches with their preliminary fields of reference are indoctrinated into the spirit and blood of the 'figure-artists' canonical departures.

In Early Stages

Herewithin (Grouping I) some of these works on paper will be sighted as a fuel to motorize the next plateau of figure drawing and rendering. To find venues of reverence and dichotomy in grounds of creative contingencies. The smudged figures on page 8 are a studio attempt to capture and procure the work in full; pencil knitting has a minor role as the space is copulated by broad graphite stick strokes and the use of the eraser as a primary tool in the execution. The four plates on page 8 depict an out-of-control wild and wiry execution of line and form. These life studies precede the tightly woven style that was to dominate this period of work.

On occasion an icon, an image, a modus operandi interjected its influence. The source of the image came from a photograph and on occasion would be deployed as a variation on a theme fluently trying to find a satisfying platform as a completed work. The images found on page 12 (Affection) & 30-33 (Raw Study Of Judy) are such an icon and their influence can be seen in assorted works throughout this grouping. A strange element, the balloon icon, was incorporated as it found its way into the heart of occasional works. The balloon as a vessel became



Thoughting 24 x 18 (graphite pencil)

Twisted and knurled pencil create the form with contorted and tortured lineage that delivers, in the end, a ragged vessel. Scrambling lines reek havoc to the out of proportion figure. The same velocity can be found in the other rendered 'departures-from-anatomy' (seen on page 8) as the figures start with a formal bases, an academic beginning so to speak, but they all end in an abstract intentional distortion.

a playful and fascinating surreal tool and left behind a footprint of 'latex and air' visual philosophy. These works were predicated by the force of habit to endlessly continue to work and draw. They were not out of the studio and were without the influence of the nude 'live life-figure'... thus a sidebar body of work. They were works of desperation when there was no model and the 'pencil machine' of the artist, that would execute these drawings using both hands, would continue in a torrent of need to displace neurotic energies.

Moving On

These were more or less playful studies and, after returning to the model in a private studio setting, the model with classic poses continued in a perpetual daily discourse. The non-stop discovery amour. This was to be fired and fueled as time went on by poses

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extraordinaire... to find the extreme nature of generous and tenacious poses as they wrestle with the questions of balance and seek alternatives of interpretation that would be generated by their unique singular challenges.

A perfect illustration of studio work taking on the copulation for the purposes of discovery is found on page 11 (A Concentration On Performance), while the astute and very 'focus on the figure and only the figure' is found on pages 15, 16-17 (before they begin to get a little playful). The woven drawing continues as a body of work. The next Iliad was to begin an entourage of work with the models naked pose becoming the initial bases for grandiose exploration of expression and abstraction. These works find themselves being seduced by a duplication method and so repetition and mirrored circumstances and encasements began to play a part and dominate a, watercolor/pencil knitting fusion, in a short-run style experiment as seen on pages 22, 23, 25 (the 'Genet' and 'Lawrence' pieces).

In Conclusion

The woven pencil knitting of this grouping keeps on its carnivorous quest for flesh. Thus flesh in color, form, and mass in a tightly mastered style showcase the nude... ah, but then the discovery that was uncovered in fleshy nudification... a playground for erotica was exposed. A good example of this is the molded elastic erotic flesh 'with-no-beginning-or-no-end' found in the piece called "A Fatal Type Of Human Expulsion" pages 34, 35.

And so the erotic theme in things to come, finds the embryo of its birth here as it struggles to capture the quintessence of the nude figure. So on the surface and sometimes peering out of the basement of the figurization as seen on pages 18,19 and certainly on pages 26, 27 where they begin to explore the sexual counterparts as they 'open-the-door' for the quest to delve deeper and with more vigilance and passion to expose, as they delight in, fused figures and sexual encounters of a pneumatic kind.

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Concentration On Performance 30 x 22 (colored prisma pencil, pgs. 11, 14, 15)

A playful twist of repeated breasts on a female form that stays very anonymous within the intercourse of this work. Concentrating on erotica are the delicate undertones of balloons encasing the breasts as the entire structure subtly reveals the huge phallic form, running spine-like through the center of the exaggerated form, as it surges up from the bases of the playground.

(Opposite page - Grey Tombs 21 x 18 (graphite pencil)





(Above and opposite respectively - 24 x 18 (watercolor, graphite pencil)

Affection
There's Always A Force
If There Were Time



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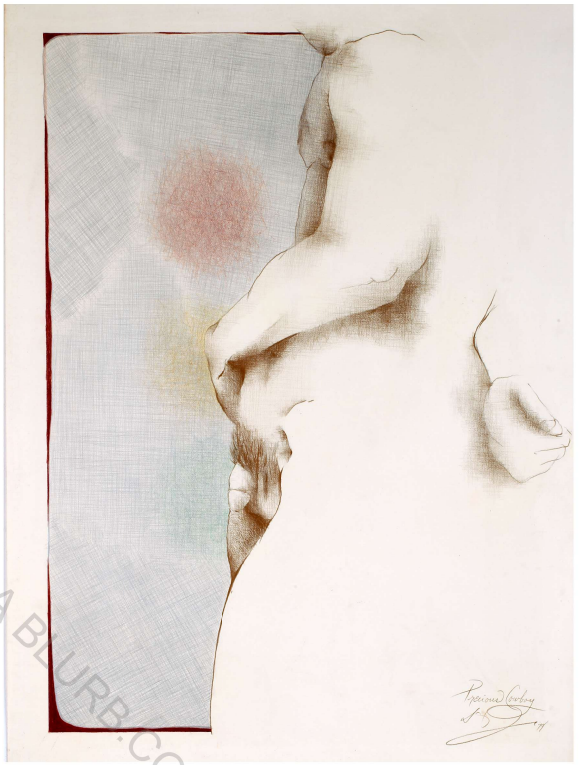
Student Of Love 30 x 22

A tender treatment of the reclining male nude leaves the viewer to finish defining the pose. Intentional playful voids merge the form and its surrounding atmosphere as one. The study starts to repeat itself, perhaps to accent the restfulness as the intention of the drawing.



Precious Cowboy 30 x 22

This is as frontal as a male nude can get. This profile becomes a one dimensional contour against the mesh surface it is facing which helps to carve out and accentuate the figure that dominates, yet it has a sparse internal rendering to give it form.

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Flesh 1904 30 x 22

A smooth mass of fleshified form remains anonymous of portraiture as studio life drawings often do. The naked need do no more but appear nude when they present themselves as a figure in sincere form with no apologies.



Open Flame 30 x 22

The female nude is given treatment in a relaxed very academic pose. The arms become a path where the hands which bring a void to the vagina area. Thus the focus actually highlights its sexuality even more.

(Overleaf - Spotlight 22 x 30 graphite pencil - pgs. 16 - 17)

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The Birth Of Erotica - The Seduction 35 x 23
(prisma pencil knitting)

The form in this drawing takes on the 'flesh of the figure' as its showcase, he is turning himself away from the viewer and so the focus is given up to the models intended encounter. The male form is rendered in a strong erect pose. Its lack of aggression but firm presence leaves a modeled drawing where his molded flesh can't help but feel as if it were a very erotic apprentice. We are drawn into his warm erotic folds of flesh and the characteristic structure.

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Birth Of Erotica - The Spawning 35 x 23
(prisma pencil knitting)

The pencil gently weaves, using a pallet of warm color, in a delicate web of motion making very subtle advances to culling out the academic studio pose... yet the models very flesh is molded and manipulated to create sensual female and phallic male counterparts as it reaches the manifestation of its human form. The pose exists as an announcement carrying its real intention in its tattooed flesh.



Robust Power - 30 x 22
(graphite pencil)

(opposite page -
graphite pencil, watercolor
30 x 22)

A Matter Of Degree

As We Mold The Mounting Flesh

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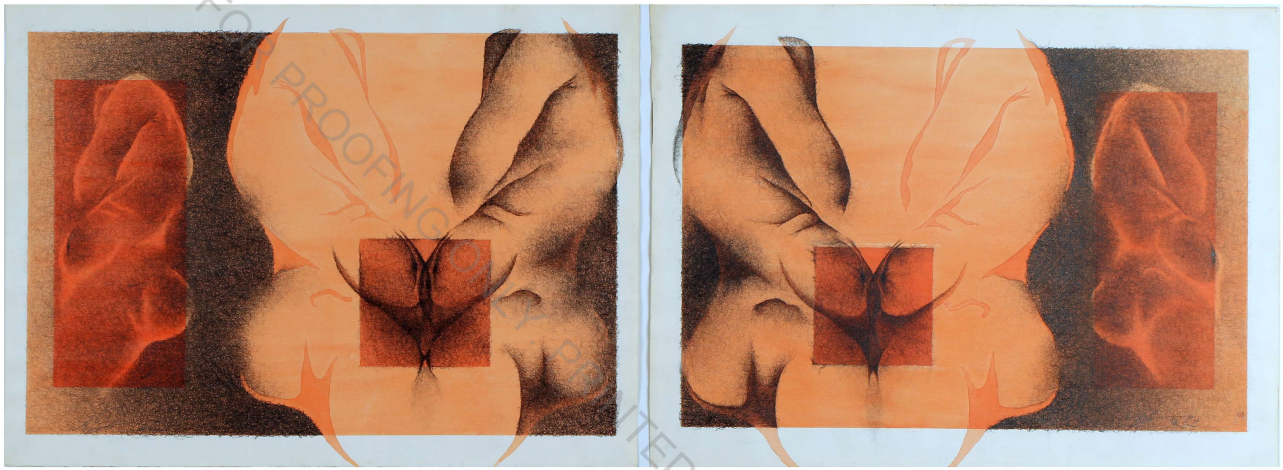

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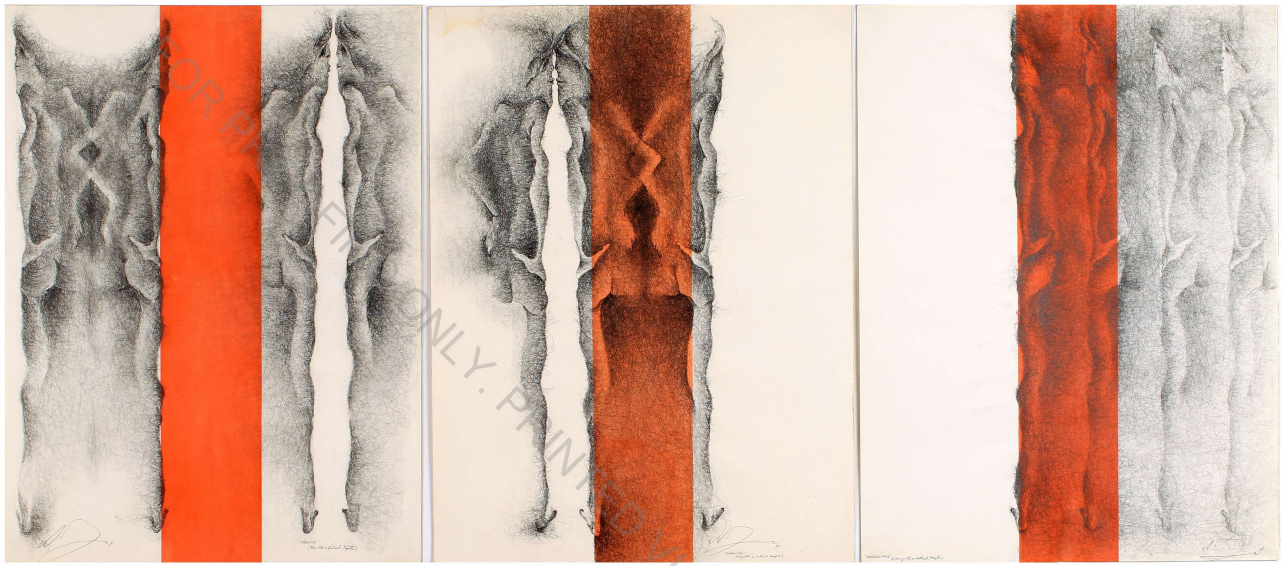
Vagina-ism's 2 panels 22 x 30 (watercolor, graphite pencil)

Monoliths 3 panels 24 x 18 (watercolor, graphite pencil)

An attempt at mirrored duplicated images reflecting off of themselves and merging into themselves as playful multiple images leave a trail of energies in composed positive and negative spaces. The watercolor pallet is suggestive of fleshified fields that add to the naked nudity as the overall tolerance seems to point to erotica as its final relief. The female form in "Vagina-ism's" searches for sexual authority, while the elongated male nudes in "Monoliths" congregate thereby addressing the phallic erotica within their own twisted and infused forms as well as in the negative unworked space between them.



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freedom is when a line can't conclude
the distance between here and there ...



Twisted Exposure (Piece For Genet) 30 x 22

Homage to: phallus, phallic, erect form, elongated structure, cut, uncut, throttle, thrust, rod, joystick...



Piece For D. H. Lawrence 30 x 22 (watercolor, graphite pencil)

Infused pencil knits its dark mystery in graphite around a female nude that is then reflected in a mirror image at which point the two forms are torn apart then fused together and treated with watercolor flesh tones of a deliberate erotic nature. A work sensitive to the sensuality of women as it orchestrates the beauty of the vagina. The fusion culminates with an overall vaginal mystery.

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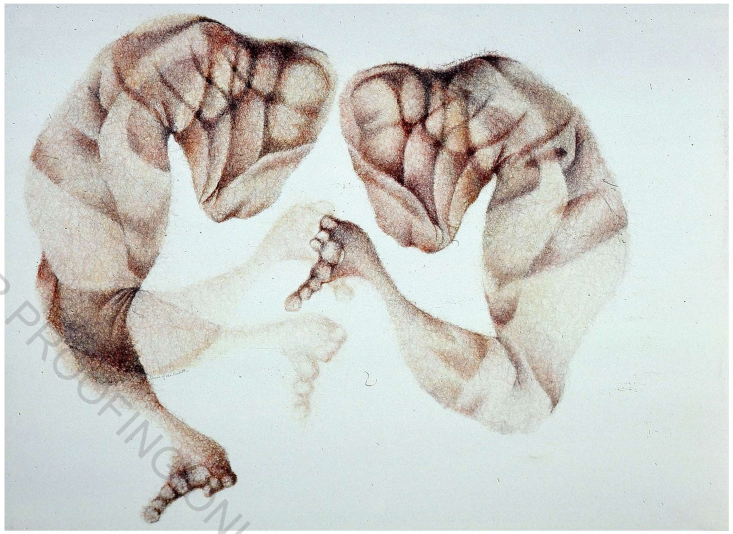

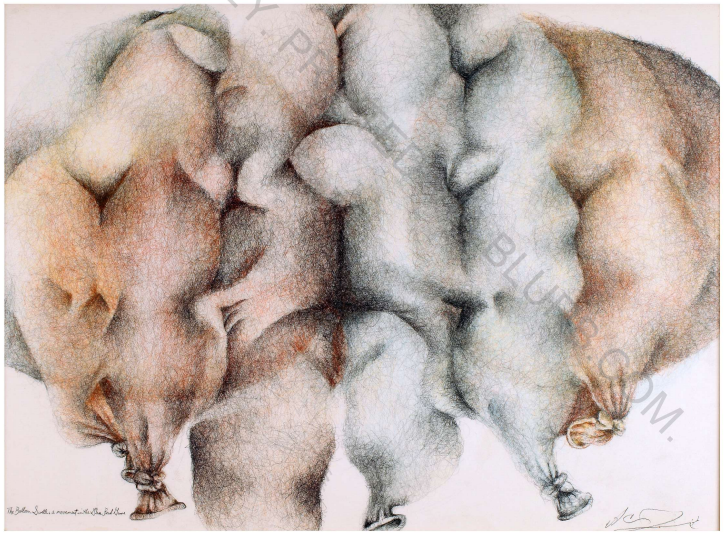

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The Birth Of Protected Fornication As Projected By Kubrick Vision 22 x 22 (colored prisma pencil)

A pencil knitting, where a tightly woven surface completes its parameters. It doesn't end there as the overall depiction starts to find its beginnings... the figure, in this case, is one of those experimental pieces that culls out form from a surreal cloud. The amorphous molded flesh formulates an embryo... finding its way 'in-to or out-of ' the uterus... a breast is caressed and male genitals provide their presence... a sexuality that seems to be encased by balloon and condom latex as they seem to congregate in a tied knot that could be the anal opening of this strangely sexy portrait of the "birth of a Martian child" through a womb of fleshy encasement and human erotic elements.

(Previous page - opposite top, Splitting It To Find The Essence - bottom, Balloon Swell, both 22 x 30 colored prisma pencil)

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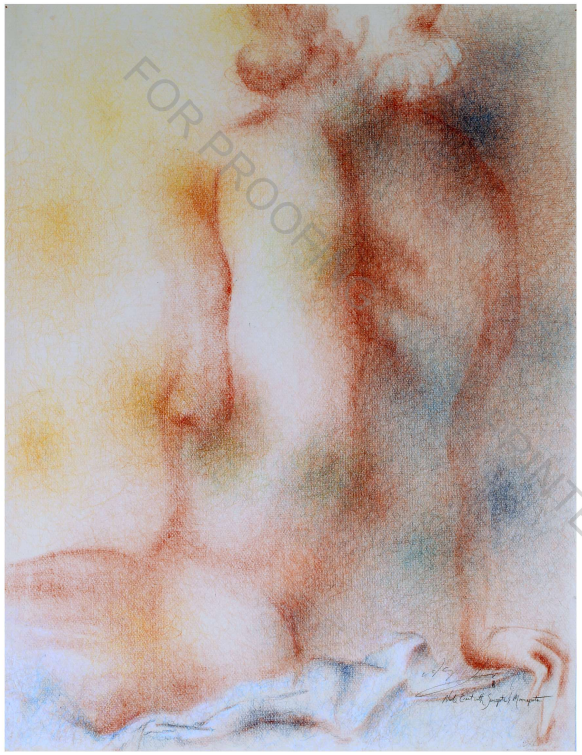

Nude Erect With Sunspots And Moonspots 25 1/2 x 20 (prisma pencil)

A delicate mesh of soft flesh color shapes out a female form as a celebration of of color bursts in and around the parameters.



Unfolded The Foliage Reaps Of Lust 30 x 22 (prisma pencil, watercolor wash)

A very subtle and delicate reclining female nude pose becomes the baseline for an academic rendering but it moves to the surreal when it's very threads and fiber seem to expel from the body into a gaseous excreation that inflates the balloon form that seems to contain more fleshified embodiments.

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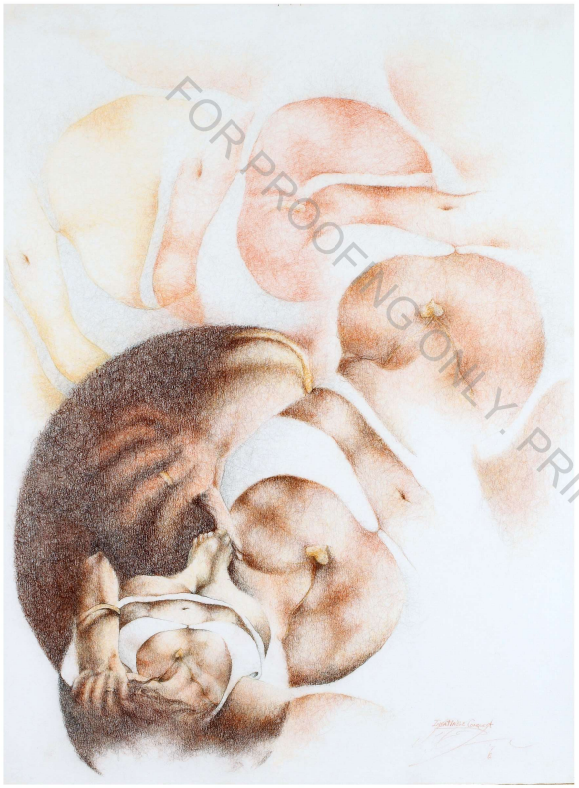
Description In Lines 30 x 22 (graphite pencil)

This figure initially came from a photograph of a reclining woman in bikini on a beach. It was chosen to represent a series of work that experimented with its challenging foreshorten nature. As the figure was manipulated and played with it started to find curious inspirations and lead to balloon infusions and phallic hocus pocus.



Insatiable Conquest 30 x 22 (prisma pencil)

The foreshortened female pose is enlarged and repeated to create an embryonic staging, the repetition and ghosting of the form leads the path for a viewer's continuous exploration of the pose.



Patron Of Another World 30 x 22 (prisma pencil)

It might be said that this study takes the pose outside of itself and launches its own spirits and ghosts as it peels away at the oringinal form creating subtle transparent layers.

(Overleaf - pgs. 32, 33)
Raw Study Of Judy 16", And A Bird That Flew 16 x 12, Exiled On Self-Indulgence 30 x 22

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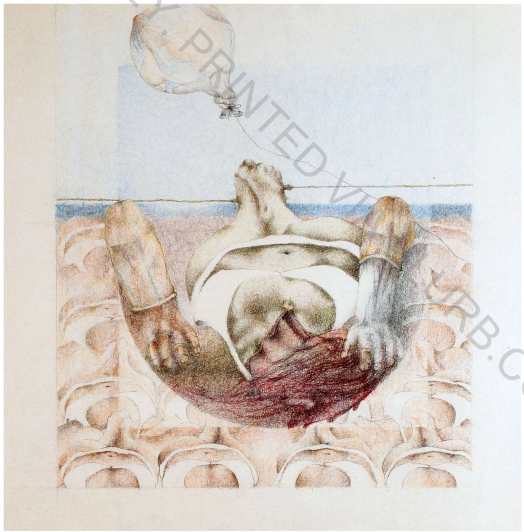

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The Tree Where Hangs The Golden Fleece 35 x 23
(prisma pencil fusion)

An exaggerated treatment takes precedent over an astute draughtsman style of drawing to capture this classic frontal nude pose. The figure is exaggerated and elongated to express the bold stance with intentionally vague masses and an applied use of negative space to define the gesture that is carved out.

The work here puts aside the delicately crafted 'home-spun' pencil knitting style as it breaks away from this mode formulating the figure in its scratches and scouring, hashing & lashing execution. The outcome of which finds a new path and the permanently contracted stylization of expression (Fused Figures, etched-like) that heretoforth would define future series of works of art.

(Previous Overleaf - pgs. 34, 35)
A Fatal Type Of Human Expulsion/Sun Drop 24 x 108
(prisma pencil knitting)

A festival of twisted, enfolded and kneaded flesh is wrapped around and enveloped within itself. The elastic manifestation embarks with suggestions of erotica and the phallic that are found in the heated and stretched taffy-like molded form. It remains ominous as it lingers creating a lair of fleshified suffocation waiting to drag its victims in.




"Then mother, then mother,
Then mother..."

Grouping
II

New York Narratives

~][~

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~][~

The Icon and Freehand Typography
The Un-Nude
Popular Haunts, Institutes of Notoriety and Places of Cultivated Preferences

A Personal Reflection

She came to America... Tesse, who was an icon of New York, in early more innocent days, when toil and blood were one and... Jeanette sprang the young, Albert and Matthew frolicked in familiar landscapes, Dad worked for the 7th precinct on Delancey Street, we visited Boobie, I played with Karin every Sunday and the New York Series was born of the popular haunts, institutes of notoriety, and places of cultivated preferences. All that remains now are these thumbnails and, like Quequay's coffin, they sustain me... I alone am left to tell the tale.

~][~

The drawings in this grouping are founded on a criteria that is realized in a loosely defined formulation as it is guided by sustained parameters. Simply put, a playground for variations on a theme where a proposed structure is implemented thus from whence it was born. An immigrant woman, a buxom grandmother... Polish, Russian, Irish, Jewish or Orthodox Greek... no matter... one or the other.... maybe all. She seemed a good choice, with her babushka and bathing suit. To use her, no not use her, but rather, embellish her persona by freeze framing her in a variety of drawn stages became the premise. Perhaps she could become the subject matter that might be seen as the heroic icon of immigrant settlement taken place from Ellis Island and settling in New York City and its surrounding boroughs... the apple gives birth to the appendage... that extension, in this case, becomes the 'grandmother image' and so the starting point for a series.

The rules of engagement at first were set to draw the image and mark its course of action from station to station... the image would grow as a symbol of hope, love, charity... a warm embrace and a recognizable icon as it took on one locale after another in search for its venue of properties. The rules of the commission were to, in an almost poster-like style, enlist a forum utilizing hand drawn skillful typography. The challenge was to find an infinite number of ways to employ the type and fondle it through every variation of typesetting guidelines. Thusly; justified, flush left, flush right, line spacing etc. were but a mere starting point to maneuver the type that would 'title the



Note: All Works 30 x 22 on paper except, Tompkins Square, Orchard Street, Coney Island 25 x 20, Bellevue Hospital 14 x 22, Liberty Island 16 x 22, Waldorf Astoria 9 x 12, Lower Eastside 22 x 16.

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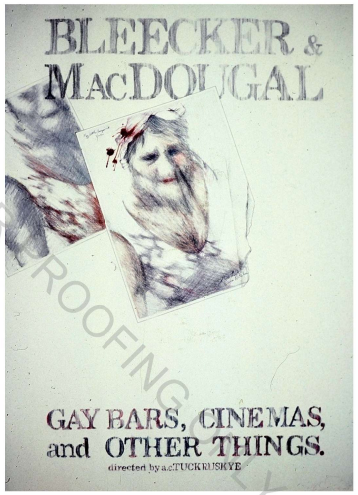



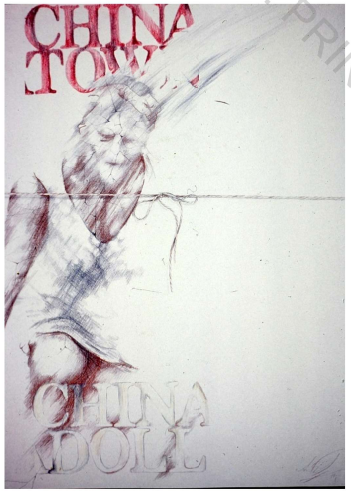

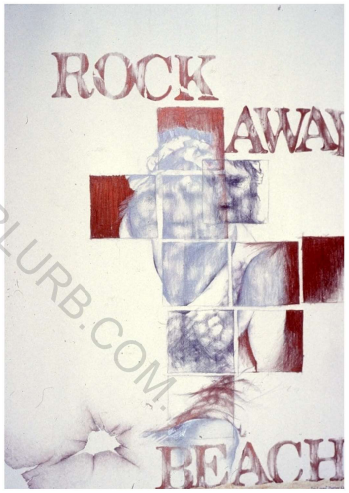

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poster' and so the ambition was born to jumble, square off, cut off, layer, reflect, reverse and swallow every possibility of typesetting parameters. So a free-for-all became the challenge as it could explore a multitude of manipulations incorporating typography and the icon graphic. Only one typestyle was employed (so as not to make other typestyle choices a distraction thereby establishing a constant) as the theme took on one NY City 'haunt' after another in no particular order or degree of influence or commitment. The 'Tess' icon would also find itself as playfully carved, caressed, repetition/duplication, partitioned, sectionalized and... I guess the best way to say it... sliced and diced.

All of the avenues of challenge were taken on as the final pictorial became an integrated exploratory work of art... the premise of which was to make the typesetting the primary focus and the 'Tess-A-Con' the constant variable. Some of the 'type-poster-tesses' started to incorporate subtle personalized messages & poems, or better put, obscure vignette thoughts. An intriguing extension of the original premise.

It should be noted that it is not an oversight as to some of the very relevant choices that are missing from the works total oeuvre i.e. Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center or Broadway. On the other hand it is not shortsightedness that lead to some of the very obscure and less relevant 'haunts' i.e. Orchard Street, Avenue B or Canarsie.

Due to the infinite possibilities of typographic arrangements and stylizations and the exorbitant mount of NY 'haunts', 'institutes' and 'notorieties', (let alone restaurants, parks, streets, etc.)... this series of work will be considered the 'never-ending' tour of the New York 'Tess-A-Cons' Narratives.

The works continue on to this day, the un-nude, as an extension of the 'naked-pencil-machine' boy... who had a dream... to be with his MoMA.



which is the slave that takes the dust
and turns it from

whispers... to... words

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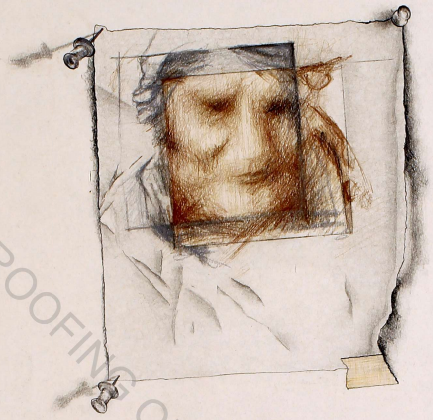

junglebars,
cockroaches,
polish law
and
big bobbie...

garbage cans
and
her willy
under the
stairs!

10TH STREET & AVENUE B

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williamsburg bridge
cast iron thoughts of memories gone by...

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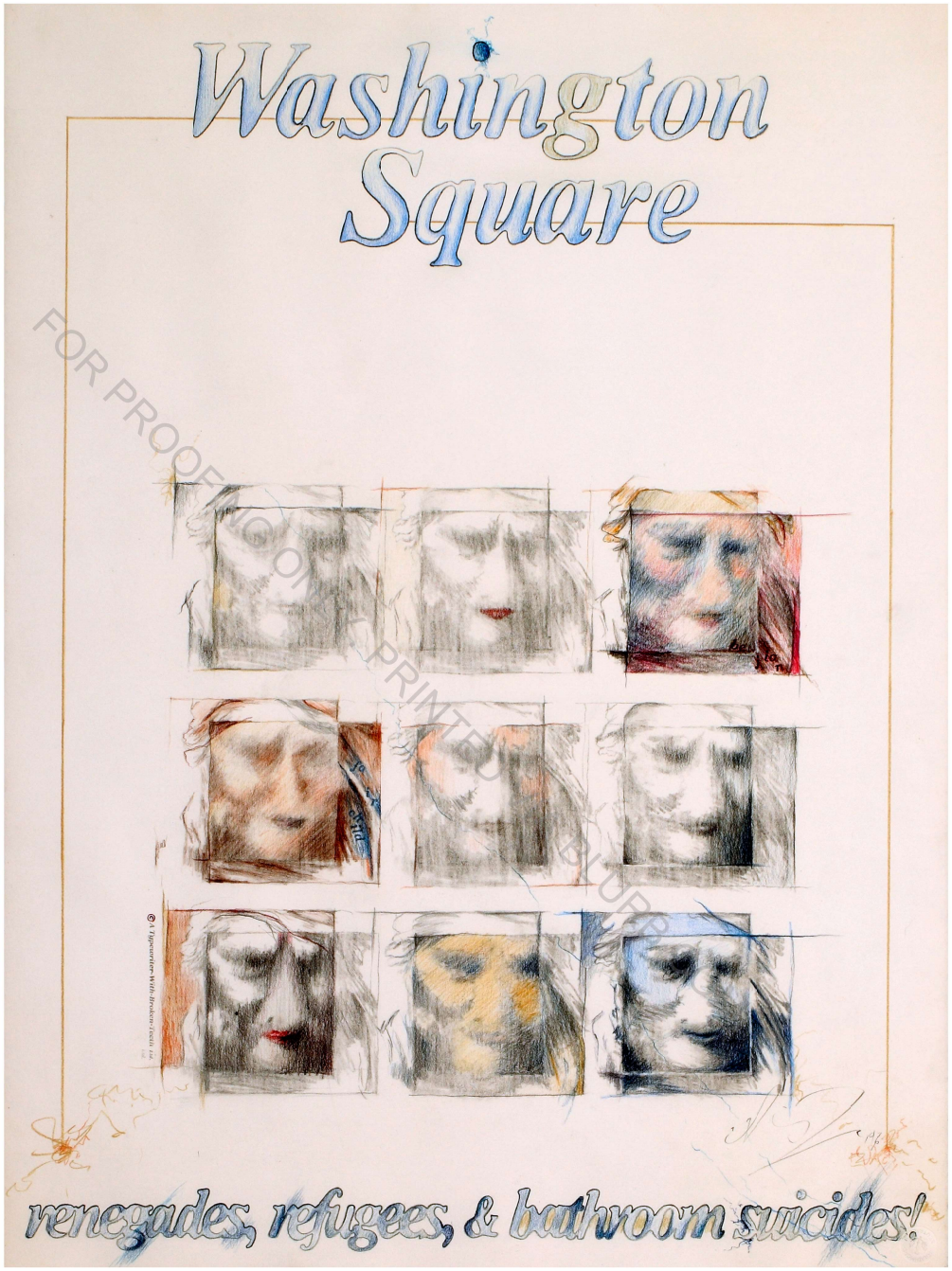
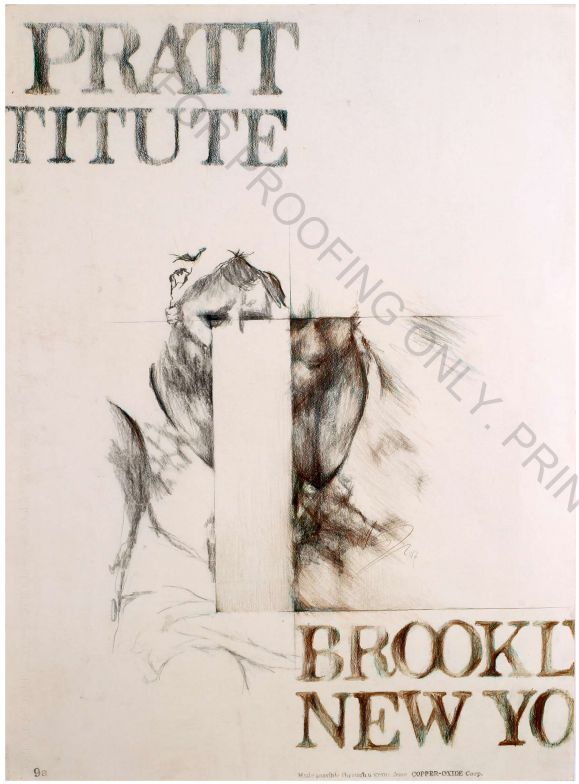

Washington Square
renegades, refugees, & bathroom suicides!





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some things were not meant to be understood. . . but merely . . . pondered upon

American
Museum of Natural History
Central Park West at 79th Street

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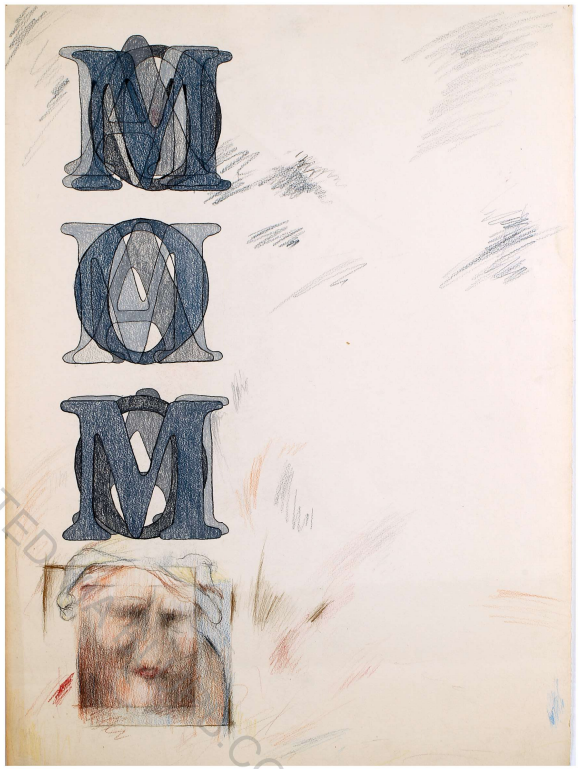

expression is a key to life -
creativity is its blood !

