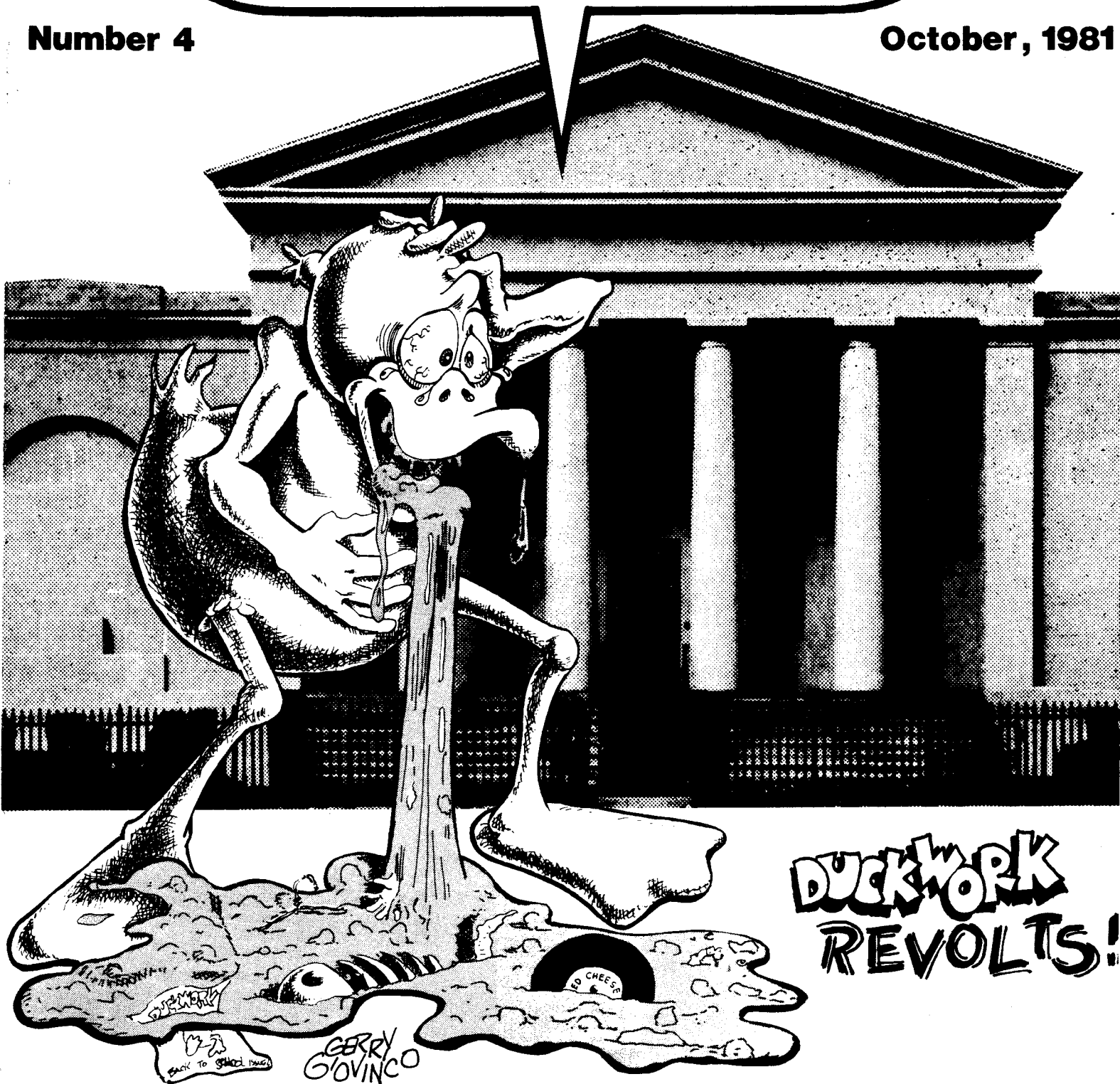


# DUCKWORK

CREATED FOR THE PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF ART COMMUNITY

Number 4

October, 1981



**DUCKWORK  
REVOLTS!**

## dedication

As we type out this dedication, it is difficult not to express our appreciation to Joe Garbarino, Head Security Officer, all around super guy, and the person who made this typewriter we're hacking on a part of DUCKWORK's furnishings. Since Joe is chief of security, this gives us a chance to tip our hats to the rest of his fine force of guards and offer get well wishes to Officer Dan Nicollucci, who was over'come' by illness this past week.

