



PLATE TWENTY-TWO *nightly wandering in St James Park*

imbued with the memory of whatever happened there. A home is an emotional state, a place in the imagination where feelings of security, belonging, family, memory and personal history reside. It is also a place where different destinies begin to articulate and define themselves. Looking at Chandler's interiors is to glimpse signs of the soul that lie hidden in the everyday and commonplace. In *The Voyage*, for example, the archetype we identify as "home" calls to us more strongly, urging us to fortify our interior grounding, to find our "inner" home. However, the house is not experienced from day to day only, on the thread of a narrative, or in the telling of ancestral stories. Through dreams, the various dwelling places of our lives penetrate and retain the treasures of former days. Memories of the outside world will never have the same tonality as those of home. And by recalling those memories, we add to our store of dreams. In *The Poetics of Space*, Gaston Bachelard notes that "...the daydream deepens to the point where an immemorial domain opens up for the dreamer of a home beyond man's earliest memory.... In this remote region, memory and imagination remain

associated, each one working for their mutual deepening."<sup>3</sup> In Chandler's art, massive chandeliers stand like sentries or provoke passage into haunted chambers that hold deposits of memory and undergo decay and forgetfulness. They are the corpses of economic privilege, its desiccated remains, its shadowy after-effects. Her take on this world, nonetheless, is austere poetic. Chandler matches the crystalline, simplifying tendencies of her compositions with a refreshingly direct touch of pastel. Any gestural flourish is muted in favor of overall design; every lyrical stroke seems directed toward comprising a shape, every color chosen to establish a relational, tonal light with its neighbor. They're scumbled strokes, not continuous dabs, but trails of shimmering tangles and vertical marks, in addition to decorative patterns of dots and scrawls, both speckled and mottled. In doing so, she has left traces of her own manual gestures in sympathetic response to aspects of another world. They are modest and candid statements, humble homages to things imagined, seen and valued.

The linkage of feeling and form lies at the heart of *Ancestral*