

SEARS·PEYTON·GALLERY

NEW YORK·LOS ANGELES

Roz Leibowitz

CV

b. 1954, New York City, NY

SELECTED RECENT EXHIBITIONS

- 2014 *the little fools*, University of Maine Museum of Art, ME
PhotoCentric, Garrison Art Center, Garrison, NY
Doll Portraits, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2013 *Stories, Fables, Fact & Fiction*, Linus Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
Lost and Found, Darkroom Gallery, VT
- 2012 *Serial Photography*, FStop Magazine
- 2010 *Re-Purposes*, Old Dominion University, Virginia
- 2009 *Roz Leibowitz: Shadowland*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, NY
- 2007 *Block Party II Exhibition of Drawings*, Daniel Weinberg Gallery, Los Angeles.
- 2005 *Rigorous Fun*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
Somewhat Figurative, Sears-Peyton Gallery, New York, NY
- 2004 *Roz Leibowitz: Bride Island*, Sears-Peyton Gallery, NY
- 2001 National Juried Show, Soho20 Gallery, New York, NY
National Juried Show, Art Center of Northern New Jersey
New American Paintings, v32, in-print exhibition

CURATORIAL WORK/WRITING

- 2011 Maurine and Noreene vintage collection in American Photo
- 2008 Snapshot Disasters, www.luminous-lint.com

PUBLICATIONS

- Jordan, Courtney, *Filling in the White Spaces*, Drawing Spring 2012
- Tulane Review, "Portfolio," *Tulane Review*, 2010
- Tramosch, E., "Roz Leibowitz," *ALARM Magazine*, Feb. 2008
- Bennett, Kim, "Psychic Cherries: Into the Shadow World With Roz Leibowitz," *Art and the Imaginative Promise*, December 2006
- Easton, A., "Artists Interview Artists," *Thinking About Art*, February 27, 2006
- Johnson, Ken, "Roz Leibowitz: Bride Island," *The New York Times*, January 23, 2004

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EDUCATION

- 1994–1996 Art Students League of New York, NY
- 1995 M.A., Education, Bank Street College, New York, NY
- 1980 M.S., Library Science, Columbia University, New York, NY
- 1977 B.A., Hofstra University, New York, NY

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Roz Leibowitz

Artist Statement

I am not a photographer, but I happened to find myself with a camera, some dolls, and a hand that hurt from too much drawing.

So I shot 1,547 rolls of film and ended up with a long line of small mistakes. Of the 1,547 rolls of film, 328 were of Myron, the most patient of all the dolls. One day, as we were setting up for yet another photo shoot, I confessed my troubles and asked his advice. *Myron, I said, I'm a bungler. I can't load film, I can't attach the lens to the body, I can't press the shutter without shaking, I can't figure out all the dials — Myron, I cried — I am blind in the darkroom, and bump into the enlarger, and can't seem to make it from bath to bath, from go to stop to stay without losing my prints on the floor. Worst of all, Myron, your face is always out of focus.*

He said to me then: *don't shoot the face, shoot the story.*

What story? I asked. You can tell I was, and still am, incompetent. Myron sighed and told me to bring the hat, the one I had found at the flea market. I did as he asked. He told me to put it on his head and tie it under his chin and wrap the long ribbons around his arms and waist so he could lean back into the darkness of the hat and rest his cheek against the rough wool and learn to see again in the fabulous shadow of his Dream Hat. I did as he asked. And I knew then that this was his hat, the one he had worn and lost and found again over and over for more years than there are pictures in this world.

So I shot his story.

But not the whole story, certainly not the beginning nor the end, just a snippet of the middle, just the part that I could really see. The truth is, I was too stupid to know the whole story, but smart enough to know that I probably never will. Myron's story is Myron's story, but once in a while we meet, and sit and chat as storytellers often do.

And all the other dolls that were waiting? I shot their stories too. Little penny tales that I caught for an instant, without beginning or end, just flashes, just the parts that I could really see.

