



**Original Reproductions  
Handbook**

**2024 Baldessin Press  
Printmakers' Picnic**

**A/P**

*In loving memory of Lloyd Godman*

xox



Designed, printed and hand bound by  
Jazmina Cininas  
Melbourne 2024



## 1st STAGE EDITION

Ray Davies, *I go to sleep*, 1965

George Gershwin, *Summertime*, 1934

Grant McLennan (Go Betweens), *Streets of your town*, 1988

Ned Washington & Dimitri Tiomkin, *Rawhide*, 1958

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

Meatloaf & Jim Steinman, *Bat Out of Hell*, 1977

## I GO TO BALDESSIN

When I gaze out from my etching  
The city is grey, to me  
I close my eyes and I dream of the place  
Where I'd rather be

I go northeast, east  
Tess and Sylvie wait for me  
I go northeast, east  
Avenue of Shaftesbury

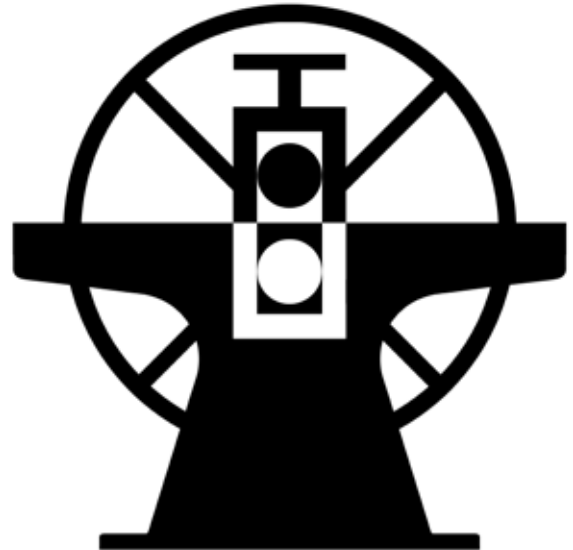
Time comes November  
My mind's on a tastier type of plate  
Driving for hours and praying the showers  
Choose to abate

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

I salivate, begin to drool  
As I join the paella queue  
And fantasise, wouldn't it be cool  
To clean up at boules?

Lay down my burnisher  
Reach for the microphone instead  
Ghost of tillandsia, haunting harmonica  
In my head

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



## 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

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



## CORRIDORS OF ART SCHOOL

Playin' cool  
Wanna rule, the  
Corridors of Art School  
Come the day I've found my way  
Down the corridors of Art School

I fell in love on Open Day  
*(Mind blowing displays)*  
The presses took my breath away  
*(Bright, shiny Enjays)*  
The inks are calling. I must obey!  
*(Why stand in their way?)*  
Yeah, sign me up for my BA

Got my tool  
Gonna roulette  
Corridors of Art School  
Rocking plates this sunny day  
Down the corridors of Art School

Which print elective? I cannot choose  
*(Don't know what to do)*  
So many presses yet to use  
*(Don't know what to choose)*  
I'm sorry, can't come out to play  
*(Don't party 'till two)*  
Got four assignments due today

Outa time and  
Low on fuel  
Corridors of Art School  
Anybody seen my etching tool?  
Down the corridors of Art School

Can't hit the town  
*(Don't hit the town)*  
I'm on hard ground  
*(You're on hard ground)*  
Bum up, head down  
*(Bum up, head down)*

'Nother essay  
Overdue  
Corridors of Art School  
Gone and lost my etching tool  
Down the corridors of Art School

Playin' cool  
Wanna rule, the  
Corridors of Art School  
Makin' waves in the talent pool  
Down the corridors of Art School



## DEADLINE

Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
Deadline!

Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
Keep them presses rollin',  
Gotta meet my loomin'  
Deadline

I'll keep the wheel a'turnin'  
The midnight oil a'burnin'  
A hundred hours after my bedtime

Thank god for ghost editions  
I'll minimise impressions  
The rest can wait for some other time

Ink 'em up, roll 'em up  
Print 'em up, stack 'em up  
Clean 'em up, sign 'em up,  
Deadline

Mount 'em up, frame 'em up,  
Bump 'em in, line 'em up,  
Hang 'em up, open up,  
Deadline

I'm done procrastinatin'  
The gallery's a'waitin'  
Director like a thorn in my side

Enough with the curation  
Approve the invitation  
Gotta make the framer by five

Finalise the placement  
Update my artist statement  
Socials are good to go online

Ink 'em up, roll 'em up  
Print 'em up, stack 'em up  
Clean 'em up, sign 'em up,  
Deadline

Mount 'em up, frame 'em up,  
Line 'em up, hang 'em up,  
Open up, bottoms up!  
Deadline.

Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
Gotta meet my loomin'  
Deadline

Deadline!

## 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 inta-  
glio 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 . . .

## HELLUVA B.A.T.

The gremlins are lurking  
Can't get anything working  
On the printmaking presses tonight  
There's a cut in my paper  
And a tear in the blanket  
Think the pressure might be over-tight  
My ink is looking spare,  
Is that another hair?  
Still searching for the backing sheets  
I'm down on my tarlatan,  
Running outta rags  
Oh, I swear I'm like a hot plate  
Turned up to eleven  
Starting to overheat

Goin' crazy tryin'a make a print Where  
every little thing  
Is pure and good and right  
Still a ton of revisions  
Before I edition,  
None of them are black and white  
Without any doubt  
Registration is out,  
The image could be better drawn,

So I gotta keep proofing,  
It can only get better  
If I'm counting the flaws  
I've barely just begun

Like a B.A.T. out of hell  
Every print I've been pulling is wrong  
I'm making micro-adjustments but whatever  
I'm doing is wrong, wrong, wrong  
Like a B.A.T. out of hell  
Every print I've been pulling is wrong  
When the blanket's down  
And the wheel's gone round  
And I'm holding my last proof

Like a beginner before the worst print ever  
I'll be ripping up this one too

I'm cranking up the presses  
Just as hard as I can  
I'm determined, gonna get one right  
Trying every plate in every orientation  
And bumping up the opaque white  
But nothing here to show  
Still no good to go  
And every proof has bitten the dust  
And nothing's printing up  
And nothing's lining up  
And nothing's looking worth the fuss

Added in a little smidge of ultramarine  
Tried a little cobalt too.  
But I'd rather be damned,  
You know I'm gonna be damned  
If I'm adding in the Prussian blue



Well, I'd rather be damned,  
You know I'm gonna be damned,  
If I'm adding in the Prussian blue  
I'd rather be damned  
You know I'm gonna be damned  
Rather be damned  
You know I'm gonna be damned  
Rather be damned  
You know I'm gonna be damned  
If I'm adding in the Prussian  
Adding in the Prussian  
Adding in the Prussian blue

Goin' crazy tryin'a make a print  
Where every little thing  
Is pure and good and right  
Still a ton of revisions  
Before I edition,  
None of them are black and white  
Still not any doubt, registration is out  
Still looking like a pile of dung  
So I gotta keep proofing  
It can only get better  
Gotta sort out the flaws  
Before I see the sun

Like a B.A.T. out of hell  
Every print I've been pulling is wrong  
I'm making micro-adjustments but whatever  
I'm doing is wrong, wrong, wrong

Like a B.A.T. out of hell  
Every print I've been pulling is wrong  
When the blanket's down  
And the wheel's gone round  
And I'm holding my last proof

Like a beginner before the worst print ever  
I'll be ripping up this one too

Like a beginner before the worst print ever  
I'll be ripping up this one too

Well, I can see myself, tearing out my hair  
After  
Peeling back to find another dud  
And I've under-etched and I've over-wiped  
And tried fifty-seven different ways  
To ink up my plates  
But I still can't pull a good proof

Every time I lift the blanket, damn!  
There's another mistake.

Every time I lift the blanket, damn!  
Yet another mistake.

And I'm down to the bottom of my 55981  
Torn my paper,  
Every single last sheet is gone

But I think somebody somewhere Must have  
cast a spell  
Cause the last proof I pull is a thing  
Of beauty  
It's a print of perfection, in every way  
It's a hellava B.A.T.