### THE DUCKS

Gerry Giovinco-editor  
Bill Cucinotta  
Dan Lange  
Bill Foster  
John Rondeau  
Kyle Skrinak  
Matt Wagner  
Joe Zeigler

## escort

Here's a note for the student that likes to work late nights at PCA, but hates to walk home in the dark with all the questionable life forms lurking around the next corner.

Later this semester, a shuttle van will be made accessible to the PCA community. It will leave every 30 minutes, and have a range from river to river and from Market to Catharine Streets. This will out class the present system of one on-foot guard with a six block limit, which has been quite successful since its inception but has its problems.

Remember the shuttle van is being tested and will remain as a security feature only if the students take full advantage of its services. So, please do.

## halloween

OOOOOH!!! That's right, it's time for PCA's galla Halloween Masquerade Ball. This event that has become a great school tradition will be held Oct. 30 at J&A Caterers, 1212 South Broad from 8:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. You may wonder why J&A's as opposed to a "classier place" such as The Academy of Music or The Bellevue. The reason is because this year's Arts Council was put in a bind due to lack of prior preparation. A thorough search for a hall proved fruitless as most places large enough were previously booked. But, a stroke of fate steered the dance committee towards J&A, and were quickly overwhelmed by the atmosphere that definately has a character worthy of a Halloween Ball. We don't want to reveal too much, so you'll have to see for yourself - be there.

Oh yeah, price is \$3.00, or \$4.00 at the door. There will be a live band, cash bar, and four entree buffet.

## security

Dear Students,

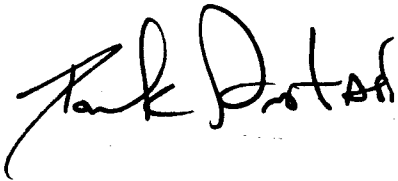
Please let me begin by thanking the editor and staff at DUCKWORK for allowing me to talk to you today. As many of you know, there has been an unending problem with students forgetting to bring their ID cards with them when trying to gain admittance to the college facilities after hours and on weekends. Please be advised that the security officer at the front desk will not admit anyone without proper identification. Many students object to the security procedures by using phrases like, "I'm not a criminal," or, "This is no way to treat me after I've paid all this money."

This policy, believe it or not,

has been adapted to protect you. Without this policy, anyone at all could walk in here and do considerable damage to the equipment, classrooms, and possibly even hurt unsuspecting students who are studying.

What I'm saying here makes good sense. Please try to see it my way, and you'll benefit, I'm sure. So next time you come in after hours, instead of frowning, smile and follow procedure. It only takes a minute, and it doesn't hurt a bit.

Thank you very much,



Security Officer Anastasi  
Badge #500



## editorial

Well now, you readers didn't think that we'd let you go two whole issues without a few words of witicism from ye ol' editor. Of course not! Now let's get 'down' to business.

