



**2018 A/PW Impressions**

**proofed by:**

**Adrian Kellett:** drums

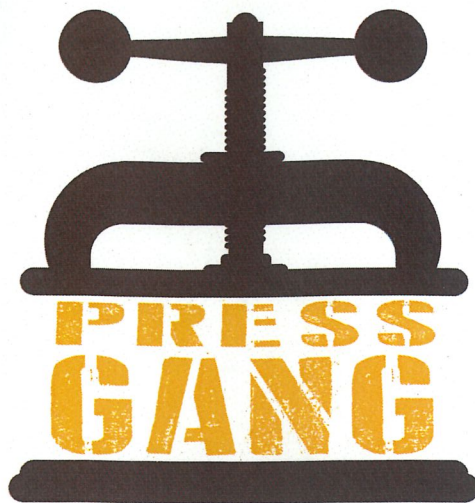
**Julie Forrester:** vocals

**Simon White:** thin line guitar

**Martin King:** rhythm guitar, vocals

**Graeme Drendel:** lead guitar, vocals

**Jazmina Cininas:** vocals, original lyrics



**Original Reproductions**

**Handbook**

**2018 A/PW Impressions**

**Edition**

*Trial*  
*130*



Designed, printed and bound by

Jazmina Cininas

Melbourne 2018

**1<sup>ST</sup> IMPRESSION**

## YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT

I've got something to say that might cause you pain  
I'm afraid you're gonna have to ink that up again

You've gotta keep your hand flat  
When you wipe back  
(*You've gotta keep it flat when you wipe back*)  
'Cause I've told you before  
Ooo, you can't print that

Used relief when it should have been intaglio ink  
Now your paper is sticking  
Tell me, what were you thinking?

Gotta keep your hand flat  
When you wipe back  
(*You've gotta keep it flat when you wipe back*)  
'Cause I've told you before  
Ooo, you can't print that

Wipe your edges clean  
Is that a fingerprint from your glove?  
How long has it been  
Since your paper was wet?  
What? Not soaking it yet?

I can tell by the CLUNK that the pressure's too tight  
You'll rip a hole in the blanket if you don't set it right

You've gotta keep your hand flat,  
When you wipe back  
(*You've gotta keep it flat when you wipe back*)  
'Cause I've told you before  
Ooo, you can't print that

Keep your paper clean  
Is that a fingerprint from your glove?  
Don't wanna cause a scene  
But just by the way  
You've got ink on your face!

So please listen to me for the very last time  
You call that editioning? I call it a crime.

You gotta keep your hand flat,  
When you wipe back  
(*You've gotta keep it flat when you wipe back*)  
'Cause I've told you before  
Ooo, you can't print that . . .

## DEB WILLIAMS DOG

How I wish it were my fate  
To be immortalised on copper plate  
Like Robert Clinch's paper plane  
A Raymond Arnold mountain scape

I wanna be a Deb Williams dog  
I wanna be a Deb Williams dog  
I wanna be a Deb Williams dog  
Well come on!

A Michael Kempson soda can  
Kyoko's rabbit wonderland  
I swear I'd do most anything  
To be a lyrebird by Martin King

I wanna be a Deb Williams dog  
I wanna be a Deb Williams dog  
I wanna be a Deb Williams dog  
Well come on!

I wanna be a Deb Williams dog  
A Rick Amor suburban fog  
A bush by Herta Kluge-Pott  
Well come on  
Come on

MAYO

Mayo, Mayo

*Deadline's coming and I need to screen print*

May, I say May, I say Oh, I say May, I say Oh, I  
say Mayo

*Deadline's coming show me how to screen print*

Booked the gallery the pressure's on

*Deadline's coming and I need to screen print*

Help me Rebecca finish my print run

*Deadline's coming show me how to screen print*

Help me Rebecca with my colour separation

*Deadline's coming and I need to screen print*

How many dots I need to get the right gradation?

*Deadline's coming show me how to screen print*

Is it one colour, two colour, three colour, four?

*Deadline's coming and I need to screen print*

Six colour, eight colour, ten colour, more?

