



**2022 Baldessin Press
Printmakers' Picnic Edition**

proofed by:

Garry Hayes: bass

Adrian Kellett: drums

Julie Forrester: vocals

Martin King: guitar, vocals

Jazmina Cininas: vocals, lyrics

Jim Pavlidis: lead guitar, vocals

Jim



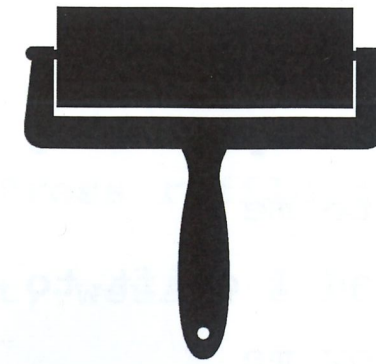
**Original Reproductions
Handbook**

**2022 Baldessin Press
Printmakers' Picnic Edition**

A/P



Designed, printed and bound by
Jazmina Cininas
Melbourne 2022



1ST STATE EDITIONS

- Ray Davies (The Kinks), *I go to sleep*, 1965
- Dolly Parton, *Joelene*, 1973
- Antônio Carlos Jobim & Normal Gimbel, *Girl from Ipanema*, 1962
- Leon Payne, *Psycho*, 1968
- John Lennon (Beatles), *You can't do that*, 1964
- Hunters&Collectors, *Throw Your Arms Around Me*, 1984
- George Gershwin, *Summertime*, 1934
- Janis Joplin, Michael McClure & Bob Neuwirth, *Mercedes Benz*, 1970
- Mick Jagger & Keith Richards, *The Last Time*, 1965
- Ricky Wilson & Jeremy Ayers (B52s), *52 Girls*, 1979
- The Stooges, *Now I wanna be your dog*, 1969
- Chris Stein & Debbie Harry (Blondie), *Dreaming*, 1979
- The Angels, *Am I ever gonna see your face again?*
1976

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
To the picnic of my dreams
I go northeast, east
Tess and Sylvie wait for me

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

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 a 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

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

* MOUTH TRUMPET

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.?

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 carpel 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?

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

Ooo, you can't print that... x5

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 . . .

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 though 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

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

* MOUTH TRUMPET

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

BIG STUDIO

Lord

Won't you build me

A big studio?

My house is all full up

I got nowhere 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

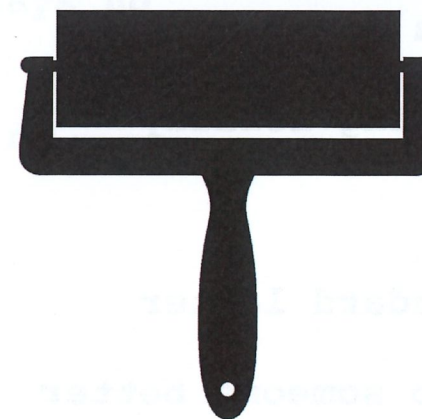
The floor and the furniture

With prints too wet to stack

Oh Lord

Won't you buy me

A fine drying rack?



REJECTED

Well, I've entered more than once or twice

But I always get the same advice

"While we thank you for your entry fee,

This won't be going on your cv"

And I got rejected last time

Becoming quite a pastime

Damn elusive print prize

It's always no, no go, oh no

Wanna develop professionally

Can I have a funded residency?

Put my application in today

Dreamin' of a working holiday

But I get the standard letter

"We've given it to someone better

Don't start packing yet, cause

It's still no, no go, no go"

Instrumental

And I got rejected last time

Becoming quite a pastime

Damn elusive print prize

It's always no, no go, oh no

Another knock back, there's no doubt

Got no friends in my bank account

My studio back-rent keeps on mounting

Why didn't I take up accounting?

Well, I got rejected last time

Becoming quite a pastime

Please be yes just one time

Instead of no. No go, oh no

(Same as the last time...)

Cause it's always no

It's no go

You still say no

No no no...

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.

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



DREAMING OF ANDY

D G

Hey, it's always been my fantasy

D G

To be a printmaking celebrity

D A Em

Call my studio The Factory

Get someone else to print for me,

The money rolling in

G A

I wanna be like Andy

Please let me be

Like Andy

Celebrity

Ch - D G

Searching but it seems I haven't found

The way into my Velvet Underground

Fame and fortune's playing hard to get,

Have 15 minutes started yet?