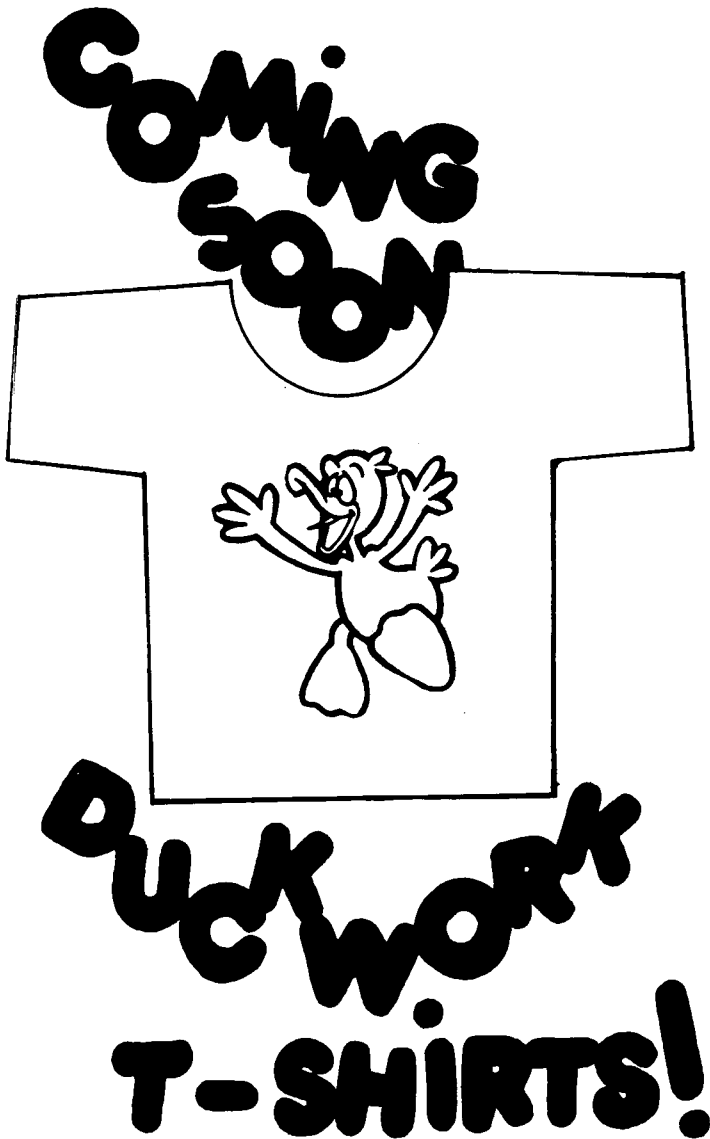
Our cover is just a little graphic this time around, and I imagine that you would like an explanation for this revolting image. Actually, it is our own response to our last issue. It seemed to be the consensus around the school and the office that the issue was a nice looking piece, but it was just plain old BORING.

It lacked the guts, no, it lacked the balls that the earlier DUCKWORK's had.

We had our chance to devour the administration and we blew it! We played it safe and didn't step on toes. In fact, we actually sickened ourselves with our own pacivity. Hence, one puking duck to represent our sentiments. We are sorry if we have let our readers down.

I think that now I can safely say that we are sure of DUCKWORK's direction. It will be a very strange conglomerate of entertainment, opinion and synicism that we hope you will enjoy. At times we may be offensive, we hope this won't begrudge us your readership.

Please feel free to participate in DUCKWORK either through letters of response or by submissions. It is not necessary to be a Duck to participate in the Duckwork activities. We are just a bunch of increadibly insane weirdos, er, I mean, uh, fun luvin' artists, who don't have 'coodies' so stop by and visit us up on the ominous thirteenth floor!



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## HEAD CHEESE - A REVIEW

Before I start my review, I would like to interject this point. No matter what you might think of this disc, you must give credit to Head Cheese, for I know cutting an album is in no way easy, and shows lots of effort put into their music.

Or does it? Now, I've heard Head Cheese practice, and even though it's not fair to judge a band from practice, you can still conjure up some idea of what they're like, and what I heard wasn't good. As a matter of fact, their level of musical technique was painfully and ostensibly inept. Their level of creativity really didn't seem to do better, either.

Anyway, I wanted to be objective in listening to their album. The album doesn't show their mistakes as much, but for different reasons. Production techniques allowed for mistakes to become subtle, and perhaps sound planned (some-thing avant-garde music can get away with). Nonetheless, this was not as cloudy, and, I assume, it is concrete evidence of what Head Cheese wants to be known by. Teenage Idol, Non-melodic, and Jungle Jam are the three songs recorded, and I'll start with Teenage Idol.

To classify (for you stereotypifiers) This song, like the rest, is underground/pop/new-wave, with an up-beat tempo. The drums in it have the same boring pattern I've heard every unsubstantial pop/new-wave band use, and that critically hurts the song, not to forget all the other clichés of the late 1970's pop/new-wave arrangements. As for the lyrics- really cute.

Non-melodic, a much slower, ballady-type song, is laced heavily with a silly Farfisa sound organ. I'm afraid production could not hide the horrendous singing, and it has a surprise ending (who the hell mastered this album?).

And the coup-de-gras (or poop on de grass) song Jungle Jam. You know, the one about the shriveled up baby? Anyway, at first I thought this song just may have some substance, but a few more listenings corrected that impression. Out of sync drums with out of sync keyboards cause the rythms to collapse, and the use of an unusually sounding stringed instrument is much overdone. I won't even bother with this one.

In general- I thought the drums were discustingly poor, the keyboards and singing not much better, and the words, cute.

