

MARY JOSEPHSON**Bio**

As part of military family, which made frequent moves, constant change of scenery was very much a part of growing up. I learned to read people below the surface and make friends quickly. My childhood was spent in the desert communities of the American southwest at a time when Western movies and television shows were at the peak of popularity so the bridge between what is real and imaginary was built for me at an early age. Exploration of the desert terrain revealed an adventure land teeming with life rather than the vast emptiness apparent upon first glance. The revelation that people and things may not be how they seem has been a life-long metaphor for me.

Living in the fertile San Joaquin Valley taught me an appreciation for the cycle of planting and harvesting. The United Farm workers boycotts of the 1960's and 70's taught an appreciation for honest labor and brought a rich mix of culture into my life.

Living close to the border between the United States and Mexico in Southern California taught me appreciate and respect other cultures and different modes of expression. It also taught me that basic human needs and desires transcend cultures.

My experience as a woman artist led me to focus on what it means to be a human, who happens to be a woman now, especially in a society where lasting physical beauty is paramount.

The love of color and form has permeated every aspect of my life from earliest memory. It is a very powerful weapon and tool.

Making artwork has allowed me to express how I feel about the world more clearly than any other mode of communication. Through it I am able to express what is constant about the cycle of life and what continuously rings true although metamorphosing and changing.

Statement

The “Navigating” exhibition is composed of glass mosaic portraits and embroidered narratives contrasting bold and muted color, glossy and matte material, both rough and smooth.

I named the exhibition with my father in mind, a sailor, weatherman, navigator and lifelong stargazer. As a child I vividly remember his topographical charts, they were filled with bright colors and curvaceous lines for altitude and sea level along with straight lines for latitude and longitude. There were no words, no city or town names. He cut and pasted them together making maps for his flight routes. For me they were magic visually documenting our lifelong journey; over uneven surface, through twists and turns, we find our way in the world.