I am captivated by all aspects of human existence: by the aesthetic beauty of everything I see; by people—how they think, and act; by my own person—my internal dialogue, my feelings, and my experiences. Even the mundane aspects of life intrigue me. I see the significance and the detail in so much of everything around me. This captivation is at the core of my body of work through image making and poetry in prints, artist’s books, and in paper objects. Focusing on ideas such as the human experience, expressed through layering of images and materials, my work is a visual manifestation of my perspective of the world.
PRINTS

Future Years

19.5x13.5in; reductive linoleum print; oil-based ink; made at Penland School of Craft.
Good Morning, Hedgies

10x12.5in; reductive linoleum print; oil-based ink; made at Penland School of Craft.
Lucy Morgan's Tiny House

5x7in; reductive linoleum print; oil-based ink; made at Penland School of Craft.

Purple & Brown Basket Weave

5.5x7in; reductive linoleum print; oil-based ink; made at Penland School of Craft.
Kids These Days

25x19in; hand-carved wood print on paper; rubber-based ink; pen.
To bring awareness about gun violence in US schools, and to stand in solidarity with the victims and others affected by these tragedies.

I've Got to Hand It To You

25x19in; hand-carved wood print on paper; rubber-based ink; gouache.
My Thoughts

12x18in; letterpress & pressure print; rubber-based ink.
1956

15x11in; reductive linoleum print; rubber-based ink.

Australian Bush Fires

15x24in; wooden type & pressure print on paper; rubber-based ink.
ARTISTS’ BOOKS

Oceanity

3.5x11in (closed); 16.5x11in (open); letterpress & pressure print on paper; rubber-based ink; book cloth.

Oceanity

The water rages upon the shore,
Capping like a stampede of white rhinos.
Remnants of each wave froth as a cream,
Sizzling and sparkling
In the mid-morning sun.
A haze shrouds the eye
As brown turns to white
Turns to green turns to blue
And up.
Wings cast upon the sand as swiftly as
The break of each wave.
Clusters of algae,

Of miniscule marine life,
Cling to the rocks,
Pounded by each bout of pressure,
Yet rejuvenated from the repetition.
Wind whisks the sea into a mass of
Life,
Movement,
Sustainability.
When life has passed,
Beings evolved,
The ocean will be forever harbored
In the wake of the sky,
In the passage of time.
**Cicatrices & Naevi**

4.25x5in (closed); 33.5x5in (open); digitally printed on paper; book cloth; book board.

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**Cicatrices and Naevi**

Touched by an essence  
Maimed by an action  
Brought into being  
Merely a fraction  
Of time passing  
Of life lived  
Harboring a memory  
Not to misgive  
Wonder how

Question all  
Conjecture why  
Ponder the small  
Notice the faint  
Acknowledge the slight  
Look unto the faded  
Understand the plight  
Insight and wonder  
Nary a glance  
Discerns the stigma  
Consequence of chance
Moments Like These

2 books; each: 4.5x4.75in; digitally printed on paper; book cloth; book board.
Phone Book

2.2x5.5in (closed); 25x2.5in (open); found Iphone case; digitally printed on paper.
Homeless

6.25x9.5in; wooden type letterpress print; rubber-based ink. Class collaboration.
I Don’t Want to Grow Up

3.5x3.5x1.5in; pochoir and digital print on handmade cotton paper; book board.

I had always wanted a pet, mostly a cat or a dog. My parents bought me a goldfish for my 8th birthday. The fish died a month later. That’s okay, because it was really difficult to play catch with them.

My parents bought a dog after I went away to college.

I watched too much TV for a kid. The Disney Channel was my favorite. I would always practice “I’m Roshelle, and you’re watching Disney Channel.” I drew that mouse head in the air so many times.

I still watch too much TV. Well, Netflix, since my parents have an account. Disney+ is a thing now, which means I can watch all those Disney Channel shows again. But I can’t afford $7 a month.

I hated burgers. I would only eat them if they were from McDonald’s, and only if it was just the bun, meat, and ketchup. My dad’s burgers were the worst.

I love burgers now, but I try to limit my carb intake, so no bun for me. And I will have on my burger as many toppings as possible. My dad’s burgers were the worst. I haven’t eaten a meal from McDonald’s in 7 years.

My mom would always read to my sister and me growing up. She even had books made where we were the heroes of the story. She also gave us blank hard-bound books, which we wrote our own stories in. The first book I read on my own was Hop on Pop by Dr. Seuss. Once I could read, I would read all the time. I read two million words one year.

Now, I hardly read. I still write, though. And I still make books.

This book was written, illustrated, digitally printed, and pochoir’d onto handmade cotton paper by the author in her final undergraduate year at the University of California, Santa Barbara, during the Fall of 2019.

Dedicated to those who are growing up, and to those who realize that they are grown up.

Roshelle Carlson
PAPER OBJECTS

Through the Years

Handmade, pressed cotton paper.
My Eyes Are Up Here

Handmade abaca paper earrings pressed onto wire.