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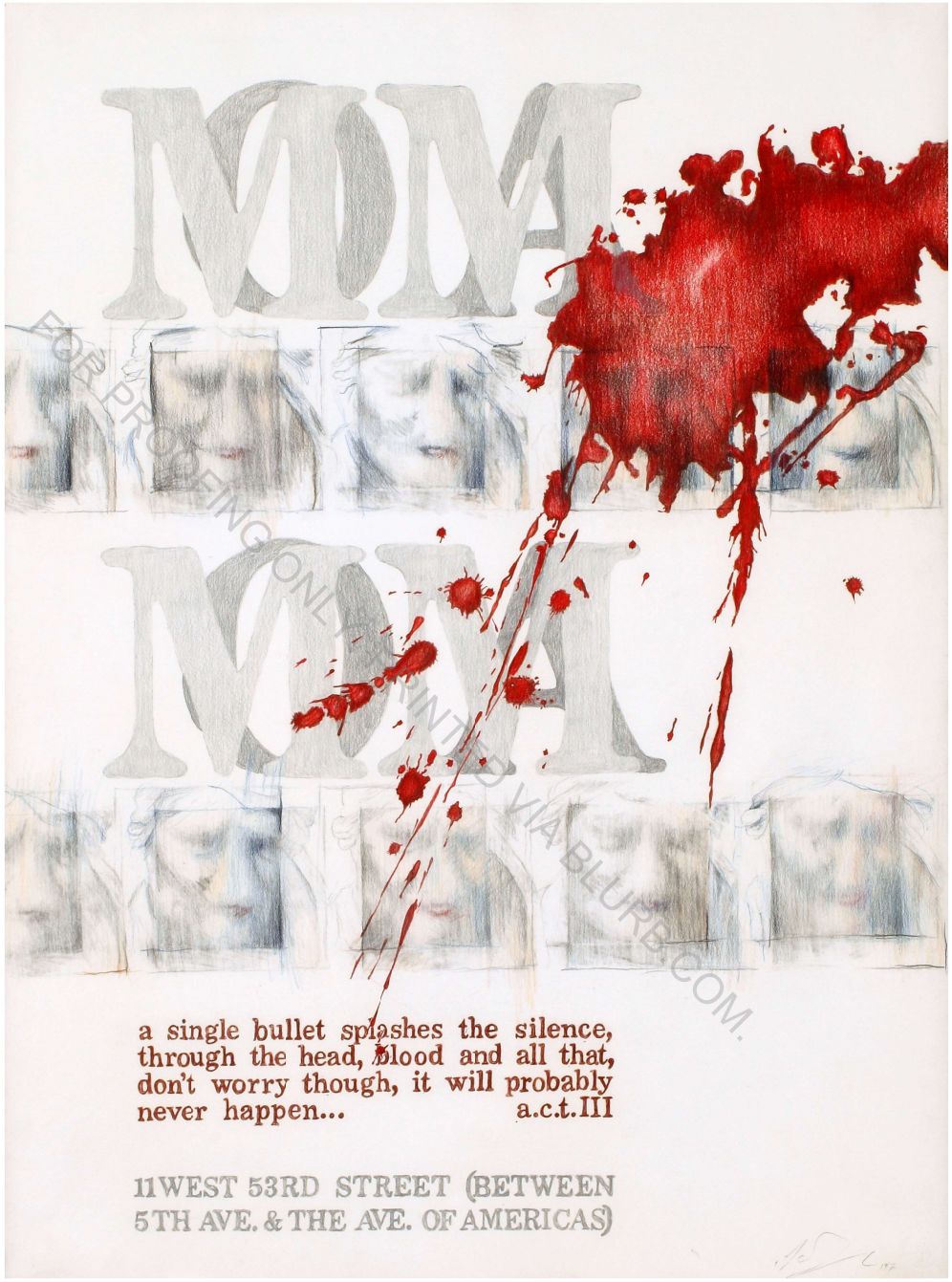

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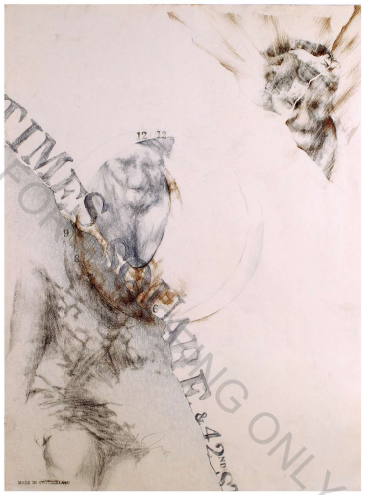

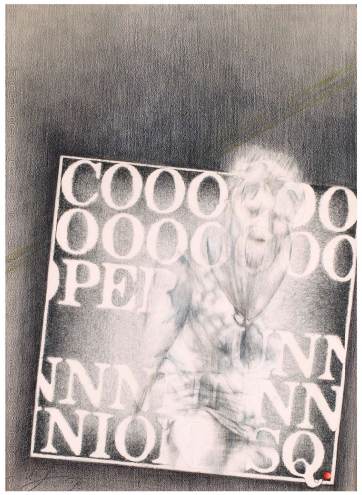

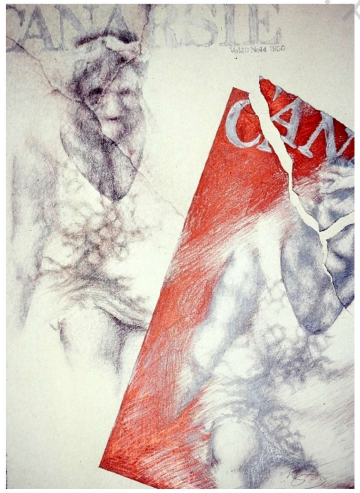

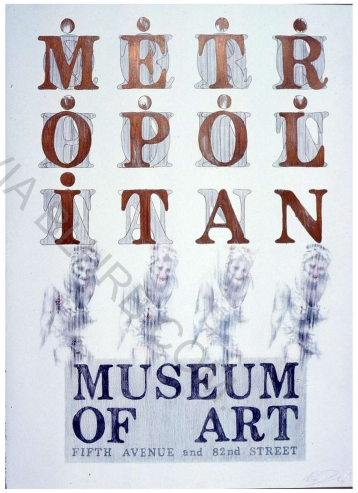

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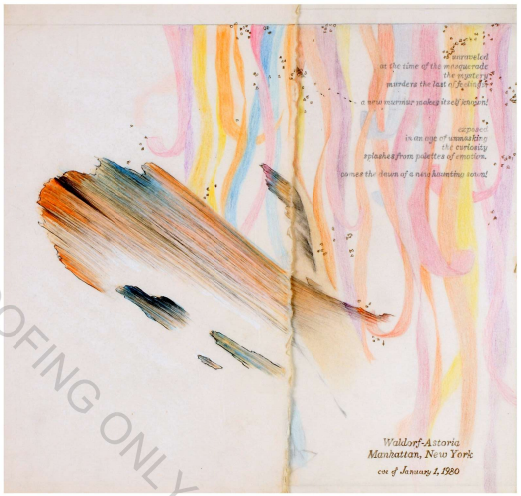



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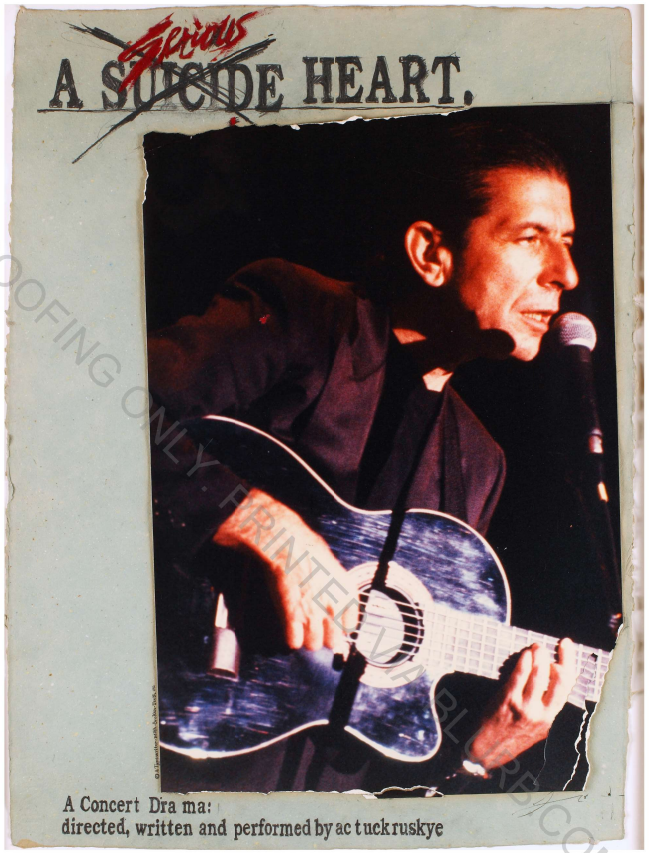

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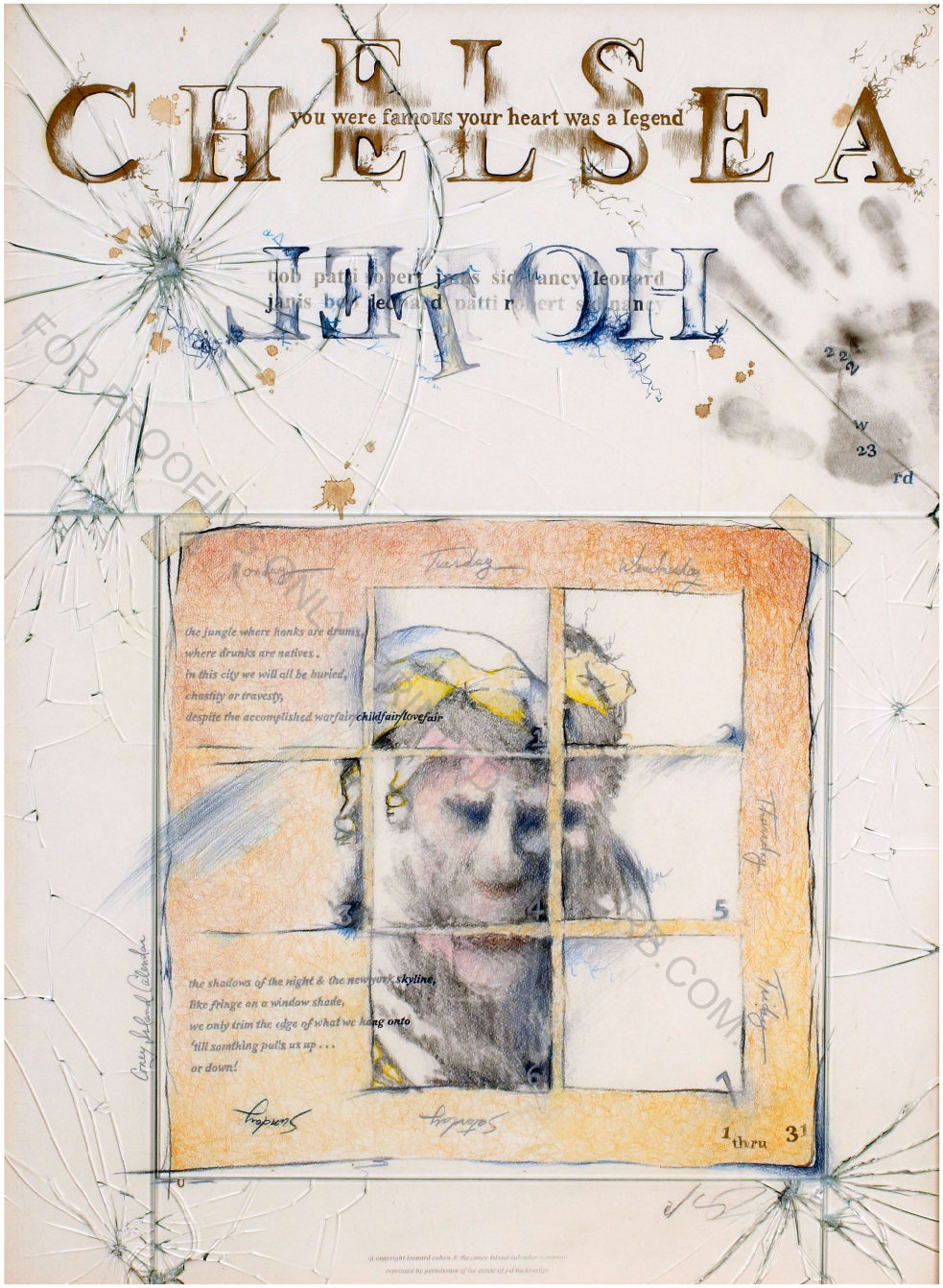
One of many private photographs of assorted artists in the music 'rock' industry. Pictured here is a photo, taken by the artist, of Leonard Cohen during a Carnegie Hall performance. It was used as a collage poster to serve as an advertisement for an a.c.t III 'performace art' idea.

It is fitting here that it would compliment the 'Chelsea Hotel' piece with its broken and shattered glass (seen opposite) which is laced with notable names to conjure up memories of assorted events from the infamous dwelling.


CHELSEA
you were famous your heart was a legend
bob patti robert janis sid nancy leonard
janis bob leonard patti robert sid nancy
the jungle where honks are drums,
where drunks are natives.
in this city we will all be buried,
chastity or travesty,
despite the accomplished warfair childfair/lovefair
the shadows of the night & the newyork skyline,
like fringe on a window shade,
we only trim the edge of what we hang onto
'till somthing pulls us up . . .
or down!
1 thru 31
Coney Island Calendar
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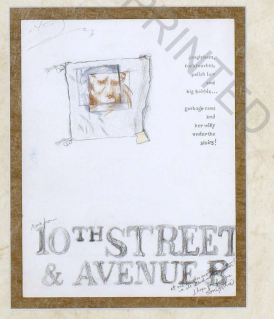
she came to america *tesse who was an icon of new york* *in early more innocent days*
when toil & blood were one and...








jeanette sprang the young, albert & matthew frol'cked in familiar landscapes, dad worked for the 7th precinct on delancey street, we v'sited boobie, i played with karin every sunday
and the new york series was born of the popular haunts, institutes of notoriety & places of cultivated preferences




all that remains now are these thumbnails and, like quequay's coffin, they sustain me ...
I alone am left to tell the tale

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CONEY ISLAND

a portrait brooklyn, n. y.

my grandmother, my mother and me;
like the steeple chase, the parachute jump
and the 5¢ hotdog . . .

all this, and more will come to pass



WEDNESDAY 4 JULY

Went to Coney with Mooky but the dog wasn't too good so we came home early. In the evening went to the ballfield and watched the last innings of the Giants game and back and forth some yokes about Dixie Leaf and Willie Gibson I thought were at talking to me but hells I were was ashamed. Then I went for a walk with Mookie Moy Moy, Red Carton. Came up 10:30 to record work tomorrow.

There just playing "Dream" now on the radio all day my dreaming and hoping life will be home in August. I hope to God he does and he still loves me because I love him more than ever now.

a given moment

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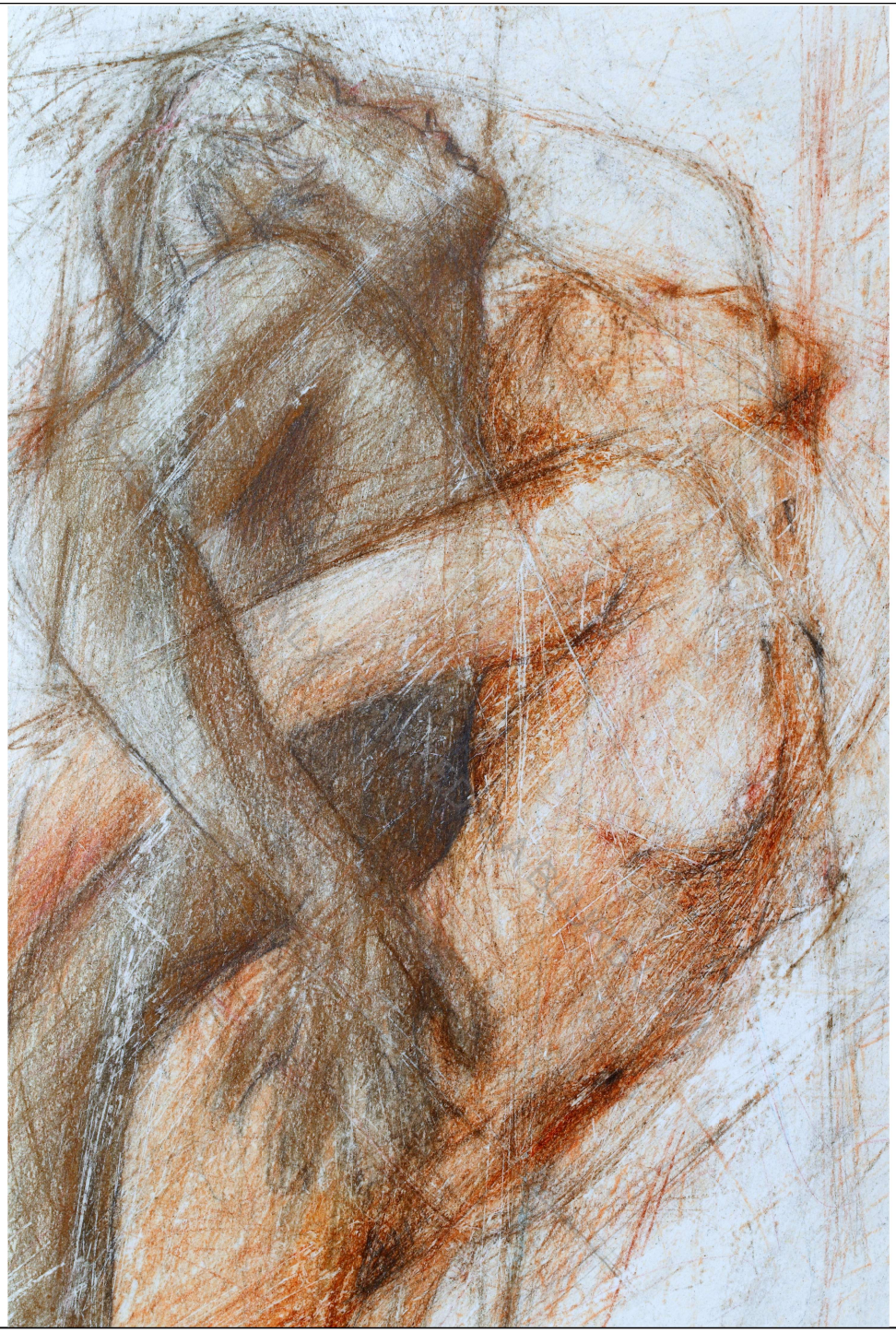

Grouping
III

Fused Figures

~][~

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~][~

Dynamic Nudes * Absract and Literal Erotica
The "Etched" Art
Exploited Figurative Engagements & Counterparts



Tee-Shirt 30 x 22 (crayon, prisma & graphite pencil)

An obvious male nude pose with a very distinct and intentional disregarded of academic portraiture as it clearly is focused on the naked element, the genitals, of the figure. The overall work is really a drawing of a tee-shirt but, what's left hanging out to dry, becomes the 'fait accompli'.



Bear Essentials 30 x 22 (crayon, prisma pencil)

Less about erotic and more about sweeping flowing mass and gesture is the predominate venue of a female figure that remains ambiguous. The totality of the mass and warmth of color make for a work of nudification that remains voluptuous to embrace.

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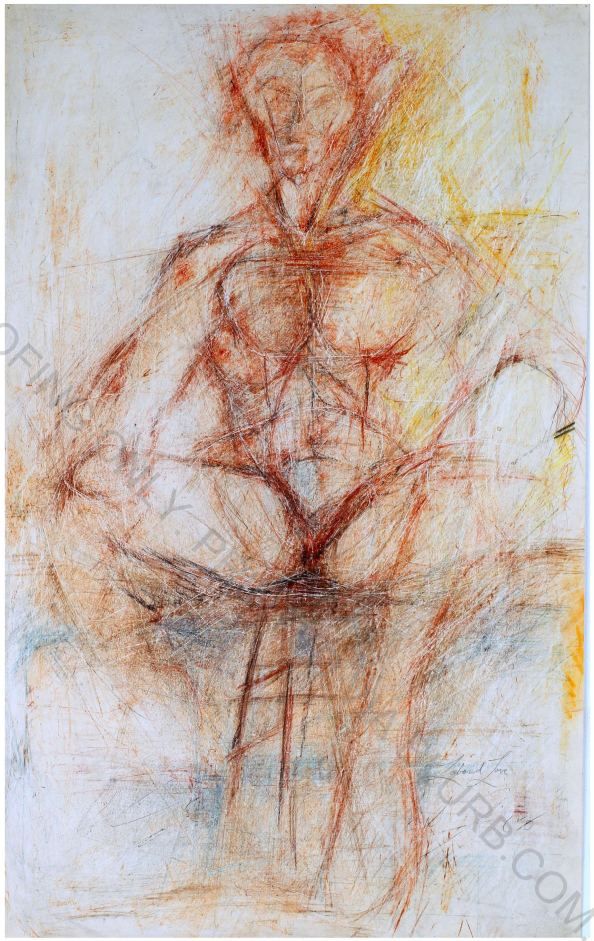

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(Labored Love) Mechanic Figure 30 x 18 ½ (crayon infused paper, pencil, prisma etching)

There is a cluster of activity that coalescing on the paper drawing presents a form transformed from obsession of abstraction to a subject of human enjoyment. The erotic fortitude of the overall female form is accelerated by a dense accumulation of lyrical gestural lines scratching in and out of the figure simultaneously.

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Violet 30 x 22 (crayon, prisma pencil) top left

A very delicate folded form is delivered by the absence of internal rendering as the atmosphere subtly trims out the totality of the figure. Thus we are left with an ice cube of nudity... enough to be satisfied by the less-is-more theory.

My Secret Revealed 30 x 22 (crayon, prisma pencil) top right

An erotic pose invites a sexual advance, from a bipartisan collector of debts.. will the female figure shed the armor that protects her during a teasing moment of candor? A gyroscope of shapes make up the composition in her restful cadence that makes the offering of the open nest seem even more inevitable.

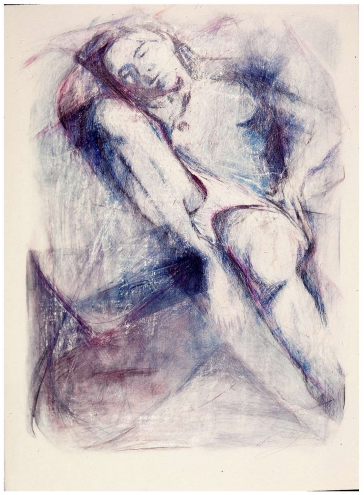
Red Leather Chair 30 x 22 (crayon, pastel) bottom left

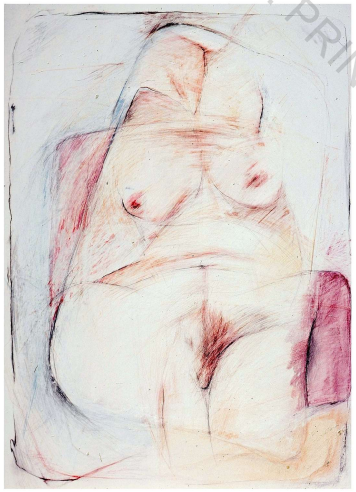
Playful and lyrical the nude is presented front and center by her breasts and a genital sparked as she remains cautiously ambiguous to the viewer's acknowledgement of who she really is... or what she really was...

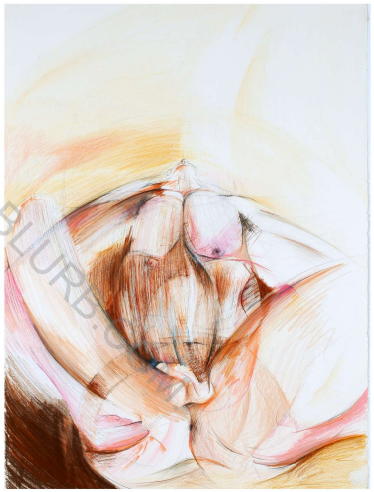
Wideworld 30 x 22 (crayon, prisma pencil) bottom right

A nude and blatant erotic 'rip it up'. Stretched legs exposing the 'cellar chalice' of a very sexual and explicit display out to smother with boisterous flesh in a cage of lines with a wide open conclusion to the act of erotic self-indulgent exposure.









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Albert was the artist, the artist was Albert.
Presented here on his rooftop with his Pratt Art School final thesis -
"Jesus Christ At His Sentencing Before Pontius Pilate" ...
He got an A+ on the final ...
*He burnt both Christ and Pilate in his backyard the next day.**

**at the time he was in love with his Fox Terrier, Dizzy... who told him to do it.*



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Cascade 34 ½ x 22 (crayon, prisma pencil)

A work carefully and skillfully played out with lyrical swatches of drawing, posing as brushwork, as it touches to define a nude that has a very deliberate absence of rendering in the actual figure itself. Most of the figure is formed by the exterior atmospheric rendering, rather than by interior flesh itself. Bold proof that the female nude can be a delicate breeze found from an academic pose, without abundant internal rendering... sexy and sensual... mysterious and private...

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Erotica 30 x 22 (prisma pencil)

A delicate female form is an open drawing of exploration as its entirety is only hinted at by a shell of outline and its own savory breasts. Etched on paper by pencil presented here to be an invite for a gracious warm embrace. A cloaked and gentle erotica.



Neon Distinction 22 x 30 (crayon, pastel, prisma pencil)

The etched style and quality of line manifest in an apparent simplicity as internal strokes with a vagrant emphasis skillfully produces the form in a contained mass. There is no real figurative contours but rather the courtesy of an outline that carves out the nude as a chunk of marble leaving a sculptural mass behind.



Ham And Eggs 22 x 30 (prisma pencil)

Hysterical drama leads to the path of erotic intercourse that is provided as by an x-ray vision that unveils the cascading lines that form the sexual encounter. The momentum builds as the action takes place... the final outcome of which is... insertion.

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Return To Paris 30 x 22 (crayon, prisma pencil)

An erotic pose leaving gesture behind. An anarchy of hash-like drawing remains extremely contained and very selectively focused as it presents an entire erotic landscape of a figure drawn and culled out with a controlled scarcity to outline it and give it definition. The outcome is a very carefully crafted statement of a sexual invitation from a suggestive pose of exhibitionism.



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The Future Begins Today 30 x 22 panel 1

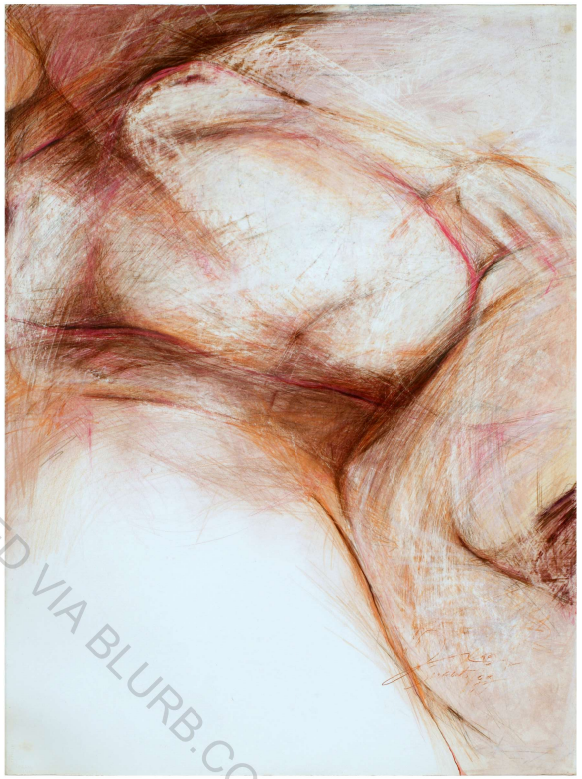
Fresco 30 x 22 panel 2

Serpents Egg 30 x 22 panel 3
(three panels – crayon, prisma pencil)

The human form is dramatically presented here, however distinctly separated from itself. Instead of the female figure as a 'complete' modeled portrait, the form is more about the movement that is gained by the stylization employed. The nude figure is the element of departure for the bold truncated presentation of the overall female form.

Each piece in the three panels is fleshified as it is warm and delicately sensual in its flow. The first form is statuesque and sculptural, the next fills the entire page with a fleece of flesh, and finally the third panel is a sprawling at rest.





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Sunking 30 x 22 (prisma pencil) top left

The subject seems solid and oddly recognizable... two ambiguous forms, abstract in execution, seem to be as if we were watching two caterpillars mating. The forms seem to slither alongside one-another as well as within one-another... with splintered lines, john and yoko seem, to be creating the solitude of this erotic existence that they are willing to share with us before the metamorphous of butterflication.

Good Morning Valentine 19 ½ x 21 ½
(crayon, prisma pencil) top right

The erotic interest of the artist combines itself with candor. The burning desire sometimes found in the performance of intercourse can be the task taken on by the act of the plunging figure that is supported by a plunging brushstroke sweeping over it to accent, even more strongly, the act of deliverance.

Two Greek Boys 22 x 17 ½ (prisma pencil) bottom left

An embrace, more like an attack, as the intimate lineage spells out an erotic engagement that could end in an open ended fucking action... sparsely drawn, the work remains decidedly anonymous... but the title gives it away.

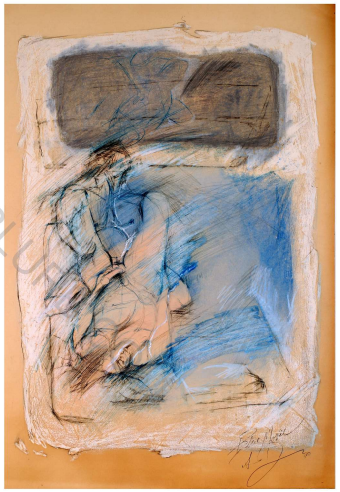
Blue Movie 28 ½ x 19 x ¼
(crayon, pastel, graphite pencil) bottom right

The atmosphere makes these intimate figures very cold and isolated. The central theme is the intercourse in what seems to be of a homosexual nature. Although soft and somewhat controlled there is a rape with fortitude that spells out...









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Male Torso (Compressed) 22 x 18 (crayon, prisma pencil)

Female Torso (Compressed) 22 x 18 (crayon, prisma pencil)

The 'scratch 'n sniff ' stylization is employed using a figure as the subject but deviating from academia to create an implosive form as an experimental container of compressed flesh. A playful and whimsical exhibit.







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Royal Worms 30 x 22 (prisma pencil)

A depiction of flaccid penises race with interaction amongst themselves in a brothel of penile flesh. Using the 'male pluglet' as an isolated counterpart the genitalia becomes the tool to make a statement of a sexual nature. The smaller images to the left are variations on the same theme, they proceeded the 'Royal' completion.



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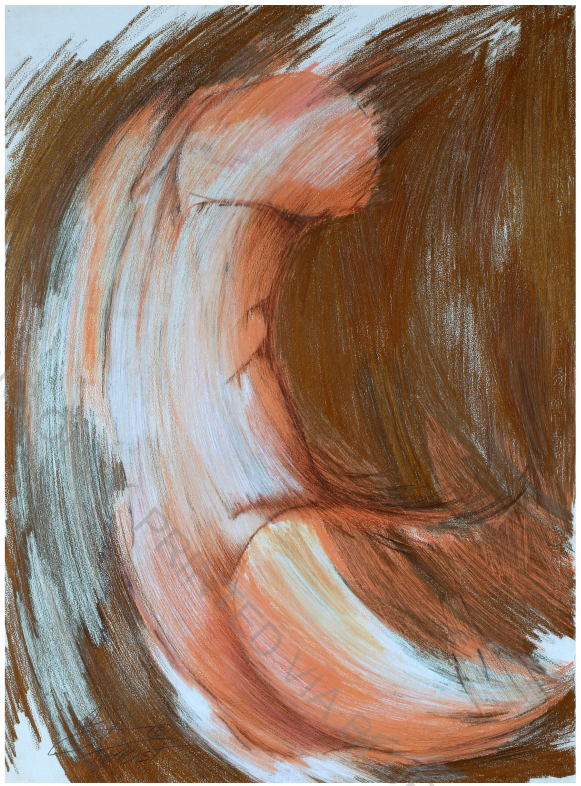
Guts 15 ½ x 15 ½ (graphite & prisma pencil)

Little baby plungers weave their way into a web of phallic fixation. They dispel a hurricane of energy as they accumulate, almost as if becoming the 'eye-of-the-storm'. The dark outlining contrasts perform their job as they work with an effigy that propels itself into the mass of solar system flesh.



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Thrust 30 x 22 (prisma pencil)

Initially the work started out as a nude pose, a female figure that became truncated and pruned down. The darting form, surging upwards, is the bastardization of the nakedness that we are left with... and so, it is not the deliberate representation of a penis, but instead, a presentation of 'the phallic symbol', that which echoes in much erotica. The penis can't be claimed as the ultimate goal for this work of art, however it is the final outcome.

(Overleaf - pgs. 84, 85)

Abandon 22 x 30 (prisma pencil, ink)

Pushing toward 'oblivion-abstraction' a great psychological and dramatic explosiveness takes over this female form. A fortuitous gesture sweeps across the expressive page. Exposed nudity, with clearly erotic fortitude, leaves the figure with its final request... come, have at me!

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A Handful Of Puppets 42 x 26 (crayon, pastel, graphite pencil)

Brittle and cynical attitude is the dominate force pushed forward in this self-portrait presentation. His eyes foresee his terminal bond as his hands hold his entrée into it.

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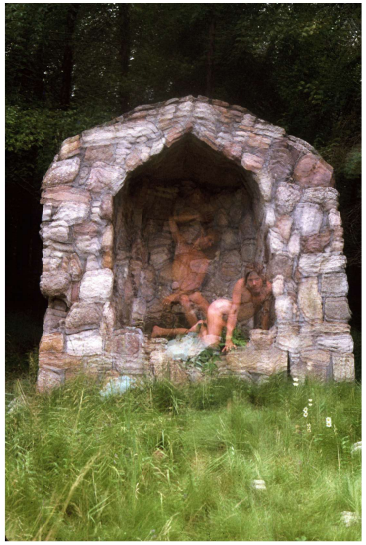
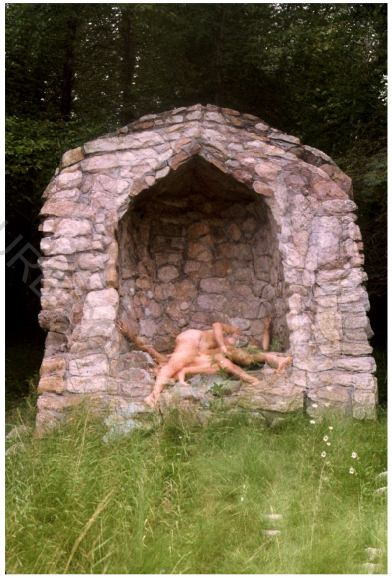


don't dwell on what might have been...
what might have been already was...
therefore recognize your dwelling is in vane, vein, vain.



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Alaskan Melt 30 x 22 (crayon, pastel, prisma & graphite pencil)

Two forms in a very apparent sexual pose. The male nude with erotic intentions is displayed in a rendering of engagement that is found encased in an ice cube of ambiguous space.



Whole 22 ½ x 15 (crayon, pastel, graphite pencil)

The focus of the work is the eroticism of the nude figures' that suggests their sexual preferences. The work is delicately rendered as to not make the encounter harsh, unbearable or in bad taste, but rather, leaving a sensual pleasure behind.

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Infra-Red Love 22 x 30 (pencil etching into white crayon surface)

The figures remain ambiguous as the act of lovemaking is apparent. In a somewhat staged setting, voyeuristic in nature due to the spotlighting effects, we are given visual permission to view the encounter through a window or TV-like portal. A physical embrace or the act of entry, no matter, it leaves us with a sexual peep show.



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Sexual Overtones 50 x 38 (gesso, pencil, gouache)

The artist and the model bequeath their souls to one another and so, in a song of fluent brotherhood they remain... flesh into flesh. They are naked in a prayer of allegiance asking for redemption. The interlocking internal movement gives way to the spiral that is ready to be launched as a twister internalizing their powerful bond.

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Solidarity 42 x 30 ½ (crayon, prisma pencil)

A very soft and sensual engagement of the figures formulate this heterosexual fusion.

Passionately embraced the couple extend their bond with the movement of an upward thrust. The gesture becomes as significant as the pose with the pencil etching in a brush stroke style. Are they sexually engaged as in the act of fornication or merely exploring their flesh on flesh inhabitancies. Towering they rise, like stalks of grain, from the earth... encapsulated by the sun, or be it the moon.



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From Idle Into Flesh 16 ½ x 12 ½ (crayon, colored prima pencil)

Desire is part of universal sexuality. The two sexes here have join together in a romantic erotica. The embrace is mutual as the female nude attempts to welcome her counterparts total embodiment. The statue-like male is rendered with a metallic bronze-like treatment of color suggesting that he is in a state of isolation, therefore impeding his desire. Alas that barrier needs to be overcome before he can take on the role of the actuary in this encounter.

The monolithic encapsulation that surrounds the sex partners is struggling to become as one. The monoliths, as they embellish the figures', seem to work with the intention to help in the union. The male figure is transfixed with a need to become flesh. She breaches against his body providing warmth to eliminate his purgatory of 'idle/statue' and reveal his soul so that they can complete the art of lovemaking.



Such Is Her Heart 15 x 15 (crayon, prisma pencil)

The coherence of the human forms are torn and contorted. The birth of the work comes out of the need to engage and the apparent struggle to stay erotically together as one... sharing an sensual moment that seems to be broken by the unknown elements of separation in the movement of the force.

Through Venetian Blinds 30 x 22
(gesso, prisma pencil) top left

Through a telescopic funnel from across two tenement buildings elevated in an aboven bower on the tenth floor a voyeur seeks out his own sexual pleasure while he engages himself as he peers behind the venetian blinds of a couple engaged in a passionate fornication.

Forgive Us Our Trespasses 30 x 22
(crayon, prisma pencil) top right

A blue proponent scratching quenches the embrace of a sexual nature... and it sings out in glory as it helps display a tender erotica that is somewhat innocuous but obviously dedicated to its own sexual vigilance.

Blackdog 30 x 22
(crayon, prisma pencil) bottom left

Drawing becomes a very solid intensive mass as it surrenders the erotic forms to a dark page that gives power to the pose as it accents their ghost-like presence. The union seems complete but the harsh colorless black-and-white pallet tells us something different.

Ghostal Dance 30 x 22
(crayon, prisma and graphite pencil) bottom right

A realistic approach of two figures entwined with passion. An erotic piece that could or couldn't leave us with the final conclusion; that they are engaged in an act of copulation or be it, fornication. No matter, the real 'take-away' is the quiet, almost invisible, rendering left in the 'white sheet' of lovemaking.

(Overleaf - pgs. 98, 99)
Royal Judgment 22 x 30 (gesso, pastel, ink, prisma pencil)

This is the erotic engagement of a couple that are clearly embraced, or more so, locked into one another. The attitude this platform takes is to retain a certain recognizabilty, of the participants and the subject matter, while pushing it closer and closer toward an abstract staging.

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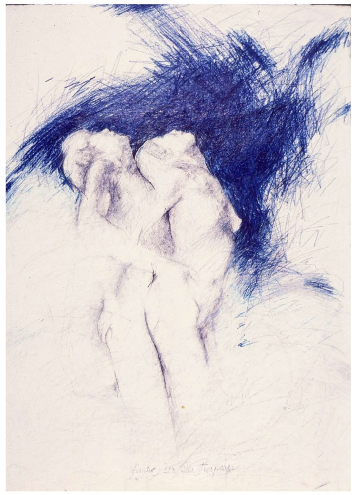

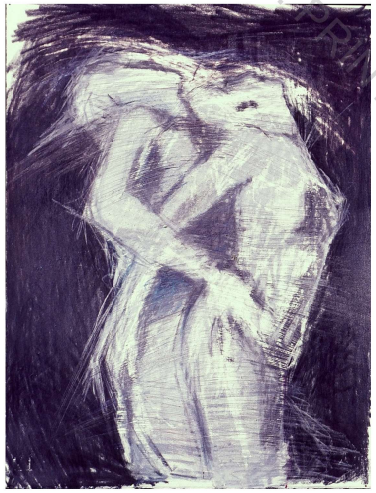



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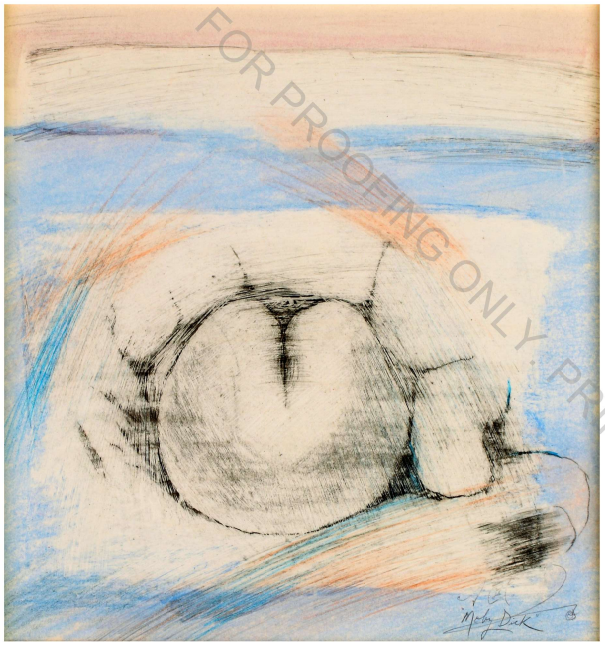
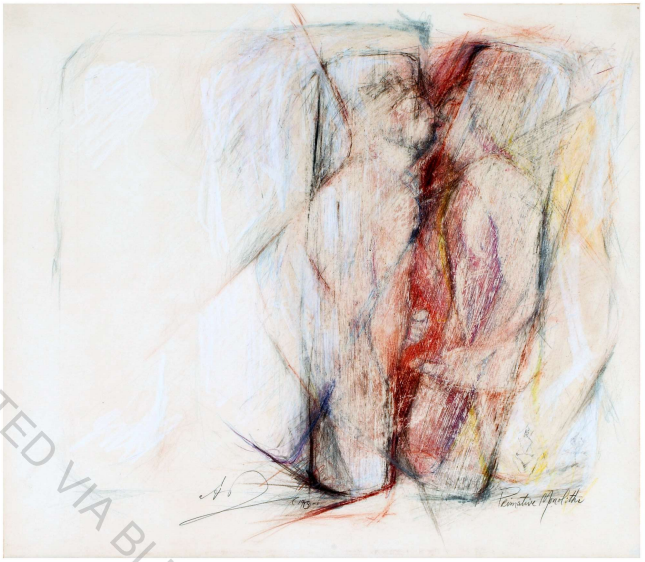


Moby Dick 11 x 10 ½ (crayon, pastel, prisma & graphite pencil)

A counterpart is embraced with intentions to focus on... the bird, the birds mark the spot... he breaches!



Primitive Monoliths 13 ½ x 15 (crayon, prisma pencil)

An erotic and sexual rendezvous exploring a homosexual encounter... a happenstance trying so hard to be as one... steaming erotica held back from the passion by the artist's intentional blockade and brick & mortar interplay of cubical separation in the pictorial execution of isolated lovemaking.

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Red Hot Sucker 22 x 13 (crayon, prisma pencil)

A soft pallet with delicate lineage that is bundled together etches out a poignant and relaxed portrait of eroticism. An open portal, during an intimate sexual moment, is depicted by the use of clusters of lines imitating 'brushstrokes' in a sweeping style that adds an air of lightness to the fluid encounter.

Fused Figures Disguised As Ghosts Dancing On The Threshold Of Discovery



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The ghosts of the gallery of art
Are as deep as the oceans waters-
Those that which depths seem to have no reaches.

The dances in the gallery of art
Are as prolific as the philosophers reflections-
Those that which imagined seem to have endless definition.

The discoveries from the gallery of art
Are as monumental as the alien nation that constructed the pyramids-
Those that which remain seem to hold a mystery of time.

Thus forevermore is the 'Gallery Of Art'.



Tendered 17 x 11 ½ (crayon, prisma pencil)

Display my sexual desires, display my love and share its filaments... discover its developments and find its compliments as they all shall measure us; we are man and woman and our physical prowess should always be an inspiration of human desire.



