

Like a cat brushing its head on people and places, I paint to get closer to the textures of the world. My paintings are chromatic mixtures of imagined landscapes: house cats, coffee cups, flowers and plants, looking out windows, meandering hiking trails, staircases, strange architectures, woodland creatures, and distant cities. I start the day through a diaristic drawing practice, sometimes to anticipate a painting, other times when the painting has already begun. The accumulation of pen and ink cross-hatching is used to solidify form, build density, and indent the page with a rattled field of traveled directions.

As a translation from the drawn meditations, I layer oil paint from thin to thick passages, scumbling the surface with a multiplicity of marks and brushstrokes. Sometimes using a single brush for the entire painting. The arm forms the initial gesture, activating and toning the surface with color, a vague mood, and sense of motion. Then, the paintings are made from the wrist and fingers: frenetic, nervous, anxious, jerking, jittery movements to expel and move the energy from my body to the surface. I want to keep the eye moving inside the paintings forever. Becoming endlessly surprised, seeing something new with each passing glance. Wouldn't it be amazing if a painting can nourish like food, photosynthesizing the design of pigments on a surface, keeping one alive just through the act of looking? Like a great cauldron, swirling continuously, stewing and steeping flavors, transforming ingredients, extracting more and more intensity from the coalescing bowl of substances: the mass of paint.

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