



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

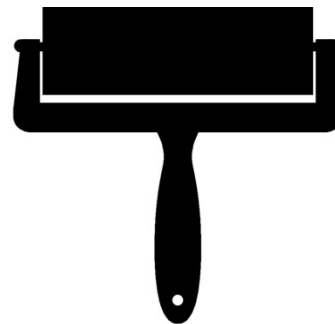


**Original Reproductions
Handbook**

**2024 OBSA RMIT
Fundraising Auction**

A/P

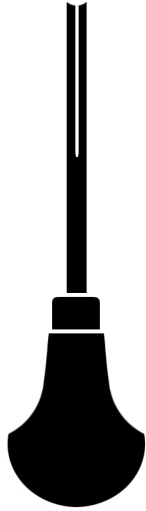
P R E S S G A N G
ORIGINAL REPRODUCTIONS



Designed, printed and hand bound by
Jazmina Cininas
Melbourne 2024

**2024 OBSA RMIT
FUNDRAISING AUCTION**

17 AUGUST 2024



1ST EDITION

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
(future)
The presses took my breath away
(art star)
The inks are calling. I must obey!
(printer)
Yeah, sign me up for my BA

Got my tool
Gonna rule, the
Corridors of Art School
Making hay 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

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
P.P.E.

Why didn't she?

Wear P.P.E.?



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 . . .

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!

ACROSS FROM ALDI

I've been drawing for a lifetime
Done a course at CAE
I have dabbled with some drypoint
Time to get me my degree
If I make it through my interview
Then I'm gonna try with all my might
To get more than a credit
Set the printing world aflame
Better sign me up for Open Bite!

Now it's the end of February
And the academic year has started
I wanna go to RMIT
I wanna go to RMIT

Wanna get my education
In an old undies factory
Using printing apparatus
From a forgotten century
And if sometimes I don't know what to do
And I need some ink
We're running low on blue
Or a press needing setting
There's a tech not far away
In the office by the gender-neutral loo

Now it's the end of February
And the academic year has started
I wanna go to RMIT
I wanna go to RMIT

Oh, yeah
Oh, yeah

I wanna go to RMIT
I wanna go to RMIT
And it's okay when
There's no milk for my tea
Cause best of all
It's right across from ALDI
Yeah, best of all
It's right across from ALDI

I wanna go to RMIT



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

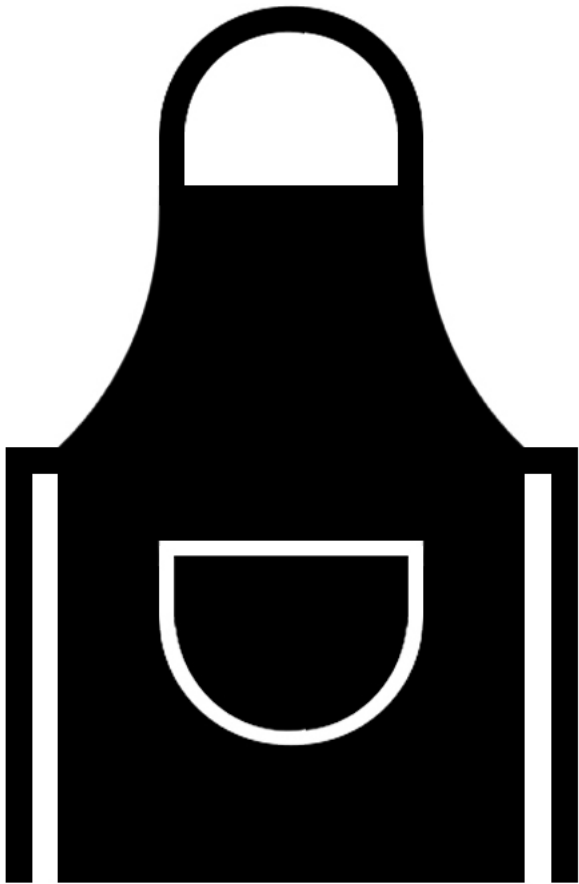
Oh, oh, oh Dutch
Dutch etching, and

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.