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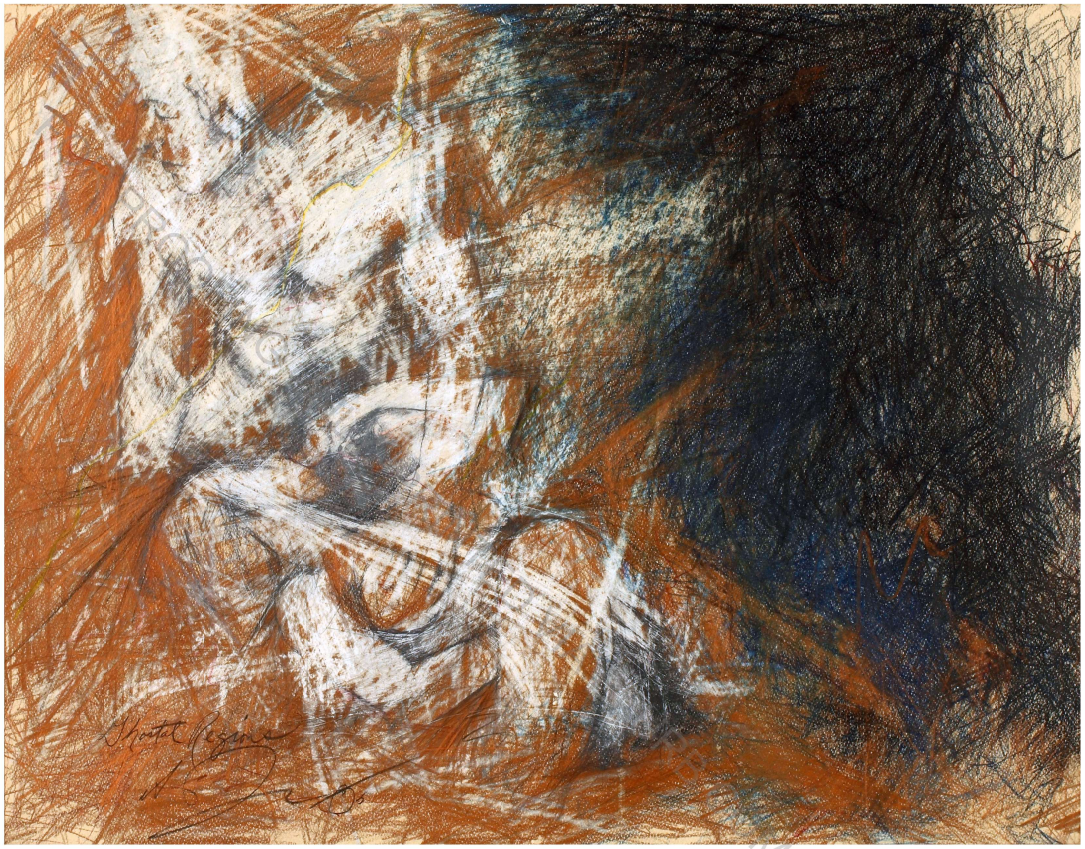
A Rockin' Horse For Johnnie 13 x 9 (crayon, prisma pencil)

Abstract stilettos stab and wound at form so hard to define, so let it be as it might have been, and let the two johnnies 'rock on'.



Ghostal Regions 17 x 22 ½ (prisma pencil fused figure)

The figures remain somewhat alienated from each other during this sexual act. He is tenderly touching her nipple while she gently sucks his penis and, while touching her treasure cave, she delivers herself into a state of self-satisfaction.

The depiction seems as if they are both victims of the splintering stylistic treatment of the pencil work that abounds them. There is an icy aloofness in this erotic work. It is bursting with sexual overtones, however, it is void of love.

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The Sky Above, The Mud Below 20 ½ x 14 ½ (prisma pencil)

A hunger tries to find satisfaction as it grovels its way up from the murk and mud of its existence. With a secret caress it tries to grasp a reality from inside its own realm of mortality. A scratched surface, scouring across an allusion, leaves us without penetration of a reflective desire... unrealized. Perhaps he was hoping to get a little on the side from a subservient dimension.

Symphony Of Splinters In Four Movements



Merger – Movement I 40 x 26 (all panels - crayon, prisma pencil)

An etude of line, form, and color is having its way as... there could be flesh... there should be structure... there might be figure... but it is all retained and then released as the 'drawing is the subject' in these panels of nullified nudification.



Splinters - Movement II 40 x 26

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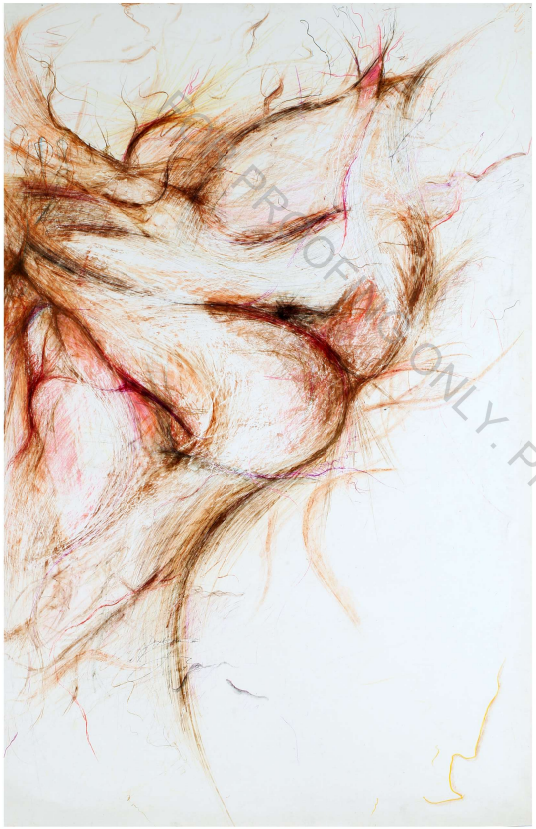
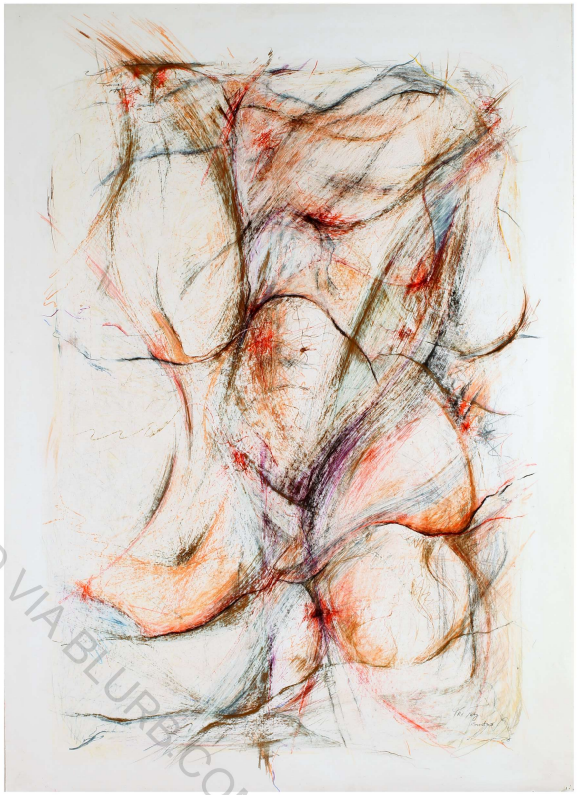


Dazed - Movement III 40 x 26



The Fury - Movement IV 41 x 29 1/2

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Grouping
IV

Draftsmans Drawings & Expressive Pastels

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Studio Studies and Underbellys
Nude Pencil
Pastel Figuration

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Graphite Pencil Drawing Studies

Jersey Prince 50 x 40 pg. 113
Bleeding Heart 52 x 40 pg. 115
Boy In Tee-Shirt 60 x 42 pg. 115
Communion Of Saints 50 x 42 pg. 115
In Our Altered States 30 x 22 pg. 115
Male Torso 50 x 38 pg. 116
Innocent Dance 50 x 38 pg. 116
Womb To Tomb 50 x 38 pg. 117
Sliced And Skinned 50 x 36 pg. 118
Deliverance 60 x 48 pg. 119
Mercy Killing 10' x 16' pg 120
Birth To Earth 38 x 50 pg. 120
Sterile Tears 60 x 42 pg. 121



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The Pencil (key legends)

Preliminary Drawings – take no further action, are satisfied by their initial execution
Underbelly Studies – are used as the core layout, they are worked over & into a completed work
Salvaged Renderings – a drawing that is preserved for archival interests – a duplicate study is then executed for underbelly purposes

Academia – Impression

The nude in life drawing can present itself on a variety of different platforms. The 'natural' and 'academic' pose is often the starting point. However, many times the model, with a healthy lack of inhibition, can bring to life a postulation (performance) that goes beyond the stationary or 'standard' studio pose. Thus performance figure drawings might find a momentum due to more extreme or playful, or even 'over-the-top', physical exhibit of modeling whereas the academic often concedes to the posed contour and gesture taken.

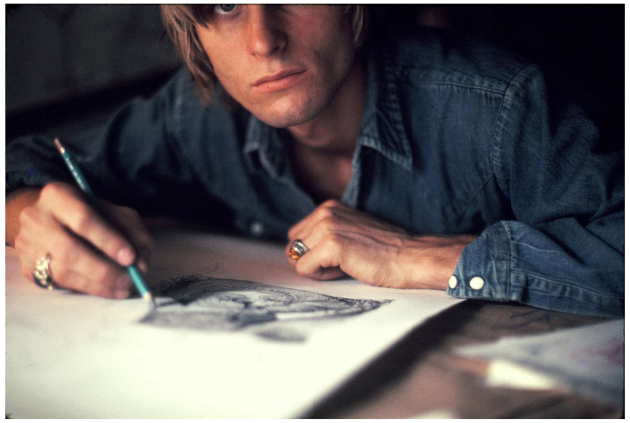
However a studio drawing of contour or gesture will be arrested and deployed with an honest delivery of the pose expressed in whatever stylization the artist is endowed with. So, all is taken in stride and the artist moves on to finding a conclusion in a studio study (which could be complex or simple) that resonates with satisfaction thus, a completed work.

This grouping has drawings addressing these premises with works straight forward and considered complete or contained, or at the very least, brought to a stage of fulfillment. The nude figures featured here can be a composed complete form at rest or a singular forceful torso... they need no commentary as they are a life drawing of a figure... naked... drawn impression figures. That is all. They are just that and nothing more.

Nudification - Expression

Academic studio poses are often the beginning bases of further figurative exploration as well. They can then transcend into a state of cohesion addressing nudification in the pioneering of the unexplored, with manipulation by the artist and his dexterity and the uncontained passion, but spirited generosity, of the model... thus a presentation of flourishing works of art that bolster from a launching pad into tumultuous eruptions... are delivered from the etude. Under these auspicious declarations the formula for a completed life drawing of the naked figure is at the hands of internal inspiration, external exploration and deitization of creativity.

Each of these drawings, many of which, are not sketches but intentional poses as 'roadmaps' (underbellys) to the pioneering of other works in the artist's oeuvre. The depiction of the nude figure is more an in-depth study to find the melting point that will unleash the creative juices that find



ah, to express a vision in one single stroke -
ah, to express a thought in one single word -
ah, to express the night in one single star -

'paths of glory' endeavors. In many cases the goal might be to maneuver abstraction to return back to naked, as nakedness is deployed to reach the nudified accomplishment.

This collection displays many of the raw vehicles that launch the prowess and tumult of a body of *abstract expressionistic nudification.*

Some Random Drawing Notes

So the nude study "Birth To Earth" (pg. 120) and "The Last Shot" (pgs. 126,127) remained a final preliminary drawing as they were never propelled into other proprieties (thus they remain as finished pieces). Whereas "Womb To Tomb" (pg. 117) became a salvaged rendering and so a preserved reference for the finished work (in this case the actual graphite pencil drawing was preserved as a finished work, and then duplicated) the same is true of the "Jersey Prince" (pg. 113), both of which remain as salvaged renderings and finished works. However, studies that became underbelly's are seen in the case of "Mercy Killing" and "Sterile Tears", respectively (pgs. 120, 121) therefore they (as underbellys) became an integral element incorporated into the final work.

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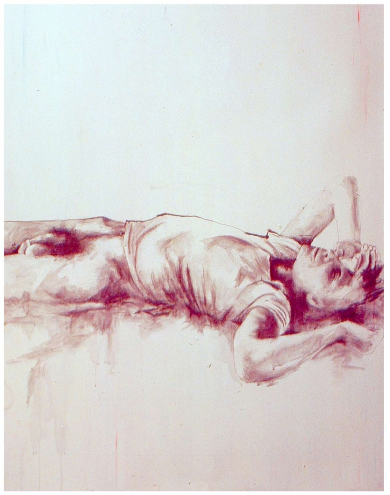



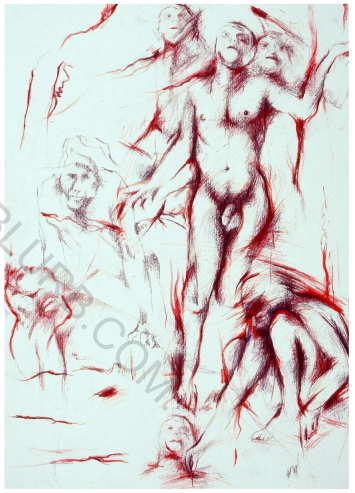

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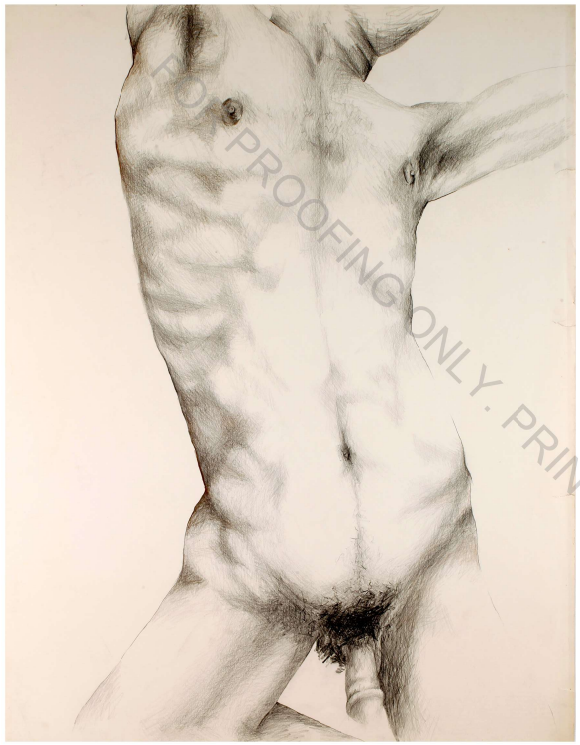



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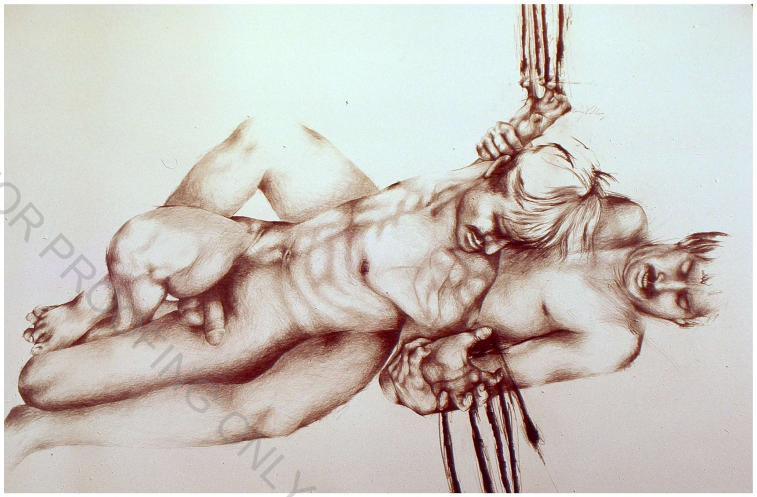

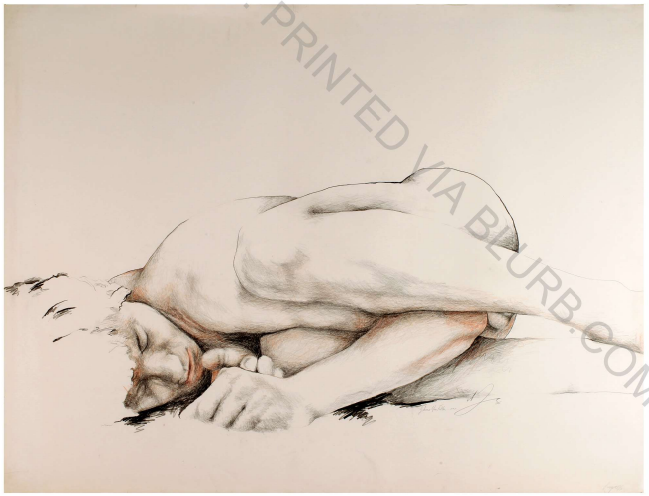

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Thaw (Quietly Being Born From My Bleeding Heart) 30 x 22 (prisma and graphite pencil)

A poetic look at the male nude where the posturing is the focus. Gentle lines form the fetal pose leaving us with a satisfied and undisturbed intentional bliss. Being born from the womb but encased in a titanic iceberg contradicts the bliss and challenges us to reach inside.

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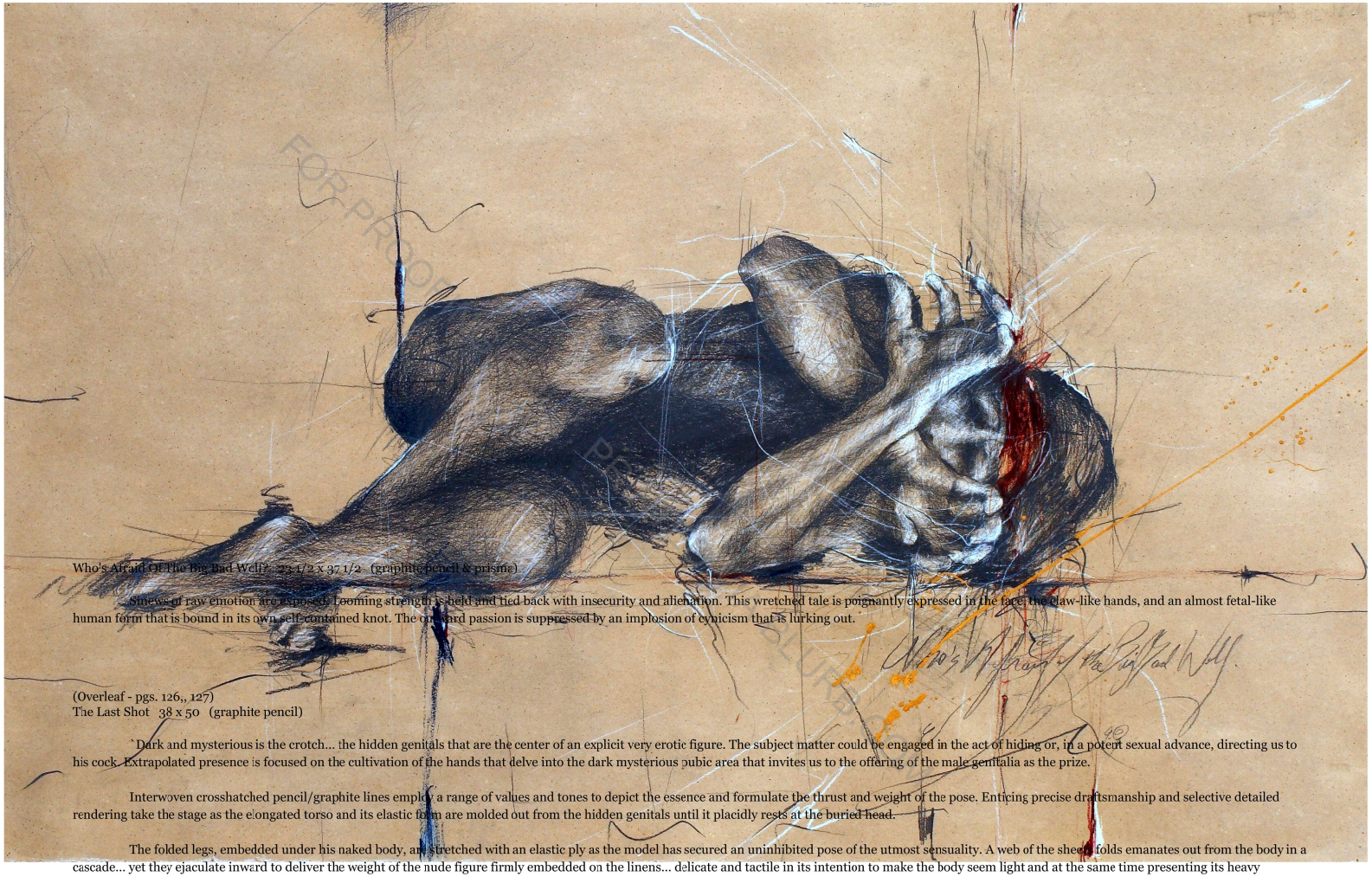

Who's Afraid Of The Big Bad Wolf? 23 1/2 x 37 1/2 (graphite pencil & prisma)

Shows of raw emotion are exposed. Looming strength is held and tied back with insecurity and alienation. This wretched tale is poignantly expressed in the face, the claw-like hands, and an almost fetal-like human form that is bound in its own self-contained knot. The outward passion is suppressed by an implosion of cynicism that is lurking out.

(Overleaf - pgs. 126,, 127)
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

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The Pastels –

There are three basic primary approaches to these works: Hysterical smudged nudity, rudimentary colorforms, and expressive figurizations.

The intermingling splotches and blasts of color are not confined to the background but, with raw vigilance, march over the form as well. So in a wholly painterly manner a nude pastel presentation is delivered eliminating the crutch of academic drawing.

In some cases color just delicately etches out a figure providing it with enough fortitude to carry it to a sense of competition. The work many times could be solely about expressing a gesture drawing. Many times the stylization of woven pastel in 'looms of lineage' create the forms itself through the figure from its compelling outside atmosphere. Thus the pastels move the figure in and out of drawing as they explore, maintain and generate a multitude of environments... for the work... with the figure... in the abstraction...

Some Random Pastel Notes

Stallion - movement and gesture in an echoing form-caressing control (pg.128)

Crawl Into Your Dance - 19 x 20 opposite page - an unraveling figure, expressive and coming at you (pg. 129)

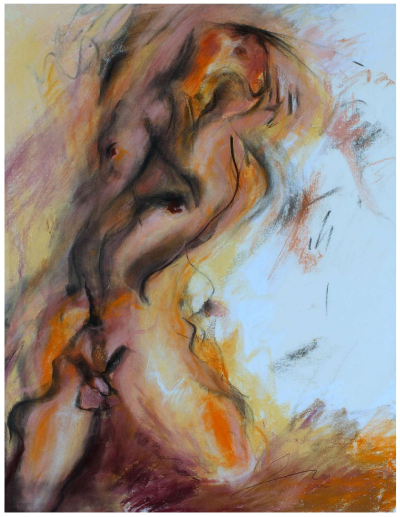
With Green Eyes Masturbating / Eygptian Woman – expression and hysterical energies - complete with uncontrolled surface (pg. 135)

Celebration (triptych) – pacing and control with playful voids and selective digressions (pgs. 130, 131)

Before The Pounce- Neurotic whirls & entwined passion of colorforms (pg.133)

Betrayed / Lost At The Mast - Nervous sinews of expressionism expelled in a whirlwind of blind ambition to preserve the action (pg. 136)

Forged from The Heart 30 x 22 pg. 137
Essex Street Off Of Delancey 30 x 22 pg. 137
Reclining Woman 30 x 22 pg. 137
Leashed Leaning Backwards 22 x 17 1/2 pg. 137
Three Lesbians Having Breakfast 36 x 50 pg. 138
Streamers 24 x 18 pg. 139



A Note On The Captions

The pages of Gouping IV have limited detailed captions of the artist's reflection of the work at hand. Thus the figuratization can remain omnipotent.

Drawings and studies may at times be addressed by literal interpretation, since at times they might contain universal visual elements, a common bond. Contrary to this is that a healthy lack of reflection allows them to retain an exploratory ambiance as the work of art remains open to the viewer and the artist becomes a guest to the work and not its 'lord & master'.

On some occasions herewithin there will be an insightful dwelling on the work... a kind of 'personal memoir', if you will, of what is beneath or that which comes to the surface in the drawing or pastel that is delivered. This is presented with the intention as to evoke a thought pattern, a soldiers guide, so as to extort the salvaged rendering... and bear witness to the many levels of visual occupation.

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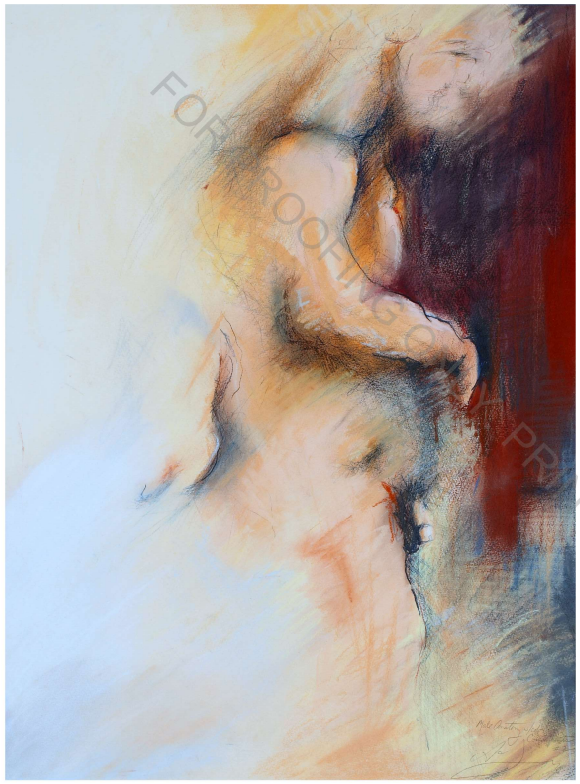
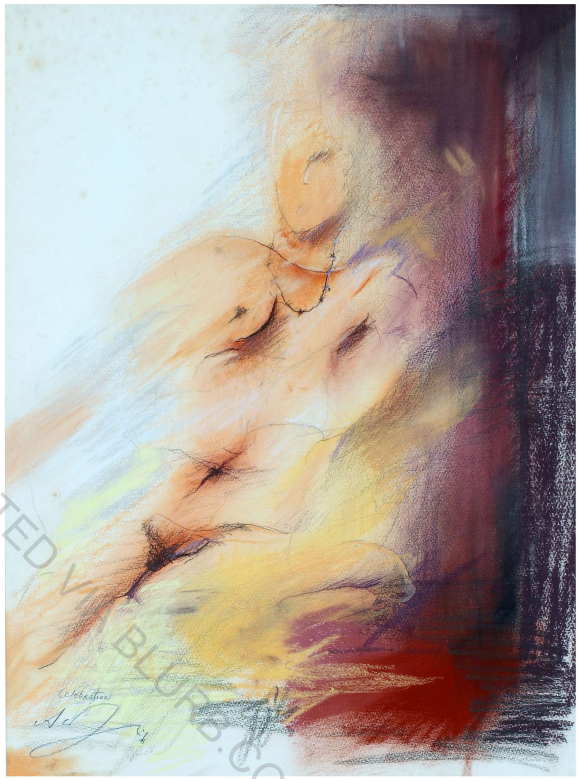
Crawl Into Your Dance
Let's See If In My Dreams
They Reveal You





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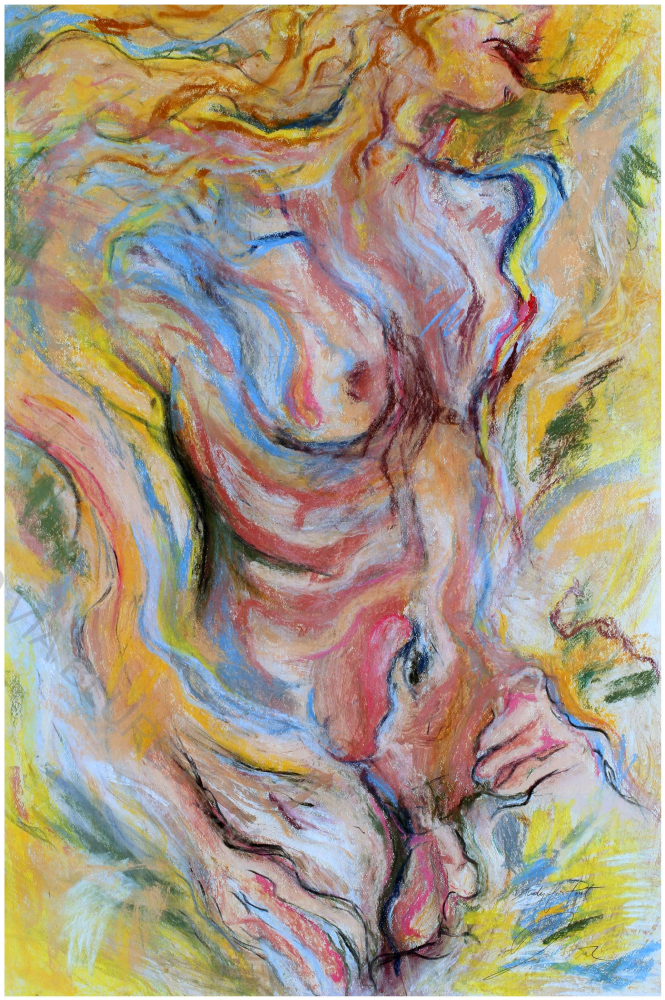


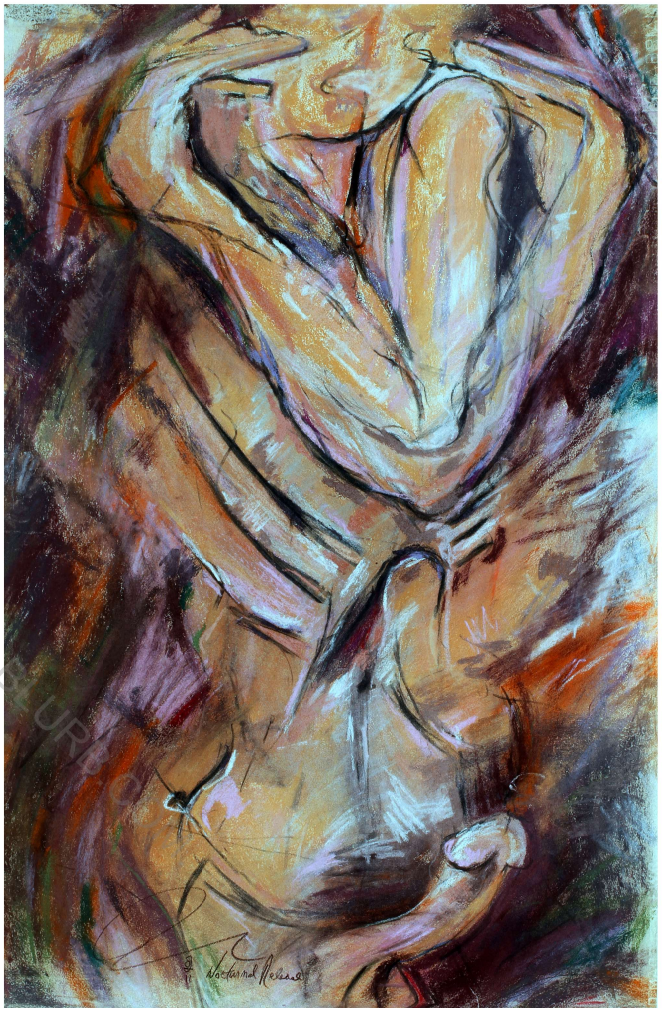
Poet Study 36 x 24 (pastel on paper) pg. 132

Before The Pounce 36 1/2 x 24 1/2 (pastel on paper) pg. 133 opposite left

Nocturnal Release (Pastel Study) 36 x 24 (pastel on paper) pg. 133 opposite right

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.





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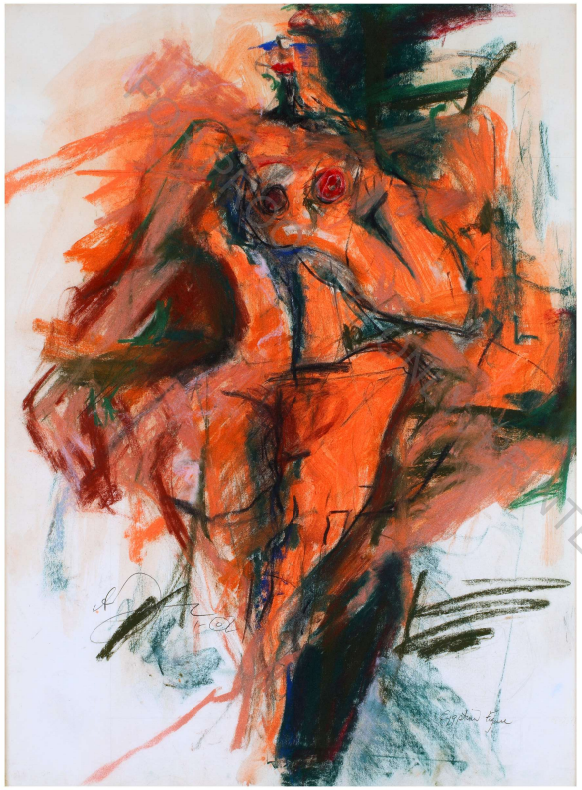
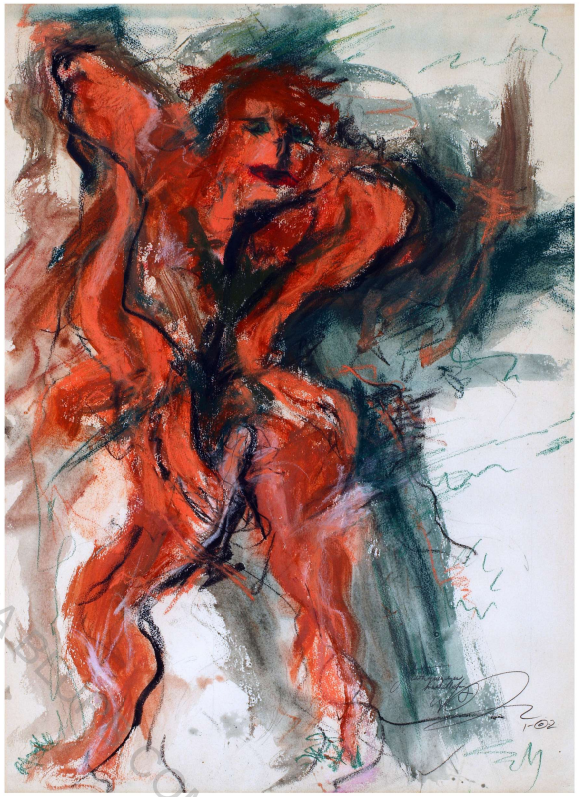
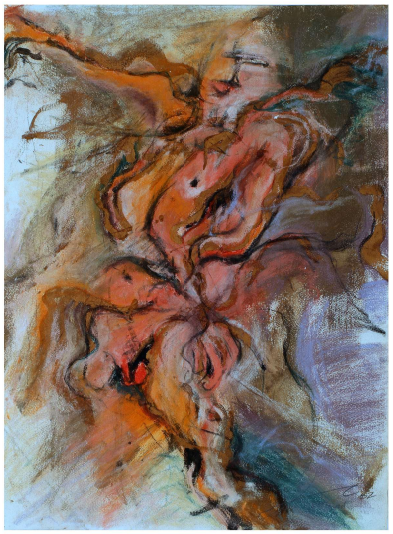
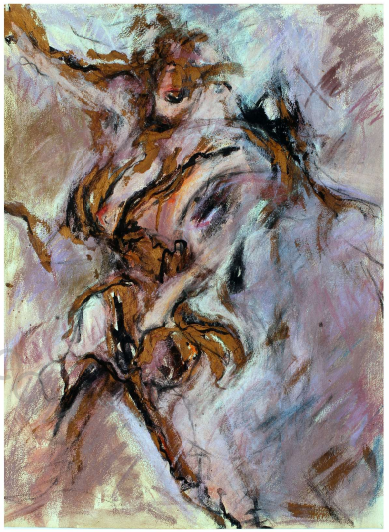




With Green Eyes Masturbating 24 x 18 (pastel and wash) above
Egyptian Woman 24 x 18 (pastel and wash) left

Bold color in broad strokes exploiting the theme of self-love with a feverant use of pastel to compliment the apparent sexual indulgence the male nude model is about to entertain. Draughtsmanship is abandon here and the energy, not the act of masturbation, is the portrait we are left with. The same it true for the female form that boldly presents her breasts in a statuesque stance.





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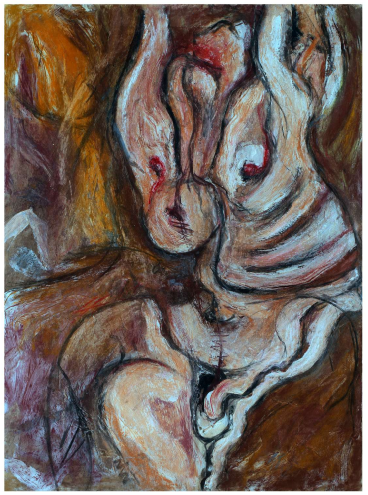



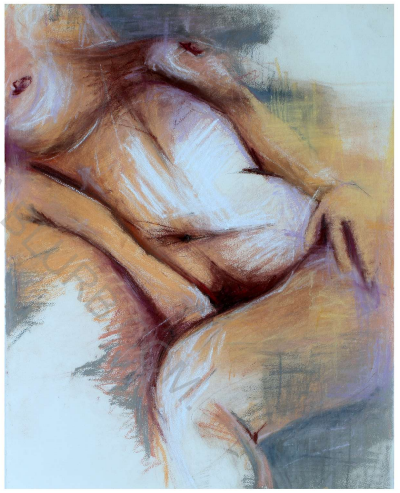

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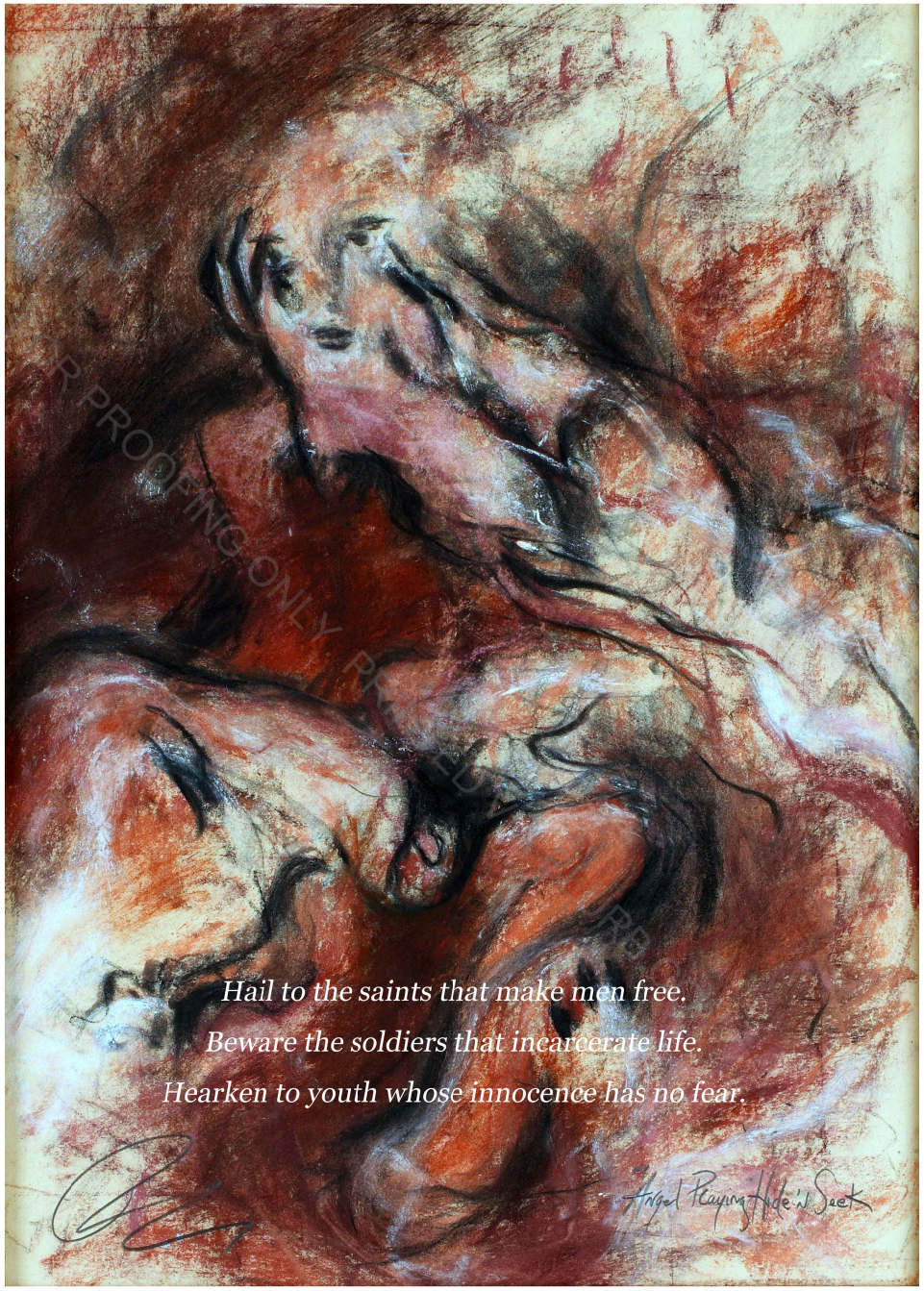
Hail to the saints that make men free.
Beware the soldiers that incarcerate life.
Hearken to youth whose innocence has no fear.



