



Original Reproductions

Handbook

2018 A/P T Mildura Edition

Digital Edition



1ST IMPRESSION

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 . . .

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

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
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 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 tatts
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 . . .

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

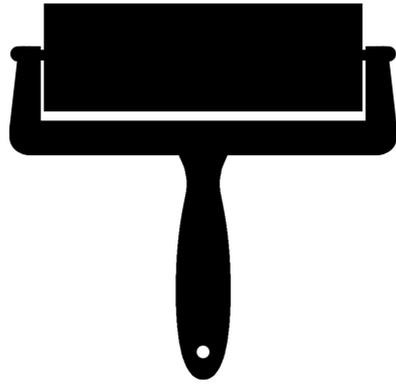
About à la poupée,

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 . . .



2ND IMPRESSION

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?

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

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'
Had 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

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

Old Masters

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

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

Harry Belafonte, *Banana Boat Song, 1956*

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

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

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

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

Leon Payne, *Psycho, 1968*

Nirvana, *Smells like teen spirit, 1991*

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

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



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proofed by:

Adrian Kellett: drums

Julie Forrester: vocals

Martin King: lead guitar, vocals

Graeme Drendel: lead guitar, vocals

Jazmina Cininas: vocals, original lyrics