

Like a cat brushing its head on people and places, I paint to get closer to the textures of the world. I am interested in creating moments for contemplation, allowing color to fill emotional spaces within the body. I hope that when someone looks at my painting it sparks their imagination to travel the colorful surface morphing into an animated world of mood and sensitivity.

My process is like cooking: working over the heat of the flame melding and mashing ingredients, to discover the image. The sparkling stewed surface simmers and stirs into a space hoping to mesmerize and sate. I try to impart the paintings with the energies of the mixed ingredients: prismatic colors, the gestures of my hand, the images of memory and dream—the forest, the ocean, burning suns, remembered rooms, luminous faces, fuzzy patterns, dappled light—transfixing toward crescendo.

Too much of a good thing can be wonderful.¹

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¹ Mae West, *On Sex, Health and ESP*, 1975