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(Opposite Left) -

Angel Playing Hide 'n Seek 18 x 13 (pastel)

In a soft and warm bath of hazy color with tranquil delivery a form appears. It is a form that is enveloped in a smokehouse where it has stumbled to earth as it searches for its secret spark of contention. It is a mascot that has no issues. The black pastel lines become smudges of movement... as they attempt to define a contour that cannot be realized in an absolute pilferage of the male figure.

Lost and found... hidden and discovered... forgotten and remembered... these are the adorable commandments of the angel that he has given-up-to as his muse.

The good luck charm in this loose, yet harmonious, composition is its tangible echo and not a diabolical scream.

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On The Red Rag - detail above

(Overleaf - pgs. 144, 145)
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 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.

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Grouping
V

Golden Looms

~][~

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Naked and Exposed * Figurative Works
The Beginnings
Flirting with the Figure and Erotica

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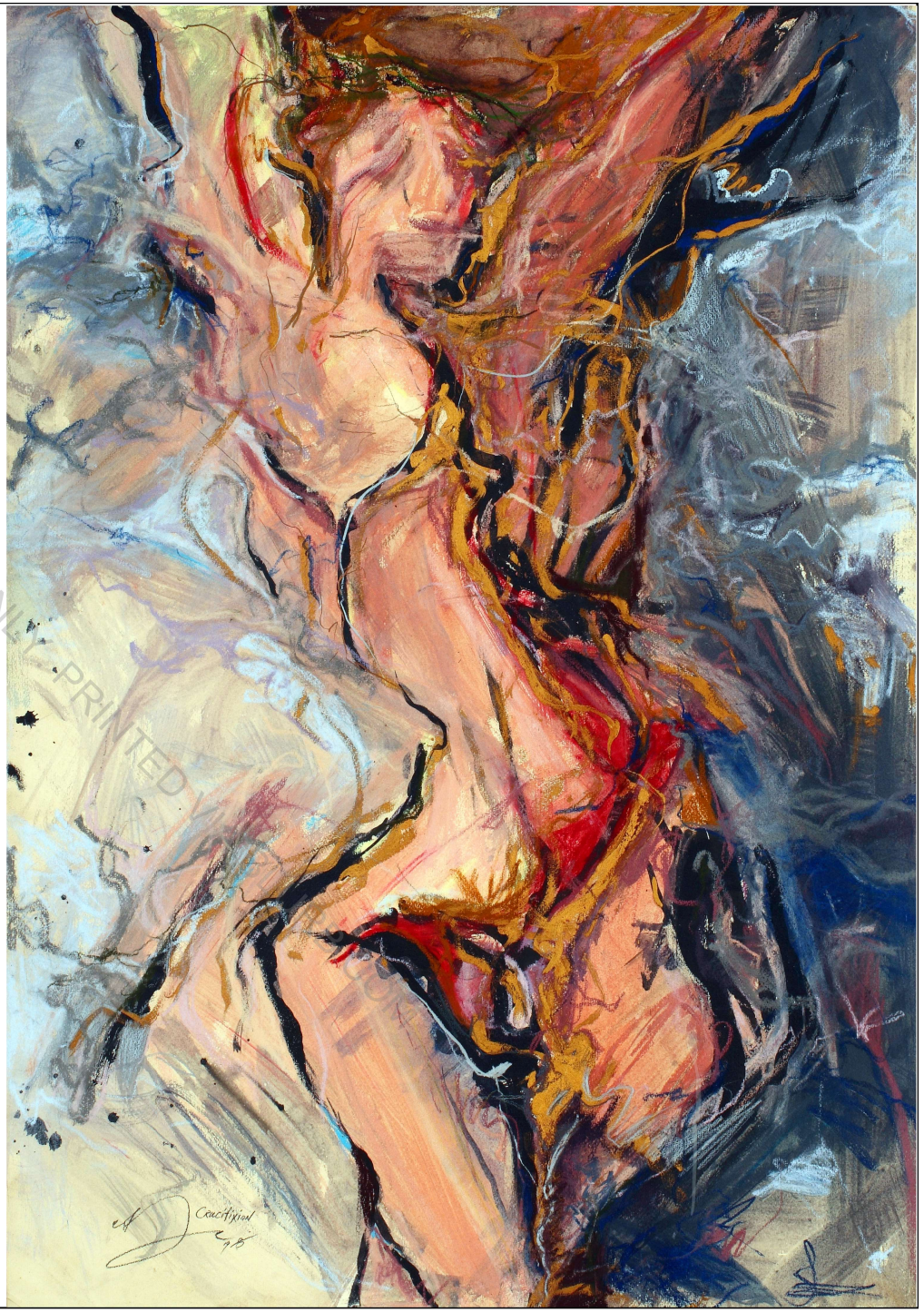
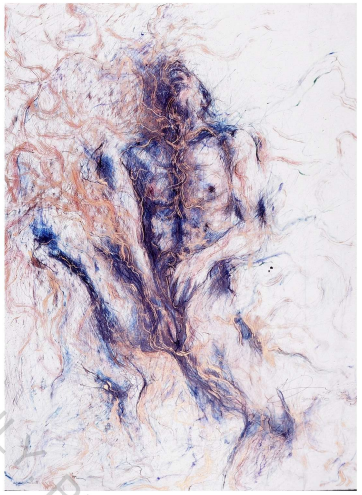
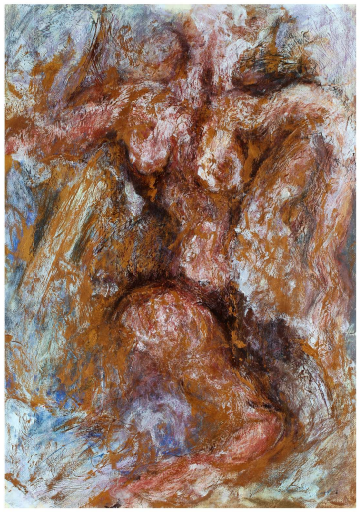


Crucifixion 39 x 28 (mixed media, ink, gold leaf paint)

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.



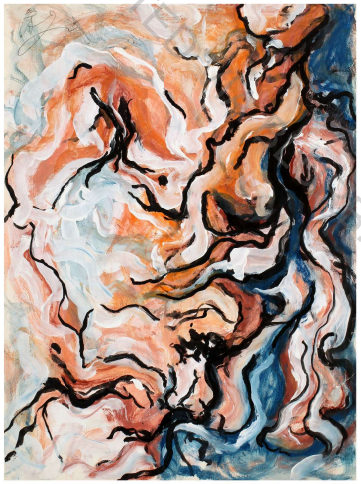


The Square Root Of Man 30 x 22
(gouache, gold leaf paint) top left

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
(gold leaf paint over gesso, pastel) top right

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
(mixed media, gesso, ink) bottom left

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 is presented by the sporadic delivery.

Tribal- detail 24 x 30 (ink, gesso, gold leaf) bottom right

A wind swept female form in a celebration of tangled line. Freedom is on the loose and joyous in this frolicking figure.

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Echoes 39 x 27 (gesso, pastel, 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.



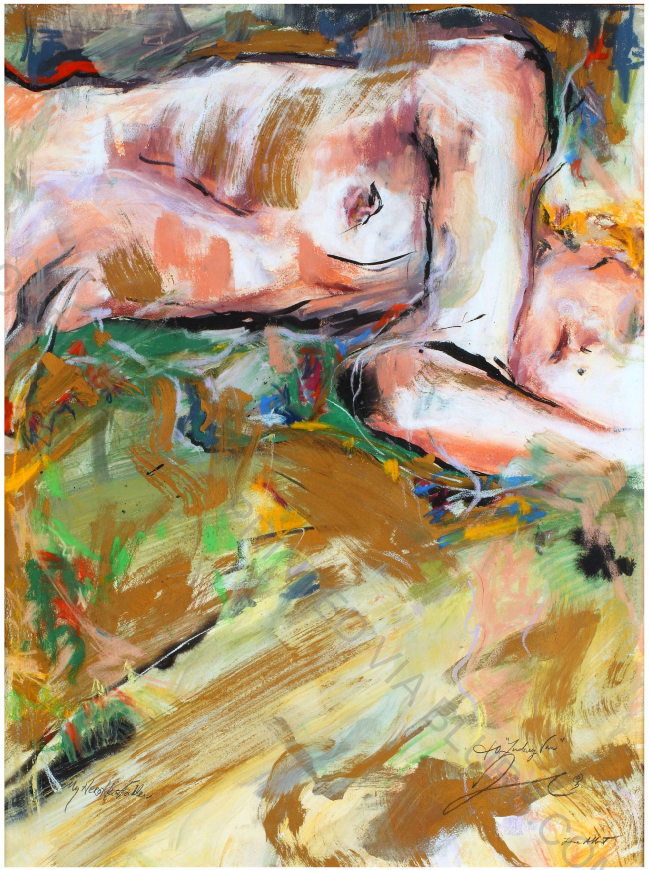
Youth (Study Of Billy Cloud) 30 x 22 (pastel, gold leaf paint)

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, 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. His head is bowed with arms outstretched and legs spread to invite the very entertainment of puberty.



FOR PRO

My Hero Has Fallen 32 x 24 (pastel, ink, 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.

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 wandering stillness in every storm

There is
A wounded sunrise from every darkness
A lost moment in every soul

There is
An unwritten song beyond every skyway
A silent voice in every choir

There is
Two sides to every shadow
And a certain nowhere for every thing ...



Bulldog 24 x 17 (gouache, ink, 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.

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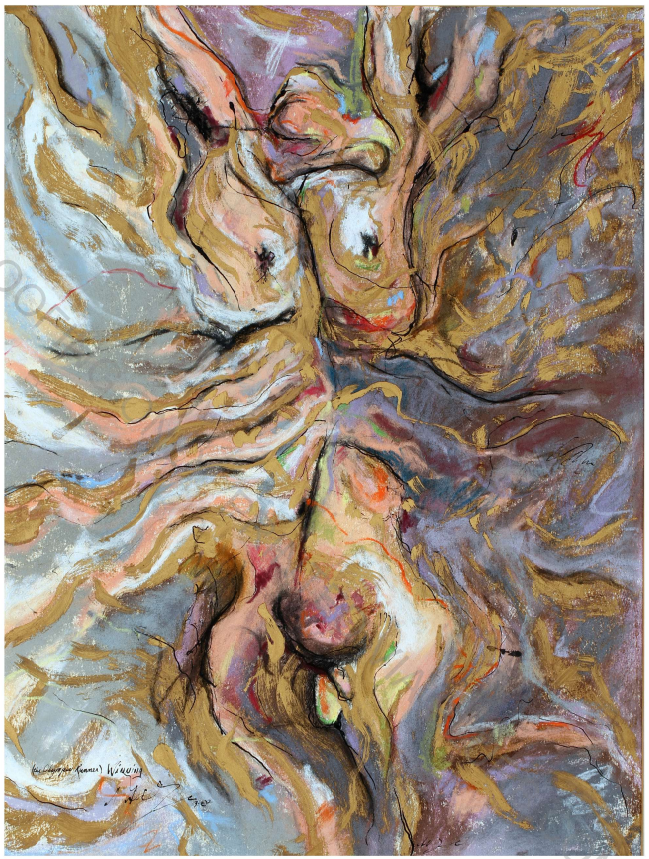

FOR PROOF

(Olympic Runner) Winning 24 x 17 (pastel, ink, 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 emancipated beauty in the design.





A Little Squirt Of Love 42 x 30
(pastel, ink, 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.

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

In a carefully constructed statuary format, with the weight of marble or stone, the one unit pose has intentionally divided itself into two sections.

First; a strong suggestion of muscle and containment is achieved with the decisive enclosure of the folded arms clutching the shoulders... tight, ridged and compressed. There is a dramatic outer curtain of color that 'sweeps-into' and is 'echoed-out-of' ' the form thereby imparting, to this figure, its arresting vitality.

Secondly; the thighs support a deliberate release of the erect penis and its freedom as it thrusts itself in an upward motion. The cold blue icy flesh finds a friend in the erection that anchors and refreshes the overall work thereby completing it with the empowered manhood that is cast.

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

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, gold leaf paint) opposite far right

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.





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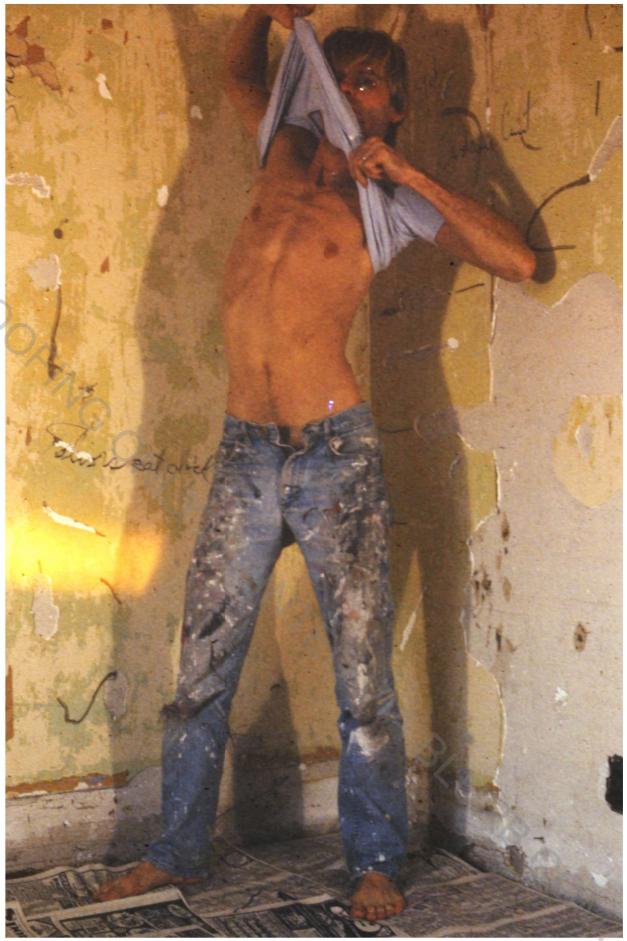

all art is the birth of
other art
all answers are the answers of
other questions
all i am is the ambiguity of
another time





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(Overleaf - pgs. 162, 163)
Bloodletting 30 x 41 (pencil painting, crayon, goldleaf 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 opposite 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.

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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.

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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.



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.



FOR PROOF

Softcore II 30 x 22
(pastel, gouache, 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 work of art since there are no romantic apologies in this purely physical celebration of lovemaking.

FOR PRO



Sucking Desire 40 x 26
(mixed media, pastel, 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.



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

The delivery of an explosive and elusive form blown throughout the chimes of evolution. Once you've captured 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.



a frontal nudity portrait of the artist,
taken by his model...



during the energy of painting,
his naked messiah ...

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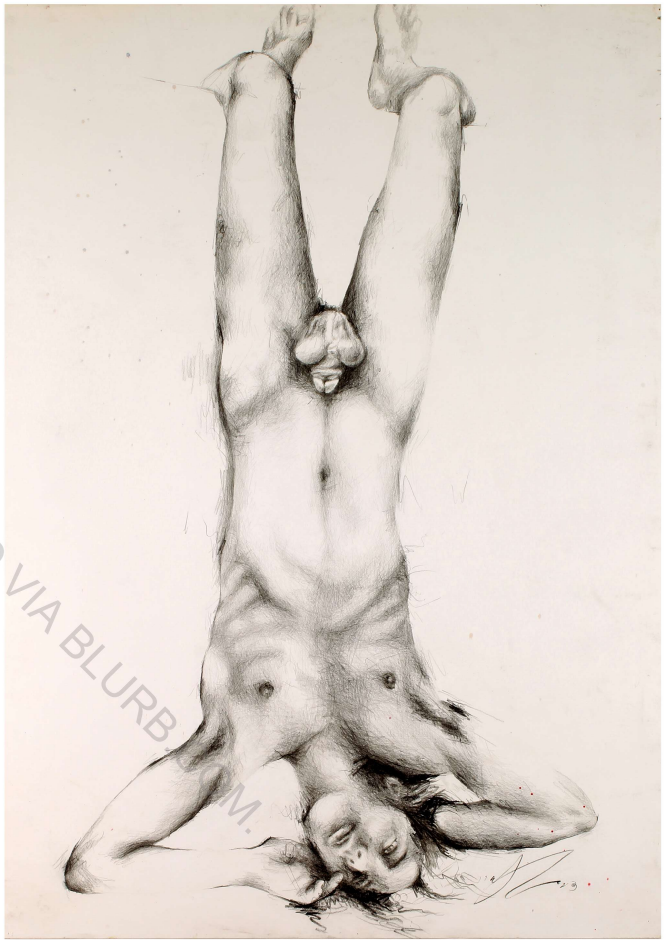


Sliced And Skinned (Underbelly Study) 50 x 36 (graphite pencil) left

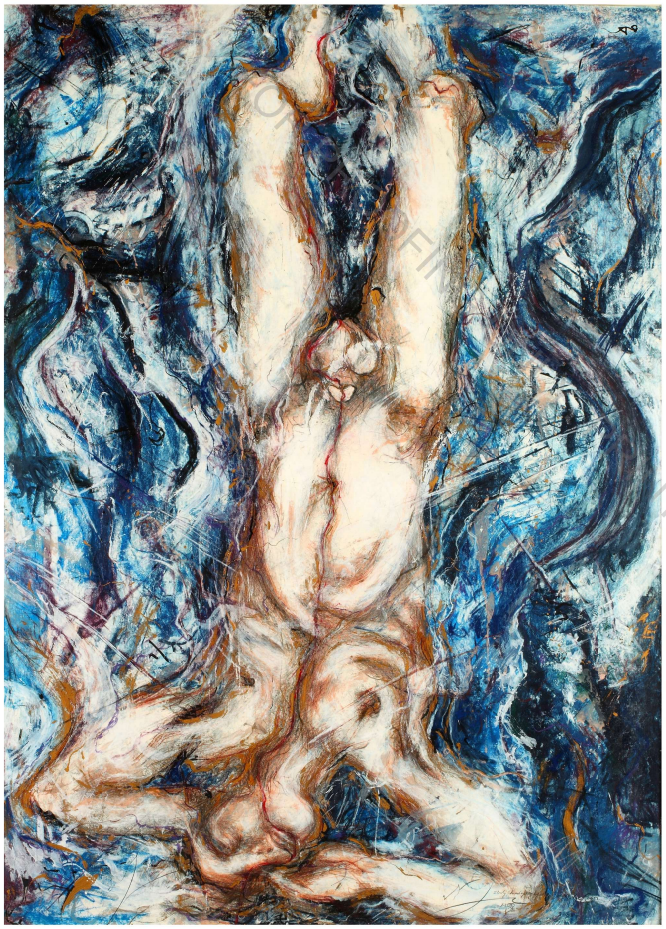
The eyes hold a realization void of agony but aware of destiny. The natural and academic pose is abandon. The human pose taken here is a platform for the artist to discover a path of erotica as a physical 'bravura' stopping with a rendered draftsmanship before bringing the models pose to the brink of 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 opposite right
(mixed media, pastel, 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 opposite far right
(mixed media, pastel, gold leaf paint)

The congregation of spatial reality pays homage to the model as he and his masterization of his pose becomes the final 'altar'. 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.







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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



Under Thumb (Clouds Piece) 40 x 26
(painted gesso, pastel and gold leaf paint)

Interior strength is the core element of a pose that pulsates from a central nerve as the stylistic execution (Golden Looms) takes prominence and stakes out the conventional beauty of the male nude with brushwork that is harsh yet soft by way of its pallets formula.

The outer shell of the human form is never clearly defined and is contained by its own bundles of energy that emanate from the core. Warm, inviting and very tactile the works completeness is found in the hands, neat and confident, that are tucked under the armpits to anchor the cadence of movement in an execution of style that is accentuated by the visual 'melt-down' of this male figure... a stimulated rupture of nuclear energy having reached 'the china syndrome'.

(Overleaf - Dogdamn detail pgs. 176, 177, full spread pgs. 178 - 179)
Dogdamn 30 x 50 (gold leaf, mixed-media, 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.

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FOR PROOFING ONLY

Grouping
VI

Golden Looms

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Naked and Exposed * Figurative Works
The Matured
Erotic Engagements * Extreme Gestures

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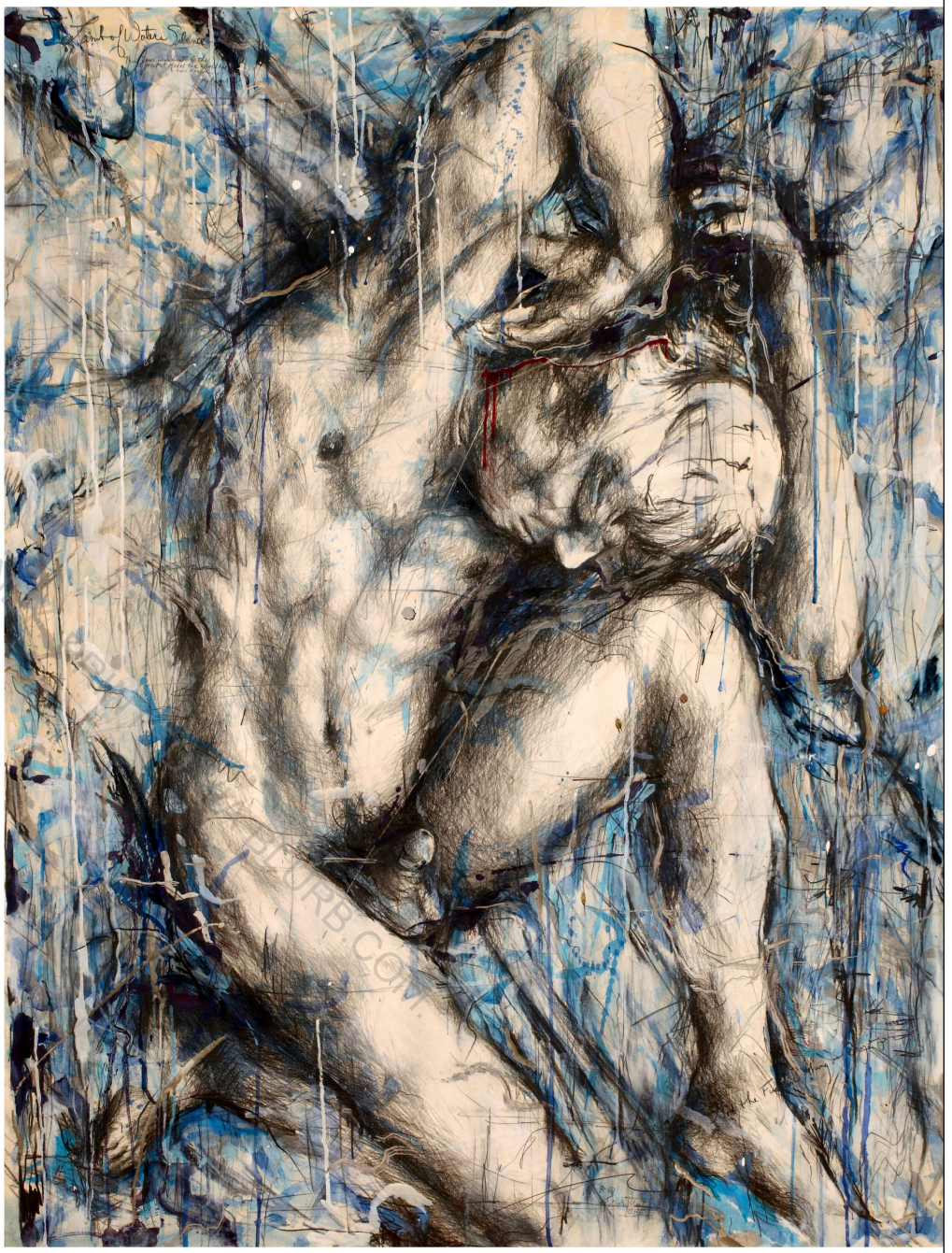

Lamb Of Waters Silence 50 x 38 (graphite pencil, gouache)

Reaching for the next stage of creative discovery is set aside, instead the work is approached in a more meticulous manner taking precautions to preserve the sublime coherence of artist & model, holding onto its generous & inordinate postulation. Praise of shape, form and muscle tone are set within the watery tears of a timeless dispatch. The pose was deeply weighted into the sheets as the artist executed the draftsmanship from above, drawn while hovering above his subject... like a god's watchful eye over his angel at rest.

Respect... protection... honor... set inside aqueous tears of affection.

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Join The Inner Sanctum 50 x 40
(pastel, mixed-media)

Two figures on life support. Fusions of color sordidly flow in and out of each other in definition of one form that shares host with the other. A lose trial of figures yearning for one another's containment to their bond. Knurled together like roots of a great oak tree.

(Opposite Page)
Blood On The Claws Of Dinosaurs' Bones 40 x 26
(painted drawing, graphite, pastels, mixed-media)

The artist and the model become as one in a centipede of nude figurative form. The painterly finesse concedes to the drawing that dominates the work of art. It becomes a draftsman's haven and it brags of that draftsmanship while it playfully toys with delivering the motion of the two fused figures thereby creating their surrounding atmosphere. The painting itself is done so in a deliberate draftsman control thereby presenting the pencil and pastel as painting in a rendering style and execution.

The synergy of this work is paramount as one figure envelops the other as its acceptable host. The placid facial expressions are complimented by the soft twists and turns of the bodies movements jelled in a watercolor-like painterly delivery. The claw-like hands however, stained with blood, suggest a torrid struggle to have gotten to this apparent union of contentment.

Designed as a quadrapiece, most especially for the vertical position, one can read the complete form as each figures knees', juxtaposed from one another, remain kneeling. The folded legs of one figure in turn acts as the clutching arms of the other figure giving the work ambidexterity. The equally adept fusion defines the figures duality as the legs and arms of one become the appendages of the other creating a cross dominance in which the sum of the parts makes up the whole. One torso shared by two tenants in a singular vessel of communion. The legs are spread to deliver the birth of its partner as we see the head emerge from each of their wombless torsos.



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Study For Twin Boys 36 x 50
(graphite pencil)

A singular unit as a vessel of duality as we decipher the cause and effect... the balance of the jungle of lines... the pathway of dexterity and posture of meaning. The crown of this work is that of the 'aborted' static pose... abandoning it and enticing the model to move freely as the drawing captures the movement.



Twin Boys About to Go At It 36 x 50
(mixed-media paint)

In a frolicking delivery the nude boy's form crawls back at us embalmed by a 'slap and paste' painterly treatment. The figure turning back on all fours is infused with another form venturing out from the pasty flesh treatment as it tumbles to the ground. A spirit in motion, thus the two figures themselves are in a wrestling encounter or do we have one figure mimicking Muybridge's sequential photographs of motion. Is two as one a statement of fact or an allusion, or is this trying to capture the encounter of an erotic engagement. The flesh is warm and the entanglement is a decoupage of activity... striking in its fluid rhythm.

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His One Blue Eye 30 x 22 (mixed-media paint) top left

Fields of color play over form and space of a figure lost by definition but found by the delivery of brushwork and the pallet of color.

Thaw (Study) 30 x 30 (mixed-media paint) top right

The necessity of birth is portrayed in this monolith that remains warm in captivity by the spiral of a burning womb. Her monastery is his brothel.

Tear Out My Bleeding Heart 52 x 40 (mixed-media paint) left

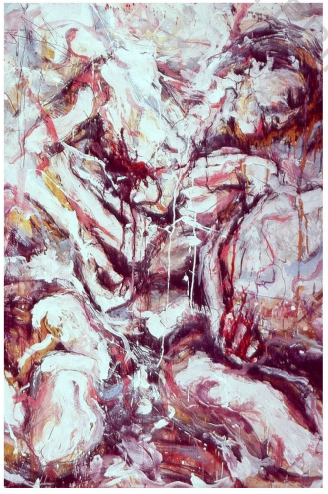
Saturated in color with vigorous brushwork this painting has a gesture that is surrendering but the energy holds us captive unable to accept the intended surrender. The depth of the pallet of color and its wayward treatment glues the figure to itself as it announces that same intention to its audience. A sacrifice of plush pasted reverence in the cradle of two hands, offering one bleeding heart, is the conclusion.

Heart And Grail 60 x 42 (mixed-media, gold leaf paint) right

Sweeping multimedia and gold leaf paint deliver two forms as they maneuver themselves through each other. Head over heal one might expect this to start to move in a wheel of motion as it bursts into the sparks of color that provide the holy communion of the two figures embodiment.









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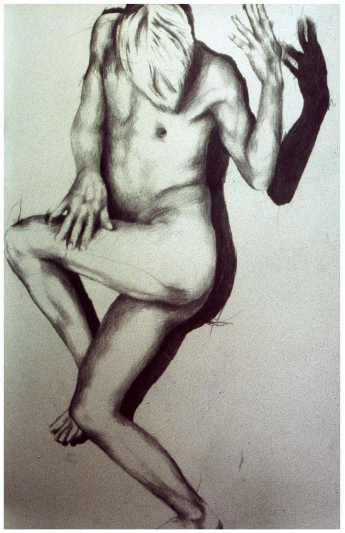



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Oh Sweet, Sweet Country Of Mine 60 x 42
(graphite, mixed-media, gouache, gold leaf paint)

Rapid execution with a sense of tragedy. Formulation of a figure that dances in unison with itself. Its posture is its pace... its prance is its parade... its pallet is its perversity.

The figure is strip searched, bleached to the bone, then in a porridge of eclectic energy the skeleton of what is left is given life... the model, the pose, the Nijinsky is dead. A death wish calls out from its patriotic colors. We can only hope that the shadow of doom that defines its presences is 'not' of things to come. A predatory display of force... in a painted dance as it takes on an ominous nature.

This male nude form is delivered in multi-media gouache, the figure is formed out by graphite pencil which then turns against it in scratches and incisions of handwritten hysteria. With an electrified presentation it is its intention to pump the viewer's blood with energy while feeling the movement under the curtain of strips that veil it.

Opposite is the preliminary pencil drawing study that set the piece into motion and an interim stage of the work before its completion.

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Jersey Prince And Drugs Made Me Do It 50 x 40
(mixed-media, painted pastels, graphite pencil)

The actual pose of the model is dis-assembled as it reaches for the internal liability of the artist to his muse. No longer is the pose the platform of desire but rather the passion and panache from whence it comes. Unselfishly it is presented as an offering (and in the form of) a skeletal mass percolating in the theory of relativity that it is encapsulated in.



Erection Before Execution 50 x 38
(graphite pencil, charcoal, gouache)

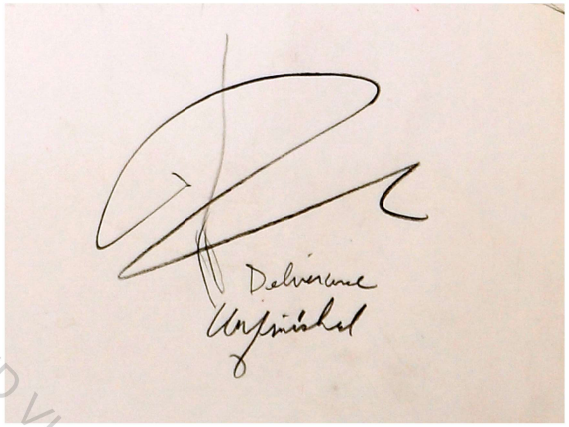
The artist/model relationship has the protocol of delicate balances. They exist in ceremony with each other and of one another. Life drawing in this case has a logical extension of personal or sexual involvement, (or both), to facilitate and reveal; the aggressive love, the torrent lust, or in its purist form, the act of love.

An erotic attitude is accentuated by the electrified calligraphic lines, the cannibalism by one figure could have a heartfelt intention toward his protagonist to avoid a sexual encounter. Nonetheless all intentions are contradicted by his very erectile state. In a rare moment we are given privilege to observe the stages of phallic excitement as it grows and the action reaches for an exaggerated presence.

Although the sepia tone and monochromatic pallet might suggest flesh it is a harsh stark white skeletal presentation that dominates. The color and intensely concentrated calligraphy are the artists tools to etch out the bones of a bleached existence. The work reads as if the heart is attached to an echocardiogram monitor recording heights of energy off the charts.

TROJAN

Gently coming, coming, dripping
In flight, in might, in sight!
* * *
It came as a mighty horse
trojan
It was filled with tiny people
hold semen
A shield of wood and metal
in rubber
That would hide its final secret
the erection
And enter into its victory
fornicates
Behold the final outcome
the ejaculation
And the stud with what is left now
is creme colored
Ponies that bleed inside now
unborn
Empty horses in the night
he haw... he haws
* * *
They ride, he rides, it rides
Out of sight, of sight, sight!



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Candy Cane 40 x 58 (graphite pencil, gouache, gesso)

Characteristics of portrait development capitulates in the strong firm confident draftsmanship. With heroic contour, the figure is secondary to the pose that takes front and center stage; thus the model is the subject matter as the artistic rendering of the nude gives way to the sensationalism and despair that remains sizzling at its audience. The calligraphic essence mocks, echoes, and harbors the somewhat terrorized victim... of its own candor.

(Overleaf - full spread pgs. 196, 197, Master Valentine detail pgs. 204- 205)
Master Valentine 38 x 50 (graphite pencil, mixed media, gesso, charcoal)

An autoerotic multimedia painting that preserves the figure in a draftsman rendering, perhaps after the act of masturbation, as it rests peacefully satisfied. The pose itself is in direct contradiction to its encasement... that which pierces the form like a sword of lightening spells out, in gold leaf and blood red paint, an impending crucifixion. The calligraphy employed adds shape and form to the soul of the work that is vulnerable as it lies in abandon drama amongst random splinters of words .

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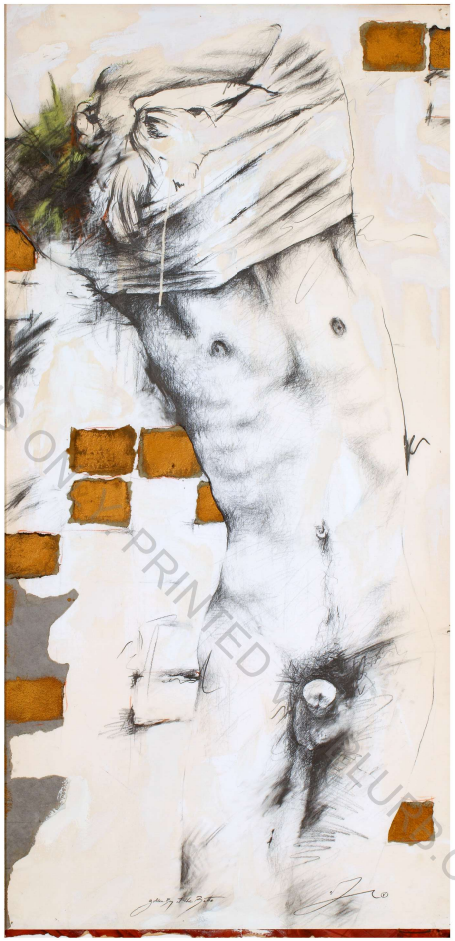
Bronze Eye (Release In Hand) 42 x 30 (graphite pencil, gouache, gold leaf collage)

In the face of abstract delirium the motor of this fresco-like dwelling begins. Forlorn color in patches of discord are prominent until we discover the subject matter. The abstract splatters are a MacGuffin to the hidden very subtle delivery of form. The act of masturbation is the final axiom. The open 'cask of armadillo' shows us what was left behind in the playground of stone on the masonry walls. *Buried we live, buried we speak, buried we make claim to existence yet we remain buried until, in the end, we are buried.*



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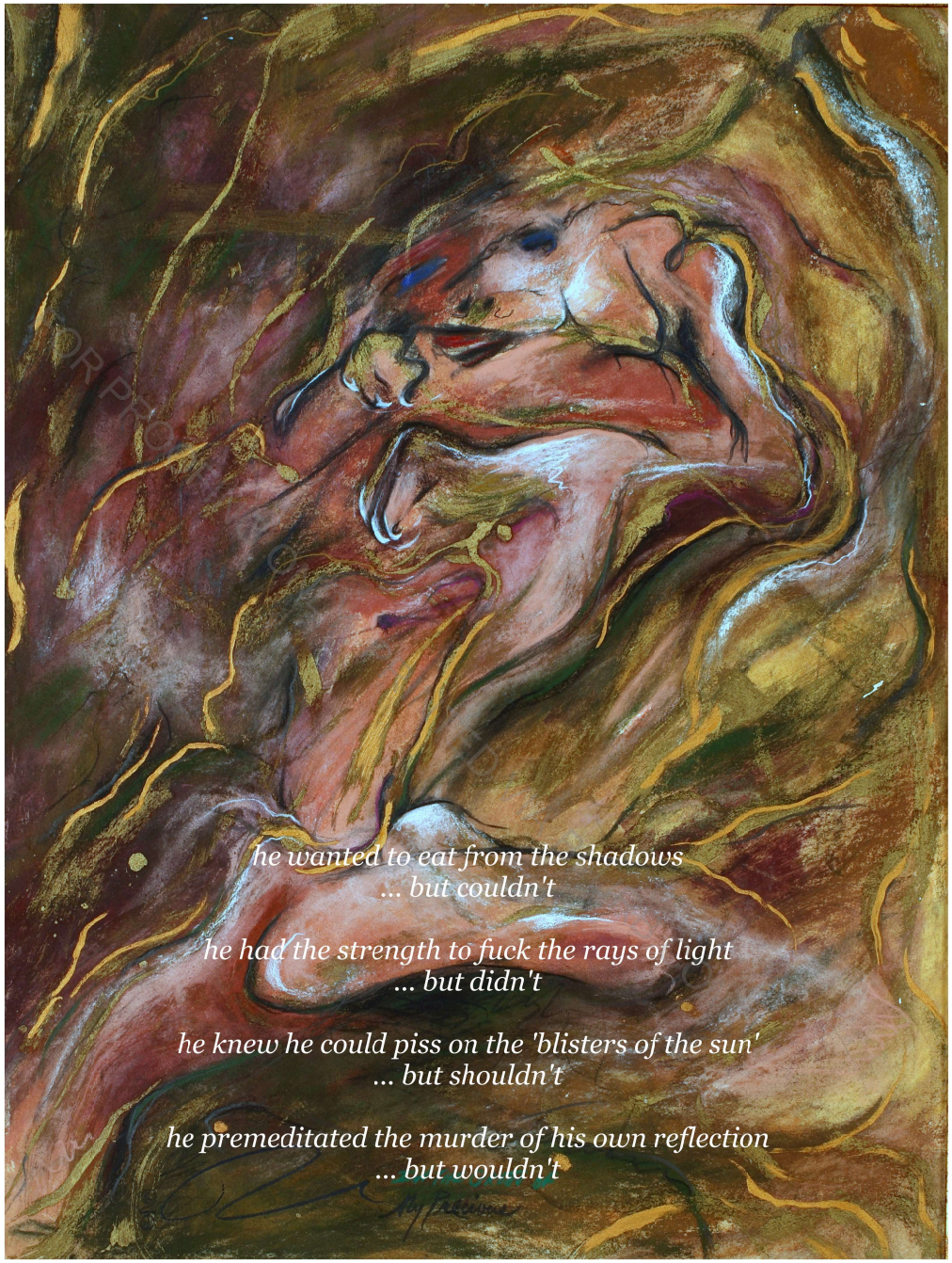
Golden Boy At The Baths 42 x 20 (graphite pencil, gouache, gold leaf collage)

The first and foremost element of the drawing is the motion set into place by the action of pulling the shirt over his head. There is a very delicate and careful distribution of energy as the weight of the arched form finds perfect balance from the obscured face to the genitals and pubic area giving equal countenance thereby anchoring the sensual figures primary action. The face seen through the tee-shirt is haunting ... the hands strain ... the cock lurches ... and the three button torso teases.


he wanted to eat from the shadows
... but couldn't
he had the strength to fuck the rays of light
... but didn't
he knew he could piss on the 'blisters of the sun'
... but shouldn't
he premeditated the murder of his own reflection
... but wouldn't



The Cereal Killer

... before his breakfast, after his morning 'jack-it' ...

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Sterile Tears 60 x 42
(mixed media, graphite, charcoal, gesso & gold leaf)

There is a personal, very private, erotic engagement apparent as there is a sexual reality behind the obvious violent attack. First impression would be that the crouching figure is the aggressive liaison. Under further investigation it is the lunging luminary that is striving to dominate as he, being the artist himself, reaches for the models cock.