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Well you would think that after all this time, after 1,543,982 rolls of film (give or take a few) I would be something of an expert, a big-shot of a photographer, you should excuse the pun. But I am still a bungler. What was wrong before is still wrong so nothing is ever really right. I asked Myron about this recently and he said, *look around you. Dolls and stories and pictures are flying all around swooping through this world and that world, up and above and below and beyond all the worlds that ever existed, all an ecstatic flock of Wonder!*

I looked. I squinted. *Are you sure, Myron, because I am not so sure.*

He sighed and said, *well I am sure.* And he looked me in the eye and said, *you may be dumb,* and he smiled, *but you're learning.*

--

2008

"My work is influenced by the Victorian Romantic sensibility, and the idea of Victorian womanhood as expressed in the pseudo-sciences of that period. Phrenology, spiritualism, utopianism, mental healing, mesmerism, table-rapping -all of these flourished during the nineteenth century at a time when the industrial/scientific philosophy became the dominate world view. The fact that these so-called fringe movements were led by women is not lost on me; the women in my drawings act as conduits to this shadow world. I consider them characters playing out their roles in an alternative reality, a reality which is still available to all of us if we open our imaginations in the truest romantic sense.

"My background is in history and literature; I worked for years as a librarian and am an avid collector of books and ephemera from the nineteenth century occult. Most of the paper in my drawings comes from ledgers or letters or diaries culled from my collections. I feel much more at home working on papers that contain traces of the past. In this current series, I use the simplest of media -a pencil- to create veils of intricate patterns and decoration. I also make use of simple formal devices such as borders and captions to mimic Victorian illustration. I consider my small drawings as pages loosed from a long, dreamy novel, and my hope is that the reader, or viewer, will catch glimpses of this odd narrative, and want to read on."

-Roz Leibowitz

Filling In the White Space

by Courtney Jordan

Artist Daily

Fall 2011

Dense patterns and pen strokes distinguish Roz Leibowitz's peculiar drawings, allowing the artist to explore subtly subversive narratives hidden in not-so-plain sight.

"A painter chooses color. I choose pattern," says Roz Leibowitz, a New York City-based draftsman whose drawings are filled with intricate serpentine lines and nearly impenetrable layers of border and pattern. "I'm not a formalist, creating art based on composition or color." Instead, as an artist with masters' degrees in library science and literacy, Leibowitz more readily identifies with the act of writing in her work. "Most of the time when I'm drawing, I think in terms of narrative," she says. "My brain goes to stories. To me the drawings are like poems. The patterns are like handwriting."

Leibowitz's drawings are predominantly focused on women and their societal roles. This leitmotif is complemented by the fact that the patterns in her drawings call to mind the intricate designs often found in quilts, lace, crochet, and knitting. All have historically been designated as women's work, and they have personal significance for the artist, as well. "My mother loved lace, textiles, engraved and cut glass—so anything heavily worked appeals and is meditative to me," she says.

The artist's crowded and layered marks also allow her to harbor hidden worlds. This sense of masking or disguising objects and narratives starts with the artist's chosen surfaces. Leibowitz rarely uses new paper. Instead she works on vintage papers that often have marks on them, such as ledger paper with old tally columns; pages from centuries-old catalogs; legal papers; and historic deeds of sale. The almost animate sensibility of these surfaces appeals to the artist. "It's a primitive notion, but sometimes drawing over the papers with patterns, as in *The Glass Beads*, plays on the Romantic sensibility of hidden worlds and that the idea there are things *in* inanimate things," she says. "So to me it is not 'just paper.' I'll take something that was printed or written on in the 18th century and move it forward in its existence. It feels as if you are connecting to the past."

Leibowitz prefers an extremely thin surface, such as onionskin paper, and she knows when she's found a paper that will work for her just by touching it. "It has to have the kind of texture that I like—not brittle, with a smooth coating that can take ink well—and an image that I can take from

and work with,” she says. “I’m known to go into book fairs and open the books and feel the pages.”

Such particularity goes for the artist’s pens as well. “I’m not too thrilled about the archival quality of markers, and I cannot stand brushes,” she says. “Also, my hand shakes, so all my materials have to have a hard point.” The implement that best meets Leibowitz’s needs is a technical pen called a rapidograph, historically employed by engineers and architects for technical drawings. “They hardly make them anymore, but with a rapidograph, you get a consistent line no matter what, and they work very smoothly,” says Leibowitz. “That is what I like about them—you get a very even flow and cannot manipulate the pen stroke.” The tradeoff for this consistency of line is that the inks available for a rapidograph do not come in a wide range of colors. Although a few of her drawings incorporate color, for the most part their power and dynamism are realized through line and pattern.

