Joyce J. Scott
Love's Incantations.

I didn't know this me would be the now me when I followed the course of bead creativity as a child. I don't think I thought about the correctly named “Seed Beads” blossoming into my always artwork. My road has been less bumpy than varied. Teaching, Textiles, Printmaking, Theatre, Music, TV, Film, Jewelry and Sculpture...whew, all coalescing into my practice of insinuating beads into almost every arena I enter.

Did I submit to the tender fingers of my Mom and Godmom guiding me thru folk mysteries which employed soul music and pig ears. Needles, thread and weary cloth. Spirits, whether liquid or Mystical? My God dad’s sermons or follow my Dad’s finger as he traced my summit in the clouds? Did I consume the elixir of genuine BLACK MAGIC that evolved thru every gleeful, blood-soaked, lost until found journey of my ancestors, Of course? What’s more nutritious than the full bellied, wolf howling and dead righteous stance on their shoulders...feeling the lightning...getting singed from their fires and setting new alight. Blackest of magic.

Visualized mathematical tales sneaking into my creative force, sneaking is correct. Magic is defined as a divination. Do I always desire the bully pulpit of isms, taking breaks to luxuriate in beauty as respite? No, but it comes calling, because I am a citizen of the right now world, utilizing my best voice, this mojo. Head and Heart and Fingers, all conspire to present a question and possible answer thru pointillism, inherent hue and texture. I know this is Hippy-Speak and I bandy tomes of the past. I am this contemporary Joyce, so blessed by decades of never wavering, of staying the course. Partly because I was starving for more, so hungry for another bite of innovation. Falling in ditches were lessons, not mistakes because they filled my plate.

This quest manifests in the batons passed by those who had not chance to run the entire race. Who couldn't shine because of their skin color, lack of academic education or the overt abuse of power by others. They ate dung so I could have sugar, actually died for me. And it seems I may have another baton to pass. Awards, Exhibitions and Accolades aside, what an amazing adventure this life as an artist is. To feel worthy, because your mission is built on the dense intervention of love’s incantations.

Parents:
Elizabeth Caldwell Talford Scott & Charlie Scott Jr.

Godparents:
Lucille Brown & Wyatt Brown