Multimedia painting, gesso infused, leaves a robust textural surface as the calligraphy helps to define the image and add an additional element of mystery with its poetic phrases.

The stance of two male forms ends in a statuary deliverance with a firm commitment to life as the rapid execution completes the sexual engagement. Chiseled to the bone with technical virtuosity as it showcases the neurotic force as it is pitted against human compassion. To drink from the veins of passion and give way to the homoerotic saddle he rides.

Harnessed by warm thighs with hands that clutch at freedom the stance of two male forms ends in a statuary deliverance with a firm commitment to life as the rapid execution completes the encounter.

(Overleaf - detail) Master Valentine







Grouping
VII

The Dark Side

~][~

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~][~

Nude Figurative Art * Explosively Defined
The Exposed
Naked Abstractions and Drawn & Painted Torrents



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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...



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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...


In finding a definition to
the triptych of the dark crucifixion
the answer is... that there isn't one.
If it feels satanic, that's your choice.
If it seems to hurt due to excessive bleeding,
that's your observation.
If it wanders off into a mysterious tunnel (where it
becomes difficult to preserve the human form),
that's your challenge.
If it asks to be saved from the cauldrons of burning flesh,
that's your burden.
If it does ultimately define itself to you, & you take it on,
that's your unbearable hopeless problem.



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 gesturing on paper.

(Overleaf - pgs. 212, 213)
Tokyo - three panels 26 x 40, 26 x 18 (gesso, pencil, gouache)

A work of art in the land of scars... 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' itself becomes the subject.

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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 & insect wastes cover the yardage.

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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... ?



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...

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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.

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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.

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The Mariner's 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.



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 sacrifical-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.

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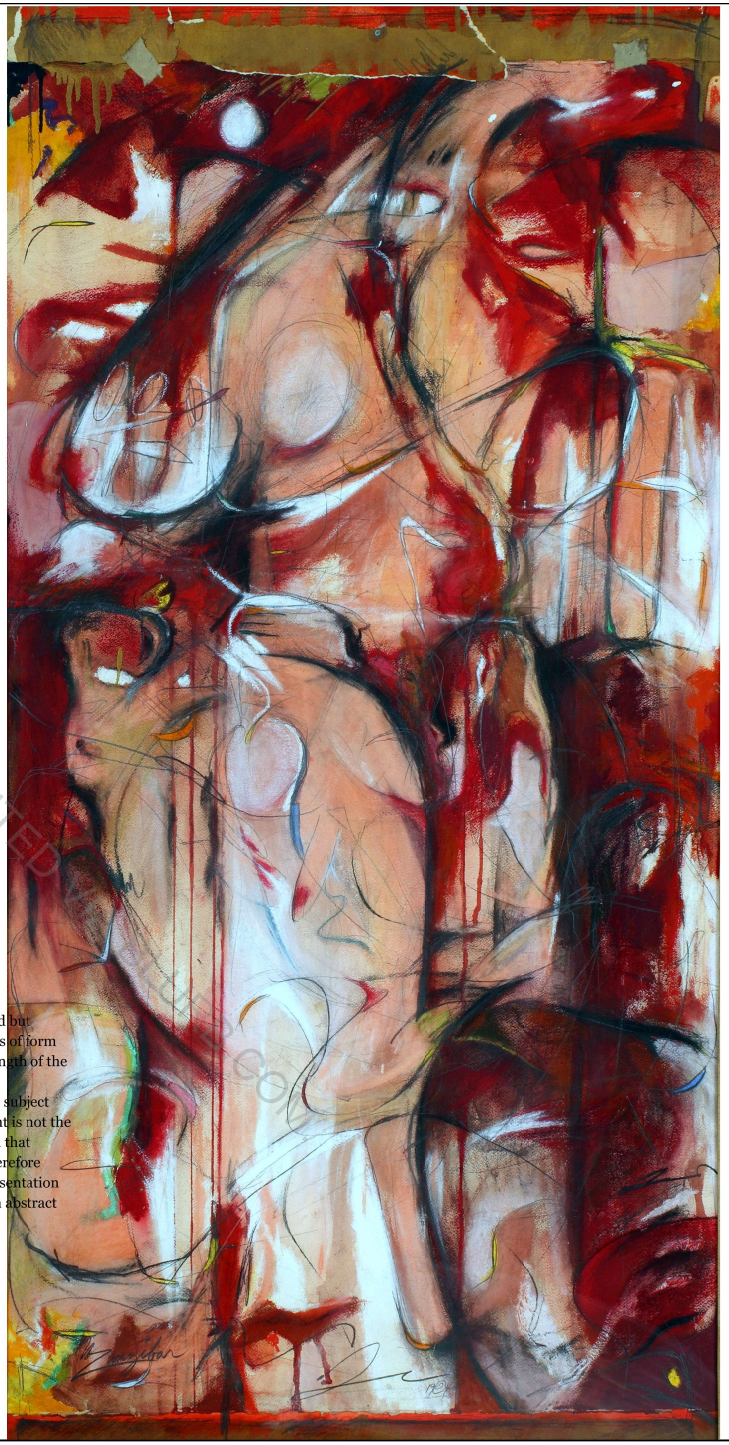

Zanzibar 48 x 24 (pencil, pastel, collage)

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 nuditization.

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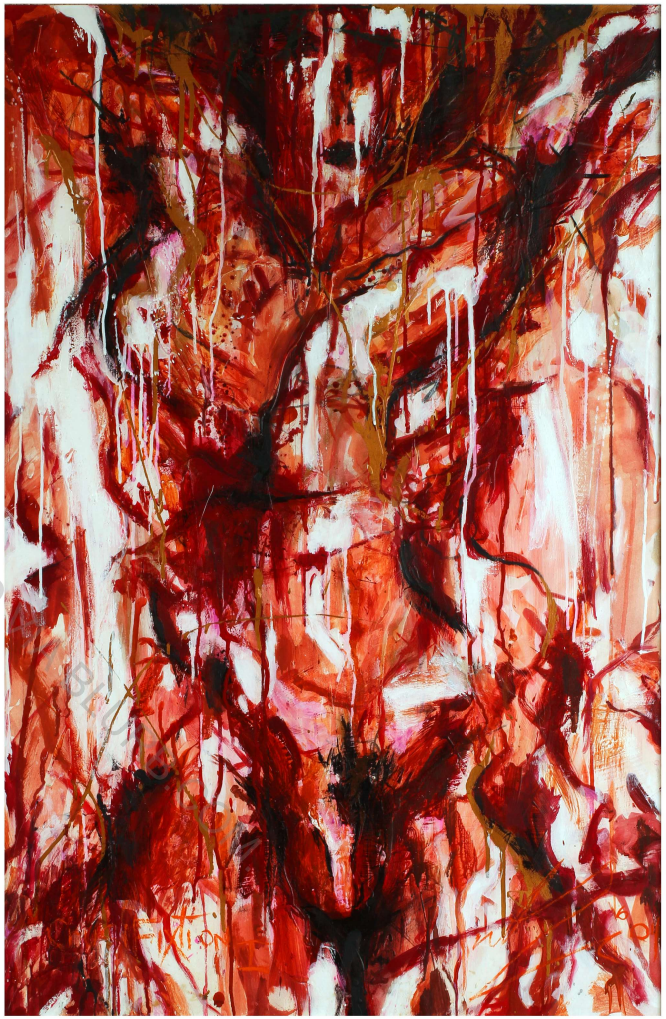


Crucifixion I - (first stage triptych) 40 x 26 (gesso, mixed media) opposite left

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 nudify to then find its essence.

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

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.

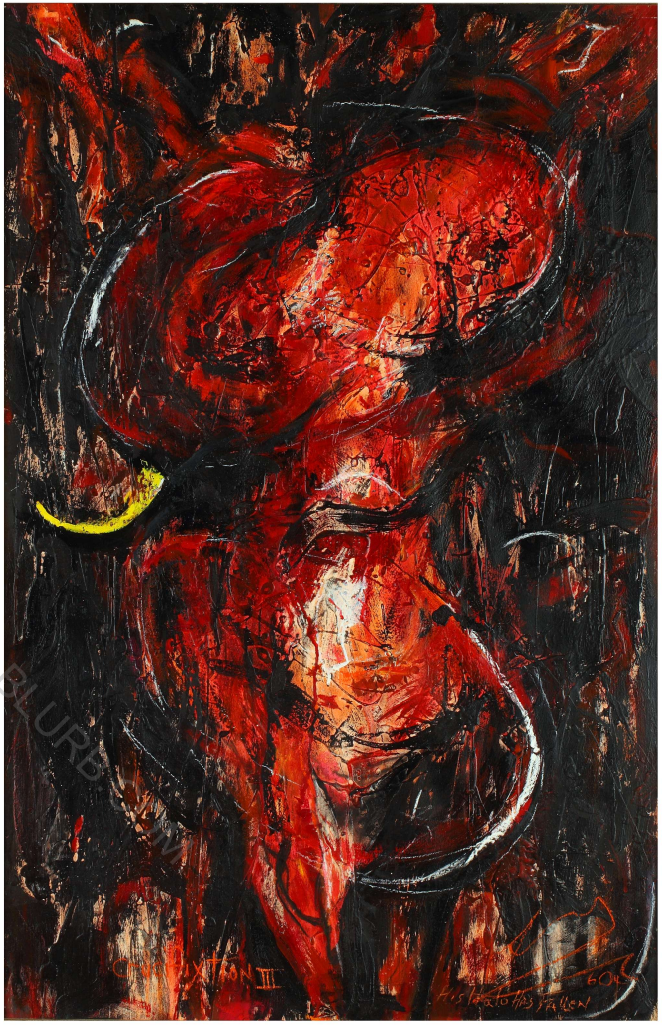
Crucifixion III - His Halo Has Fallen (third stage) 40 x 26
(gesso, mixed media) opposite far right

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.

(Overleaf - pgs. 224 - 225)
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 becomes exasperated.





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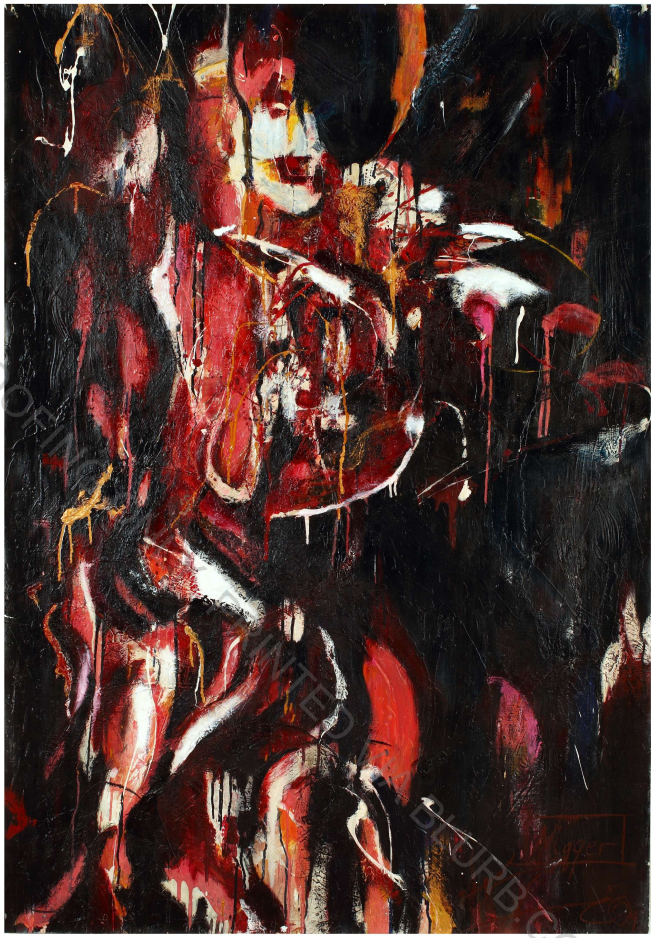
The 9 Gates of Hell
(in 4 diptychs' plus the 9th gate & final landscape of the underbelly)
Frailty makes you a vulnerable lotus
Consumed reconvenes the regurgitation of human fluids
Boasting makes deity a slave
Execution of innocence strips the spirit
Indulgence lays way to envy debauchery
Death of intellect gives you origin as a primordial pod
Reverse fornication breeds fear of propagation
Supreme authority claims the soul
Void becomes the womb and the master



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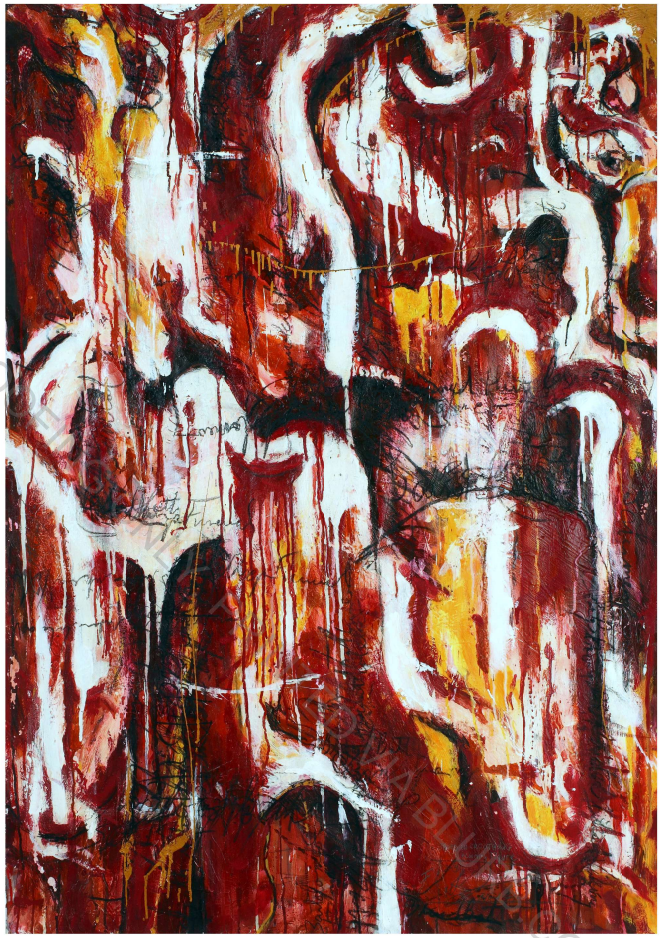
Nigger (Gate 1 - Frailty) 60 x 42 (gesso, gouache, mixed-media - all nine gates)

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, from packed quintessential figural references.

the gate -

Dissection and digestion 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 'Brut-of-Force' can be armored... so the vunerability 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 the work dissects itself so the viewer can enter and drown in as much as they want. We are placed into the altar of savage flesh where the stench of blood and raw meat is exposed.

the gate -

Limbs are severed and the structural inhabitants is cut into pieces to reveal the ghosts of human spirit as it displays 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 that which was passed-on from the underbelly of the first gate.

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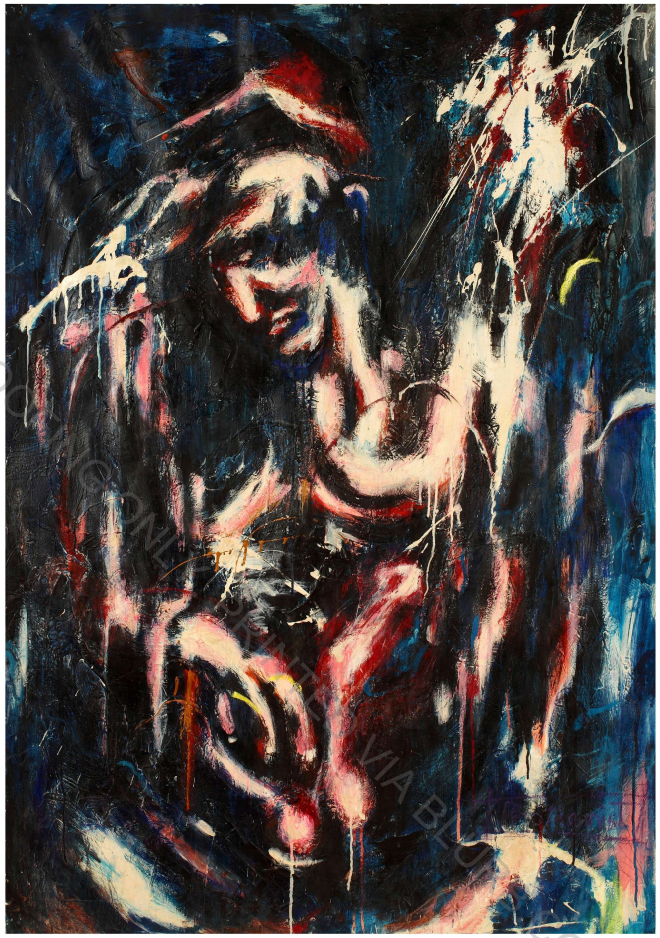

Protagonist (Gate 3 - Boasting) 60 x 42

the art -

The physical endowment becomes the primary concourse of this dark yet strangely luminescent space. Strong forceful strokes of imposto dominate with expressionistical 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.

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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 they bear... 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 raped.

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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 deity 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. A vision savagely torn from form into sonic gestures and deliberate unmapped places of tumult and catharsis is delivered. 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.

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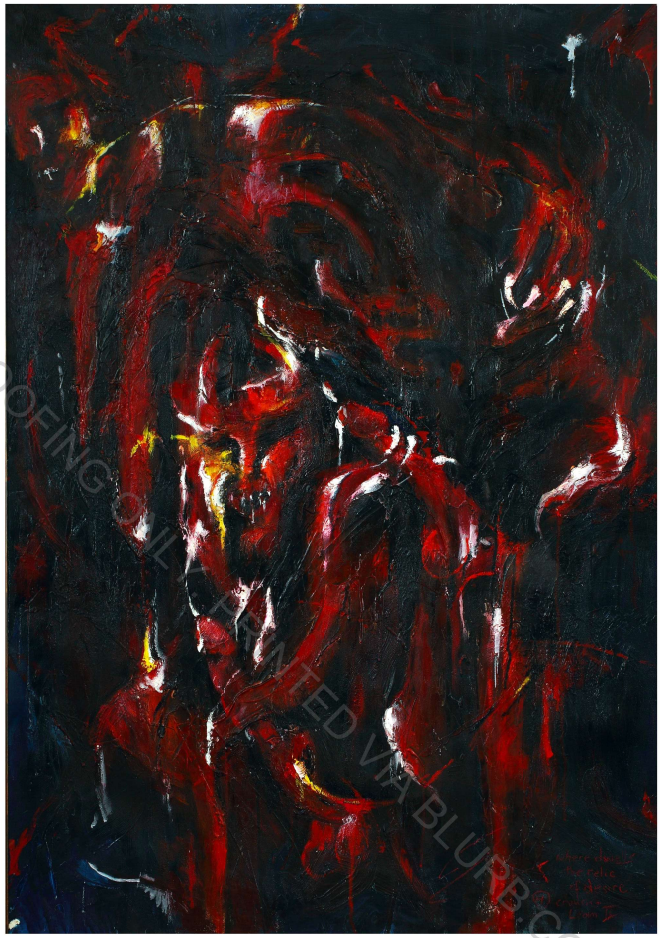

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Where Lies The Relic Of Desire (Gate 7 – Reverse Fornication) 60 x 42

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.

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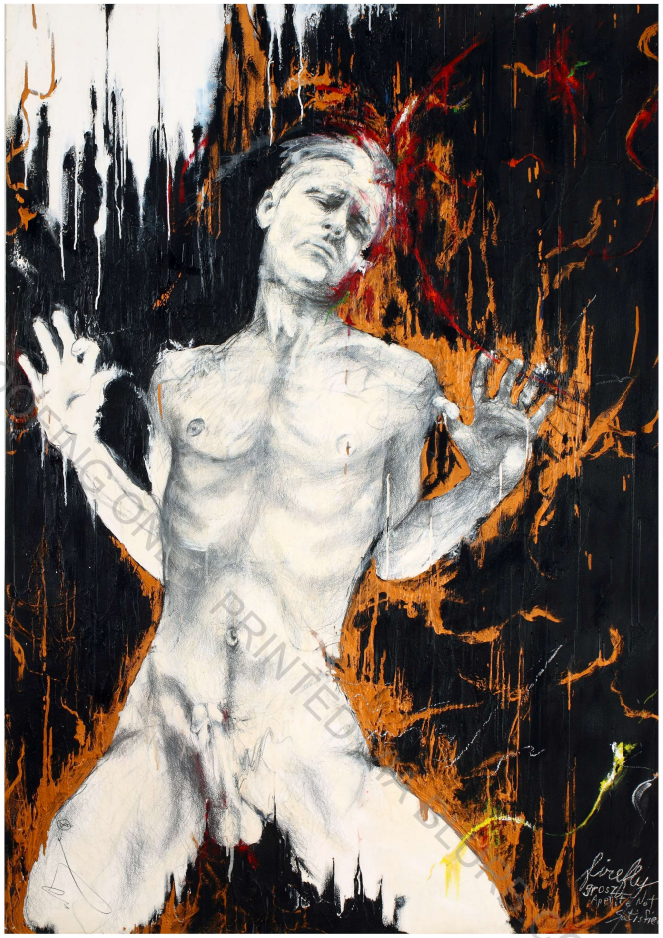

Firefly - grosz appetite not satisfied (Gate 9 - Void) 60 x 42

the art -

The figure is smothered by a darkness in which the air is trapped as it weakens the physical presence. The golden halo is an illusion of support as it is a forgery to the human form and spirit which once was. As 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 vunerable 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".

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

(Overleaf - pgs. 238, 239)
Colossus – The Landscape (For The Final Lair) 4' x 8' (gesso, gouache, mixed-media, gold leaf)

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 'void-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?

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FATHERHOOD

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he...
paraded as a fruitfly
he...
a-top a manhole cover
he...
danced to the Balero by Ravel
he...
struck by the moons light
he...
became crazed by testosterone levels
he...
was high on nose snow purity
he...
was willing to submit to his own treason
he...
had the shadows of moonlight at his command
he...
kept his rhythm on the sewer lid
he...
committed an act of fornication
he...
knew not who he was

he...
no longer knew what he was, for
he...
was obsessed by titles, as
he...
found comfort in them, and so
he...
would name the Halloween night 'spalding', thusly
he...
after midnight, joined all "the saints as they came marching in"



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No Future

Is A Future

If You Are Standing Still

and

Not Completely Naked...

so...

*Get - On - It! **

* apologies to Bolan.

Opposite left pose is of Cadence (leader of the 'Ballet Troupe').
Intended for use as one of the triptych stages but
never realized.

Grouping
VIII

Ballet of the Valedictorians

~][~

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Enfants Perdus
A Gold Leaf Polyptych Painting in the Round
Series of Six Triptychs

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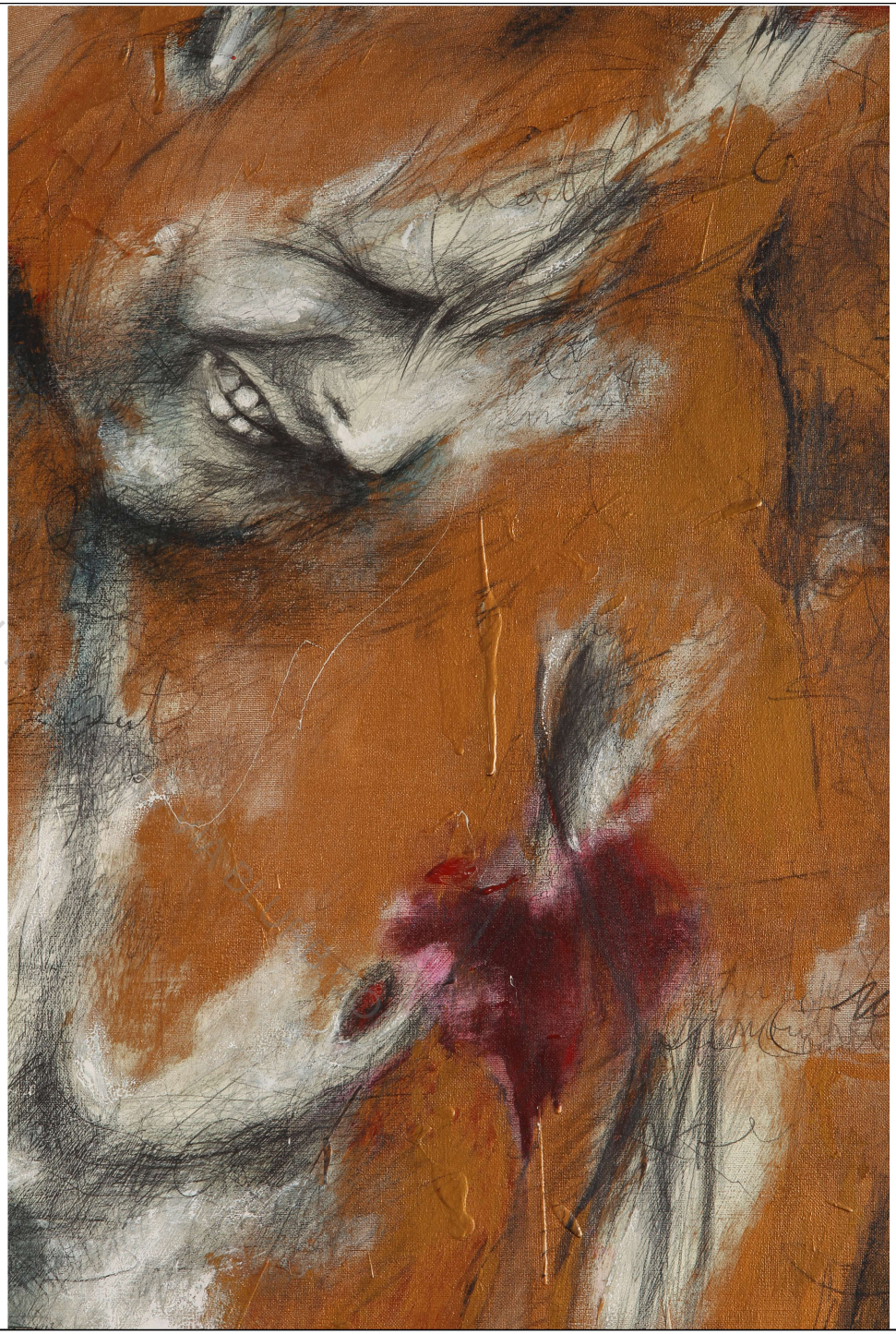

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(detail from Gomorrah - triptych 1)

OverLeaf -

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE QUAILS SECRET / INSERTS (panel 1)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE QUAILS SECRET / GOMORRAH (panel 2)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE QUAILS SECRET / OF ANOTHER COUNTRY (panel 3)

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

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The Ballet Of The Valedictorians - Triptych 1

The Quails Secret / Inserts (panel 1, left)

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

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

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

The Quails Secret / Gomorrah (panel 2, middle)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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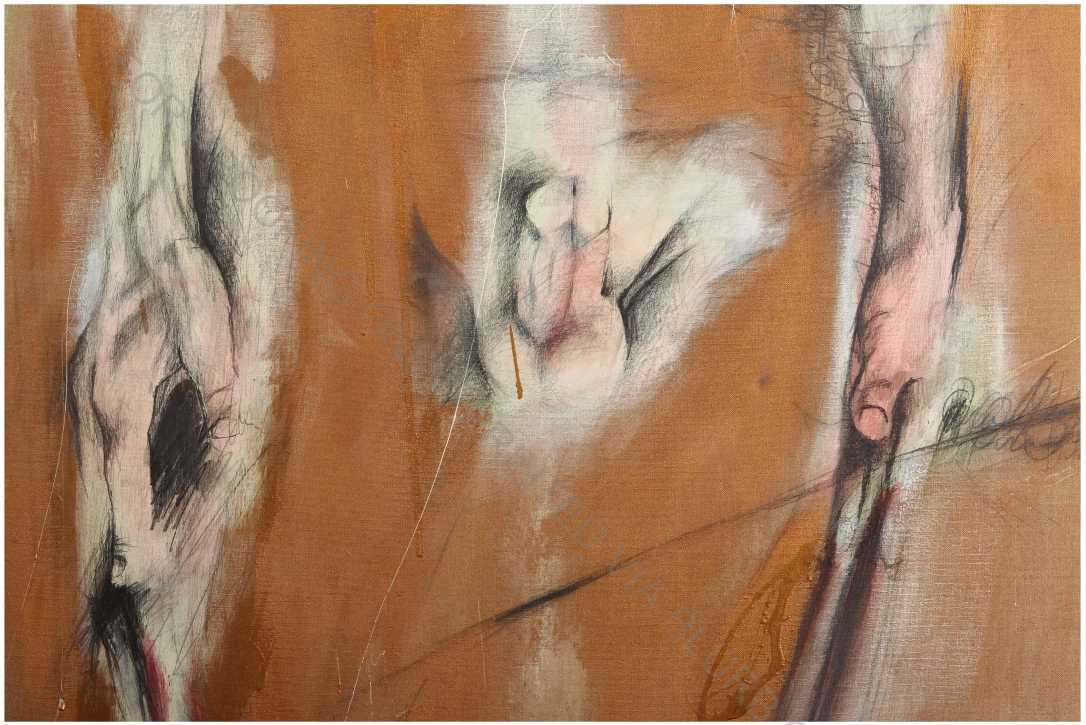

(detail from Oracle - triptych 2)

Overleaf -

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: MARIONETTES SOLILOQUY / ORACLE (panel 4)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: MARIONETTES SOLILOQUY / JACKS (panel 5)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: MARIONETTES SOLILOQUY / VALEDICTORY (panel 6)

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

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The Ballet Of The Valedictorians - Triptych 2



Marionettes Soliloquy / Oracle (panel 4, left)

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

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

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

Marionettes Soliloquy / Jacks (panel 5, middle)

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

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

Marionetts Soliloquy / Valedictory (panel 6, right)

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

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

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(detail from Scouts - triptych 3)

Overleaf -

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: DANCE OF THE BOARS / SCOUTS (panel 7, left)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: DANCE OF THE BOARS / OFFERING (panel 8, middle)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: DANCE OF THE BOARS / THE THIRD ACT (panel 9, right)

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

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The Ballet Of The Valedictorians - Triptych 3



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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A Performance in Gesture - Communion





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(detail from Callous Moon - triptych 4)

Overleaf -

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE GRAND LAW / FORCE (panel 10)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE GRAND LAW / CALLOUS MOON (panel 11)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: THE GRAND LAW / INTO A SOVERIGN STATE (panel 12)

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

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The Ballet Of The Valedictorians - Triptych 4



The Grand Law / Force (panel 10, left)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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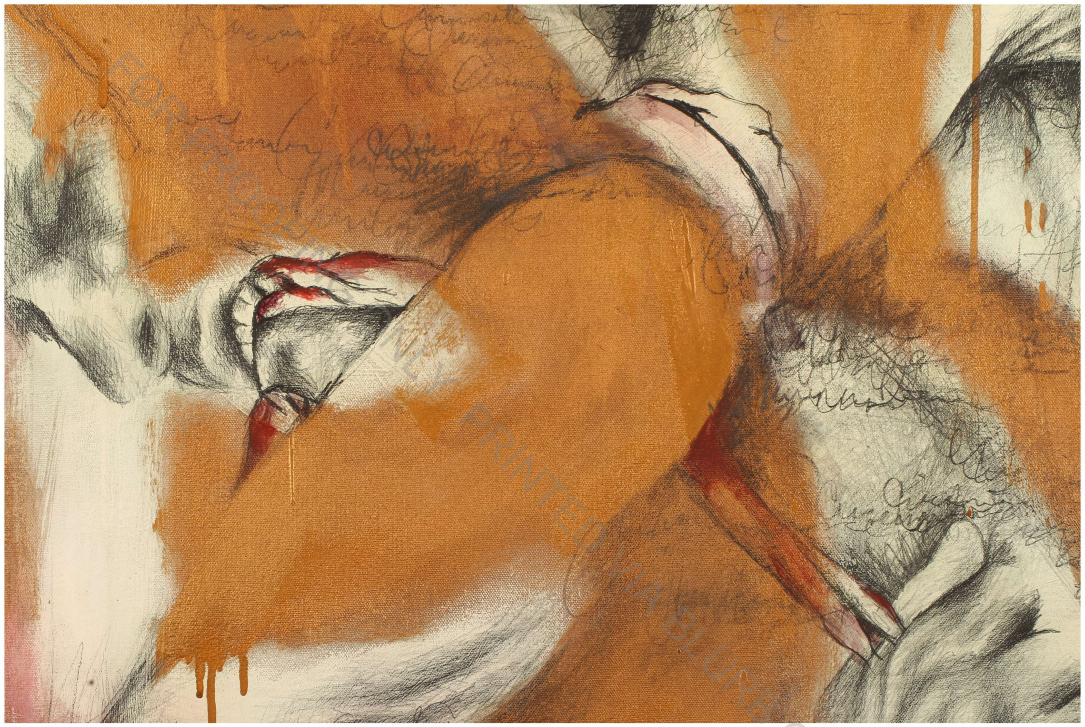

(detail from Blood Vessel - triptych 5)

Overleaf -

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: HYMN TO A HEADMASTER / BLOOD VESSEL (panel 13)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: HYMN TO A HEADMASTER / DAGGERED (panel 14)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: HYMN TO A HEADMASTER / LIMP REFLECTIONS (panel 15)

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

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The Ballet Of The Valedictorians - Triptych 5

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

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

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

Hymn To A Headmaster / Daggered (panel 14, middle)

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

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

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

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

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

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



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(detail from Pounding Heart - triptych 6)

Overleaf -

The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: TOYS OF TOURTURED DAYS / POUNDING HEART (panel 16)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: TOYS OF TOURTURED DAYS / FINAL ALTAR (pane17)
The Ballet Of The Valedictorians: TOYS OF TORTUERED DAYS / DELIVERANCE (PANEL 18)

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

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The Ballet Of The Valedictorians – Triptych 6

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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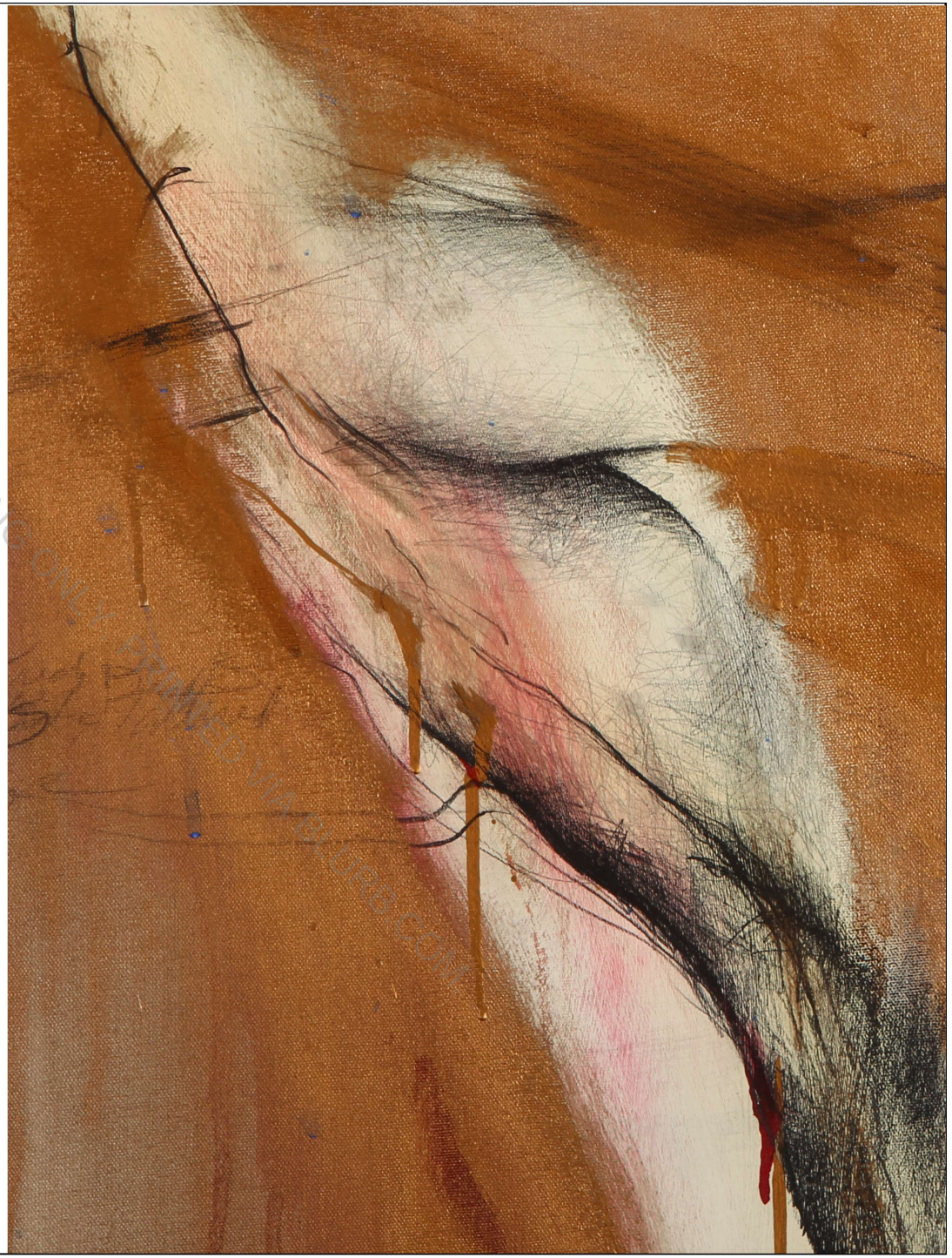

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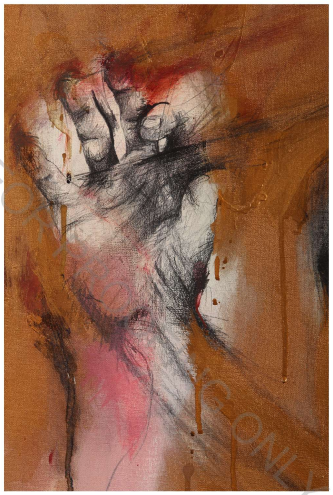

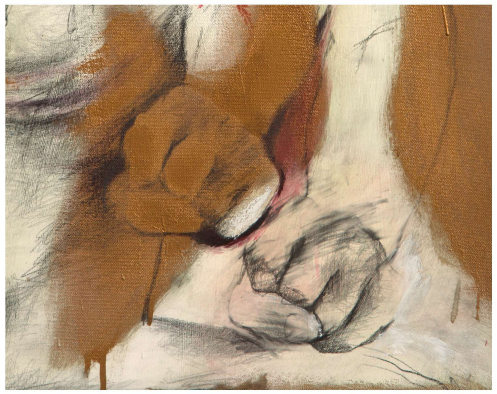

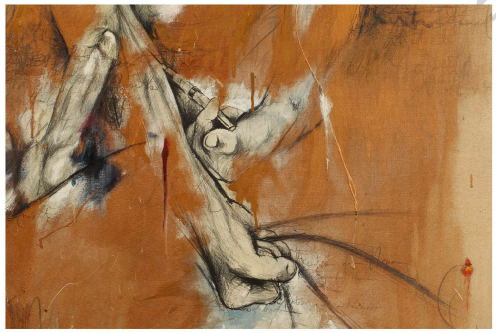

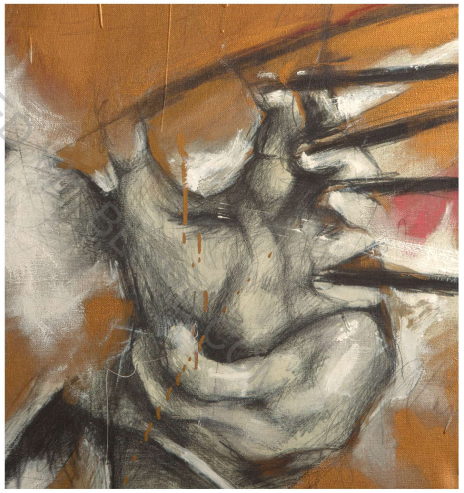

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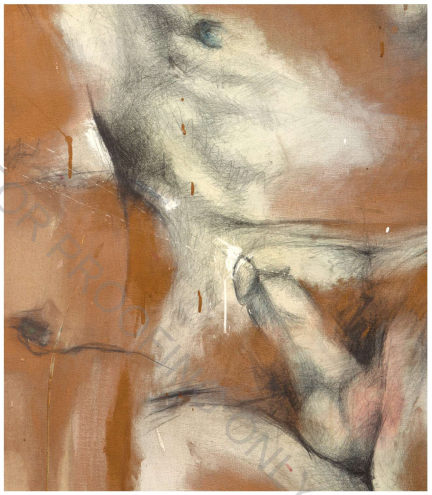

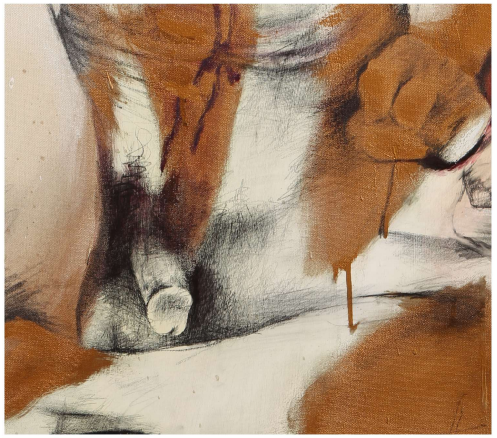



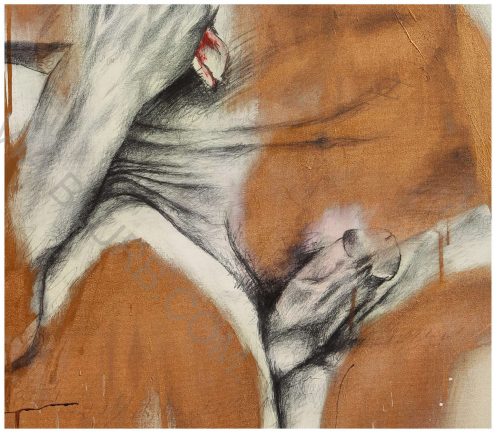

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the last thought i had is that there is a light,
a golden light .
the first thought i had was that i never had
the last thought ...