2ND EDITION

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

DEB WILLIAMS DOG

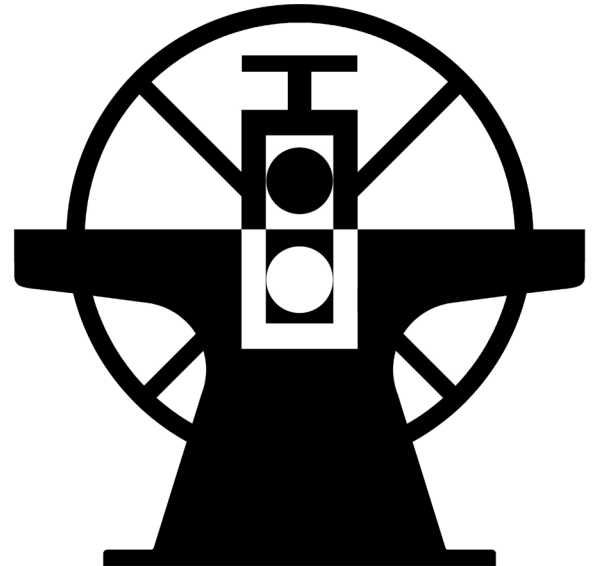
How I wish it were my fate
To be immortalised on copper plate
Like Robert Clinch's paper plane
A Raymond Arnold mountain scape

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 Hertha Kluge-Pott
Well come on!
Come on!



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

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

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

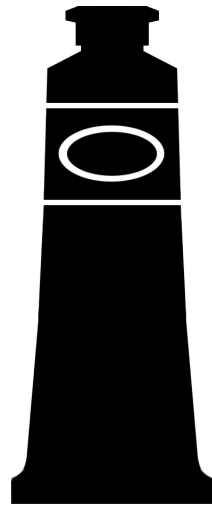
Why, why? My, my, my, Wooh!
M-m-m-mucky roller
M-m-m-mucky roller

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?

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



WORKSHOP

My workshop brings beginners on board
Cause my prints are better than yours
Damn right, they're better than yours
I can teach you, but I have to charge
My workshop gets more punters in doors
Cause my press is bigger than yours
Damn right, it's better than yours
You can use it, but I have to charge

I know you wanna learn all my secrets
Unveil my mysteries
But talent can't be bought
You must perfect the art
Come on, let's start!

La-la-la-la-la. Warm it up
La-la-la-la-la. The plates a'heatin
La-la-la-la-la. Roll it up
La-la-la-la-la. Got my backing sheet

My workshop brings beginners on board
Cause my tool is sharper than yours
Damn right, it's better than yours
You can use it, but I have to charge
My workshop gets more punters in doors
Cause my black is deeper than yours
Damn right, more even than yours
I can teach you but I have to charge

You know I'm gonna make it look easy
Techniques you won't believe
The way I wipe will blow your mind
Now stand in line!

La-la-la-la-la. Speed it up
La-la-la-la-la. The class is waitin'

La-la-la-la-la. Ink it up
La-la-la-la-la. Got my paper soakin'

My workshop brings beginners on board
Cause my rack is bigger than yours
Damn right, it's better than yours
You can use it, but I have to charge
My workshop gets more punters in doors
Cause my edge is cleaner than yours
Damn right, it's better than yours
I can teach you but I have to charge

Oh, now you've been inducted
Make sure you look this way
Give me your full attention
My every word obey
Maintain an even pressure
Same time maintain your cool
Follow the golden rule
Hand behind your tool!

La-la-la-la-la. Roll it up
La-la-la-la-la. Even application
La-la-la-la-la. Line it up
La-la-la-la-la. Check out my registration

My workshop brings beginners on board
Cause my press is bigger than yours
Damn right, it's better than yours
You can use it, but I have to charge
My workshop gets more punters in doors
Cause my prints are better than yours
Damn right, they're better than yours
I can teach you, but I have to charge

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 . . .

AUTOGRAPHS

1ST STATES

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

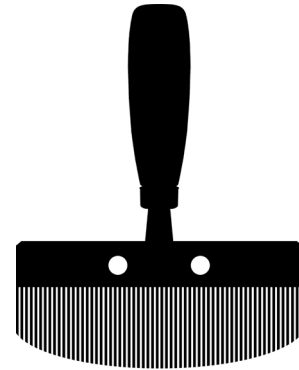
Antônio Carlos Jobim & Normal Gimbel, *Girl from Ipanema*, 1962

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

Ned Washington & Dimitri Tiomkin, *Rawhide*, 1958

Hunters & Collectors, *Throw Your Arms Around Me*, 1984

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



Mark Mothersbaugh & Gerard Casale (Devo), *Whip it*, 1980

The Stooges, *I wanna be your dog*, 1969

Berton Averre & Doug Fieger (The Knack), *My Sharona*, 1979

Pharrell Williams & Chad Hugo, *Milkshake*, 2003

The Angels, *Am I ever gonna see your face again?*, 1975