*Deadline's coming show me how to screen print*

May, I say Mayo

*Got my squeegee and I wanna screen print*

May, I say May, I say Oh, I say May

*Makes it look easy show me how to screen print*

Help me Rebecca cause I'm losing my composure  
*Deadline's coming and I need to screen print*  
I need me your secret for determining exposure  
*Deadline's coming show me how to screen print*

Is it one minute, two minute, three minute, four?  
*Deadline's coming and I need to screen print*  
Six minute, eight minute, ten minute, more?  
*Deadline's coming show me how to screen print*

Mayo, Mayo

*Got my squeegee and I wanna screen print*

May, I say Mayo

*Makes it look easy show me how to screen print*

Show me Rebecca, work your magic with emulsion  
*Deadline's coming and I need to screen print*  
I can't get your angle or your smooth flowing  
motion  
*Deadline's coming show me how to screen print*

Mayo, Mayo

*Deadline's coming and I need to screen print*

May, I say May, I say Oh, I say May, I say Oh, I  
say Mayo

*Deadline's coming show me how to screen print*

## I BLAME GRAEME PEBBLES

Rock me, give it a flick  
Keep Rocking, it isn't a trick yeah  
Rocking, no mezzotint magic baby  
And I can't get enough of it

Rock me, forwards and back, keep  
rocking, for velvety blacks Oh Baby,  
I've just gotta keep a'rocking it  
Don't stop a'rocking it now

*Don't stop the rocking,  
Gotta keep a'rocking,  
Don't stop a'rocking now*

I had never been shy  
When it came to intaglio  
Thought I'd give it a try

All day rocking from left to right  
Rocking diagonally through the night

Top to bottom in the morning light  
Then start again, start again, start again

Oh Baby  
Rocking, in every direction  
Rocking, cross every section  
'Till I, get zero reflection, Then I  
I get to do it all again

Rocking, all night and all day now  
Rocking, in every which way  
God damn it, still only prints grey  
When will I  
Get to start burnishing?  
Wanna start burnishing now

*Don't stop the rocking  
Just gotta keep a'rocking  
Never stop a'rocking, now*

I really wanted to see  
A glorious chiaroscuro  
But it wasn't to be

Got tennis elbow and I'm going blind  
Pins and needles down my left side

Scoliosis and RSI  
At twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five

Oh Baby  
Maybe, this wasn't so clever  
Feels like, I've been rocking for ever  
Now I, wish that I'd never started  
Oh I should have aquatinted it

Stuff this, I'm calling it quits  
I've had it, and I can't feel my wrists  
From rocking, whose idea was this?  
Oh baby,  
I blame Graeme Peebles  
I blame Graeme Peebles

Rocking, wish I knew the trick of  
Rocking, just gives me the shits yeah  
Rocking, it's mezzotint madness, baby  
And I blame Graeme Peebles  
I blame Graeme Peebles I do

*So sick of rocking,  
Had enough of rocking  
I never wanna rock again*

I met her at a gallery in Collingwood  
Where they serve champagne and some rather good  
Cambozola  
Z-O-L-A zola

She limped up to me with a cheeky grin  
Had her leg in a cast from boxing  
In Altona  
You didn't hear wrong  
(Or maybe it was Werribee?)

She asked "Do you wanna do a folio  
With an animal theme and a travelling show  
In October?  
Said I'd think it over  
But I know that the moment she hands me a badge  
Of a nautical seagull puffing on a fag  
I'm a goner,  
I can't deny Rona,  
Ro ro ro ro Rona

With her tattooed pets and sharpie hair  
I'm seeing Rona everywhere  
Tell me, what is it about this girl from Geelong  
And her fringe-dwelling misfits that just wanna  
belong?

It's insane to edition to fifty-four  
But when she asks me the question  
I say "Of course!" to my Rona  
R-O-N-A Rona Ro ro ro ro Rona  
Rona R-O-N-A Rona, Ro ro ro ro Rona

I slaved every day,  
From dusk until dawn,  
I slept on the floor,  
I got down on my knees  
Rona can I have an extension please?

A fortnight to go and the nightmares begin  
Seeing visions of amputees in animal skins  
Made by Rona  
Won't leave me alone  
Reprobate cats with Soviet tats  
Head hunting Dalmations  
What's up with that?  
Tell me Rona  
A dodgy persona?  
At the point where I start to loose my hair  
I remember the flippin' questionnaire  
As I'm tearing the tissue paper to the same size  
I'm haunted by lagamorphs with Aaron's eyes  
Finally handing my edition in  
It's another print prize she's beaten me again!  
Bloody Rona,  
R-O-N-A Rona, Ro ro ro ro Rona . . .