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Grouping
IX

Larger - Than - Life

~][~

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Oversize Figures * Large Scale Works
The Naked Nude
The Cave Dwellings and Painted Abstractions

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 takes life. Often the painting and rendering is infused with obscure written words or passages as they scower 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 tales.

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

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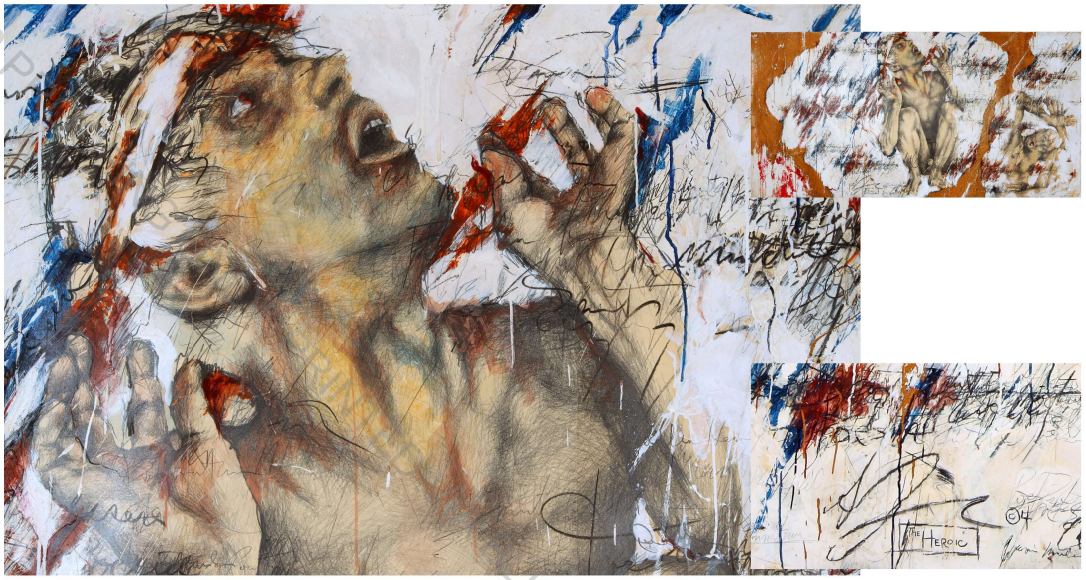
(Opposite page 'Heroic' details)
Overleaf full spread pgs. 284, 285
Heroic 6' x 12' 6" (gesso, graphite pencil, mixed-media, gold leaf)

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.



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The Love Of His Life -

Portrait Of A Marriage In 6B and 8B

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

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 - pgs. 288, 289)
Everyman Entertains The Thought (Foreskin Removed) 4' x 8'
(graphite pencil, gouache, 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 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 as the genitals are cautiously rendered in careful detail thus connecting the figures/forms completion.

Here I am, I am man, I am naked, this is my pose I am satisfied to expose myself.

(Overleaf - pgs. 290, 291)
Is The Embryo Dead 4' 2" x 8' 6"
(graphite pencil, charcoal, gesso, gouache, 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.

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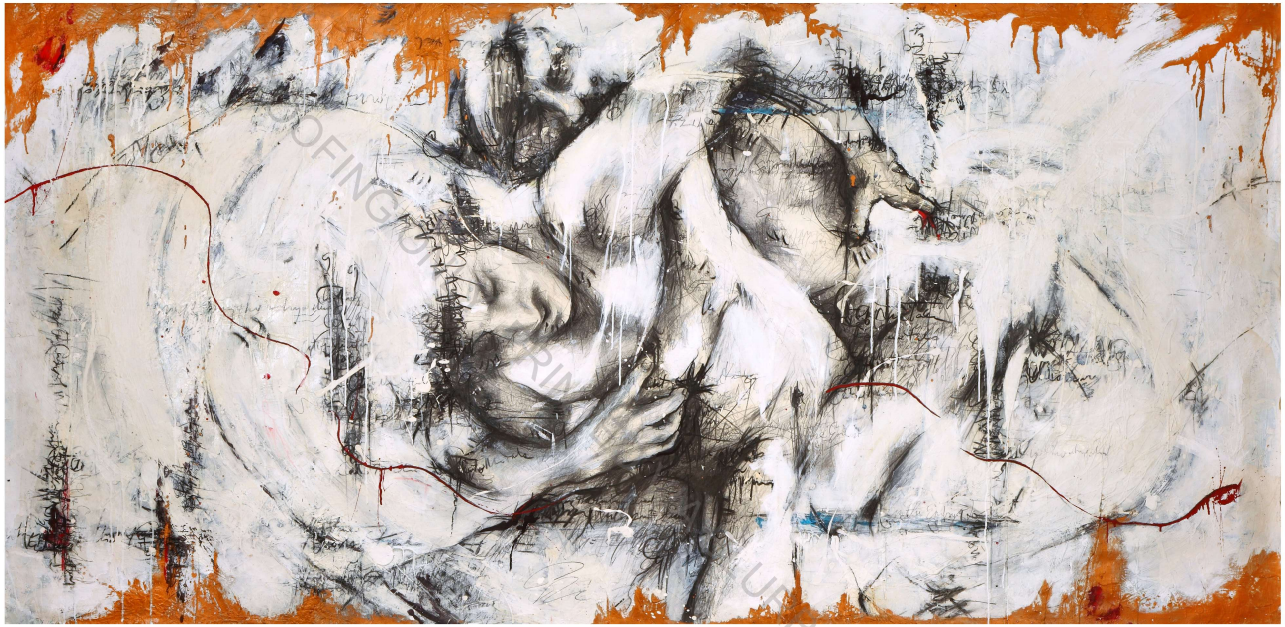

Final Altar (Q querelle and me) triptych panel 1 left 74 x 50
(all panels, graphite pencil, mixed-media, gesso, gold leaf paint)

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 74 x 50

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 74 x 50

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 - pgs. 294, 295)
Render Myself Useless 4' 2" x 8' 2" (graphite pencil, gesso, gouache, 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.

Exhibitionism reaches for an explanation of excitement in an arena of voyeurism.



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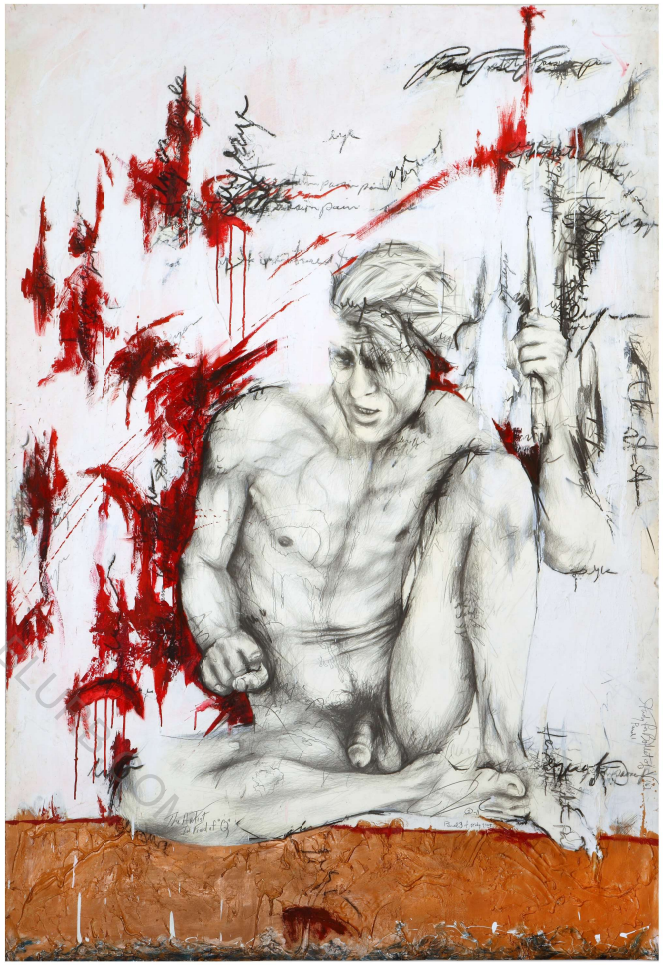

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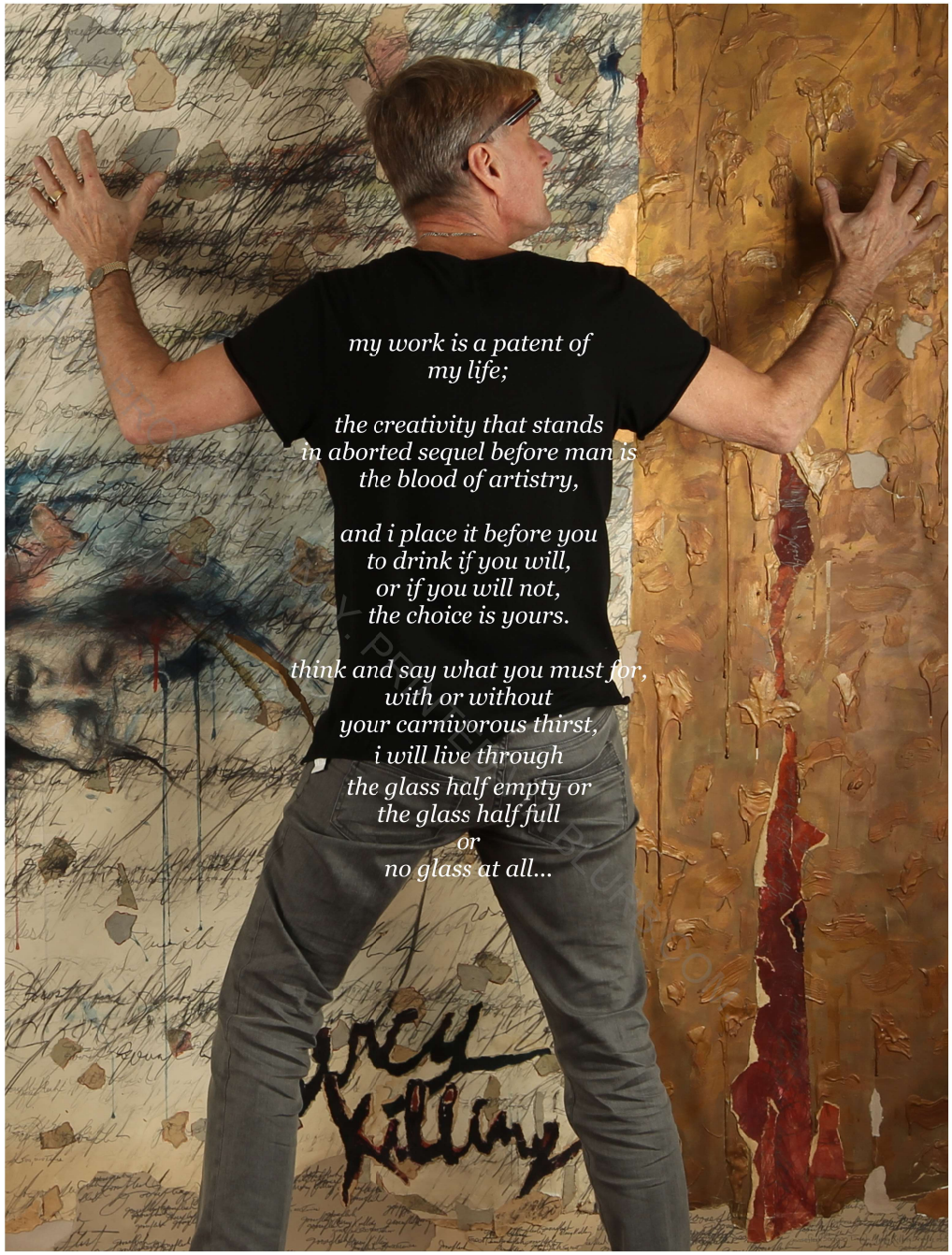
my work is a patent of
my life;
the creativity that stands
in aborted sequel before man is
the blood of artistry,
and i place it before you
to drink if you will,
or if you will not,
the choice is yours.
think and say what you must for,
with or without
your carnivorous thirst,
i will live through
the glass half empty or
the glass half full
or
no glass at all...



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.

(Overleaf-pgs. 298, 299) Bones In A Snow White Pit On Egyptian Soil 2' x 6' (charcoal, 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...

(Overleaf - pgs. 300, 301) Bare Wires In Water 4' x 8' (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 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.

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The Swan Song Trilogy - 3 panels 4’ x 8’

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 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. 304, 305)

Finding the duality of the human spirit the figure springs out of its own embodiment... the heart is clutched in shear reverence to its chapel.

Hail to the saints that make men free.

Flown From Milton’s Paradise – (middle opposite & pgs. 306, 307)

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 opposite & pgs. 308, 309)

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.

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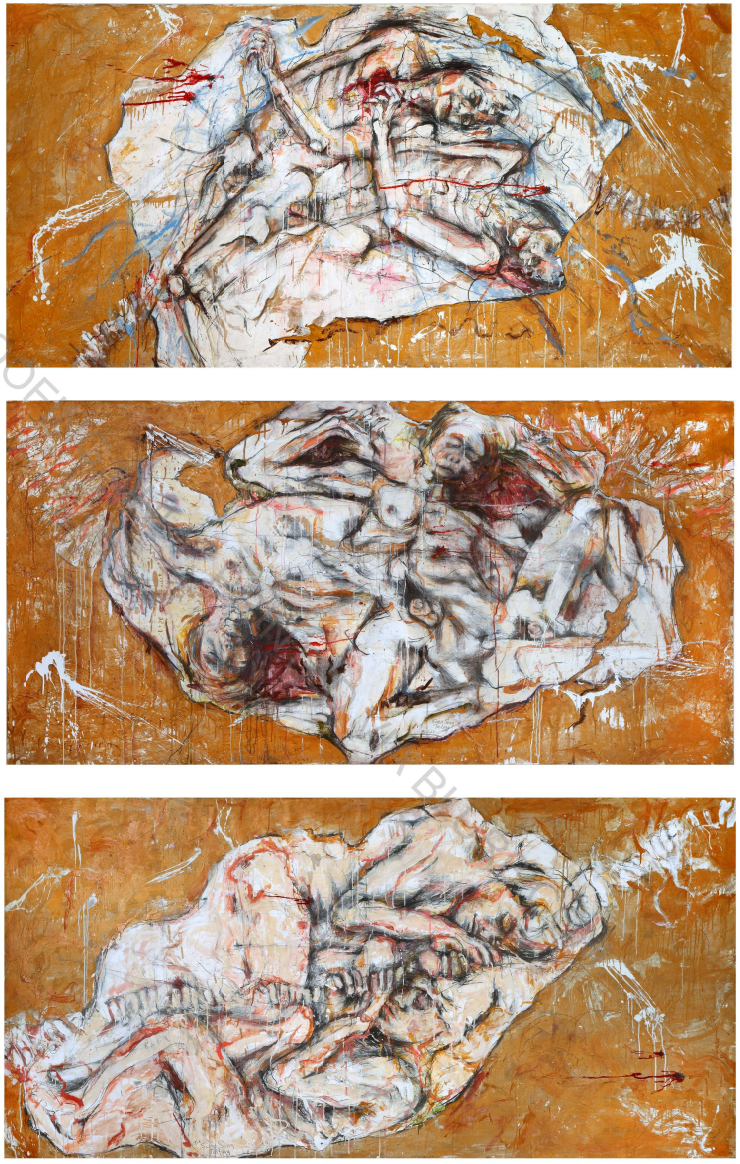

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A Dinosaur's Control 8' x 4'
(graphite pencil, mixed media, gouache, gold leaf paint)

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.

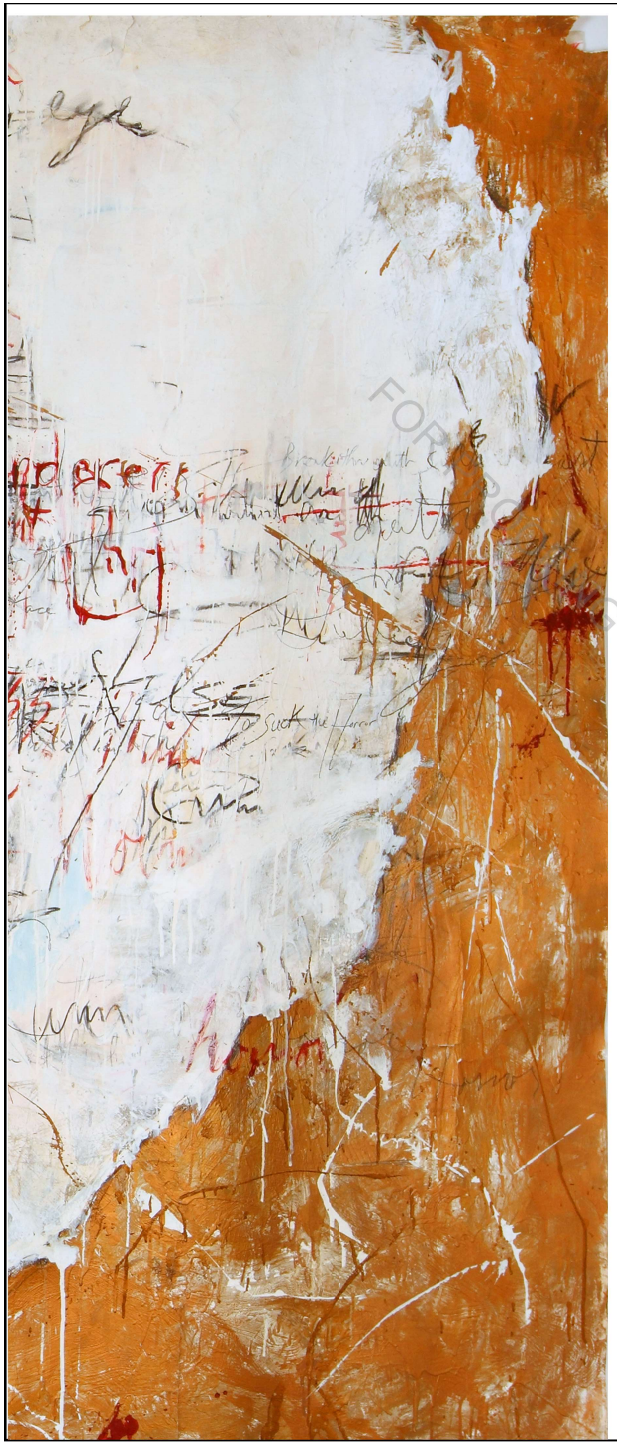
Rope Burns (detail opposite left)

(Overleaf - pgs. 312, 313)
Rend The Wind And Will 6' x 12'
(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 spatial capsule with the desire to launch into a tangible escape.




Rend the Wind and the Will



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Grouping
X

The Tragedy of Theophilous and Tyrus

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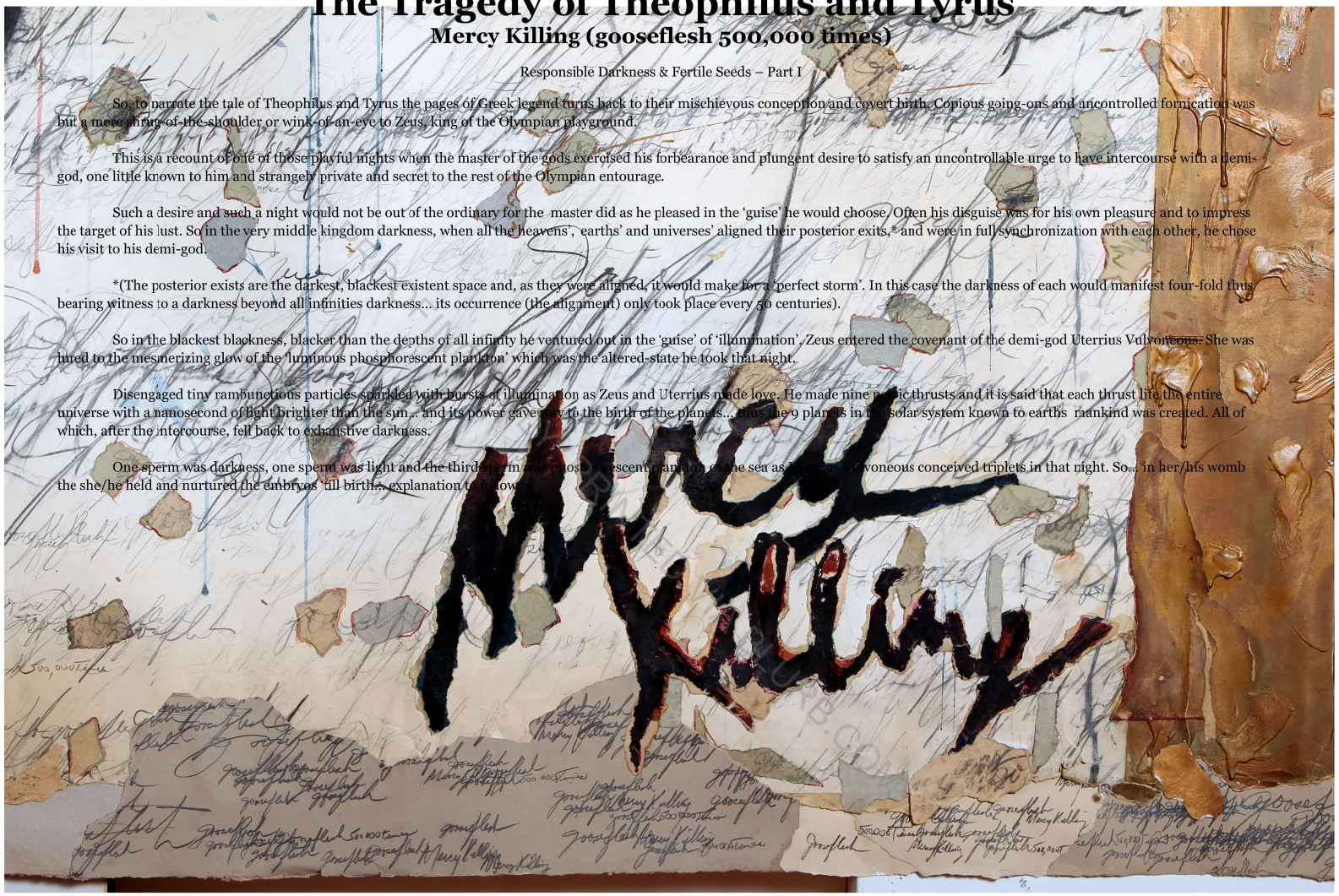
~][~

Mercy Killing
(gooseflesh 500,000 times)
The Legend and the Masterwork

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 plungent 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 [illegible] thrusts and it is said that each thrust lit 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 [illegible] phosphorescent plankton of the sea as [illegible] Vulvoneous conceived triplets in that night. So... in her/his womb the she/he held and nurtured the embryos 'till birth... explanation to follow

Written Legend of Theophilus & Tyrus pgs. 316- 325 with assorted random details from Mercy Killing, Overleaf pgs.326, 327 Mercy Killing (gooseflesh 500,000 times) 6' 9" x 16'

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. Thusly 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 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.

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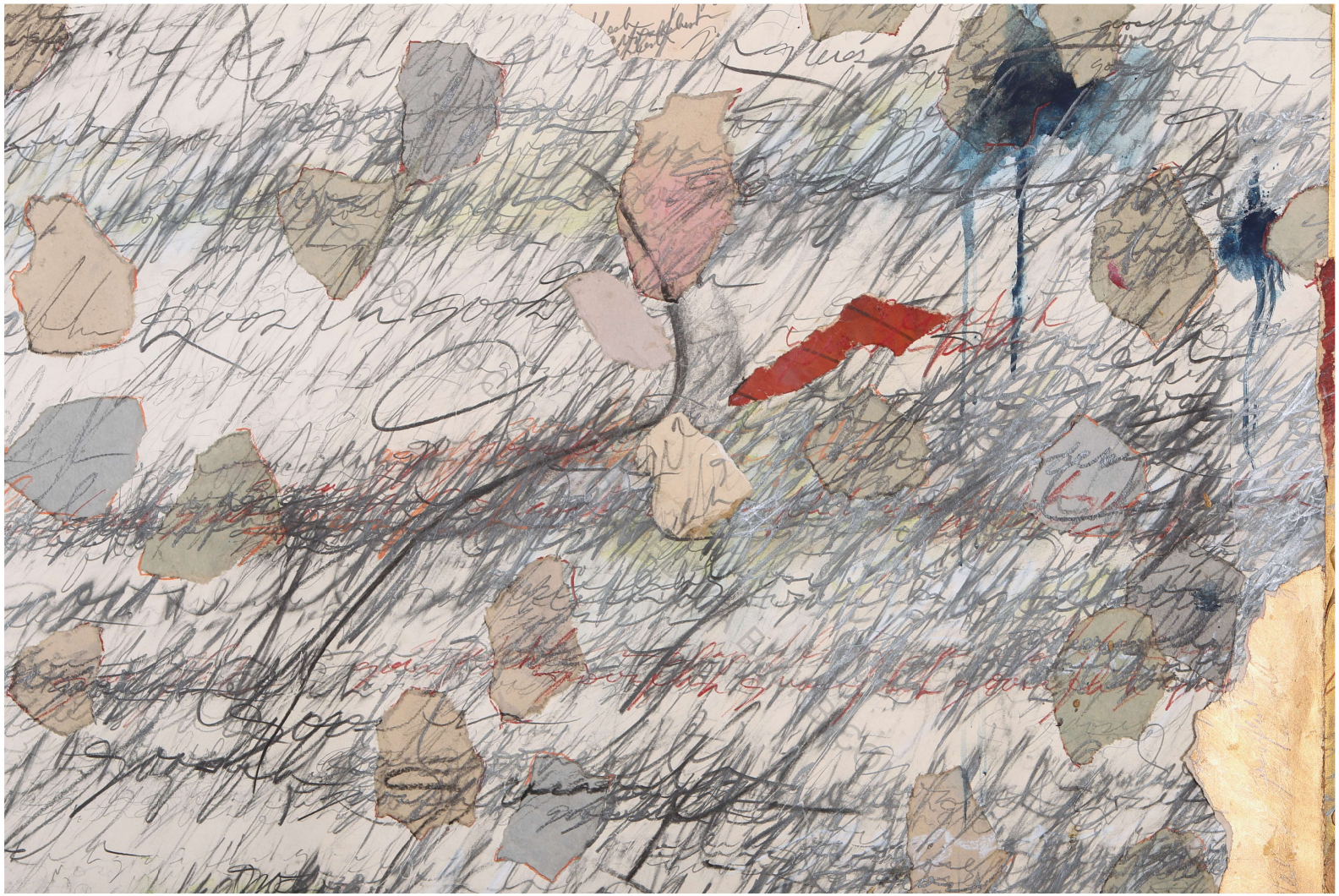

Both boys, on occasion, would partake of each other in a sexual nature. What seemed like pederasty is somewhat questionable due to their shared inherent genetic properties. Infact the one boy might come to the other driven by male desire as his partner would feel very much a feminine amorous at the time. 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.

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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 that 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 and 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

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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 gapping tear in the façade of the sky. The 500,000 gooseflesh pimples caused an even heavier rain of decaying leprosodic 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 leprosodic 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

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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'*.

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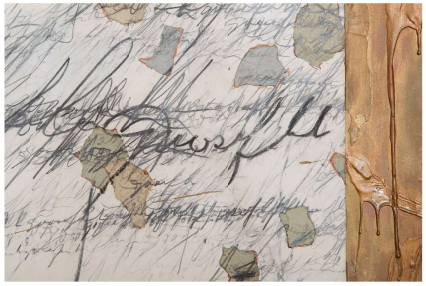
The Creation Of Words – Part IV

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 beauteous 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 leprosodic 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 Aggwetts. Secondly, Zeus wanted to clean all woman-kind of the mischievous Uterrius 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 Aggwetts 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 throats void, as part of the statues 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.

continued -

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Overleaf - Mercy Killing (gooseflesh 500,000 times) 6' 9" x 16' pgs. 326, 327
(mixed-media, graphite pencil, gouache, gold leaf paint on gesso, collage, on paper)

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 great 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.

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Mercy Killing

The Artist In Sanctioned Pose Before The Gateway To The 'Gallery Of Art'



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1-6



"some things were not meant to be understood but merely . . . pondered upon".

Grouping
XI

The Final Hour of Beginnings

~][~

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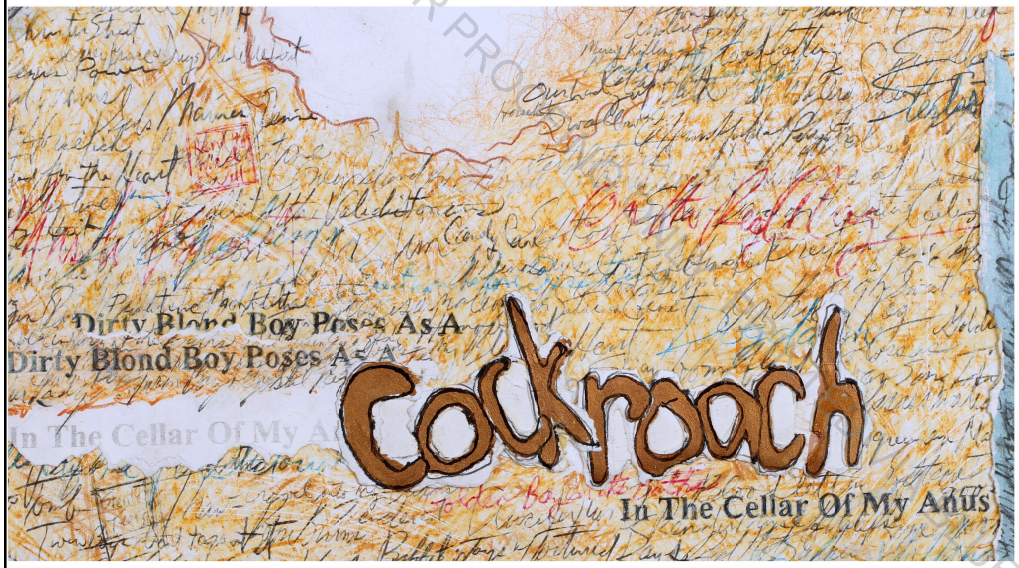
~][~

Models, Lovers, Roaches, Babys
The Artist, The Sanctuary, The Signature
The Breaks, The Blisters, The Bruises & The Black 'n Blueses



(Opposite Right)
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.

(Opposite left - detail from 'Cockroach')

(Overleaf - pgs. 334, 335,
Mystery guest poet and the artwork's legend - a featured detail)

(Overleaf - pgs. 336 - 337, both modules
'Cockroach' and 'His Safe Place To Hide' - right panel 34 x 24)

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Dirty Blond Boy Poses As A
Cockroach
In The Cellar Of My Anus



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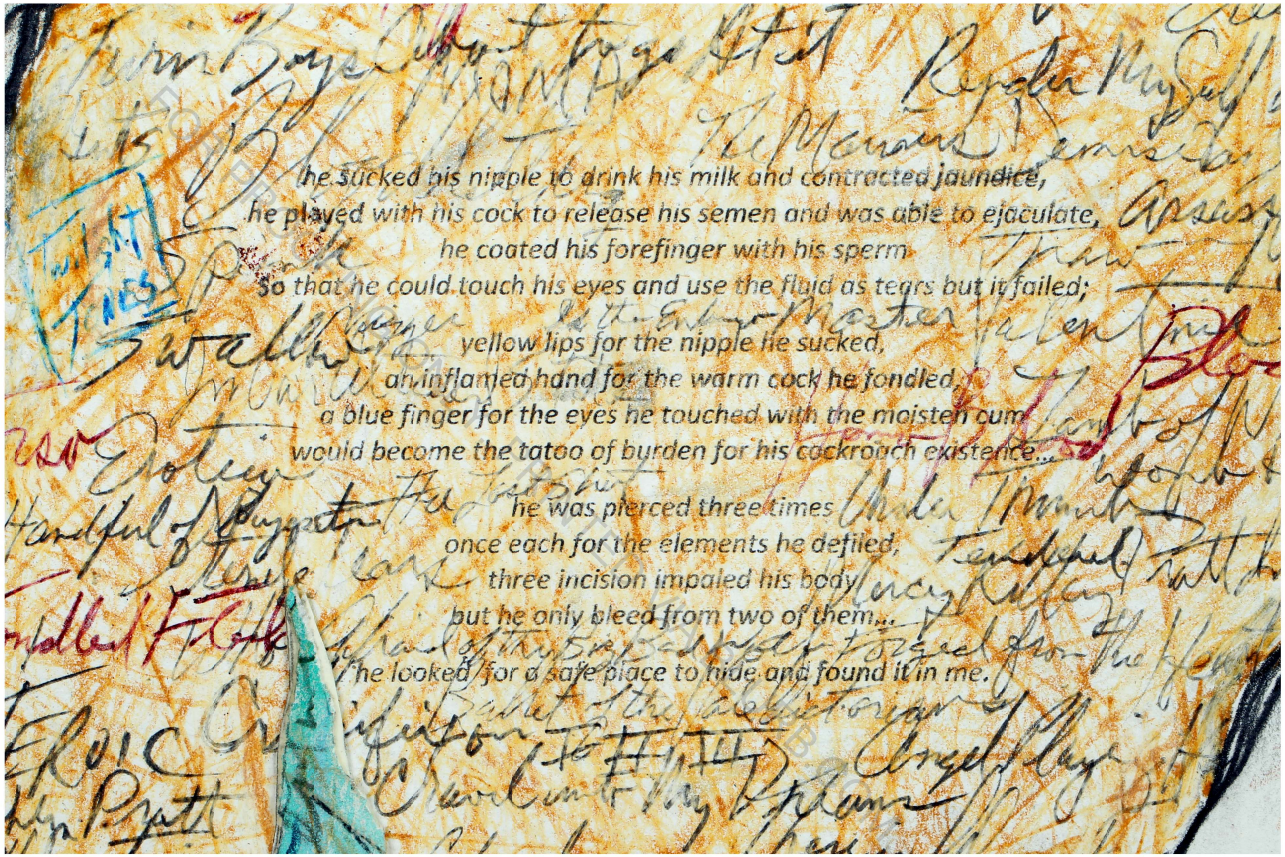
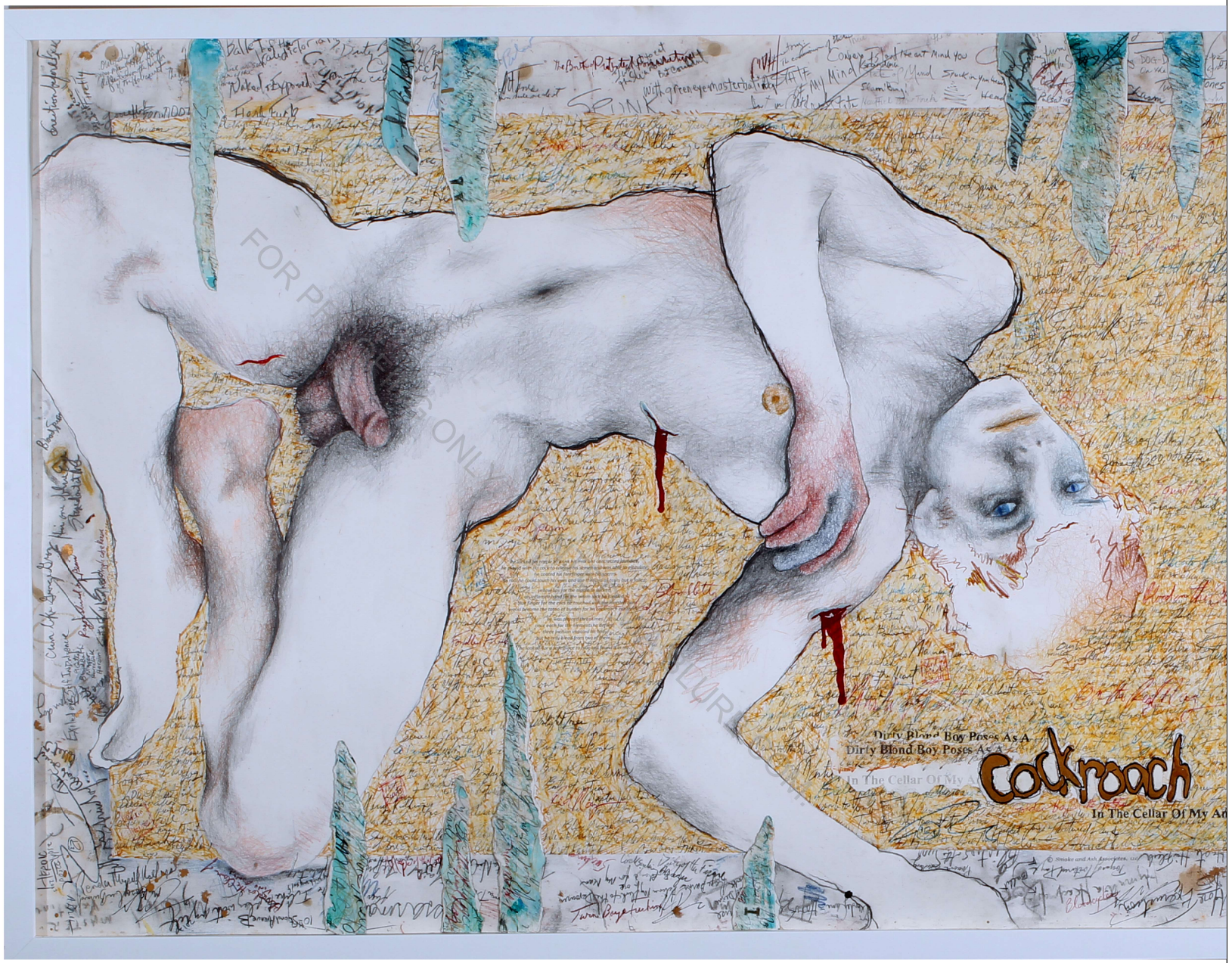
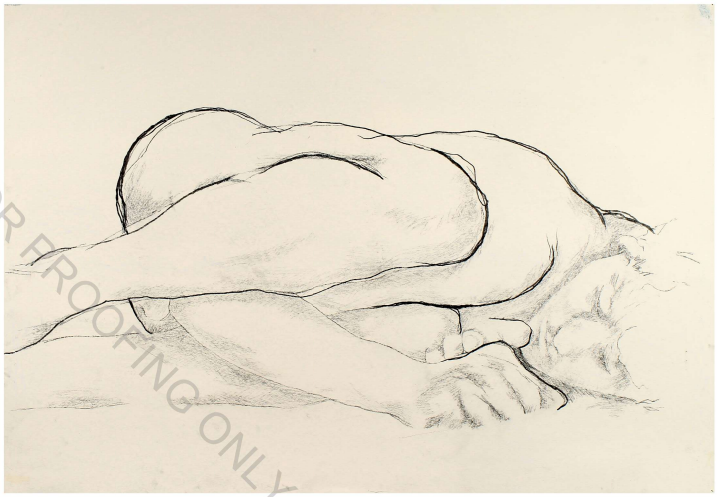
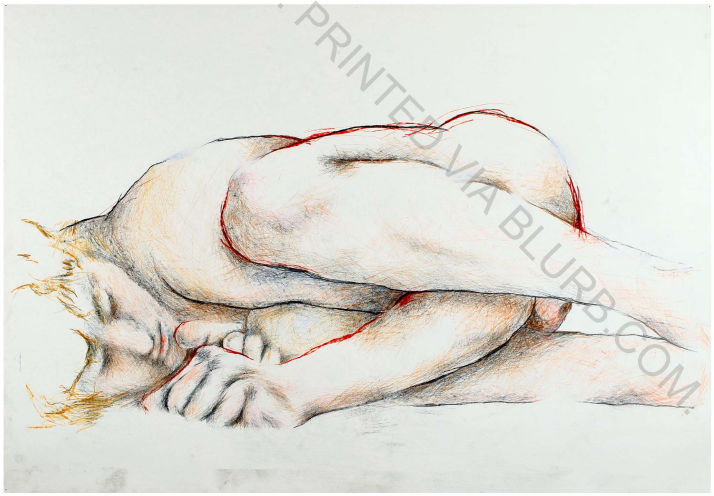

he sucked his nipple to drink his milk and contracted jaundice,
he played with his cock to release his semen and was able to ejaculate,
he coated his forefinger with his sperm
so that he could touch his eyes and use the fluid as tears but it failed;
yellow lips for the nipple he sucked,
an inflamed hand for the warm cock he fondled,
a blue finger for the eyes he touched with the moisten cum
would become the tatoo of burden for his cockroach existence...
he was pierced three times
once each for the elements he defiled,
three incision impaled his body
but he only bleed from two of them...
he looked for a safe place to hide and found it in me.