The artist starts by tracing figures and objects for her compositional layouts. “I trace almost everything in the drawings, like the old animators who would work with several layers of tracing,” says Leibowitz. “I could do it freehand, but the idea of tracing is one that I love—seeing through the paper and the motion of the line. For me it is all about line drawing. Shading is fine, and I did it for many years, but now everything should be said in the pattern and the manipulation of the paper.”

The heavy patterning in her drawings is, among other things, a solution for the artist’s challenges with negative space. “Empty space— I can’t work well with it,” she says. “My unsuccessful works tend to go wrong when I have to deal with white space. So I fill it in.” Indeed, Leibowitz lays siege to the page, packing it with marks and line. The patterns and borders that she creates—with ovals, curving lines, checkerboards, floral motifs, bracelets of intertwined circles and loops, and bull’s-eyes—are so familiar to her that she can literally work on them lying down. And she does. “You could say I am an artist who works in bed,” Leibowitz says. “I lean the page against a book or hard surface and just draw. I can watch television—listening and filling in the patterns at the same time.”

Leibowitz also fills the white space of her drawings with collage elements and sometimes pierces the paper with needlepoint pinpricks, a crafting tradition that goes back to the early 19th century. “Every young lady from the Victorian era would have done theorem paintings using stencils or paper piercings,” she says. “For me it’s simply a way of handling negative space.” In *The Dreambook*, the figures are almost entirely collaged, from the pieces of powder-blue paper that form their arms and faces to the segments of typed paper that are arranged to give pattern and form to the figures’ dresses.

The artist finds the process of creating her complex layers of pattern or collage simultaneously constraining and freeing. “The work is controlled and concentrated,” she says. “But my mind is

free. I look through the work and there is a world inside that opens up.” This desire to open or engage with one’s inner world is in keeping with Leibowitz’s interest in Victorian-era Romanticism, with its preoccupation with intuition, emotion, the irrational, and the transformative power of imagination. “Reality is expansive, and there are always multiple views of things,” the artist says. “I’m a child of the 1960s—a work of art should be a doorway to other realities. If it doesn’t have that, it is closed off. You have to allow for the spirits—you are calling for them when you make art.”

For Leibowitz, then, art can be a visual gateway for deep thought, insight, and self-reflection. In this sense, her work is tied to that of outsider artists such as Martín Ramírez and Adolph Wölfli—two artists who also favored compact line. For Leibowitz, the fact that outsider art is— to her way of thinking—generated by something other than a desire to make art is one of the most appealing things about it. “It was generated by these artists’ obsession to get their message across,” she says. “It didn’t matter if the drawing was perfect. What mattered was what they tried to say to the world. The art was a means to an end. The message was what they wanted to shine through.”

Leibowitz desires the meanings of her works to shine through as well, despite how she camouflages them. “My work is the dense type of work that fills the page,” she says. “You have to look at it very closely, and I prefer the viewer goes up close.” When they do, viewers find drawings of women caught in peculiar moments set in the past. *My Milk Teeth* is a drawing from Leibowitz’s Bride Island series, which explores the place of women in Victorian society. In this piece, Leibowitz turns what is nowadays a banal experience—having one’s teeth inspected by a dentist—into something a bit more extreme. A voluptuous female figure dressed in a voluminous reddotted dress sits with her head tilted upward. Her hands are pressed to her body in a pose that’s both suggestive and prayer-like. Most dramatic are her lips, which are being pulled away from her teeth by four long, thin prongs.

The dentistry aspect of the drawing is strange and threatening, in part because the dentist is nowhere to be seen. “It was the idea of the innocent woman having a violent, invasive experience like this,” says Leibowitz. The figure is surrounded by a pattern of circles enclosing starburst or flower shapes. Hardly qualifying as a background, the patterns are lovely and delicate but give no sense of spatiality to the drawing. In fact, they inhibit visual egress, as everything in the drawing is forced to the foreground of the picture plane. The compression of layers resonates with the figure’s likely mindset of feeling trapped or ensnared.

The idea of escape or access to other worlds is broached in several of Leibowitz’s works. In *A woman dreams*, the figure actively alters her situation as she rows a boat into a patterned sea, although her destination is unclear and there’s no horizon line to guide her. In both of these drawings, the figures are subsumed and somewhat dominated by the patterning that surrounds them, as if the swirling intricate designs are indications of women’s powerlessness.

