



PLATE ELEVEN *the sacred hull*

realize our interdependence and interconnections. We are at once participants and voyeurs. Partly melancholic and half joy—Chandler's work turns this conundrum into mesmerizing meditations on dissonance and harmony. To be sure, the paintings grab us instinctively, yet suggest poetic understanding of the plight of souls. Axiomaticness—the sense that things aren't right but engages us subliminally, wells up and overpowers us—is a seething undercurrent.

The issues raised by the works are very of the moment—the cognitive legitimacy of the artificial or inauthentic, the haunting transformations of childhood experiences that knockabout in our adult memories, conflicts between the rendered and the real, and the renewed aura of the handcrafted object. What seems to interest Chandler is not merely the activation of desire but the examination of its complex structures. For the question of desire is intimately bound up with identity: who, how and what

we desire determines who, how and what we are. Chandler's hypnotic realms are stunningly present and utterly elusive—a patchwork of interiors and events, a haphazard patina of human history. The effect is absorbing and sumptuous—a strange sense of space, a feeling of suspension in time and transcendence into other worlds. A number of works—a mystical sailing ship on an endless voyage, the watery blue expanses of rivers coursing through time—show nature wandering, stretching the limits of her domain. Again and again, we are seemingly cast adrift in spatially ambiguous territory empty of navigational markers. All of the works exude a mood of isolation, of yearning, of the transience of earthly things. Evident throughout is an intense subjectivity in regard to organic forms and a slower, more probing attention to the paint surface and how it effects images. They are not theoretical paintings but landscapes shaped and transformed by her particular sensibility, her selective