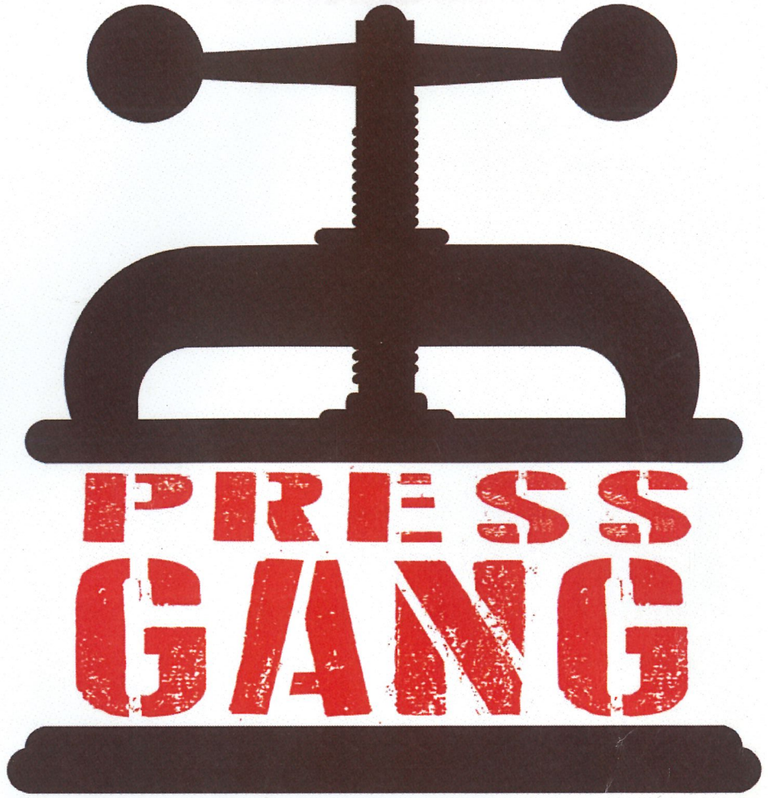
2018 Printmakers' Picnic

proofed by:

Adrian Kellett: drums
Julie Forrester: vocals
Martin King: lead guitar, vocals
Graeme Drendel: lead guitar, vocals
Jazmina Cininas: vocals, original lyrics



Original Reproductions Handbook

Baldessin Press

2018 Printmakers' Picnic

Artists' Proof

dwd

designed, printed and bound by

Jazmina Cininas

Melbourne 2018

1ST IMPRESSION

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

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!

LEAD.

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

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 . . .

RONA

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 tatts
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

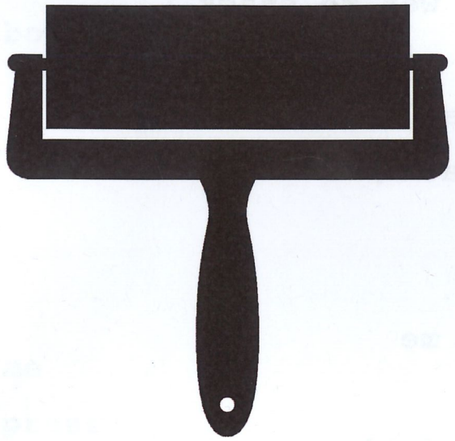
Inhaled the rosin
Now I've got a nasty cough.
I used the hard ground
When I should have used the soft.
Am I ever gonna wipe a plate again?
Degrease, ink up, wipe off
Am I ever gonna wipe a plate again?
Degrease, ink up, wipe off

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 . . .



2ND 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?

MAKE THE CUT

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

F

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

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~~ with 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~~ with 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

C# F A# G# C# F

52 PAPERS

INTRO. A C B

RIFF: A D C A

CH: ~~A G D~~ A C G D

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.

C A G

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

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

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

Harry Belafonte, *Banana Boat Song*, 1956

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

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

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

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS