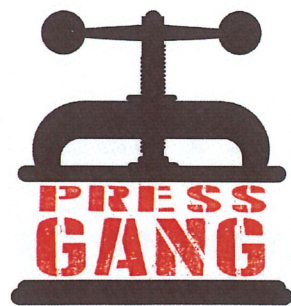


**Original Reproductions
Handbook**

**Baldessin Press & Studio
2019 Printmakers' Picnic**

Artists' Proof



designed, printed and bound by

Jazmina Cininas

Melbourne 2019

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

GIRL WITH EMPHYSEMA

Short of breath, persistently coughing

The girl with emphysema is blocking

Her plate with bitumen

Sans a mask, if you please.

Her peeling fingers the aftermath

Of her dalliance with the acid bath

No gloves in sight, the technical staff

Watch and weep

How, can it not end up sadly?

Breathing in rosin like candy?

Why is she limping so badly?

When it's plain all that she had to do

Was invest in a sturdy closed shoe

Refused to use the extraction fan

Ignored the no food or drinking ban

Skipped the material safety data sheets

It dawns too late that she mightn't be

The girl with emphysema had she

Just thought to wear the appropriate

PPE

Why didn't she

Wear PPE?

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

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?

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
Gorgonzola
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 tattts
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 . . .

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. (whooh!)

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. (whooh!)

So many papers at M.E.S.

And we save, save, save at

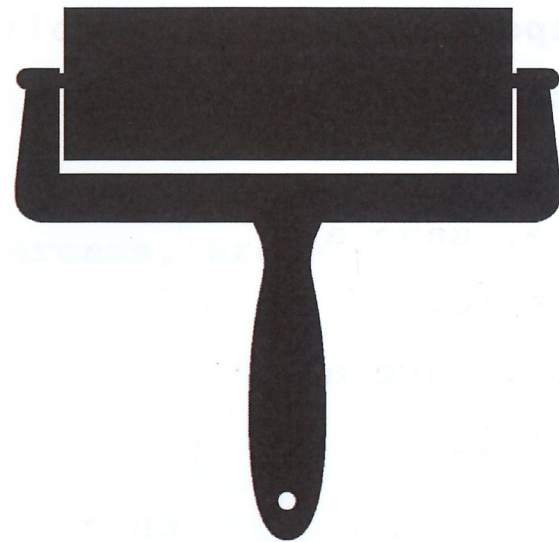
The end of year sale

And we save, save, save at

The end of year sale

M.E.S. ES. ES.

2ND IMPRESSION



TURPENTINE

Turpentine

And the breathing ain't easy

Eyes a'burning

And my skin is so dry

I've got an itch

Over half my body

My mind is a'hazy

On a solvent high

One of these mornings

I'm gonna wake up wheezing

Organic vapours

They're the reason why

Acetone and

Methylated spirits

I've got my inhaler

Standin' by

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

I BLAME GRAEME PEEBLES

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
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, it's really the pits yeah
Rocking, what 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!*

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'
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

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

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 . . .

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 . . .

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?

AUTOGRAPHS

Old Masters

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

Antônio Carlos Jobim & Norman Gimbel, *The Girl from Ipanema*, 1963

Leon Payne, *Psycho*, 1968

Harry Belafonte, *Banana Boat Song*, 1956

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

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

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

George Gershwin, *Summertime*, 1935

Dolly Parton, *Jolene*, 1974

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

Nirvana, *Smells like teen spirit*, 1991

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

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

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

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



2019 Printmakers' Picnic

proofed by:

Gary Hayes: bass

Adrian Kellett: drums

Julie Forrester: vocals

Martin King: lead guitar, vocals

Jim Pavlidis: lead guitar, vocals

Jazmina Cininas: vocals, original lyrics