Dirty Blond Boy Poses As A
Cockroach
In The Cellar Of My Ad


Cockroach

'Red Rooster' - Preliminary Stages





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A Reflection On Pride

there was an internal thought that
never got expressed
he let it lie dormant for so long, for so very long
and one day the rooster found out his existence was
contingent on fucking

he was sad so he began cluckin', and after he clucked alot, he
clucked some more
his sap was giv'n up to everything around him and more and,
before the swallow,
he sapped and sapped and sapped again

the rooster became red, redder and reddest
after the cluckin' deafened all
and now, during the silence, the internal thought was expressed
and so the very red, red rooster had to learn to swallow...
and he did

he folded himself and rested
he lay down his gluestick and tucked it in
a warm place
then he sucked his thumb, he sucked his thumb to
keep himself red

one day his pride got in the way once more, to roost can be
frightening at times,
he had to learn how to swallow all over again
he sucked (his thumb) and swallowed (his pride)
and fucked when he was not resting

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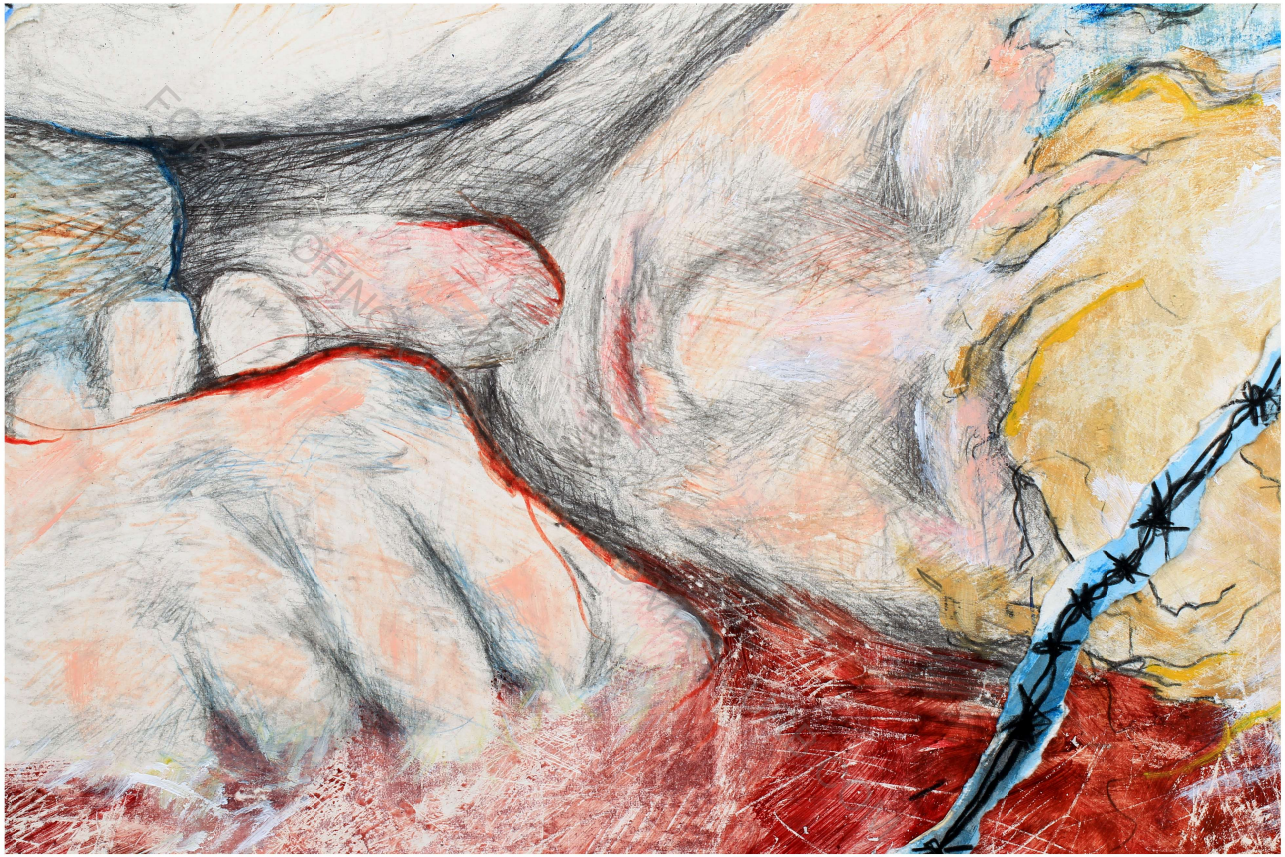
(Opposite left - collage detail from 'Red Rooster')

(Opposite right - detail from 'Red Rooster')

(Overleaf - pgs. 342, 343)
The Deafening Clucking Of The Red Rooster
After He Learned To Swallow 30 x 42 ½
(crayon, mixed-media, graphite & prisma pencil, gouache, collage)

Now, having taken its place, the figure is found solitary and in repose. Yet this drawing/painting is not about finding the figure but rather, finding the silence... thus the freedom. This naked arrest remains in a vacancy that is austere. The tangles of barbed wire embellish his pale flesh, and contain this folded Cock, in a perennial roost that claims its conquest.

"If you lite candles at night and ventured forth in presentation and sincere vigil could it ever mesmerize the dream to make it real? He was only waiting for his 'very moment' to be free."



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the deafening clucking of the
red rooster
after he learned to swallow



Strawberry Blond
With One Nipple & Red Toenails Wants A Kiss 35 x 23
(charcoal, pencil, pastel and gold leaf paint over 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.



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and then there was a sky;
and there needed to be something the sky could overlook,
so love, then there was an ocean;
and the ocean needed something to surround,
so love, then there was an island;
and the island was untouched... and it needed to be walked on,
so love, then there was US.

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Blue Movie (Revisited) 29 x 19 3/4 (crayon, prisma, gouache)

A sexual entanglement amongst the rough scratching and mayhem leave behind a cold engagement. Ambigucusly entangled the energy and the force are the starting vantage point... isolated indifference remains at the podium.



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Angel Fallen From Blue Shroud Onto Burning Coal Before The Threshold Of The Phoenix 30 x 22 (prisma pencil, collage)

Spirits of deliverance entangle these bodies. The figures at first glance seem to be looming before a vestibule... yet under further investigation we come to terms with the harsh reality that 'neither of them is either of them'. They exist in unison as part of a soul – scratches and tears of heaven and hell make up an ambiguity and duality. In part even reaching a jarringly androgynous zone. They have fallen to this earthly vestibule stripped of human recognizance and fuse by the heat of the coals before a journey into the darkness before... before... before the fire of their phoenix scorches their souls and eliminates their individuality.

(Overleaf - details from 'Burning Coal' pgs. 350, 351)





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after he ate the
Dead Mouse
the ants gnawed on his body
***

Easter Sunday

he was hungry, he was starving for affection
he sang all day long, he sang for his supper
at night he played with himself, a form of deflection

he was lost, he was searching for a religious bed
he prayed all day long, he prayed for salvation
one night he encountered a mouse, in the church corner dead

he had thoughts, he fondled visions during the 'Advent of Lent'
he was still very famished, he was feeling like Christ
this night he was brave, not waiting for Easter Sunday resurrection or ascent

he feasted at the altar, he devoured the dead mouse both body and blood
he felt an internal eruption, he did beget a tingling in his scrotum
that night his sac spawned an army of ants, they chewed his testicles into mud

he slumbered into a perpetual sleep, he became host & to the army... was bound
he provided communion for his tenants, but he never found gratification for his hunger
the final night he was left starving for that which must be earned... not found

***

in showers of golden ant sperm
the Dead Mouse
ascended into his celestial imprisonment



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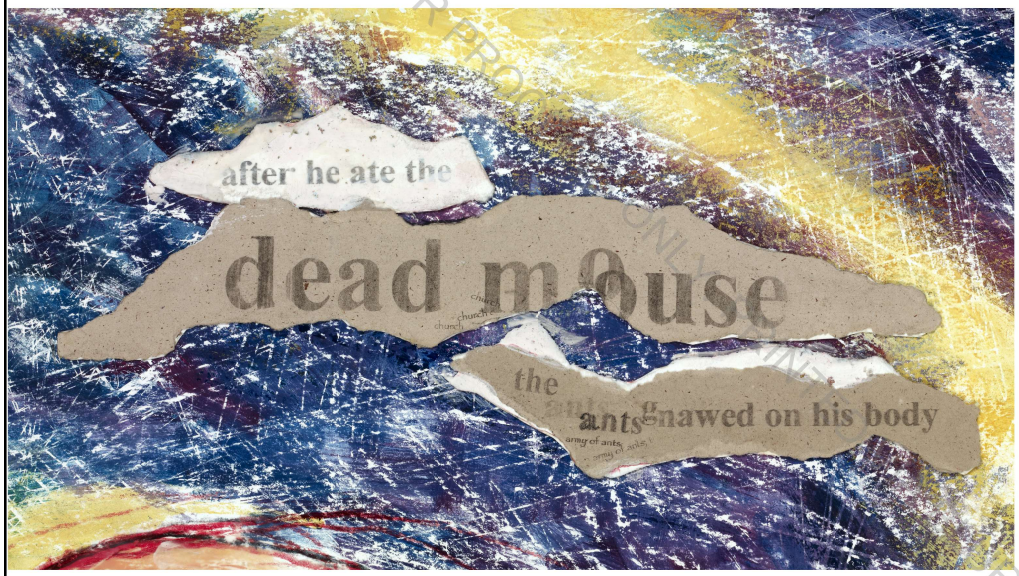

'Dead Mouse - part 1' details pgs. 354, 355

After He Ate The Dead Mouse The Ants
Gnawed On His Body 30 ½ x 43 ¾ (mixed media - graphite & prisma pencil, gouache, crayon, encaustic, collage)

Naked art at times can appear with reverence to its form. At other times it can be propelled into a journey of rhetoric as it might be a placebo to the dialogue it struggles to initiate.

So as we listen to this work of art; there is a pallet in which color is the voice... a choir, there is a scouring pad of which texture is the song... an opus. Discovered amid its encasement there is the repose of the figure juxtaposed to the march of the antagonists. It is left then to the audience as to what song they hear and from what voices it comes.

"There are trumpets here, trumpets and woodwinds and percussions alike in an 'art of orchestration'.

It is said that if an orchestrated work is at a 'six-sigma' level, during the interim silence between movements, one can hear, can actually hear the sound that ants make as they march to a cause."

Overleaf - full spread pgs. 356, 357



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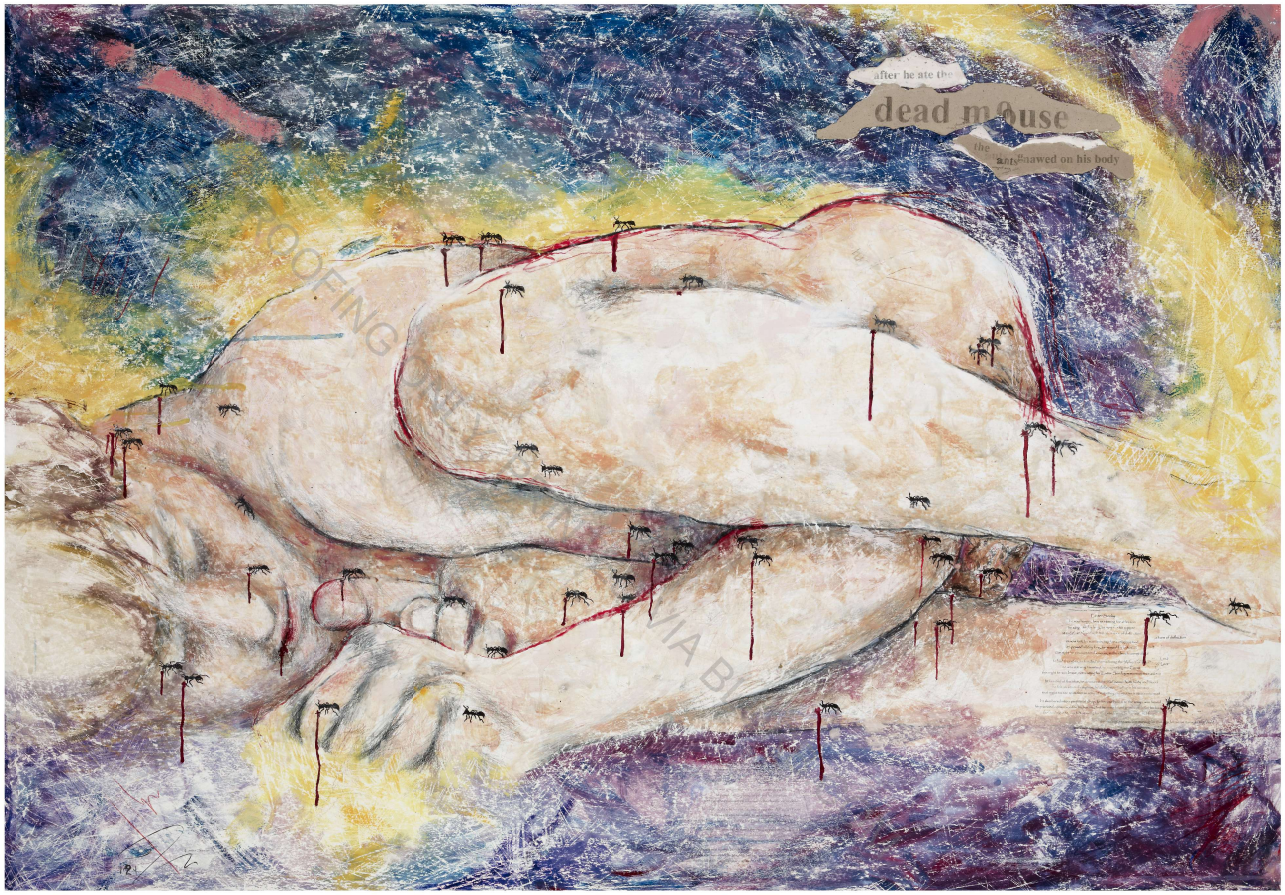
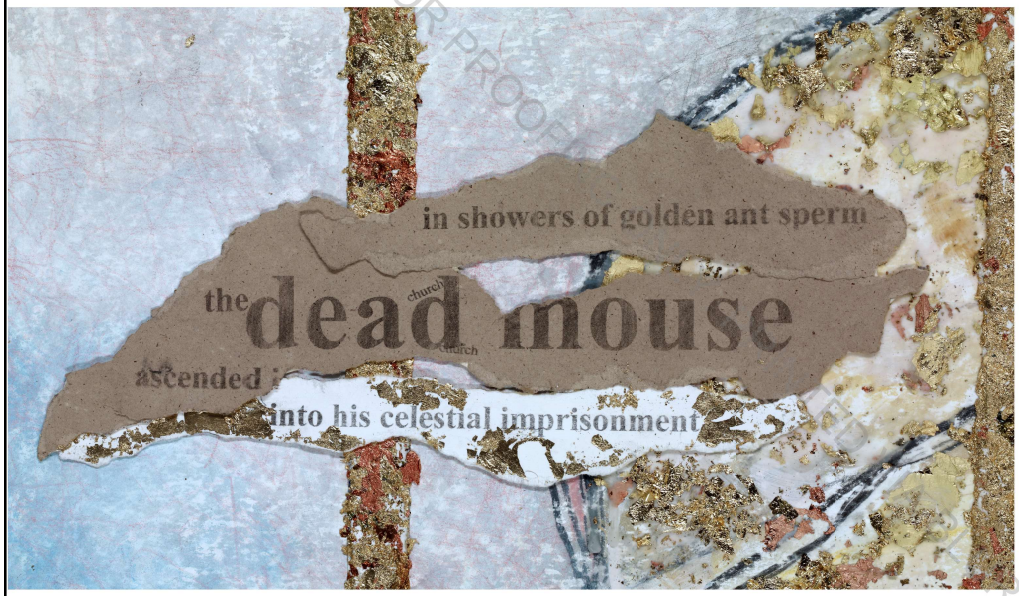

after he ate the
dead m0use
ants gnawed on his body



'Dead Mouse, part 2' details pgs. 358, 359

In Showers Of Golden Ant Sperm The Dead Mouse Ascended Into His Celestial Imprisonment 30 ½ x 42 ¾
(mixed media – graphite & prisma pencil, gouache, crayon, encaustic, gold leafing, collage)

Quantifiable justice in an exhumed station-of-life is the premise for this artwork. The full intention is not to discuss the surface energy or the clouded myth, but rather, reflect on the poignant delivery of the elements as they are defined by ones 'other-self' – our *singulis symbolorum*.

Here... light is a curtain covering, with a thin veil, all forms of time and space. It alters everything we see in a perpetual disobedience of the masquerade. If we could be so fortunate as to see past the 'birth sperm' and beyond the curtain-of- light, that distorts/rearranges our truths, we could arrive at the threshold of the clockwork of time... but do not touch, it has been set... by an omnipresence unknown to mankind. It is delicate... do not fuck with it.

"So... Habeas Corpus; and nothing more need to be said... the Latin says it all".

Overleaf - full spread pgs. 360, 361



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in showers of golden ant sperm
the dead mouse
into his celestial imprisonment

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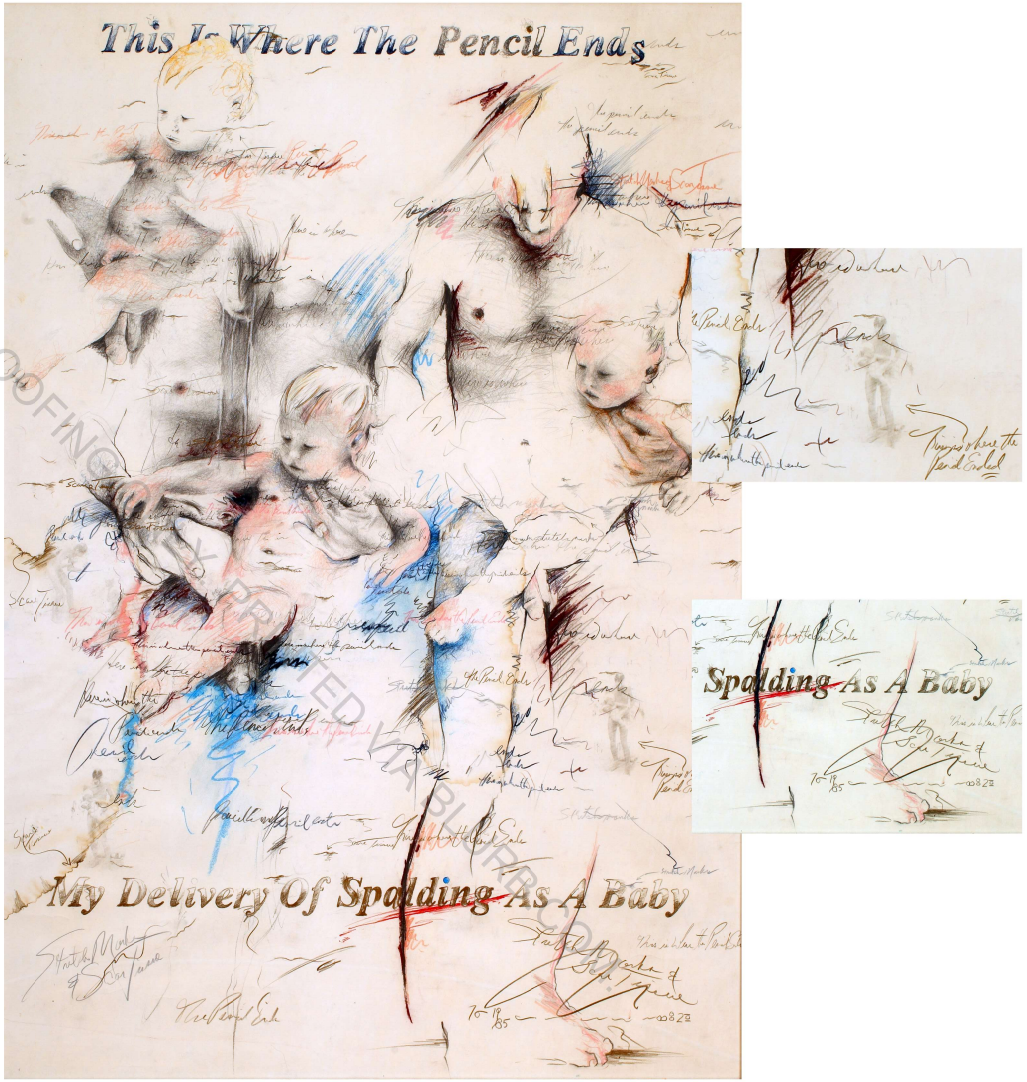

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(Previous Overleaf - pg. 363)
This Is Where The Pencil Ends 57 x 37 (detail pgs. 364, 365)
(pastel, prisma and graphite pencil)

The naked pencil is employed to present the baptism of a child by his father. The graphite scratches *"this is where the pencil ends"* in desperation for life amid the graffiti of written *"stretch marks and scar tissue"* that are embellished in the portrait. The pastels add playful life to the work with sporatic color. The pose prances about the surface in repetition as it echoes the caress of the infant to accent the coveted delivery of the boy.

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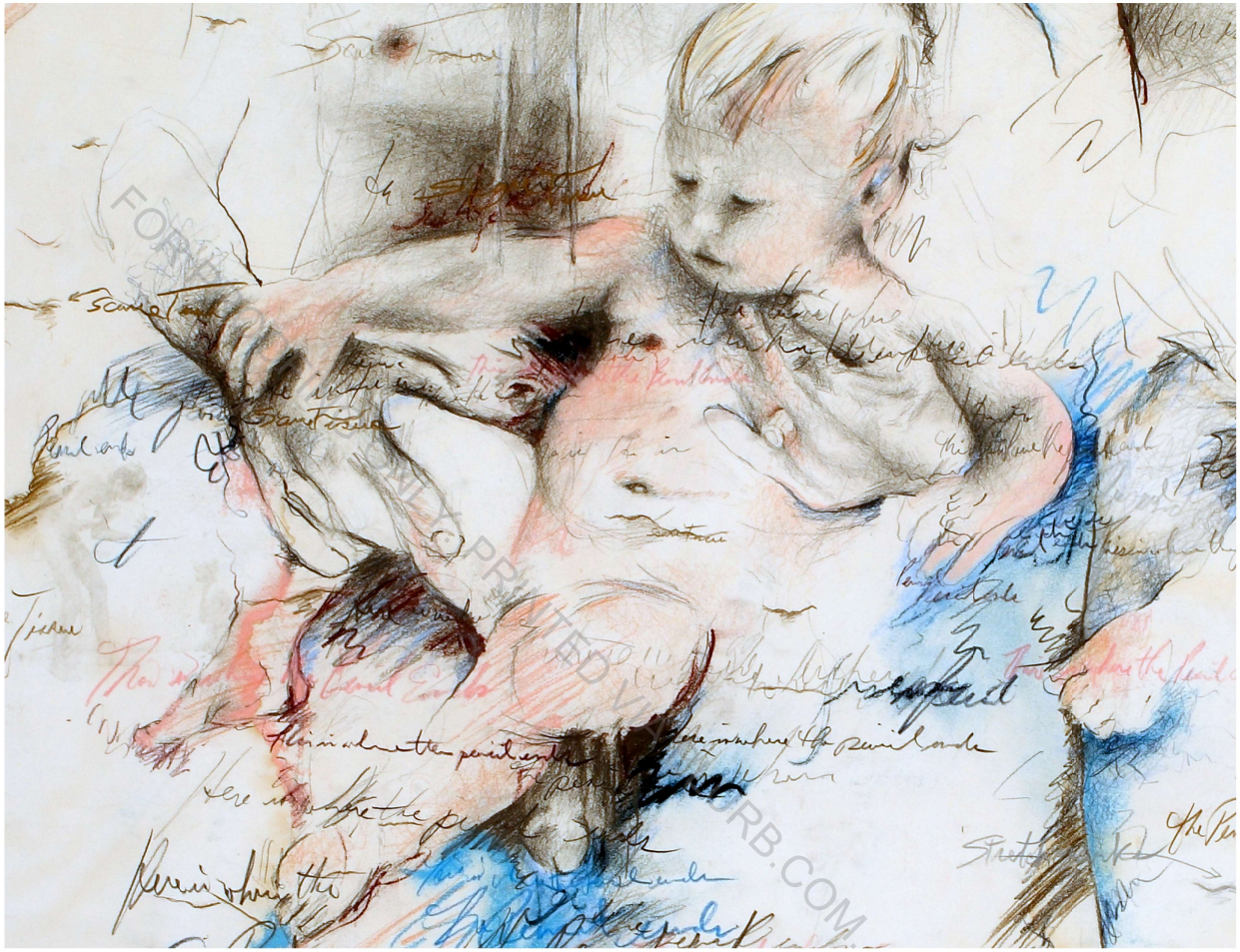

Spalding

Raining infants from the sky
Random echoes from a fruitfly's sonic dreams
Hopeful assets, forged by scar tissue and smothered in flesh,
Carry the stretch marks of all that will come to pass

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Milkyway – An Exodus 12 x 16 (crayon, prisma pencil, gouache)

A restful form, almost melting, purged against an exuberant delivery of kinetics. A kind of self-contained composition with retrieve of itself as it amasses the outer shell. The end result... nudification that is progressive in its delivery.



Midnight Cowboy 16 x 12 (graphite and prisma pencil, gouache, ink, gold leaf)

Lost here forevermore in the anticipation of pollination. The brothel is breaking loose and the guest is cradled by the reality of the space that passes through him. An awkward mystic setting and turbulant tactics in a work that offers to define progressivism.



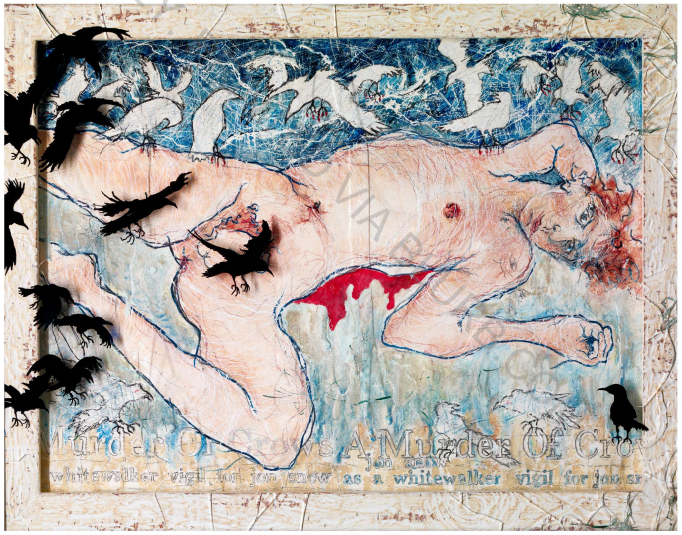
A Murder Of Crows And A Blue Tattoo For His Birthday 16 x 12 (crayon, india ink, graphite pencil, oil paint, shattered glass)

A careful and deliberate composition achieves a look of sardonic expression and spontaneity through various strategies of execution employed in the work. Part of the vocabulary (and the attitude) toward the work is to find nuances that support the figure and deliver an unconscious latitude in its totality. The drawing is the foundation that becomes elemental to an arena of "idea-fication". And so freed, the spectator can review the challenges of the game that is set afoot.



God Measures His Creation 12 x 16 (prisma pencil, crayon, gouache, ink)

In letting the subject matter influence the expression, and so your dexterity; that is the experience of the tangible work of art becomes tainted. The eyes should search for the rendering and expression, the idea (less significant) is born afterwards and the subject matter should be absolved into the minds intellectual and primordial interpretation. Thus a frontal passage is but an incorporated featurette within, and because of, the surface presentation.



A Murder Of Crows As A Whitewalker Vigil For Jon Snow 12 x 16 (prisma pencil, gouache, crayon, encaustic)

Sober action leads to a loose narrative with a multitude of channels employing layers of textures and infusions of scratching and slashing. A savage ending or a protective beginning to the war-grounds it seems to be steeped in. The plutonic search and the legend of time is echoed and seeks to be found in the faceless and frozen guards of the vigil.

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In the "Hour Of The Wolf " Reach Beyond



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Grouping
XII

Index of Titles ~ Portraits ~ Vignettes

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'original' is poured out of a pitcher of water
by someone who has no pitcher

Chronological Index

Grouping 1 – Pencil Knitting pg. 7

Portrait – In The Cave Dwellings Studio pg. 4
The Seduction – detail pg. 6
Smudged Folded Woman 30 x 22 pg. 8
On What Wings He Dares 24 x 18 pg. 8
Voluptuosity 24 x 18 pg. 8
Smudged Reclining Woman 30 x 22 pg. 8
Thoughting 24 x 18 pg. 9
Grey Tombs 21 x 18 pg. 10
Concentration On Performance 30 x 22 pg. 11
Affection 24 x 18 pg. 12
There Is Always A Force 24 x 18 pg. 12
If There Were Time 24 x 18 pg. 13
Unraveling The Threads Of Flesh 30 x 22 pg. 14
Precious Cowboy 30 x 22 pg. 14
Flesh 1904 30 x 22 pg. 15
Open Flame 30 x 22 pg. 15
Spotlight 22 x 30 pg. 16,17
The Birth Of Erotica- The Seduction 35 x 23 pg. 18
The Birth Of Erotica- The Spawning 35 x 23 pg. 19
Robust Power 30 x22 pg. 20
A Matter Of Degree 30 x 22 pg. 21
As We Mold The Mounting Flesh 30 x 22 pg. 21
Viginaism's 2 panels 22 x 30 pg. 22
Monoliths 3 panels 24 x 18 pg. 23
Portrait – Pencil-Boy-Machine pg. 24
Freedom is when... pg. 24
Twisted Exposure - Piece For Genet 30 x 22 pg. 25
Piece For D. H. Lawrence 30 x 22 pg. 25
Splitting It To Find The Essence 22 x 30 pg. 26
Balloon Swell 22 x 30 pg. 26
The Birth Of Protected Fornication 22 x 22 pg. 27
Nude Erect With Sunspots & Moonspots 25 ½ x 20 pg. 29
Unfolded The Foliage Reaps Of Lust 30 x 22 pg 29
Description In Lines 30 x 22 pg. 30
Insatiable Conquest 30 x 22 pg. 31
Patron Of Another World 30 x 22 pg. 31
Raw Study For Judy torn 16 pg. 32
And A Bird That Flew 16 x 12 pg. 32
Exiled On Self Indulgence – Self Portrait 30 x 22 pg. 33
A Fatal Type Of Human Expulsion 24 x 108 pg. 34, 35
A Tree Where Hangs The Golden Fleece 35 x 23 pg. 37

Grouping 2 – N Y Narratives – pg. 39

all works 30 x 22 except where noted
Then Mother, Then Mother, Then Mother... detail pg. 38
Portrait – Tess The Icon At Play pg. 40
She came to america... Tess who was... pg. 40
Bleeker & MacDougal pg. 41
Hell Gate pg. 41
Chinatown pg. 41
Rockaway Beach pg. 41
Portrait – The Artist Enlists In The US Navy pg. 42
Which is the slave that ... pg. 42
10th Street & Ave. B pg. 43
Williamsburg Bridge pg. 44
Washington Square pg. 45
Pratt Institute (a) pg. 46
Pratt Institute (b) pg. 46
American Museum Of Natural History pg. 47
Portrait – Lost In Space pg. 48
Expression is the... pg. 48
MoMA II pg. 48
MoMA III pg. 49
Times Square pg. 50
Cooper Union pg. 50
Canarsie pg. 50
Metropolitan Museum Of Art pg. 50
Holland Tunnel pg. 51
Waldorf Astoria 9 x 12 pg. 52
Bellevue Hospital 14 x 22 pg. 53
Liberty Island 16 x 22 pg. 53
Portrait – The Artist Suggests A Performance pg. 54
Chelsea Hotel pg. 55
Tompkins Square 25 ½ x 20 pg. 57
Orchard Street 24 x 18 pg. 57
Thumbnails 26 x 40 pg. 58, 59
Coney Island 25 ½ x 20 ¾ pg. 61
Lower East Side 22 x 16 pg. 63

Grouping 3 – Fused Figures pg. 65

From Idle Into Flesh – detail pg. 64
Tee-Shirt 30 x 22 pg. 66
Bear Essentials 30 x 22 pg. 66
Labored Love - Mechanic Figure 30 x 18 ½ pg. 67
Violet 30 x 22 pg. 69
Her Secret Revealed 30 x 22 pg. 69
Red Leather Chair 30 x 22 pg. 69
Wideworld 30 x 22 pg. 69
Portrait – Graduation Day pg. 70
Albert is the artist, the artist is... pg. 70
Cascade 35 x 20 pg. 71
Erotica 30 x 22 pg. 73
Neon Distinction 22 x 30 pg. 74
Ham And Eggs 22 x 30 pg. 74
Return To Paris 30 x 22 pg. 75
The Future Begins Today 30 x 22 pg. 76
Fresco 30 x 22 pg. 77
Serpents Egg 30 x 22 pg. 77
Sun King 30 x 22 pg. 79
Good Morning Valentine 19 ½ x 21 ½ pg. 79
Two Greek Boys 22 x 17 ½ pg. 79
Blue Movie 28 ½ x 19 ¼ pg. 79
Female Torso – Compressed 22 x 18 pg. 80
Male Torso – Compressed 22 x 18 pg. 80
Royal Worms 30 x 22 pg. 81
Guts 15 ½ x 15 ½ pg. 82
Thrust 30 x 22 pg. 83
Abandon 22 x 30 pg. 84,85
A Handful Of Puppets - Self Portrait 42 x 26 pg. 86
Portrait – When We Became One pg. 87
Don't dwell on ... pg. 87
Alaskan Melt 30 x 22 pg. 88
Whole 22 ½ x 15 pg. 89
Infra-Red 22 x 30 pg. 90
Sexual Overtones 50 x 38 pg. 91
Solidarity 42 x 30 ½ pg. 93
From Idle Into Flesh 16 ½ x 12 ½ pg. 94
Such Is Her Heart 15 x 15 pg. 95
Venetian Blinds 30 x 22 pg. 97
Forgive Us Our Trespasses 30 x 22 pg. 97
Black Dog 30 x 22 pg. 97
Ghost Regions 30 x 22 pg. 97
Royal Judgment 22 x 30 pg. 98,99
Moby Dick 11 x 10 ½ pg. 100
Primitive Monoliths 13 ½ x 15 pg. 100
Red Hot Sucker 22 x 13 pg. 101
Portrait – Two Fireflies Buzzing pg. 102
The ghosts in the gallery of... pg. 102
Tendered 17 x 11 ½ pg. 103
Rockin' Horse For Johnnie 13 x 9 pg. 104
Ghostal Regions 178 x 22 ½ pg. 105
The Sky Above, The Mud Below 20 ½ x 14 ½ pg. 107
Merger – Movement 1 40 x 26 pg. 108
Splinters – Movement 2 40 x 26 pg. 108
Dazed – Movement 3 40 x 26 pg. 109
The Fury – Movement 4 41 x 29 ½ pg. 109

Grouping 4 – Draftsman Drawings & Pastels pg. 111

Who's Afraid Of The Big Bad Wolf? – detail pg. 110
Jersey Prince & Drugs Made Me... (Underbelly Study) 50 x 40 pg. 113
Portrait - Young and Fisted Beginnings pg. 114
Ah, to express a... pg. 114
Bleeding Heart 52 x 40 pg. 115
Boy In Tee-Shirt 60 x 42 pg. 115
Communion Of Saints 50 x 42 pg. 115
In Our Altered States (Alternate Version) 30 x 22 pg. 115
Male Torso 50 x 38 pg. 116
Innocent Dance 50 x 38 pg. 116
Womb To Tomb 50 x 38 pg. 117
Sliced And Skinned 50 x 36 pg. 118
Deliverance 60 x 48 pg. 119
Mercy Killing 10' x 16' pg. 120
Birth To Earth 38 x 50 pg. 120
Sterile Tears 60 x 42 pg. 121
Thaw – Quietly Being Born From My Bleeding Heart 30 x 22 pg. 123
Who's Afraid Of The Big Bad Wolf? 23 ½ x 37 ½ pg. 125
The Last Shot 38 x 50 pg. 126, 127
Stallion 24 x 18 pg. 128
Crawl Into Your Dance 19 x 20 pg. 129
Celebration (Anatomy Triptych) 24 x 18 pg. 130, 131
Poet Study 35 x 23 pg. 132
Before The Pounce 36 ½ x 24 ½ pg. 133
Nocturnal Release 35 ½ x 23 pg. 133
Egyptian Woman 24 x 18 pg. 135
With Green Eyes Masturbating 24 x 18 pg. 135
Lost At The Mast 30 x 22 136
Betrayed 30 x 22 pg. 136
Forged From The Heart 30 x 22 pg. 137
Essex Street Off Of Delancey 30 x 22 pg. 137
Reclining Woman 30 x 22 pg. 137
Leashed Leaning Backwards 22 x 17 ½ pg. 137
Three Lesbians Having Breakfast 26 x 50 pg. 138
Streamers 24 x 18 pg. 139
Angel Playing Hide 'n Seek 18 x 13 pg. 140
Portrait – In Memorance Of Virginity pg. 141
Hail to the saints that ... pg. 140
On The Red Rag 30 x 48 pg. 143 detail, pg. 144, 145 full spread

Grouping 5 – Golden Looms – Beginnings pg. 147

Twilight Tones – detail pg. 146
Crucifixion 39 x 28 pg. 149
The Square Root Of Man 30 x 22 pg. 150
Female Fossil 39 x 27 pg. 150
Pounds And Pounds Of Sand 30 x 22 pg. 150
Tribal 24 x 30 pg. 150
Echoes 39 x 27 pg. 151
Youth (A Study For Billy Cloud) 30 x 22 pg. 152
The Aboven Bower 30 x 22 pg. 152
My Hero Has Fallen 32 x 24 pg. 153
There Is... a poem of what is lost pg. 154
Bulldog 24 x 17 pg. 154
Olympic Runner - Winning 24 x 17 pg. 155
A Little Squirt Of Love 42 x 30 pg. 156 (detail), 157

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Twilight Tones 40 x 26 pg. 158
The Poet 40 x 26 pg. 159
In Our Altered State 40 x 26 pg. 159
Portrait – The Midnight Cowboy pg 160
All art is the birth of... pg. 160
Bloodletting Study 1 9 x 14 pg. 161
Bloodletting Study 2 9 x 9 pg. 161
Bloodletting 30 x 41 pg. 162, 163
Blisters Of The Sun 42 x 30 pg. 165
Softcore I 22 x30 pg. 167
He Is A Lonely Cover 22 x 30 pg. 167
Softcore II 30 x 22 pg. 168
Sucking Desire 40 x 26 pg. 169
The Tribal Dance 24 x 16 pg. 170
Portrait – Skinning The Rat pg. 171
The energy of the... pg. 171
Sliced And Skinned (Underbelly Study) 50 x 36 pg. 172
Slowly Sliced Open By One Single Razor 50 x 36 pg. 173
Sliced And Skinned 50 x 36 pg. 173
Boy Playing With Sparks 8 x 6 pg. 174
Under Thumb 40 x 26 pg. 175
Dogdamn 30 x 50 pg. 176 - 179