I assume this is an attempt at an "artsy" type of album, but complications of defining the music go deeper. Listening to it, I felt in a struggle between its attempt to be underground/ pop/ new-wave at the same time, a sort of tug-of-war. Under it all, I feel it's saying, "I want you to hate me." Well, I'll do better than that....I'll forget about it.

Well, if you're still interested in buying this album, here is a partial list of where you can pick up a copy for \$3.00; Utrecht at PCA, and Student Services.

Kyle Skrinak

# MANDRAKE

by John Rondeau and Gerry Giovinco

## CHAPTER II: DANGER IN HER EYES

The evening following the strange meeting in Rittenhouse Square, the mysterious Mandrake and Natasha, a very sensuous woman in a long slinky dress, entered the posh Mallard Club.

The maitre d', a small balding man, looked at the odd couple with bored eyes. "The usual table tonight, sir?"

The dark, gray clad figure simply nodded. The diminutive servant led Mandrake and Natasha to the darkest corner of the restaurant.

Over dinner, Mandrake looked into Natasha's dark eyes and thought to himself, 'There's something about her, something dangerous; I can feel it. It's that same electric feeling I get when I think about this job, the Ducknar! It's that charge that runs up and down my spine that keeps me in this line of work. The thrill of gaining that which is impossible to achieve. Just thinking about it gives me chills.'

Natasha looked up at Mandrake. "Is there something wrong, darling?", she purred, her sultry voice was like a full orchestra.

"No," he said in a low voice, "there's nothing wrong Natasha. I'm only thinking."

They finished their dinner and drove out to Mandrake's riverside flat. Natasha fixed the both of them a couple of strong drinks. Soon she was slipping out of her dress, "Turn off the lights, darling," she whispered as she walked towards the bedroom door.

Across the street from Mandrake's cottage two men sat in a sleek black limousine. Both men were gazing at the house.

When the lights went out the driver turned to his companion. "I'd give them about four hours," he said, his voice heavily accented. "Mandrake likes to work slow."

His buddy laughed a perverted little chuckle. "Your right, Tony. The Boss said that Mandrake usually leaves before dawn. Strange guy, huh?"

The Boss says we've got to take care of Mandrake. seems he's double-crossing the Boss. Too bad, right Ralph?"

He sneared, "Right"

The clock on the nightstand read 4:00, it was still dark out. Natasha slipped out of bed and quietly slipped her dress on. She dared not breathe, lest she wake the still sleeping Mandrake. She went over to Mandrake's coat and found his wallet. She quickly withdrew \$100 and replaced it.

Natasha smiled, picked up her shoes and walked to the door on tip-toes. She carefully unlocked the door and swung it open.

Mandrake was awakened suddenly by the sound of machine guns discharging their magazines.

He quickly drew a revolver from beneath his bed and walked over to the window. He peered out. Lying on the sidewalk was the bullet ridden body of Natasha, her face in the awful grimace of death. Down the street, speeding out of sight, Mandrake could see the dealer of death.

"That was meant for me." He uttered in a voice that seemed intrigued.

## How Important Was It?

As dictated by circumstance  
(for those of you strong enough never to care)

Sketches of prisoners bleach in the sun, dead at last- salt flats seemed devoid of life at first, but then I saw antelopes on a teapot, and the earth began to shake- obviously squirrel time.

"Oh, and what did you give up? Your Shoes? Did you sell them? Did you give them away? Or, were they just swiftly taken away by small men in blue serge suits?"

Have you seen his lifestyle? I think he left it in his other set of clothes. Won't you please come home-my dogs would never bite anyone as hungry as you. I have my own window that the sun comes through for 45 minutes every day-is that enough?

Who are the little men in the blue serge suits? and who is their leader? What do they want? I have no money, no car, and no stereo- I traded them all for some new boots- want to see? They're some really fine boots, and they didn't cost all that much. They're almost broken in now. Pax and lunchtime thanx, simmering over a hot stove, phantasms of spring, summer, and winter fell- can't afford to take too much more.

What do you love? Did you ever hear the one about being just friends- nothing more? I think it means, 'Go fuck yourself, creep,' but I'm not sure- ASSASSINATION- and I wanted to take her to see Dylan, only to revel under a bloodshot moon, bewitched by the unburied dead- quite unquiet.

Interior scenes- well, well, and full well the concious maiden guessed he probed the weakness of her breast; more seabottom passed above them.