In *The Fall Eclipse*, the way out is more literal—a doorway is indicated by a rectangular outline through which several female figures tumble. Their mouths are open, but whether they are crying out from hopefulness or from fright remains unclear. In *The Bathing Party*, sexual or sensual oblivion seems to be figure's mode of escape. The hand motif that decorates the wheeled bathhouse imparts a sense of physicality to the scene, reinforcing perhaps that the figure finds her abandon quite pleasurable.

In *Shadowland*, a series from 2006 to 2008, the woman's world grows and moves forward into the 20th century, with a sense of the wider world creeping in. Figures are presented in duos or groups, often embracing or in close proximity, perhaps as a sign of solidarity or singleness of purpose. Collage elements—of newsprint pages, cutout birds, and even vintage drawings of feet—are layered within the drawn patterns. In *October*, Leibowitz explores shadow as line, giving the sense of an inverted world, where light and dark are switched. "I was going darker—things were not as good as they should have been," she says, in reference to the removed-looking figures that occupy these drawings.

The artist's latest series, *Ecstasies*, is mostly about figures coming out of a malaise into a happier time. The patterns in the drawings run riot in seeming reaction, a celebration of this psychological thawing of the figures. In *The Demorest Ecstasy*, an era illustration of dress designs—a Victorian woman's "eternal army," quips Leibowitz—is entangled in an elaborate looping pattern that echoes the decoration of the dresses featured in the original illustration.

The Blue Light presents no fewer than six patterns, each seeming to swirl and undulate with frenetic energy. The checkerboard pattern folds in on itself. The white oval pattern set in black swirls in and out of the collaged spouts, and the blue ponies are speckled with white dots, indicating that the occasion of the titled blue light is not a sedate one but something a bit more exciting, although the specifics remain unclear.

Leibowitz's art is very much a handmade endeavor—just like the women's work the artist so admires. "It is all the same impulse," Leibowitz says. "All my work has to do with memory, the past, narrative, and bringing it forward. By bringing the drawing stories into our world, they are set on a new path, someone views them, and it becomes a web of worlds."

The New York Times

To Each Her Own

By Suzanne Slesin

The New York Times

January 22, 2009

Roselyn Leibowitz and Catherine Redmond have been friends for years, and as friends do, they would often talk about how they imagined their futures. They would discuss how they wanted to live when they were older, and what would make the best balance in a living situation. Both are artists, and agreed they wanted companionship but a great deal of privacy.

Ms. Leibowitz, who is now 54, and who proudly calls herself “a spinster,” and Ms. Redmond, 65, who is divorced, would often meet for coffee or dinner in the '90s because they both lived in TriBeCa and shared a work space. “We would sit for hours,” Ms. Leibowitz recalled. “That’s when Catherine and I really became closer friends.”

They talked and talked about how to create a supportive structure without losing one’s individual sense of privacy. One might call it the yin and yang of independence and togetherness, an issue that concerns many more people than it once did. The Census Bureau, based on data collected in 2007, estimates that 31.1 million people in the United States live alone, which is 27 percent of all households, a significant increase from 17 percent in 1970.

Their conversations were only theoretical, however, until 9/11, when Ms. Redmond’s building on Chambers Street near the World Trade Center, was evacuated. “At the time I had one parrot, three cats, and a border collie,” she said. “Roz took us all in.”

They all stayed for a month in Ms. Leibowitz’s loft on North Moore Street in TriBeCa. “There were bouts of crying and terror,” Ms. Leibowitz recalled, “but we laughed more. And I also became aware of how, apart from my mother and some friends, how alone I was.”

At that point the women decided to look for a place where they could have separate quarters and yet be fairly close. “We had discussed this move for a long time, years in fact,” Ms. Redmond said. “Once we decided to actually look for a place we simply sat down and discussed everything, all eventualities, all responsibilities, and looked at the potential worms in the arrangement.

“None of this would have been possible had we not been open and frank with each other,” Ms. Redmond continued. “The question for me was, what can we be for each other and what can we not be. We had to

be free.” A large house with two separate wings or a brownstone with different apartments was the general idea. “And we had a rule — never to lie to each other about anything,” Ms. Leibowitz said. “If either of us felt uncomfortable with the place or anything about it we would not hide anything from each other.”

On a visit to a ground floor and basement in a small loft building in TriBeCa, Ms. Redmond loved the skylights at the back, and something about the space fondly recalled the fruit cellars of her Chautauqua County childhood in a 600-person town in rural New York.

