



PLATE TWELVE *Arctic Circle, radical light*

memory, her attempts to deal with sudden emotion. Although Chandler does not paint according to her internal psychology at the moment, each landscape or interior projects its own predominant sentiment that deals with the mists of memory, with the hypersensitivity of such an artist, with the books she has read, journeys taken, paintings seen. Her works evoke the feeling of thinking, the soul at work as it melds memory with experience, nature with culture, the observed, the felt and the imagined. They concentrate on the duration of vision—time, the memory of time, the specific lunar radiance of dreams all caught in paint.

Certainly, the work speaks of memory, but what memory? And whose? It's been said that we never really forget anything, and all our pasts lie deep within us somewhere waiting for a stray sight or smell to bring them to the surface again. Nevertheless, memory is more than looking back to a time that

is no longer. It is looking out into another kind of time where everything continues to grow and change with the life that is in it still. The beauty of memory, of course, lies in its capacity for rendering detail, for paying homage to the senses and the richness of our existence. But time dilutes and corrodes until there is nothing left to tell. Whatever is remembered is what becomes reality. Chandler conjures strange incarnations that at first would seem to have no place in this world. Whether fable or folly, however, they make the skin tingle by their haunting propinquity. It's important to note that Chandler's paintings, pastels, watercolors and monotypes are not closed, but open to interpretation, depending on the experience the viewer brings to them. Throughout, Chandler examines the meaning of self and spirit and the purposes of art in the face of mortality in our time, in our culture. Once we start examining these works bit by bit, we find ourselves engrossed by their different levels of