

My First Word Was Meow

My paintings are soaked with an accretive mass of color emotion. I paint things over again and again to get to this encrusted chromatic feeling mass. I want to create a sense of *make-believe* in the paintings: thickly painted gaudy surfaces transforming into masks to be worn. Moods to inhabit. Comedy, tragedy, and everything in between. The gaudy is a fragrant saturation. A gamut. Devotion, desire, and detail are the dials that gauge the grandeur of the gaudy. Each painting is a magic cauldron, the sparkling stewed surface simmers and stirs into a space of chromatic mesmerism. The painting becomes the energies—a clowder of cats, their luminous preying eyes, sleek fuzzy furred patterns, voracious instincts—transfixing toward crescendo.

The main thing is to know how to set about it, to be able to concentrate your attention on a single detail, to forget yourself sufficiently to bring about the desired hallucination and so substitute the vision of a reality for the reality itself.¹

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*. Painting as an engine of endurance that frazzles the senses, pushes the body to the brink of exhaustion while holding it there frozen in suspended animation—*mid-pounce*. Frazzled with feeling. In short, exhausted, but craving more.

Too much of a good thing can be wonderful.²

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¹ Joris-Karl Huysmans, *Against Nature (A Rebours)*, 1884

² Mae West, *On Sex, Health and ESP*, 1975