

# Quilt Visions 2020

Meet Libby Williamson  
Villa Park, California



[www.libbywilliamsondesigns.blogspot.com](http://www.libbywilliamsondesigns.blogspot.com)

## Artwork on Display

*Etiquette in Connecticut*

Libby Williamson is a fiber artist and teacher who works with an eclectic assortment of materials and methods to create unique AND vibrant fiber art. Using layers of her hand-dyed and painted fabrics and papers, free-motion stitched components, and embedded found objects, her pieces emerge through an intuitive and evolving path.

Growing up with creative and artsy parents, Libby's childhood was world of fabric scraps and yarn, pins and needles, Elmer's Glue, and a whole lot of Scotch Tape. Weekday afternoons were spend fashioning doll clothes from remnants, embroidering on anything that could hold a stitich, and mastering the art of patchwork quilts. Though she learned proper quilting techniques from her mom, Libby quickly abandoned the traditional style and found her passion in mixed-media art quilts.

As a college art major, Libby specialized in traditional printmaking techniques. This background has delevoped into a focus on surface design that informs her current work. She uses layers of hand-painted and dyed fabrics, appliquéd layers of free-motion stitched components, recycled tea bags, cotton rope in place of batting, and embedded found objects. She is a proud hoarder of all things fiber, and thrives in a world of paint and thread.

Libby teaches art quilting techniques to students of all ages in her studio in Orange, CA. She also holds workshops at destination retreats including Craft Napa, Art and Soul, Art is You, and at various quilt guilds and venues across the country. Libby's work has been published in *Quilting Arts Magazine* and she has been featured on Quilting Arts TV and The Quilt Show. In her world, not much can trump paint caked beneath her fingernails, needles and thread, and a bowl of vanilla ice cream.

## Artist Statement

Airborne and returning home to dismantle the homestead, with the grace of a matured perspective, I ponder stubborn adolescent misconceptions. The spooky trek to Laura's house and the towering sled hill have shrunk. Also diminished is the notion that behind each neighbor's front door resides certain familial bliss. What reality does hide behind each facade? Reflecting now, I glimpse new sidewalks, realigned fences, fresh clapboard siding, and some weathered paint...the grids of the neighborhood. I, too, am geometry and patchwork. I am old and I am new. And there, around the corner is a new home for mom.