

Like a cat brushing its head on things and people to scent and communicate (bunting), I paint things over again and again with an obsession to get *closer* to the textures of the world. My paintings are diaphanous, *a glowing mesh, a magic spell*. I want to create a sense of *make-believe*: thickly painted surfaces transforming into masks to be worn, worlds to travel, moods to inhabit. Comedy, tragedy, and everything in between, a gamut. Each painting is a magic cauldron, the sparkling stewed surface simmers and stirs into a space trying to mesmerize you. The painting becomes the energies—the forest, the ocean, the dream, a clowder of cats, luminous preying eyes, sleek fuzzy furred patterns, voracious instincts—transfixing toward crescendo.

*Too much of a good thing can be wonderful.<sup>1</sup>*

raymie iadevaia

---

<sup>1</sup> Mae West, *On Sex, Health and ESP*, 1975