“A paradise,” was her reaction. But Ms. Leibowitz, who grew up in Queens, was less romantic. “It was a dump,” she said.

One day riding the subway, Ms. Leibowitz saw a newspaper advertisement for a loft in the West 30s. “Who would want to live there?” she thought at first. But she had second thoughts, and they decided to take a look. There were actually two connected lofts, and the smaller north-facing unit had a grand piano. “I hit middle C and knew it was my space,” Ms. Redmond said. “Although it was a rabbit warren, I knew it had possibilities.” Ms. Leibowitz, on the other hand, never noticed the piano at all but was impressed with the neighborhood and the exterior of the building.

They decided that they wanted the space, but also knew that it had to be gutted and completely reconfigured. Ms. Leibowitz could afford to buy it with the proceeds from selling her loft in TriBeCa. Ms. Redmond had been renting, and could not afford to buy. They agreed, after long and open conversations, that Ms. Leibowitz would buy the two lofts and pay for the renovations. She paid \$3.1 million in 2007 for the space.

“Our financial arrangement is a casual relationship between trusting friends,” Ms. Redmond said. “To be sure, I am a beneficiary of Roz’s immense generosity, but our friendship, and more important, the soul that is Roz’s kindness to me, has never impinged on my sense of freedom.”

The women have no legal or written agreement governing their living situation, an arrangement that some people would find unnerving and others would not accept for its lack of guarantees. But they say it works for them.

As for the monthly bills, they share them, Ms. Redmond said.

“Artists don’t need guarantees,” she continued. “They need places to do their work and the freedom in which to do it.”

But also, Ms. Leibowitz added, “we were very clear that Catherine and I had equal say in the renovation.”

Once they agreed to go forward, Ms. Leibowitz called Michael Zenreich, a New York architect with his own firm who specializes in residential, commercial and retail interiors, and who had done some work 10 years earlier on her mother’s apartment uptown.

The two women explained to Mr. Zenreich how they imagined living together, but not together, in the 4,600-square-foot space, which was already two distinct apartments. “Our friends thought we would live together like a couple,” explained Ms. Leibowitz, who said that Mr. Zenreich was the first one to really comprehend the idea. “They could not get it.”

“He was also able to understand our similar yet different visions,” she added, “not only in the way we live but especially our working needs.”

Mr. Zenreich had once been a student at Pratt, where Ms. Redmond, a painter, teaches, a connection that helped them to bond. Figuring out how to create a live-work studio for her was right up his alley, he said. Understanding Ms. Leibowitz’s work needs was more challenging, at least at first. “I sit and watch TV and draw on the bed,” she said. “I work almost like a writer.”

The architect asked for 10 days to come up with a plan.

An hour later, he had the design. “It was one shot, one drawing, one hour,” Mr. Zenreich said. “I’ve never done that in my life. I saw the space as being turned not into apartments but studios to be lived in — for two people who make different kinds of art. That was the fun of it.”

“Roz does drawings and collages and illustrative pieces that are lyrical and narrative,” he said. “She works with a lot of found pieces of paper and bits of things like old lace. Catherine is a painter of larger abstract canvases so she needed more wall space.”

Because Ms. Leibowitz likes to work on her bed, her bedroom is open and spacious. Ms. Redmond’s is a tiny afterthought of a bedroom, tucked away in an alcove.

There were lots of other special requests.

Ms. Redmond made detailed lists of her desires, including “90 yards of bookshelves,” “two work tables,” “both track lighting and fluorescent Verilux or accurate daylight lighting and separate switches for each,” as well as a “built-in sofa” for a guest.

The two homes are quite different. Ms. Redmond’s loft has white walls and, while fairly spare, has a touch of charming funkiness. Ms. Leibowitz’s more structured and Shaker-like space has pale wood shelves and cubbyholes, lots of them for all the things that inspire her art, mostly labor-intensive drawings that are based on memory. (They will be exhibited at a solo show at the Sears-Peyton Gallery in Chelsea in May.)

Ms. Leibowitz does not cook and did not even want a kitchen, although she was talked into having a basic one. But, she said, “I only use the refrigerator and microwave.” Ms. Redmond, on the contrary, wanted the best one she could get, with a marble slab for candy making and baking, and white shelves and cabinets that “look exactly like the pantry where my grandmother taught me to cook,” she said.