Home! I'd trade a home for a road, and these horns for the hat I once wore. Where will I be tomorrow? Will I be alone? Do I already know? or should we ask the cards?

From blue to bitter-Cat must have known- and he's gone all zen and ascetic.

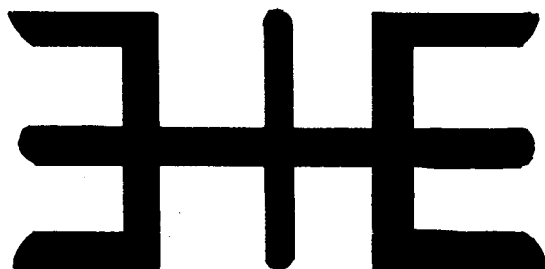
But I see her when I can- a skulking shadow, darting about in the corners- who needs that?

I got work to do- pain is for weak people, people who cannot cope with loneliness-people who need a reality- I can make my own- I cannot be allowed to weaken and become one of you.

I am I.

Above, beyond, seeker of pure. Where did you get that table? I got one just like it at home. Kerovac and Dean armwrestle in Toledo- tomorrow? HAH! You dreamer!

And yesterday is just a joke- now is when pain exists, always now- or there is no pain. So let's go skating amidst our brain cells, till they drop the bomb that cuts it all off.

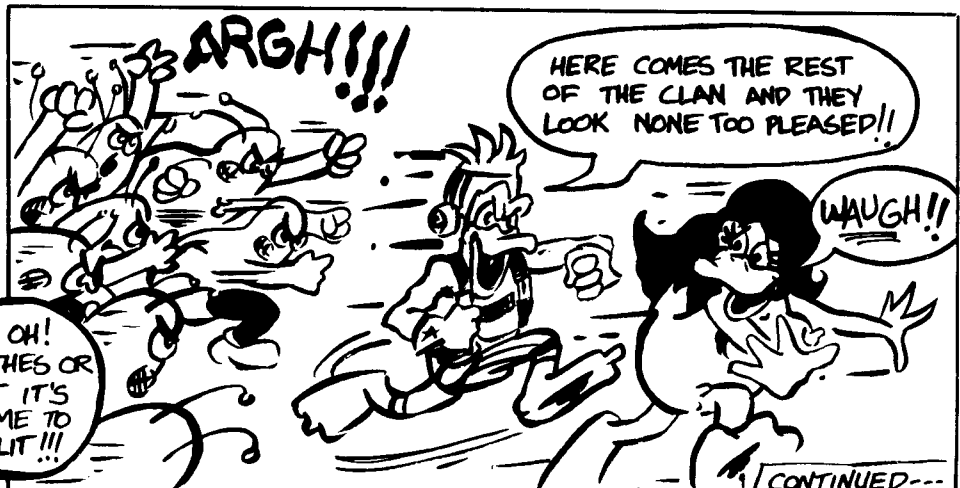
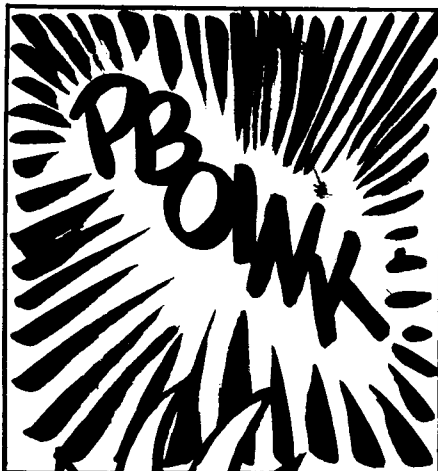
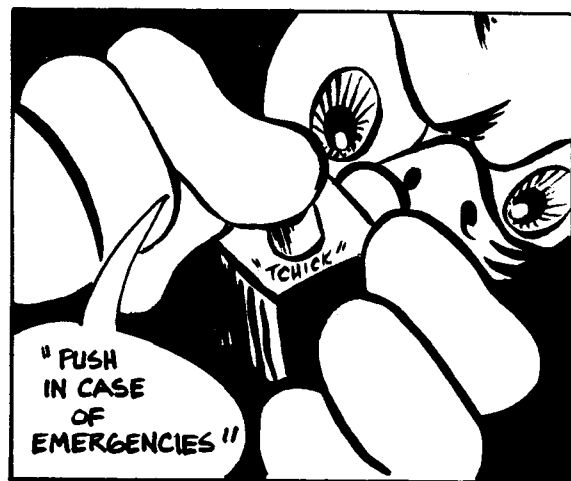
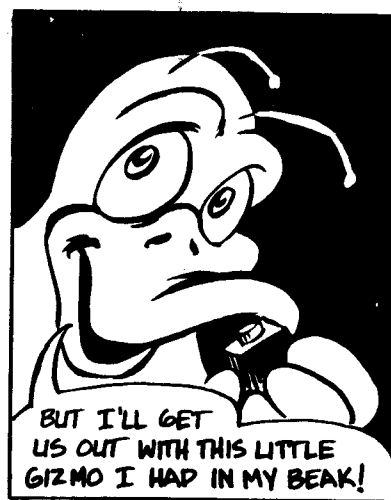


