

Like a cat brushing its head on people and places, I paint to get closer to the textures of the world. I want to create a space for make-believe: saturated surfaces morphing into keys to unlock, masks to be worn, worlds to travel, moods to feel. My process is like cooking: working over the heat of the flame melding and mashing ingredients, taking the time to conjure and extract new flavors. 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 imagination—the forest, the ocean, the dream, burning suns, remembered rooms, luminous faces, fuzzy patterns, dappled light—transfixing toward crescendo.

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

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