The communication or lack of it between the two spaces was the crucial point. “When I was growing up, in my family there were no locked doors and people were always barging in unannounced, and I really did not like that,” Ms. Leibowitz said. Ms. Redmond, who grew up as the youngest in a family of four children, also recalled yearning for some private time. “There were always too many people around,” she said. “Everyone was social, but I liked to be left alone.”

Even though a daylight-infused private interior hallway links the two lofts, there is a greater feeling of separateness than togetherness in the whole arrangement.

“It’s not a commune or based on the 1960s,” Ms. Redmond said. “It’s about choices that mature people make — choices not based on partnerships but on the idea of a social community. Lots of single people don’t want to live alone but don’t know how to combine privacy and community. In the past it was the next-door neighbor. Now it’s about having someone, a friend who cares about you. I see it as a model for the future.”

Since they moved in last summer, neither of the women has changed her habits. Ms. Leibowitz really likes to go out to eat, often alone, and Ms. Redmond likes to stay home. On Sunday nights, Ms. Redmond often makes supper for a group of friends — and Ms. Leibowitz usually, but not always, joins in.

Most of the time, they respect their separateness and communicate only by sending each other text messages: “I’m stopping by the store, do u need anything?” or “DS?” which is their shorthand for duck salad at the Thai place.

The women also discussed weightier matters in preparation for their new living arrangement. “We talked about what would happen if one of us met someone or if I wanted to get married and needed more space, for example,” Ms. Leibowitz said. “Knowing each other a long time, we still both took chances. Ours was an agreement based on trust and friendship.”

After the initial instant layout breakthrough, drawing up the plans took longer, and the architect met with his clients weekly for a year. No decision was too small not to be considered by all concerned. “They got something from me and I got a lot from them,” Mr. Zenreich said.

“In the end,” he added, “they feel they designed the place, that it’s truly theirs. That’s the trick.”

ALARM

Roz Leibowitz

By Emma Tramposch

ALARM Magazine

February 1, 2008

In Roz Leibowitz's estimation, making art is about "being in [correct] alignment to the cosmic show." However, her intricate pencil drawings and collages are not portrayals of a fantastical realm but rather depict a curious blend of vernacular culture relating to folk art and folk belief.

In particular, she is influenced by the Victorian sensibility of ideas and interiors. Her work is compelled by notions of womanhood as expressed in the pseudo-sciences of that period, a time when scientific rationality was emerging as a dominant world view.

She pays homage to the leading role of women in fringe movements like phrenology, spiritualism, utopianism, mental healing, mesmerism, and table rapping by casting them as the central characters in her work.

Leibowitz invokes simple formal devices that mimic Victorian illustration such as borders and captions, but the finished pieces do not attempt to be windows to another era. Instead, each of her images portrays an intimacy with history, memory and the past – themes running through the body of her work. In pencil-drawn snapshots like *Flower of the Eternal Imagination*, ornate frames reminiscent of lockets or pendants features scenes from an alternative visual family tree.

Having worked for several years as a librarian and reading specialist, Leibowitz's professional background in history, literature, and library science is a clear influence. She is an avid collector of books from the nineteenth-century occult and is inspired by European and American printed broadsides, pamphlets, and other ephemera like anonymous photographs. Several of her pieces are drawn on vintage paper with typing or previous drawings or sketches.

In *Advanced Course Lesson XV: Vibration* (2006), two women are enclosed in a circular border while selected text above their heads is edited by blackened pencil. These forms of erasure and inclusion from an inextricable link between the past life of the paper and its material present.

In Leibowitz's current pieces, there has been experimentation with paper piercing and incorporation of vintage sketches. She describes including these parts of previous drawings as

“vestiges” and “my form of collaboration with the past.” Cut-up text becomes the material for long skirts worn by the women in the *Dreambook* (2007). The paper in this piece is set like joinery and the vintage paper at the center is pierced to reveal the outline of a small dog in a tub.

Leibowitz has a personal blog that serves as a visual record of her work and an extension of her literary interests in the form of a sort of digital collage. Under one posting, an admirer has left a comment asking if she can be “pen friends” with the artist. Leibowitz kindly declines and graciously replies, “Thanks you, but I don’t have pen friends.” Considering her work, however, one imagines that in fact she has multiple personal acquaintances in pencil and paper – characters that she contacts on a regular basis. Leibowitz is in a friendly dialogue with paper ghosts.