Daniel R. Lange,  
With an assist from  
the patient, balding men in  
the blue serge suits.

# STAR DUCK

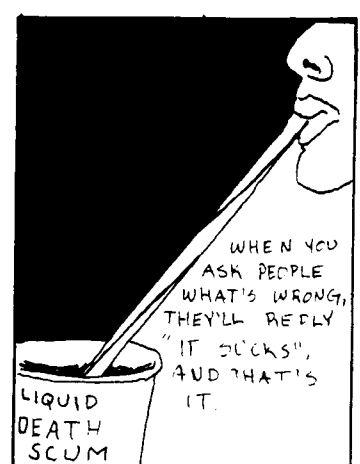
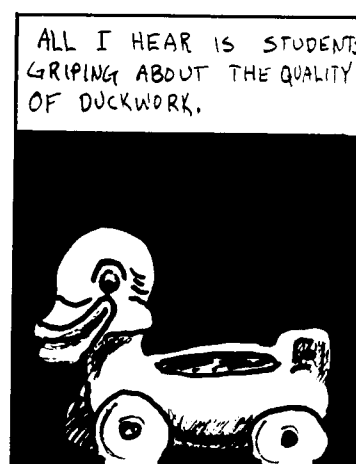
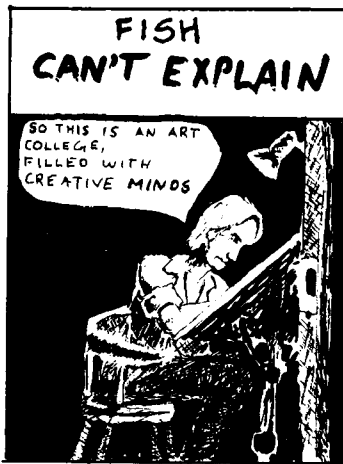
by GERRY GIOVINCO

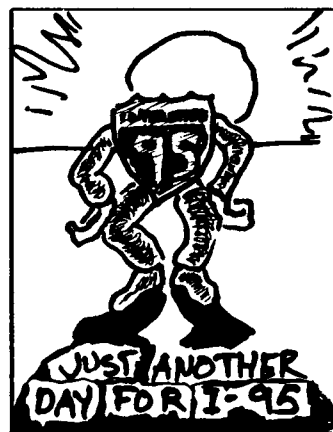
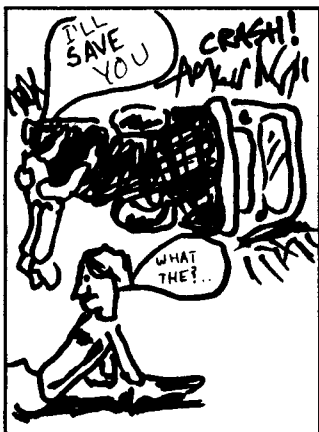
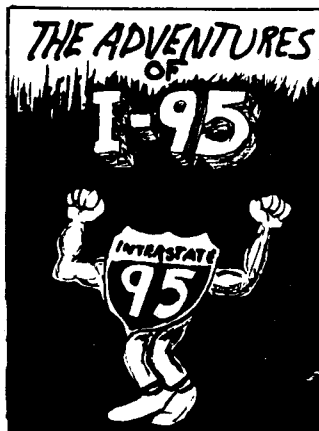
OUR STORY SO FAR:  
LANCE AND GAIL HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE TUSHY BUGS AND TURNED INTO TUSHY DUCKS BY THE GOD ANUS. UNFORTUNATELY FOR GAIL THE TUSHY BUGS, BEING HERMAPHRODITES, HAVE NEVER SEEN A FEMALE TUSHY BUG AND THEY RESPOND TO A PRIMAL CALL OF NATURE---



