



**2019 Australian Galleries
Papermade Edition**

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**

**2019 Australian Galleries
Papermade Edition**

30 / 30



designed, printed and bound by

Jazmina Cininas

Melbourne 2019



1ST STATE EDITIONS

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

Dolly Parton, *Jolene*, 1974

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

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

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

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

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 . . .

GLASSINE

Glassine, glassine, glassine, glassine
I'm beggin' of you please be acid free
Glassine, glassine, glassine, glassine
I need to store my prints archivally

I've made a print beyond compare
Want it to last ten thousand years
Can't have my luscious reds be turnin' green
I seek a shelter from UV
A promise to remain dust free
Preserved for all eternity
Glassine

I know to monitor the heat
Is there nothing I can do to keep from foxing?
(Though it does sound kind of hot)
I've buffered all of my tissue
And waged a war against mildew
Oh save me from the silverfish
And rot

Glassine, glassine, glassine, glassine
I'm beggin' of you please be acid free
Glassine, glassine, glassine, glassine
I need to store my prints archivally

Won't tolerate humidity
Excessive alkalinity
Demand Ph neutrality, Glassine
Been careful to use wheat paste glue
I don't know what more else to do
Longevity depends on you,
Glassine

Glassine, glassine, glassine, glassine
I'm beggin' of you please be acid free
Glassine, glassine, glassine, glassine
God help me store my prints archivally

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 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 . . .

I BLAME GRAEME PEBBLES

Rocking, flick of the wrist
Keep rocking, there's no easy trick yeah
Rocking, won't happen by magic baby
You can never do 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 give it the flick 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*

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. (who!)
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. (who!)
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.

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 . . .