## AM I EVER GONNA ETCH A PLATE AGAIN?

Went down to Gertrude Street

Where Reko paints the walls

The APW

Had already shut its doors

Am I ever gonna print this plate again?

Am I ever gonna print this plate again?

I'm out of tarlatan

My etching tool is blunt

Forgot to mirror

Now my writing's back to front

Am I ever gonna ink a plate again?

*Degrease, ink up, wipe off*

Am I ever gonna ink a plate again?

*Degrease, ink up, wipe off*

Inhaled the rosin

Now I've got a nasty cough.

I used the hard ground

When I should have used the soft.

Am I ever gonna wipe a plate again?

*Degrease, ink up, wipe off*

Am I ever gonna wipe a plate again?

*Degrease, ink up, wipe off*

The ferric's tainted

Feel like throwing in the towel.

I wanted spit bite

What I got instead was foul.

Am I ever gonna etch a plate again?

*Degrease, ink up, wipe off*

Am I ever gonna etch a plate again?

*Degrease, ink up, wipe off*

Am I ever gonna ink a plate again?

Am I ever gonna wipe a plate again?

Am I ever gonna print a plate again?

Am I ever gonna etch a plate again?

*Degrease, ink up, wipe off*

Messed up my sugar lift

I failed at chine collé

Don't even talk to me

About à la poupée,

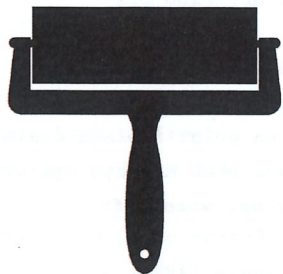
Am I ever gonna etch a plate again?

*Degrease, ink up, wipe off*

Am I ever gonna etch a plate again?

*Degrease, ink up, wipe off . . .*





2<sup>ND</sup> IMPRESSION

## BIG STUDIO

Lord

Won't you build me

A big studio?

My house is all full up

I got no-where to go

I walk down the hallway

And bang my elbow

Oh Lord

Won't you build me

A big studio?

Lord

Won't you buy me

A new etching press?

I'd quite like an Enjay

Hell, I'll take M.E.S.

The spoon aint a'cuttin' it

Though I've tried my best

Oh Lord

Won't you buy me

A new etching press?

Lord

Won't you buy me

A fine drying rack?

I've covered the benches

The stairs out the back

The floor and the furniture

With prints too wet to stack

Oh Lord

Won't you buy me

A fine drying rack?

Lord

Won't you build me

A big studio?

My house is all full up

I got no-where to go

I walk down the hallway

And bang my elbow

Oh Lord

Won't you build me

A big studio?

Oh Lord

Won't you build me

A big studio?

## I GO TO BALDESSIN

When I look up from my etching  
The city is grey, to me  
I close my eyes and I drift to a place  
That seems made, for me

I go northeast, east  
Tess and Sylvie wait, for me  
I go northeast, east  
Studio amongst the trees

Time comes November  
My mind's on a tastier type, of plate  
Driving for hours and hoping the showers  
Choose to, abate

I go northeast, east  
To the picnic of my dreams  
I go northeast, east  
Studio amongst the trees

I wanna win, I won't lie  
The Baldessin Press raffle prize  
And wouldn't it, wouldn't it be cool  
To beat Ros at boules?

Put down my burnisher  
Pick up the microphone, instead  
Lloyd on harmonica sporting tillandsia  
On, his head

I go northeast, east  
To the picnic of my dreams  
I go northeast, east  
Baldessin amongst the trees

I wanna be a star, mama  
Of the printmaking firmament,  
So I jumped into my car, mama  
And I bought myself a roll, of the best linoleum

Well I sharpened up my tools, mama  
So I could make a print like Rew's  
But they won't obey the rules, mama  
They're going off in all directions, and it  
looks like number twos

Give me a sign oh won't ya, mama  
Will I ever make the cut?  
Pour me a wine oh won't ya, mama  
I'm almost ready to give up

Thought I'd change it up a gear, mama  
I hear reduction's all the trend  
But I've been printing half a year, mama,  
And still there's no sight of the end

Maybe I need a lighter touch, mama  
I wanted this bit to be black  
But then I slipped and cut too much, mama  
And now I'll never get it back

I'm going psycho ain't I, mama  
It's caused me nothing else but grief  
I blame the lino on it, mama  
How the hell is this 'relief'?

Well I'm filling up with doubt, mama  
And my ink is full of crud  
And my registration's out, mama  
And I've just pulled another dud

I've got a band aid on each thumb, mama  
Lost me a pint of blood, or three  
And my arms are going numb, mama  
Now my carpal is a 'tunneled, and my back is  
killing me

I'm going psycho ain't I, mama  
Don't think I'll ever make the cut  
I blame it on the lino, mama  
Oh mama, why don't I just give up?

## SMELLS LIKE ASPHALTUM

He grinds it slow with 60 grit  
His scraper bar's just the right fit  
Knows his way 'round gum Arabic  
The perfect squeeze of the nitric

God of, god of lithography  
King of, king of lithography  
God of, god of lithography  
Lithography

Six foot two and so good lookin'  
Had a studio in Brooklyn  
Need asphaltum by the litre  
Think I've got a crush on Peter,  
Really moves his levigator  
Yeah I've got a crush on Peter

Hey!  
Hey!

He'll let it etch just long enough  
Gets talcum when he needs to buff  
You're in safe hands he won't forget  
To roll it up and keep it wet

God of, god of lithography  
King of, king of lithography  
God of, god of lithography  
Lithography

Six foot two and so good lookin'  
Had a studio in Brooklyn  
Likes to take it, nice and easy  
So he's buggered off to Fiji  
Never fills in, no excuses  
He's a miracle of tusches  
Really moves his levigator  
Yeah I've got a crush on Peter

Lancaster, Lancaster, Lancaster, Lancaster

## 52 PAPERS

Lana

Royal White

Sigami

Khadi

Awagami Bamboo

Somerset

Velvet

Hahnemuhle Litho

And Aquarelle Hot Press

Velin Arches, Arches, Arches,

BFK

Velin Arches, Arches, Arches,

BFK

Bhutanese Resho

And Fabriano Rosapino

These are the papers of M.E.S. (whoo!)

Some of the papers at M.E.S.

Velin Arches, Arches, Arches,

BFK

Velin Arches, Arches, Arches,

BFK

Oh, oh, oh Dutch

Dutch etching, and

Canson and Zerkall

in Laid or Wove

Japon and Stonehenge

Kozo and Iwaki

And Fabriano Tiepolo

These are the papers of M.E.S. (whoo!)

So many papers at M.E.S.

And we save, save, save at

The end of year sale

And we save, save, save at

The end of year sale

M.E.S. ES. ES.

## TAKE ME TO MILDURA

Big open sky, eternally blue  
The mighty Murray, meandering through  
I've booked my workshop, out at La Trobe  
Picked up some mandies from the side of the road  
I wanna go, I've been waiting,  
Three years to the day

Take me to Mildura  
And lock me in the Art Vault  
Got my litho stone  
I feel like sticking around

Heard all the latest at the symposia  
Could this be printmaking Utopia?  
Out on the houseboat, isn't it sweet?  
Rapt up in Sheridan, I don't mean the sheets  
I wanna go, I've been waiting,  
Three years to the day

Take me to Mildura  
And lock me in the Art Vault  
Got my litho stone  
I feel like sticking around

Julie, Sasha, Robyn Archer,  
Stephano's, Stephano's

Take me to Mildura

. . .

The Latje Latje, the Barkindji too  
A smokin' welcome with a didgeridoo,  
Top master printers from all over the land  
(I hear they've even got a printmaking band)

Take me to Mildura  
And lock me in the Art Vault  
Got my litho stone  
I may never leave town  
Take me to Mildura  
The APT Mildura . . .



## Old Masters

John Lennon (Beatles), *You can't do that*, 1964

Dave Alexander, Ron Asheton, Scott Asheton, Iggy Pop  
(The Stooges), *Now I wanna be your dog*, 1969

Harry Belafonte, *Banana Boat Song*, 1956

Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus (ABBA), *Rock Me*,  
1975

Ray Davies (The Kinks), *Lola*, 1970

John & Rick Brewster and Doc Neeson (The Angels), *Am  
I ever gonna see your face again?* 1976

Janis Joplin, Michael McClure & Bob Neuwirth,  
*Mercedes Benz*, 1970

Ray Davies (The Kinks), *I go to sleep*, 1965

Leon Payne, *Psycho*, 1968

Nirvana, *Smells like teen spirit*, 1991

Ricky Wilson and Jeremy Ayers (B52s), *52 Girls*, 1979

Al Green & Mabon, *"Teenie" Hodges, Take me to the  
River*, 1974