CONTINUED---







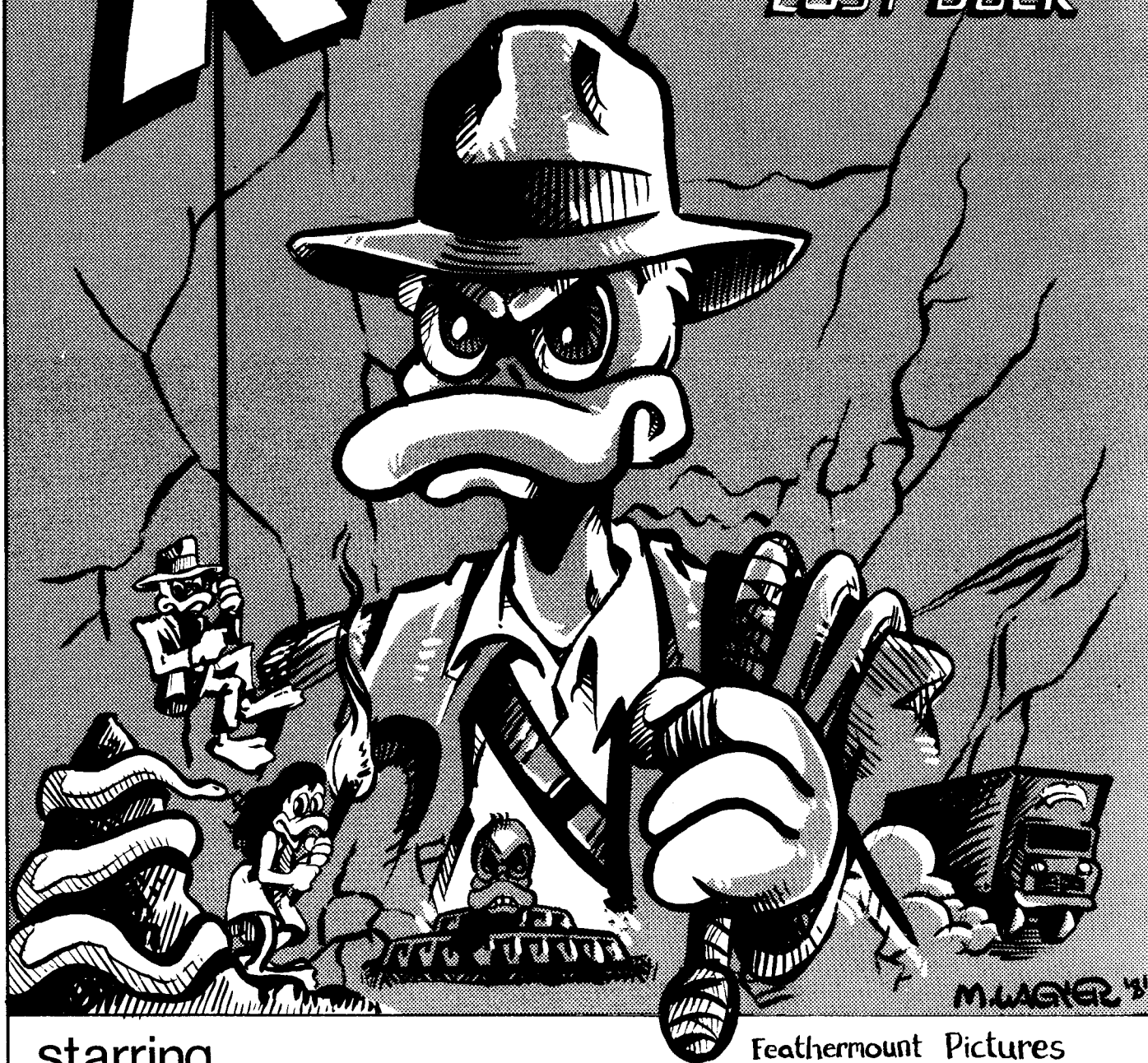
KYLE SKRINAK (80-1991)



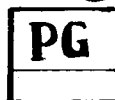
DRAKIANA JONES - the new hero of this age !!

# RAIDERS

of the *LOST DUCK*



starring  
**Harrison Fowl**



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