Oh, when will they begin?

When will I be like Andy?

Screen printing logos left and right, but

They say they'll sue me for copyright

What's the answer Gerard Malanga?*

Do anything to be rich, but

This wig's just making me itch

I need a homie like David Bowie

Why won't my star ascend? I need to know,

When will I find my Marilyn Monroe?

So far, the closest that I've got to show

Is scrubbing pots with Brillo

An empty Campbells' tin

I'll never be like Andy

Why can't I be

Like Andy?

Celebrity

Like Andy

Got no money

I'll never be

Like Andy

No Candy Darling

Why can't I be

Like Andy?

*Andy Warhol's screenprinting assistant

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

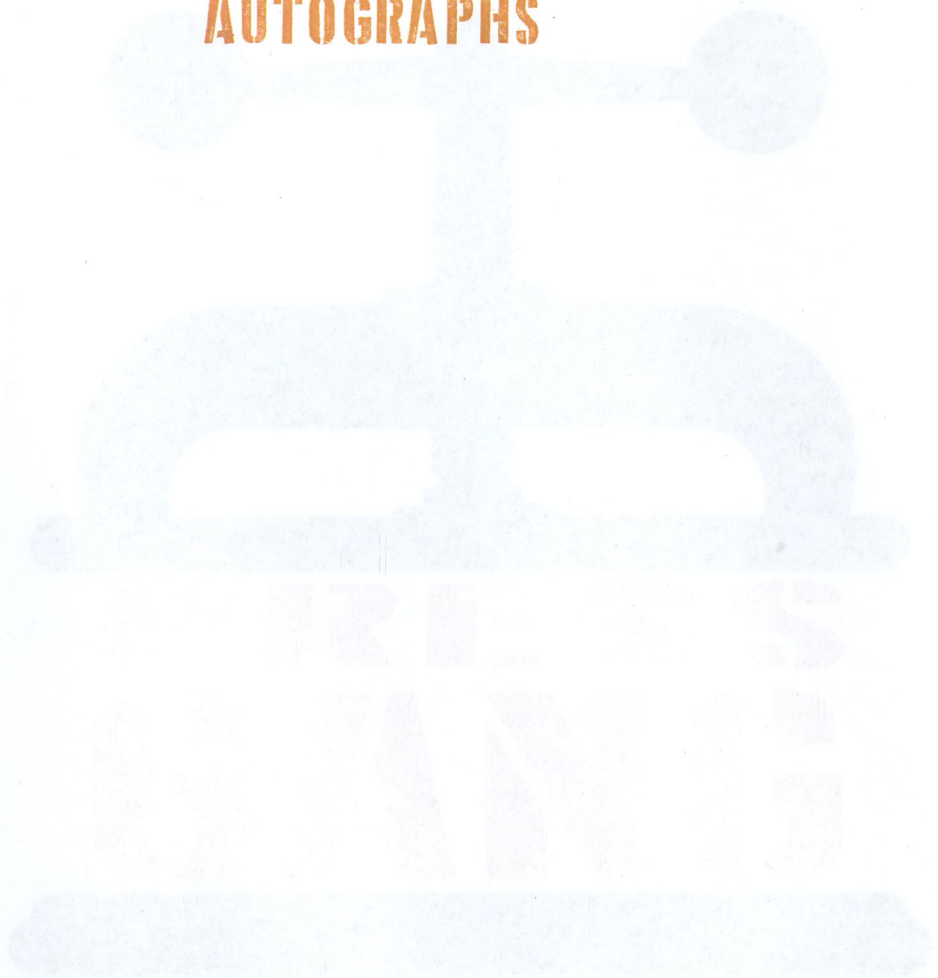
Am I ever gonna ink a plate again?
Am I ever gonna wipe a plate again?
Am I ever gonna print a plate again?
Am I ever gonna etch a plate again?
Degrease, ink up, wipe off

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 . . .

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS



3025 Babbsville Press

Printmakers' Pictorial Edition

produced by:

Corey Hayes: bass

Julie Kallert: drums

Julie Kallert: vocals

Marvin King: guitar/vocals

James Harrison: guitar/vocals

...