



PLATE THIRTY-TWO *Tears of a Snow Queen*

suggest that we can never gain a whole perspective of either the world or our existence in it. At best, our view is always partial and incomplete. Overall, however, Chandler expects full participation, even demands that we imagine, fantasize, free-associate and use our eyes to explore her marks.

Significantly, Chandler addresses the practical dialectic which lies at the heart of the art making process itself: the endlessly absorbing search for reconciliation between the fragment and the whole. How does an artist achieve a sense of wholeness out of experiences—either of the world or of the work itself—which are received piecemeal? She treats the desolate frozen regions—the Arctic Sea, the majestic Alps, the isolated cabins amid towering pine trees—as abstract elements to be tinkered with and manipulated, exaggerated and condensed. The palpable space these paintings create is a function of the time essential to our perception of them. Images read as cohesive fields from a distance; they soften as fluid or short strokes and dabs of color at closer range, making us conscious of nature as metaphor for

the internal journey we take in life. Chandler's high density mark-making results in a visual tension between the particular and the whole. Although the works are highly structured, they appear to be in a constant state of perpetual vibration. Like the landscape, ever in flux yet soothing in its permanence, Chandler's works invoke a continuous play of opposites: between clarity and obscurity, between change and constancy. In doing so, Chandler reveals how fragile our reality is and how much it's based on shared assumptions and definitions. She always seems to be measuring up close, then at a distance, removing images and materials from contexts and placing them beside others for comparison. For *evening in the Swiss Alps*, loose strokes sweep across a sensuous field of blue, white and lavender creating a fluid, even gravity-free visual current for the eye to ride. The sinuous movements of the brush are inward and almost mesmerizing, thereby touching off in us the raw wound of a deeper longing. Similarly, *Time Travel in the Himalayas* is a rich mosaic of light, color and form. Chandler