



PLATE SIX *the runaway coach*

Such images resonate with a puzzling intangibility that is as haunting as it is difficult to pin down. But there is also a continuous play of dualities in these ephemeral revelations: between outer and inner worlds, between impermanence and permanence, a mixture of what vanishes and what remains. They leave the impression that Chandler is consumed with a passion for the past—not necessarily as it was, but as it was painted. Embracing both painterly, pictorialist language and dissonant decorative mixtures, Chandler doesn't search out the real, the thing itself—or pure form—but delves into a world of illusion, wonder, artifice and the arcane. There is voraciousness here—an appetite for things of the world that stir an intuition of beauty—a melting pleasure, an intense satisfaction.

Brilliant panoramas of the Arctic and Baltic Seas expand and contract in visual patterns of rapidly moving waters and turbulent white foam. The landscapes are bathed in the strange light of imagination, casting the scenes in a cold unnatural glare. This way of making associations occurs across and

between images, denying a linear structure and operating more like a dream remembered. The fluidity and play between the ever-shifting stream of images makes them impossible to fix. Accordingly, they invite us to wander dreamlike from painting to painting, discovering bits and pieces of recognizable narratives, while—most importantly—constructing our own story. We lose ourselves all the more quickly and happily in her “plots” because they remain unspun. We're free to take any narrative cue in any direction we like. Overall, *A Collection of Memories* invites time travel—the static time of nostalgia, unearned emotion which idealizes and savors the past at the expense of the present. It mobilizes the past as a repetitive dream, a zone of sentimental reverie that can conjure remote experience into fictions of extraordinary clarity—the sweet whiff of strawberry icing, the storybook glow of galloping white horses pulling a Cinderella-like coach. Significantly, Chandler illustrates time by registering its passage in terms of decay. Such ghostly visitations have a terrible control over our consciousness.