

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 finding moments to contemplate, allowing color to fill emotional spaces within the bodies looking. At the end of the day, I hope my paintings can give an ounce of pause, a tremor of jubilation, a pinch of fixation, and perhaps a chuckle of exaltation.

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 bodies, dappled light—transfixing toward crescendo.

Too much of a good thing can be wonderful.¹

raymie iadevaia

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