

My paintings are soaked, encrusted with a mass of color becoming 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. 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.*<sup>1</sup>

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.*<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Joris-Karl Huysmans, *Against Nature (A Rebours)*, 1884

<sup>2</sup> Mae West, *On Sex, Health and ESP*, 1975