And I'm scraping the bottom of my 55981  
Torn my paper, every single last sheet is  
gone  
But I think somebody somewhere must have  
cast a spell  
Cause the last proof I pull is a thing  
Of beauty, of beauty  
It's a print of perfection, in every way

It's a hellava B.A.T.  
Oh, it's a hellava B.A.T.  
Oh, it's a hellava B.A.T.

Oh, like a B.A.T. out of hell  
(As a new day dawns  
I can finally print my run)  
Oh, like a B.A.T. out of hell  
(Only just begun,  
yeah I still gotta print my run)  
Oh, like a B.A.T. out of hell  
Ooo...



## 2ND STAGE EDITION

Neil Tennant & Chris Lowe, *West End Girls*, 1986  
Jimmy Webb (for Glen Campbell), *Galveston*, 1969  
Mark Mothersbaugh & Gerard Casale (Devo), *Whip it*, 1980  
Berton Averre & Doug Fieger (The Knack), *My Sharona*, 1979  
Dave Faulkner (Hoodoo Gurus), *What's my scene?*, 1987  
Ricky Wilson & Jeremy Ayers (B52s), *52 Girls*, 1979  
The Angels, *Am I ever gonna see your face again?*, 1975

## BALDESSIN WASH

Sometimes, there's a voice in your head  
Says you gotta get out  
Somewhere better instead  
It's time to print, you're just not able  
You need more space, you need more tables  
In a workshop in a mud brick town  
With gums and wallabies all around  
Roller on ink the only sound  
In a studio in a mud brick town

Last stop on the Hurstbridge Line  
I'm heading out to Baldessin  
Last stop on the Hurstbridge Line  
I'm heading out to

Baldessin, oh Baldessin,  
I can hear Tess Edwards calling  
Silvi sets the presses rolling  
Get my printing done  
Here at Baldessin

Saturday market, chattering voices  
So many chais so many choices  
Classic? Spice? Mug? Pot?  
Which one have you got?  
Have you had it, do you drink it  
If so, how often  
Which do you choose  
The cow or soy option?  
(The powder or tea?)

Last stop on the Hurstbridge Line  
I'm heading out to Baldessin  
Last stop on the Hurstbridge Line  
I'm heading out to

Baldessin, oh Baldessin,  
Got a workshop to be doing  
Silvi gets the coffee brewin'  
Crank up the Albion  
Here at Baldessin  
Baldessin

Aaaaa... (x4)

And it's always been my fantasy  
Win a fellowship from the State Library  
Saving money with my own sheets  
In a garret in the sun  
Here at Baldessin

Barbie Kjar is bringing it home  
Mokulito on wood not stone  
Photogravure's not just a fad  
Check out Lloyd's bromilliads  
Holy Moses! A kangaroo!  
Drop my pizza from a Boy Named Sue  
(With double vegan cheese!)

Last stop on the Hurstbridge Line  
I'm heading out to Baldessin  
Last stop on the Hurstbridge Line  
I'm heading out to

Baldessin, oh Baldessin,  
Where I feel the Enjay sighing  
Where my latest prints are drying  
Where the ghost of George  
Still walks among the gums  
At Baldessin  
Baldessin

## RIP IT UP

Crack that lid!  
Brand new tin of black  
Ink up a plate.  
Clear the drying rack

If the lid just won't come off  
Gotta grip it  
If you haven't etched enough,  
Gotta dip it  
If your edges are too rough  
Gonna rip it

Now slip it, into place  
Line it up, get it straight  
Roll forward on the bed  
Pull back the blanket, check your plate  
Now rip it, rip it up

When the tape is over long  
Gotta snip it  
If the pressure's over strong  
Gonna rip it  
When it's all just going wrong  
Gotta nip it

I say nip it, in the bud  
I say rip it, rip it up

Crack that lid!  
Brand new tin of black  
Ink up a plate.  
Clear the drying rack.