Grouping 6 – Golden Looms – Matured pg. 181

Erection Before Execution – detail pg. 180
Lamb Of Waters Silence 50 x 38 pg. 183
Join The Inner Sanctum 50 x 40 pg. 184
Blood On The Claws Of Dinosaurs Bones 40 x 26 pg. 185
Twin Boys (Underbelly Study) 36 x 50 pg. 187
Twin Boys About To Go At It 36 x 50 pg. 187
His One Blue Eye 30 x 22 pg. 189
Thaw – Study 30 x 30 pg. 189
Tear Out My Bleeding Heart 52 x 40 pg. 189
Heart And Grail 60 x 42 pg. 190
Oh Sweet Country (Understudy Stages) 60 x 42 pg. 190
Oh Sweet, Sweet Country Of Mine 60 x 42 pg. 191
Jersey Prince & Drugs Made Me Do It 50 x 40 pg. 192
Erection Before Execution 50 x 38 pg. 193
Trojan – The Conquerors Poem pg. 194 (signature 1)
Candy Cane 40 x 58 pg. 195
Master Valentine 38 x 50 pg. 196, 197
Bronze Eye (Release In Hand) 42 x 30 pg. 198
Golden Boy At The Baths 42 x 20 pg. 199
In The Grotto Of - My Precious pg. 200
Portrait – The Cereal Killer pg. 201
He wanted to eat of the... pg. 200
Sterile Tears 60 x 42 pg. 203
Master Valentine – detail pg. 204, 205

Grouping 7 – The Dark Side pg. 207

Horselick – detail pg. 206
Blood Sperm 44 x 30 pg. 208
Victim 30 x 44 pg. 209
Portrait Absent - Crucifixion II – detail pg. 210
In finding a definition of the... pg. 210
Homoblood 26 x 40 pg. 211
Tokyo 26 x40, 26 x 18 pg. 212, 213
Assassination 1-4 30 x 22 pg. 214, 215
Spunk 26 x 40 pg. 216, 217
Mariners Demise Seen Thru The Eyes Of The Albatross 42 x 60 pg. 219
Dark Shadows Of A Crucifixion 8' x 4' pg. 220
Zanzibar 48 x 24 pg. 221
Crucifixion I 40 x 26 pg. 222
Crucifixion II – His Flesh Belongs To Her 40 x 26 pg. 223
Crucifixion III – His Halo Has Fallen 40 x 26 pg. 223
Bondage – In The Sling 3' x 8' pg. 224, 225
The 9 Gates Of Hell – Opening Vignette pg. 227
Nigger (Gate 1 – Frailty) 60 x 42 pg. 228
Bloodbath (Gate 2 – Consumed Regurgitate) 60 x 42 pg. 229
Protagonist (Gate 3 – Boasting) 60 x 42 pg. 230
Swallow (Gate 4 – Execution Of Innocence) 60 x 42 pg. 231
A Heartfelt Moment (Gate 5 - Indulgence) 60 x 42 pg. 232
Horselick (Gate 6 – Morte 'de Intellect) 60 x 42 pg. 233
Where Lies The Relic Of Desire (Gate 7 - Rev. Fornication) 60 x 42 pg. 234
Subversion (Gate 8 – Supreme Authority) 60 x 42 pg. 235
Firefly – Grozs Appetite Not Found (Gate 9 – Void) 60 x 42 pg. 236
Signature 2 - from Mariners Demise pg. 237
Colossus (Gates of Hell Final Landscape) 4' x 8' pg. 238, 239
Portrait - The N. Y. Halloween Parade pg. 241
Fatherhood – he... paraded as a... pg. 240, 241

Grouping 8 – Ballet Of The Valedictorians pg. 243

Portrait Of Cadence – Pose in preparation for... pg. 242
No future is a... pg. 242
The Quails Secret - detail from Inserts pg. 245
The Quails Secret – detail from Gommorah pg. 246
The Quails Secret / Inserts 62 x 42 pg. 248
The Quails Secret / Gommorah 62 x 42 pg. 249
The Quails Secret / Of Another Country 62 x 42 pg. 249
Marionettes Soliloquy – detail from Oracle pg. 250
Marionettes Soliloquy/ Oracle 60 x 42 pg. 252
Marionettes Soliloquy / Jacks 60 x 42 pg. 253
Marionettes Soliloquy / Valedictory 60 x 42 pg. 253
Dance Of The Boars – detail from Scouts pg. 254
Dance Of The Boars / Scouts 60 x 42 pg. 256
Dance Of The Boars / Offering 60 x 42 pg. 257
Dance Of The Boars / The Third Act 60 x 42 pg. 257
Of Another Country – detail pg. 258
Deliverance – detail pg. 259
The Grand Law – detail from Callous Moon pg. 260
The Grand Law / Force 60 x 42 pg. 262
The Grand Law / Callous Moon 60 x 42 pg. 263
The Grand Law / Into A Sovereign State 60 x 42 pg. 263
Hymn To A Headmaster – detail from Blood Vessel pg. 264
Hymn To A Headmaster / Blood Vessel 60 x 42 pg. 266
Hymn To A Headmaster / Daggered 60 x 42 pg. 267
Hymn To A Headmaster / Limp Reflections 60 x 42 pg. 267
Toys Of Tortured Days – detail from Pounding Heart pg. 268
Toys Of Tortured Days / Pounding Heart 60 x 42 pg. 270
Toys Of Tortured Days / Final Altar 60 x 42 pg. 271
Toys Of Tortured Days / Deliverance 60 x 42 pg. 271
Final Altar – detail pg. 272, 273
Into A Sovereign State – detail pg. 274, 275
Appendages Scratch And Punch – assorted details from BoV pg. 276
Genitals Play And Poke – assorted details from BoV pg. 277
Portrait – In Red Underwear pg. 278
The last thought i had is... pg. 278

Grouping 9 – Larger Than Life pg. 281

Slow Dance On The Sistine Ceiling – detail pg. 280
Heroic – detail pg. 283
Heroic 6' x 12' 6" pg. 284, 285
Portrait – Wedding Day pg. 286
The love of his life in 6B... pg. 286
Rope Burns (Bequeath His Flesh To The Devourer) 8' 2" x 4' pg. 287
Everyman Entertains The Thought (Foreskin Removed) 4' x 8' pg. 288,289
Is The Embryo Dead 4' 2" x 8' 6" pg. 290, 291.
Final Altar (Querelle and Me) 74 x 50 pg. 292
Deliverance 74 x 50 pg. 293
The Artist In The Field Of 'Q' 74 x 50 pg. 293
Render Myself Useless 4' x 8' pg. 294, 295
Portrait – Eat My Ass pg. 296
My work is a patent of... pg. 296
Our Lady Of Bath Brings Mercy To The Gay 48 x 72 pg. 297
Bones On A Snow White Pit In Egyptian Soil 2' x 8' pg. 298, 299
Bare Wires In Water 4' x 8' pg. 300, 301
Swan Song Trilogy 3 panels 4" x 8' pg. 303
Slow Dance On The Sistine Ceiling 4' x 8' pg. 304, 305
Flown From Milton's Paradise 4' x 8' pg. 306, 307
The Titanic Sinks In E Minor 4' x 8' pg. 308, 309
Rope Burns – detail pg. 310
A Dinosaurs Control 8' x 4' pg. 311
Rend The Wind And Will 6' x 12' pg. 312, 313

Grouping 10 -
The Tragedy Of Theophilus And Tyrus pg. 315

Mercy Killing – detail pg. 314
The Tragedy Of Theophilus & Tyrus – written legend, art details pg. 316-325
Mercy Killing (gooseflesh 500,000 times) 6' 9" x 16 ' pg. 326,327
Portrait – Artist In Sanctioned Pose pg. 328
Before the gateway to... pg. 328
Signature 3 – from Mercy killing pg. 329

Grouping 11–The Final Hour Of Beginnings pg. 331

Final Altar – detail from 'Q' pg. 330 (Portrait of the artist in the raw)
Some things were not ... pg. 330
Dirty Blond Boy Poses As A Cockroach
In The Cellar Of My Anus 34 x 50 pg. 332 - 335
Dirty Blond Boy & Safe Place Boyfriend 34 x 50 / 34 x 24 pg. 336, 337
'Red Rooster' - preliminaries, cluck details, Legend to the work pgs. 338,339
'Red Rooster' - details pgs. 340, 341
The Deafening Clucking Of The Red Rooster After He Learned To Swallow 30 x 42 1/2 pgs. 342, 343
Strawberry Blond With Red Toenails Wants A Kiss 35 x 23 pg. 344
Portrait – A Toast To The Pink Triangle Freed pg. 345
And then there was a sky and... pg. 345
Blue Movie (Revisited) 29 x 19 3/4 pg. 347
Angel Fallen From Blue Shroud Onto Burning Coal Before The Threshold Of The Pheonix 30 x 22 pg. 349
'Angel Fallen' - details pgs. 348, 350, 351
Easter Sunday - Legend to the 'Dead Mouse' Diptych pg. 353
'Dead Mouse, part 1' collage title detail pg. 354, ant detail pg. 355
After He Ate The Dead Mouse The Ants Gnawed On His Body 30 1/2 x 43 3/4 pgs. 356, 357
'Dead Mouse, part 2' collage title detail pg. 358, ant detail pg. 359
In Showers Of Golden Ant Sperm The Dead Mouse Ascended Into His Celestial Imprisionment 30 1/2 x 43 3/4 pgs. 360, 361
This Is Where The Pencil Ends 57 x 37 pgs. 363 - 365 (signature 4 pg. 363)

EXPOSED - See Vol. 14 for Book On Recent Works
Milkyway - The Exodus 12 x 16 pg. 367
Midnight Cowboy 16 x 12 pg. 368
A Murder Of Crows And A Blue Tattoo 16 x 12 pg. 368
God Measures His Creation 12 x 16 pg 369
A Murder Of Crows As A Whitewalker Vigil For Jon Snow 12 x 16 pg. 359

Grouping 12 – Index, Portraits, Vignettes pg. 371

Portrait – In The Hour Of The Wolf Reach Beyond pg. 370
Reflections on a reach into... 370
Vignettes - Personalized Reflections Of The Artist pg 376, 377
(vignettes are identified by italic type throughout the index)
Portrait –With One Particular Horse Called Nugget He Embraces pg. 377
Someone told me that... pg 377
As infinity would have it... so moves the nature of art. back cover

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Alphabetical Index

[A]

A Dinosaurs Control 8' x 4' pg. 311
A Fatal Type Of Human Expulsion 24 x 108 pg. 34, 35
A Handful Of Puppets - Self Portrait 42 x 26 pg. 86
A Heartfelt Moment (Gate 5 - Indulgence) 60 x 42 pg. 232
A Little Squirt Of Love 42 x 30 pg. 156,157
A Matter Of Degree 30 x 22 pg. 21
A Tree Where Hangs The Golden Fleece 35 x 23 pg. 37
Abandon 22 x 30 pg. 84, 85
Affection 24 x 18 pg. 12
After He Ate The Dead Mouse Ants Gnawed...30 1/2 x 43 3/4 pgs.356-357
Ah, to express a ... pg. 114
Alaskan Melt 30 x 22 pg. 88
Albert is the artist, the artist is... pg. 70
All art is the birth of... pg. 160
American Museum Of Natural History 30 x 22 pg. 47
And A Bird That Flew 16 x 12 pg. 32
And then there was a sky and... pg. 345
Angel Fallen From Blue Shroud Onto Burning Coal... 30 x 22 pg. 348-351
Angel Playing Hide 'n Seek 18 x 13 pg. 140
Appendages Scratch And Punch – assorted details from BoV pg. 276
As We Mold The Mounting Flesh 30 x 22 pg. 21
Assassination 1-4 30 x 22 pg. 214, 215

[B]

Balloon Swell 22 x 30 pg. 26
Bare Wires In Water 4' x 8' pg. 300, 301
Bear Essentials 30 x 22 pg. 66
Before The Pounce 36 ½ x 24 ½ pg. 133
Bellevue Hospital 14 x 22 pg. 53
Betrayed 30 x 22 pg. 136
Birth To Earth 38 x 50 pg. 120
Black Dog 30 x 22 pg. 97
Bleeding Heart 52 x 40 pg. 115
Bleeker & MacDougal 30 x 22 pg. 41
Blisters Of The Sun 42 x 30 pg. 165
Blood On The Claws Of Dinosaurs Bones 40 x 26 pg. 185
Blood Sperm 44 x 30 pg. 208
Bloodbath (Gate 2 – Consumed Regurgitate) 60 x 42 pg. 229
Bloodletting 30 x 41 pg. 162, 163
Bloodletting Study 1 9 x 14, Study 2 9 x 9 pg. 161
Blue Movie 29 x 19 3/4 pg. 79, (Blue Movie Revisited) pg. 347
Bondage – In The Sling 3' x 8' pg. 224, 225
Bones On A Snow White Pit In Egyptian Soil 2' x 8' pg. 298, 299
Boy In Tee-Shirt 60 x 42 pg. 115
Boy Playing With Sparks 8 x 6 pg. 174
Bronze Eye (Release In Hand) 42 x 30 pg. 198
Bulldog 24 x 17 pg. 154

[C]

Canarsie 30 x 22 pg. 50
Candy Cane 40 x 58 pg. 195
Cascade 35 x 20 pg. 71
Celebration (Anatomy Triptych) 24 x 18 pg. 130, 131
Chelsea Hotel 30 x 22 pg. 55
Chinatown 30 x 22 pg. 41
Colossus (Gates of Hell Final Landscape) 4' x 8' pg. 238, 239
Communion Of Saints 50 x 42 pg. 115
Concentration On Performance 30 x 22 pg. 11
Coney Island 25 ½ x 20 ¾ pg. 61
Cooper Union 30 x 22 pg. 50
Crawl Into Your Dance 19 x 20 pg. 129
Crucifixion 39 x 28 pg. 149
Crucifixion I 40 x 26 pg. 222, CrucifixionII - detail pg. 210 (vignette)
Crucifixion II – His Flesh Belongs To Her 40 x 25 pg. 223
Crucifixion III – His Halo Has Fallen 40 x 26 pg. 223

[D]

Dance Of The Boars – detail from Scouts pg. 254
Dance Of The Boars / Offering 60 x 42 pg. 257
Dance Of The Boars / Scouts 60 x 42 pg. 256
Dance Of The Boars / The Third Act 60 x 42 pg. 257
Dark Shadows Of A Crucifixion 8' x 4' pg. 220
Dazed – Movement 3 40 x 26 pg. 109
Dead Mouse (After He Ate, The Ants Gnawed...) pgs. 354 - 357
Dead Mouse (In Showers Of..., Celestial Imprisionment) pgs. 358 - 361
Deliverance 74 x 50 (study) pg. 119, triptych panel 2 pg. 293
Deliverance (ballet detail) 60 x 42 pg. 293
Description In Lines 30 x 22 pg. 30
Dirty Blond Boy & Safe Place Boyfriend 34 x 50 / 34 x 24 pg. 336, 337
Dirty Blond Boy Poses As Cockroach
In The Cellar Of My Anus 34 x 50 pg. 332 - 335
Dogdamn 30 x 50 pg. 176 - 179
Don't dwell on ... pg. 87

[E]

Echoes 39 x 27 pg. 151
Egyptian Woman 24 x 18 pg. 135
Erection Before Execution 50 x 38 pg. 193
Erection Before Execution – detail pg. 180
Erotica 30 x 22 pg. 73
Essex Street Off Of Delancey 30 x 22 pg. 137
Easter Sunday - Legend to the 'Dead Mouse' diptych pg. 353
Everyman Entertains The Thought(Foreskin Removed) 4' x 8' pg 288,289
Exiled On Self Indulgence – Self Portrait 30 x 22 pg. 33
Expression is the... pg. 48

[F]

Fatherhood – he... paraded as a... pg. 240, 241
Female Fossil 39 x 27 pg. 150
Female Torso – Compressed 22 x 18 pg. 80
Final Altar – detail BoV pg. 272, 273
Final Altar – detail 'Q' pg. 330 (Portrait of the artist in the raw)
Final Altar (Querrelle and Me) 74 x 50 pg. 292
Firefly – Grozs Appetite Not Found (Gate 9 – Void) 60 x 42 pg. 236
Flesh 1904 30 x 22 pg. 15
Flown From Milton's Paradise 4' x 8' pg. 306, 307
Forged From The Heart 30 x 22 pg. 137
Forgive Us Our Trespasses 30 x 22 pg. 97
Freedom is when... pg. 24
Fresco 30 x 22 pg. 77
From Idle Into Flesh 16 ½ x 12 ½ pg. 94
From Idle Into Flesh – detail pg. 64

[G]

Genitals Play And Poke – assorted details from BoV pg. 277
Ghost Regions 30 x 22 pg. 97
Ghostal Regions 17 x 22 ½ pg. 105
Golden Boy At The Baths 42 x 20 pg. 199
Good Morning Valentine 19 ½ x 21 ½ pg. 79
Grey Tombs 21 x 18 pg. 10
Grouping 1 – Pencil Knitting pg. 7
Grouping 2 – N Y Narratives – 30 x 22 except where noted pg. 39
Grouping 3 – Fused Figures pg. 65
Grouping 4 – Draftsman Drawings And Pastels pg. 111
Grouping 5 – Golden Looms – Beginnings pg. 147
Grouping 6 – Golden Looms – Matured pg. 181
Grouping 7 – The Dark Side pg. 207
Grouping 8 – Ballet Of The Valedictorians pg. 243
Grouping 9 – Larger-Than-Life pg. 281
Grouping 10 - Tragedy Of Theophilus And Tyrus pg. 315
Grouping 11 – The Final Hour Of Beginnings pg. 331
Grouping 12 – Index, Portraits, Vignettes pg. 343
Guts 15 ½ x 15 ½ pg. 82

[H]

Ham And Eggs 22 x 30 pg. 74
He Is A Lonely Cover 22 x 30 pg. 167
He wanted to eat of... pg. 200
Hail to the saints that ... pg. 140
Heart And Grail 60 x 42 pg. 190
Hell Gate 30 x 22 pg. 41
Her Secret Revealed 30 x 22 pg. 69
Heroic 6' x 12' 6" pg. 284, 285
Heroic – detail pg. 283
His One Blue Eye 30 x 22 pg. 189
Holland Tunnel 30 x 22 pg. 51
Homoblood 26 x 40 pg. 211
Horselick – detail pg. 206
Horselick (Gate 6 – Morte 'de Intellect) 60 x 42 pg. 233
Hymn To A Headmaster – detail from Blood Vessel pg. 264
Hymn To A Headmaster / Blood Vessel 60 x 42 pg. 266
Hymn To A Headmaster / Daggered 60 x 42 pg. 267
Hymn To A Headmaster / Limp Reflections 60 x 42 pg. 267

[I]

If There Were Time 24 x 18 pg. 13
In finding a definition to the... pg. 210
In Our Altered State 40 x 26 pg. 159
In Our Altered States (alternate version) 30 x 22 pg. 115
In The Grotto Of My Precious - detail pg. 200
In Showers Of Golden Ant Sperm Dead Mouse... 30 x 43 3/4 pg. 360,361
Infra-Red 22 x 30 pg. 90
Innocent Dance 50 x 38 pg. 116
Insatiable Conquest 30 x 22 pg. 31
Into A Sovereign State – detail pg. 274, 275
Is The Embryo Dead 4' 2" x 8' 6" pg. 290, 291

[J]

Jersey Prince & Drugs Made Me Do It 50 x 40 pg. 192
Jersey Prince & Drugs Made Me... (Underbelly Study) 50 x 40 pg. 113
Join The Inner Sanctum 50 x 40 pg. 184

[L]

Labored Love - Mechanic Figure 30 x 18 ½ pg. 67
Lamb Of Waters Silence 50 x 38 pg. 183
Leashed Leaning Backwards 22 x 17 ½ pg. 137
Liberty Island 16 x 22 pg. 53
Lost At The Mast 30 x 22 136
Lower East Side 22 x 16 pg. 63

[M]

Male Torso 50 x 38 pg. 116
Male Torso – Compressed 22 x 18 pg. 80
Mariners Demise As Seen Thru The Eyes Of The Albatross 42 x 60 pg. 219
Marionettes Soliloquy – detail from Oracle pg. 250
Marionettes Soliloquy / Jacks 60 x 42 pg. 253
Marionettes Soliloquy / Valedictory 60 x 42 pg. 253
Marionettes Soliloquy/ Oracle 60 x 42 pg. 252
Master Valentine 38 x 50 pg. 196, 197
Master Valentine – detail pg. 204, 205
Mercy Killing (Study) 10' x 16' pg. 120 - Mercy Killing – detail pg. 314
Mercy Killing (gooseflesh 500,000 times) 6' 9" x 16' pg. 326, 327
Merger – Movement 1 40 x 26 pg. 108
Metropolitan Museum Of Art 30 x 22 pg. 50
Moby Dick 11 x 10 ½ pg. 100
MoMA II 30 x 22 pg. 48
MoMA III 30 x 22 pg. 49
Monoliths 3 panels 24 x 18 pg. 23
My Hero Has Fallen 32 x 24 pg. 153
My work is a patent of... pg. 296

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[N]

Neon Distinction 22 x 30 pg. 74
Nigger (Gate 1 – Frailty) 60 x 42 pg. 228
No future is a... pg. 242
Nocturnal Release 35 ½ x 23 pg. 133
Nude Erect With Sunspots & Moonspots 25 ½ x 20 pg. 29

[O]

Of Another Country – detail pg. 258
Oh Sweet Country (Understudy Stages) 60 x 42 pg. 190
Oh Sweet, Sweet Country Of Mine 60 x 42 pg. 191
Olympic Runner - Winning 24 x 17 pg. 155
On The Red Rag 30 x 48 detail pg. 143, pg. 144, 145 full spread
On What Wings He Dares 24 x 18 pg. 8
Open Flame 30 x 22 pg. 15
Orchard Street 24 x 18 pg. 57
Our Lady Of Bath Brings Mercy To The Gay 48 x 72 pg. 297

[P]

Patron Of Another World 30 x 22 pg. 31
Piece For D. H. Lawrence 30 x 22 pg. 25
Poet Study 35 x 23 pg. 132
Portrait – A Toast To The Pink Triangle Freed pg. 345
Portrait – Artist In Sanctioned Pose pg. 328
Portrait – As Art - Crucifixion II pg. 210
Portrait – Eat My Ass pg. 296
Portrait – Graduation Day pg. 70
Portrait – In Memorance Of Virginity pg. 141
Portrait – In Red Underwear pg. 278
Portrait – In The Cave Dwellings Studio pg. 4
Portrait – In The "Hour Of The Wolf " Reach Beyond pg. 366
Portrait – Lost In Space pg. 48
Portrait – Pencil-Boy-Machine pg. 24
Portrait – Skinning The Rat pg. 171
Portrait – Tess The Icon At Play pg. 40
Portrait – The Artist Enlists In The US Navy pg. 42
Portrait – The Artist Suggests A Performance pg. 54
Portrait – The Cereal Killer pg. 201
Portrait – The Midnight Cowboy pg. 160
Portrait – The N. Y. Halloween Parade pg. 241
Portrait – Two Fireflies Buzzing pg. 102
Portrait – Wedding Day pg. 286
Portrait – When We Became One pg. 87
Portrait – With One Particular Horse Called Nugget He Embraces pg. 373
Portrait Of Cadence – Pose in preparation for... pg. 242
Pounds And Pounds Of Sand 30 x 22 pg. 150
Pratt Institute - versions (a) & (b) 30 x 22 pg. 46
Precious Cowboy 30 x 22 pg. 14
Primitive Monoliths 13 ½ x 15 pg. 100
Protagonist (Gate 3 – Boasting) 60 x 42 pg. 230

[R]

Raw Study For Judy torn 16 pg. 32
Reclining Woman 30 x 22 pg. 137
Red Hot Sucker 22 x 13 pg. 101
Red Leather Chair 30 x 22 pg. 69
Red Rooster(The Deafening Clucking Of, After He Learned..)pgs.340-343
Rend The Wind And Will 6' x 12' pg. 312, 313
Render Myself Useless 4' x 8' pg. 294, 295
Return To Paris 30 x 22 pg. 75
Robust Power 30 x22 pg. 20
Rockaway Beach 30 x 22 pg. 41
Rockin' Horse For Johnnie 13 x 9 pg. 104
Rope Burns – detail pg. 310
Rope Burns (Bequeath His Flesh To The Devourer) 8' 2" x 4' pg. 287
Royal Judgment 22 x 30 pg. 98, 99
Royal Worms 30 x 22 pg. 81

[S]

Serpents Egg 30 x 22 pg. 77
Sexual Overtones 50 x 38 pg. 91
She came to america... Tess who was... pg. 40
Signature 2 - from Mariners Demise pg. 237
Signature 3 – from Mercy killing pg. 329
Sliced And Skinned 50 x 36 pg. 118
Sliced And Skinned 50 x 36 pg. 173
Sliced And Skinned (Underbelly Study) 50 x 36 pg. 172
Slow Dance On The Sistine Ceiling 4' x 8' pg. 304, 305
Slow Dance On The Sistine Ceiling – detail pg. 280
Slowly Sliced Open By One Single Razor 50 x 36 pg. 173
Smudged Folded Woman 30 x 22 pg. 8
Smudged Reclining Woman 30 x 22 pg. 8
Softcore I 22 x30 pg. 167
Softcore II 30 x 22 pg. 168
Solidarity 42 x 30 ½ pg. 93
Someone told me that... pg. 373
Some things were not ... pg. 330
Splinters – Movement 2 40 x 26 pg. 108
Splitting It To Find The Essence 22 x 30 pg. 26
Spotlight 22 x 30 pg. 16,17
Spunk 26 x 40 pg. 216,217
Stallion 24 x 18 pg. 128
Sterile Tears 60 x 42 pg. 121
Sterile Tears 60 x 42 pg. 203
Strawberry Blond With Red Toenails Wants A Kiss 35 x 23 pg. 344
Streamers 24 x 18 pg. 139
Subversion (Gate 8 – Supreme Authority) 60 x 42 pg. 235
Such Is Her Heart 15 x 15 pg. 95
Sucking Desire 40 x 26 pg. 169
Sun King 30 x 22 pg. 79
Swallow (Gate 4 – Execution Of Innocence) 60 x 42 pg. 231
Swan Song Trilogy 3 panels 4" x 8' pg. 303

[T]

Tear Out My Bleeding Heart 52 x 40 pg. 189
Tee-Shirt 30 x 22 pg. 66
Tendered 17 x 11 ½ pg. 103
Tee-Shirt 30 x 22 pg. 66
Tenth Street and Ave. B 30 x 22 pg. 43
Thaw – Quietly Being Born 30 x 22 pg. 123
Thaw – Study 30 x 30 pg. 189
The 9 Gates Of Hell – Opening Vignette pg. 227
The Aboven Bower 30 x 22 pg. 152
The Artist In The Field Of 'Q' 74 x 50 pg. 293
The Birth Of Erotica- The Seduction 35 x 23 pg. 18
The Birth Of Erotica- The Spawning 35 x 23 pg. 19
The Birth Of Protected Fornication 22 x 22 pg. 27
The energy of... pg. 171
The Fury – Movement 4 41 x 29 ½ pg. 109
The Future Begins Today 30 x 22 pg. 76
The ghosts in the gallery of... pg. 102
The Grand Law – detail from Callous Moon pg. 260
The Grand Law / Force 60 x 42 pg. 262
The Grand Law / Callous Moon 60 x 42 pg. 263
The Grand Law / Into A Sovereign State 60 x 42 pg. 263
The Last Shot 38 x 50 pg. 126, 127
The last thought I had is... pg. 278
The love of his life in 6B pg. 286
The Poet 40 x 26 pg. 159
The Quails Secret - detail from Inserts pg. 245
The Quails Secret – detail from Gommorah pg. 246
The Quails Secret / Gommorah 62 x 42 pg. 249
The Quails Secret / Inserts 62 x 42 pg. 248
The Quails Secret / Of Another Country 62 x 42 pg. 249
The Seduction – detail pg. 6
The Sky Above, The Mud Below 20 ½ x 14 ½ pg. 107
The Square Root Of Man 30 x 22 pg. 150
The Titanic Sinks In E Minor 4' x 8' pg. 308, 309
The Tragedy Of Theophilus & Tyrus – written legend, art details pg. 316 - 325
The Tribal Dance 24 x 16 pg. 170
Then Mother, Then Mother, Then Mother... detail pg. 38
There is... - A Poem pg. 154
There Is Always A Force 24 x 18 pg. 12
This Is Where The Pencil Ends 57 x 37 pg. 363 - 365
Thoughting 24 x 18 pg. 9
Three Lesbians Having Breakfast 26 x 50 pg. 138
Thrust 30 x 22 pg. 83
Thumbnails 26 x 40 pg. 58, 59
Times Square 30 x 22 pg. 50
Tokyo 26 x40, 26 x 18 pg. 212, 213
Tompkins Square 25 ½ x 20 pg. 57
Toys Of Tortured Days – detail from Pounding Heart pg. 268
Toys Of Tortured Days / Deliverance 60 x 42 pg. 271
Toys Of Tortured Days / Final Altar 60 x 42 pg. 271
Toys Of Tortured Days / Pounding Heart 60 x 42 pg. 270
Tribal 24 x 30 pg. 150
Trojan – The Conquerors Poem pg. 194 signature 1
Twilight Tones 40 x 26 pg. 158
Twilight Tones – detail pg. 146
Twin Boys (Underbelly Study) 36 x 50 pg. 187
Twin Boys About To Go At It 36 x 50 pg. 187
Twisted Exposure - Piece For Genet 30 x 22 pg. 25
Two Greek Boys 22 x 17 ½ pg. 79

[U]

Under Thumb 40 x 26 pg. 175
Unfolded The Foliage Reaps Of Lust 30 x 22 pg. 29
Unraveling The Threads Of Flesh 30 x 22 pg. 14

[V]

Venetian Blinds 30 x 22 pg. 97
Victim 30 x 44 pg. 209
Viginaism's 2 panels 22 x 30 pg. 22
Vignettes - Reflections Of The Artist pgs. 372, 373
vignettes are called out in italics throughout this volume
Violet 30 x 22 pg. 69
Voluptuosity 24 x 18 pg. 8

[W]

Waldorf Astoria 9 x 12 pg. 52
Washington Square 30 x 22 pg. 45
Where Lies The Relic Of Desire (Gate 7 –Rev. Fornication) 60 x 42 pg 234
Which is the slave that ... pg. 42
Who's Afraid Of The Big Bad Wolf? – detail pg. 110
Who's Afraid Of The Big Bad Wolf? 23 ½ x 37 ½ pg. 125
Whole 22 ½ x 15 pg. 89
Wideworld 30 x 22 pg. 69
Williamsburg Bridge 30 x 22 pg. 44
With Green Eyes Masturbating 24 x 18 pg. 135
Womb To Tomb 50 x 38 pg. 117

[Y]

Youth (A Study For Billy Cloud) 30 x 22 pg. 152

[Z]

Zanzibar 48 x 24 pg. 221

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Portraits - Consider the Commentaries
Vignettes - Reflective Notes

1 Portrait – Pencil-Boy-Machine

Drawing with both hands, the artist and his pencils execute early works of 'Bizzarisms' (not present in this portfolio) and 'Pencil Knitting' in his Church Street studio.
Freedom is when... pg. 24

2 Portrait – Tess The Icon At Play

Basically growing up was walks through the lower east sides ethnic streets. He might spend a day with his mother and grandmother at Coney Island beach. The image of her, included here, was the tool for a poster-ized series of work, the un-nude years.
She came to america... pg. 40

3 Portrait – The Artist Enlists In The U.S. Navy

Albert posing as a handsome young sailor as he ponders his destiny. His mother prepares him here to follow in his fathers footsteps. The proud parents, of the first born of four boys, await his manhood in anticipation of what he will become.
Which is the slave that... pg. 42

4 Portrait – Lost In Space

A confident artist makes a statement with his "NY Narratives' at one of his gallery exhibitions. His foundation would not find anchor in this exhibit... yet it was exciting and successful at the time. It became a railed side car to the 'life-drawing' that would dominate his art.
Expression is the... pg. 48

5 Portrait – Graduation Day

After his graduation from Pratt Institute he anticipates a career as an art teacher. However the turbulent times forces him to prepare for the war; the war of the 'flower-power' children or the 'apocalypse now' moguls. He grew his hair long as a disguise but he got caught.
Albert is the artist, the artist is... pg. 70

6 Portrait – When We Became One

At a solemn temple in an obscure land the artist and his angelic counterpart find a hallow ground to claim as a sanctuary of creative commitment to one another. Fortified by the 'blisters-of-the-sun', in which they were born, the communion took place... as one second passed...and they made one... they made Damien.
Don't dwell on what... pg. 87

7 Portrait – Two Fireflies Buzzing

The theories of time and space have no hold when the merger of souls become the criteria. The artist here, in splinters, looks for the path to the eternal gallery. That which might hold a name plaque for him. Being naked he might not have a 'hat-to-hang' but perhaps he could trade in his pencil stubs (thousands of them) for at least a foothold to a seat inside.
The ghosts in the gallery of... pg. 102

8 Portrait – Young And Fisted Beginnings

Albert scratching young art out of paper with pencil. Peering out with a solemn expression he prepares for, his life's work to come, a parade of nude models. His fist bears his graduation ring. The inscription on the ring was the Pratt motto, "Be true to your work and your work will be true to you". The ring was lost in the Ohio river while white water rafting, he never stopped drawing though.
Ah to express a... pg. 114

9 Portrait – In Memorance Of Virginity

And now the time has come to make a stance and be certain... where dwells the pillars of art or the forces of creativity. He must step firmly and with confidence as the faded glory of a wilted rose will empower a stronger search for the waterhole. His question at the time, "Is fertility really dead?"
Hail to the saints that... pg 140

10 Portrait – The Midnight Cowboy

OK, now the artist gets down to the raw raunchy spirit that he has the auspicious hunger for. Here he is seen striping bare naked in a tenement building with walls of graffiti and broken blistered plaster as he will prepare his needle and gluestick looking for a naked model to play 'midnight cowboy' with... to play it out to the end.
All art is the birth of... pg. 160

11 Portrait – Skinning The Rat

In a rare moment the model turns the camera on a.c. Tuckruskye at work in his 'cave dwellings' studio. The model, angel, unhooked his body from the upside down cross that he was impaled on and said, "enough, it's your turn to be exposed, let's see what you look like while you are 'havin' at me." This is a rare opportunity to see frontal nudity of the artist at its primordial best.
The energy of the... 171

12 Portrait – The Cereal Killer

Now we reach maturity... here the artist takes a stance with piercing stare as he poses for a portrait with his 'Heroic' canvas on display in the gallery. Comin' right back at ya the black stubble's of a three day beard are a contradiction to the razor spikes of his blond hair. The spikes have the opportunity to pierce the world of art as the stubble's have the authority to poke from this naked surrender. About his hair... it has been said that only his hairdresser knows for sure.
He wanted to eat of the... pg. 200

13 Portrait – As Art - Crucifixion II

No portrait is presented at this artist's vignette. The torn bleeding flesh asks the questions in the artists 'Sartre' soul and shows no gain... for no matter how anything is taken it is in existential rebuttal. In a sober moment poignant levels of human correspondence can be found to accentuate various degrees of perception.
In finding the definition of... pg. 210

14 Portrait – The N. Y. Halloween Parade

The artist would often try to reinvent himself. During a social event, invited by the students he taught Basic Drawing to at C. W. Post, he is seen here as a fun loving fruitfly. This was an egg bearing night so it is ironic that in one of his classroom lessons he taught the students how to draw eggs... break them... smash then against the blackboard... and then you begin to see how to draw the essence... and so this gives birth to uncovering the mystery of that fateful night...
Fatherhood – he... paraded as a... pg. 241

15 Portrait – As Cadence 'Leader of the BoV'

At times the artist appeared in a variety of personas that he would indulge in. With a desperate hunger to be drawing the model, when all was lost to him, he turned to himself. The inspiration and the subject matter of Egon Schiele embellished his portrayals... but not to be portraits.
No future is a future if... pg. 242

16 Portrait – In Red Underwear

Here the title says it all. That is because what you come to expect might be present but could be 'under discipline'.
This is - as everything is - unfolded in this career. What is underneath is where true discovery lies. So the artist's portrait here teases with full intention to invite you to...
The last thought I had was... pg. 278

17 Portrait – Wedding Day

The days of frolicking and schoolwork were over. He needed to find someone to live with, to be secure, to find his range of comfort. One day the far reaches of human touch gave notice to the inner touch, one you can't see or explain. That birth went on and on and on after the wedding day... even when it was challenged by scar tissue and stretch marks... he stayed sincere and still believed, pencil in hand, in the threshold of a dream.
The love of his life is... pg. 286

18 Portrait – Eat My Ass

He took off his clothes often but he never did become fully naked. The work took on bigger and more exuberant portals. The 'Cave Dwellings' exhibit was a full display of eight foot (and larger) works with neurotic energies that dominated tormented figures and fever filled male nude engagements. The work for the audience was difficult to digest. Maybe it was the wrong audience. Launched at the height of the 'aids epidemic' the work was panned by the critics. The works still remain a glowing testament to fierce energy and courage.
My work is a patent of... pg. 296

19 Portrait – Artist in A Sanctioned Pose

Probably the closest anyone could ever get to Albert is portrayed here. This interaction is most likely the closest he ever got to reaching his goal... to be inside the gallery on the other side of the light . He feverishly tried to 'break-in' to the scene with letters, press releases, advertising, invitations, performances and entered competitions that all failed. The goal was just to have one piece of work to be coveted by his MoMA.
Before the gateway to... pg. 328

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20 Portrait – The Artist In The Raw

During this adventure he became part of a group of artists' called 'Raw Space'. They held vigils together as well as singular exhibitions and performances. Their talent was remarkable but as a whole they were never discovered or given-up-to as a temporary or permanent 'stable' to any gallery. His work during this time was turbulent, and prolific with an abundant turn out. Many of the artist from this group are still active to this day.
Some things were not... pg. 330

21 Portrait – A Toast To The Pink Triangle Freed

Having traveled the world over to see first hand all the 'inspirations of art' he accomplished his primary goal. A stellar moment passed as he visited in person the three great graves; Van Gogh, Tchaikovsky, and Morrison. He fell deathly ill on the very steps of the Albertina in Vienna. Hospitalized, he regretfully never stepped inside the museum to be before E.S. 'the master' of the nude.
And then there was a... pg. 345

22 Portrait – In The "Hour Of the Wolf " Reach Beyond

Here a.c. Tuckruskye plays out no part, the wolf takes him further into the reaches of Francis Bacon. He waits with a stored entourage that belongs to a communion of himself and a patron of private art. The argument here is whether or not to disclose that, in a sober moment while pondering his catalog of work, he found the vagina of the sky... in beholding it & to reassure himself that it was really happening he called on the nearest witness ... Antoninus his boy friend... all was safe now as he knew the bronze statue would never betray him of the little secret garden they had found.
Reflections on a reach into that one singular space were we... Pg. 366

23 Portrait – With One Particular Horse Called Nugget He Embraces

During a small venue a.c.t. III staged his interpretation of "Equus" by Peter Shaffer. In a version of the play edited by himself he played both parts, Dr. Dysart and Alan Strang, simultaneously. He found, all that he had lost, and discovered everything that he was to be during these successful performances. The playbill he designed still exists but there is no other record of the event.
Someone told me that... pg. 373

Postings of random phrases found in

calligraphic scratches & scribbles on the "Ballet" canvases

Erection made in heaven, inserts, mouths, inserts of another country, erection from heaven, erection of heaven, his kingdom come, his kingdom comes crashing down, his kingdom down crashing, heart boy, father off around ped pederasty, jerk off, fragrance, jack luck, jacks, jack trick, jack trick, soured jack, jack on my..., jack off suck a, scouts consent, scouts, consent, passage poison passage, performance blood, labor, language, force of language, flight of the children, of the callous moon, human blood, half of circumstance, future of the divine, hunted ____ ____, soul, heart, soul of, divine, habit, volet of habit, v ---- of love, habit of vein, vein of habit, habit & the hurt, pounding heart, tortured dog, tortured days, song of begged for I love you, tortured days, song to spalding, toys of cursed days, toyed & tattered, in these cursed lines, song to spalding, purpose a perpetual dance, spalding, song to you from the heart of tortured days, song to spalding



someone told me that art
was the 'mother of love'

it made me wonder whether or not
I was a mother-fucker

Portrait of the artist (in an equestrain moment)... with apologies for his pencil, but not his brush !

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