When the lino comes your way  
Better chip it  
Gotta face a certain way?  
Better flip it  
Wanna put the screen away?  
Better strip it

Now slip it into place  
Line it up, get it straight  
Roll forward on the bed  
Pull back the blanket, check your plate  
Now slip it into place  
Ink it up, get it straight  
Roll forward on the bed  
Pull back the blanket. Nothing great?  
Then rip it, rip it up

## MUCKY ROLLER

Ready for editioning, editioning  
Gotta get it over the line, you know?  
But someone's left a mess again  
A mess again  
Studio is covered in grime all over

Never clean it up, what a grot!  
Ink all over the blanket  
Missed a spot, gettin' hot  
Under the collar now

Why, why? My, my, my, wooh!  
M-m-m-mucky roller

Can't read the label on the tin  
Even a hint  
Underneath a layer of green, all over  
You'd reckon that it was a sin  
To use a bin  
Where the hell's this spatula been,  
Moreover?

You never clean it up, such a grot  
Ink all over the blanket  
Missed a spot, gettin' hot  
Under the collar now

Why, why? My, my, my, Wooh!  
M-m-m-mucky roller

When I open up the ink, why is it pink?  
Looking like the scene of a crime  
You know  
There's something with a mighty stink  
Beneath the sink  
The universe is sending a sign, to go

Never clean it up, such a grot,  
Ink all over the blanket  
Missed a spot, gettin' hot  
Under the collar now

Why, why, why, why why? Wooh!  
M-m-m-m-m-m-my, my, my, my, my, Wooh!  
M-m-m-mucky roller  
M-m-m-mucky roller  
M-m-m-mucky roller  
M-m-m-mucky roller

Ooooh, Why? Mucky roller  
Ooooh, Why? Mucky roller  
Ooooh, Why? Mucky roller



## NOT ON MY C.V.

In another world  
I'm the greatest thing, baby  
My latest creation  
On the cover of magazines  
Yeah, it's getting rough  
Signing monographs daily  
Acclaimed by  
Venetian Biennales

(Yeah) In my dreams  
In my dreams  
In my dreams  
Not my CV

Nuh-uh

Major gallery  
A funded commission  
Further omissions  
From my inventory  
Never won a prize  
I'm a finalist virgin  
Forever emerging  
Always late on the scene

It's a lean  
Inventory  
You won't find me  
Head-lining the show

What's on, what's on, what's on my cv?  
Lots of empty spots on my cv

I pray, some day  
That I make it in a major way  
Please say, please say  
How much longer will I have to wait?  
For that day?

Yet another year  
Flying under the radar  
Undiscovered art star  
In a dying galaxy  
Zero accolades,  
Feeling under-curated  
Distinctly un-feted  
Move along, nothing here to see

On my cv  
My cv  
My cv  
Yeah, got nothing to show

What's on, what's on, what's on my cv?  
(*Oh What's my destiny?*)  
Lots of empty slots on my cv  
(*I've been emerging ever since my art degree*)  
What's on, what's on, what's on my cv?  
Lots of empty spots on my cv  
(*Sporting my cloak of invisibility*)

When, oh when, oh when, will I be seen?  
Will I even be shown posthumously?  
Nothing to see-ee-ee  
On my cv...

## 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.

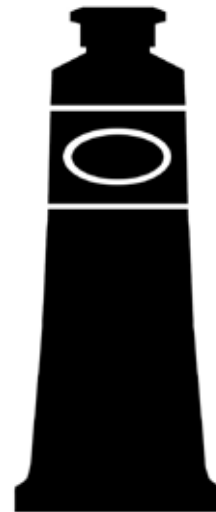
Velin Arches, Arches, Arches,  
BFK  
Velin Arches, Arches, Arches,  
BFK

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.



## 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?

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 . . .





**Edited by**  
**Adrian Kellett:** drums  
**Julie Forrester:** vocals  
**Jim Pavlidis:** guitar, vocals  
**Etienne Mantelli:** bass, vocals  
**Jazmina Cininas:** lyrics, vocals  
**Martin King:** guitar, ukulele, vocals