

imposes a tenuous order on her composition through surface design and patterning, barely containing the seething energy within. Forests, mountains and ice flows are delineated by brisk strokes, dabs and outlines of dark green, blue, gray and white. Indeed, her rhapsodic brushwork has a liquid translucent quality. The landscape shimmers, then dissolves into full abstraction. Up close, the painting looms with all kinds of incident. The more we examine its surface, the more it reveals a dizzying dance of moody vertical and horizontal spatial disjunctions. If anything, Chandler's works are evolving into a more active collaboration between stroke and form. Image and paint mirror each other in layers of dark, light and reverie. Arising out of the forces of stability and change flowing through and past each other, the fresh snowbanks and tall timber areas seem to be as much about a state of mind as location—twilight or early morning places where what we see is about to be transformed into something else. Chandler clearly understands how to make a smudge of light glow against luminous, vaporous clouds, how to negotiate winter's tandem essences of threat and beauty. This light stares, it invests and structures, it gets into the bones of things. In *Cabin of Dreams*, light bursts through a dense build-up of pigment in the form of shimmering white jabs, dots and dashes. Indeed, Chandler's painterly dynamic suffuses the canvas with gestural energy, sometimes as a kind of atmosphere, at other times an intense drama of fighting strokes and rivaling colors. The wet glossy appearance of the trees, as well as the melting snowdrifts piled on the cabin's roof—as if brushed only moments ago—suggest icing on a gingerbread house. In any case, the air is heavy with the watery sweetness of dark green pines and iridescent blue pools in various states of condensation and diffusion. Chandler reaches out to the edges of her painting, demonstrating the determination that every part of the canvas be alive, involved, touched. Her ability to make each gesture an intuitive yet carefully considered unit of sublimated feeling is what gives the flecks of paint their contemplative power. For they partake of a dreamlike wandering trace.

The philosophical questions that emerge from these lushly sensual compositions, however, deal with the mystery and enigma of our identity and existence, our solitary state in the world, our limits in space and time. *A Collection of Memories* is about beautiful things leaving this world, never to return. Still, Chandler grants a slender glimpse of pleasure or release or maybe even redemption in the form of some lovely landscape that reminds us of nature's benevolence and wild possibilities.

We can get lost in these worlds of mixed times and jostled surroundings. But mostly the snowy wilderness, frozen cascades, dizzying chasms and icy mists, evoke primal forms of escape and finally: they promise reassurance, blanketing submersion, as well as helplessness, abandonment, loss—at once untold contentment and utter desolation. The denseness of this imagery suggests either that Chandler has a wondrously fertile imagination, or that we all are inventive in our dreams but often fail to hold onto them.

*A Collection of Memories* has no end, no beginning, but parts of a cycle repeating, endless. Evident throughout the work is an absence of hierarchy and an air of interchangeability. Each installation incarnates its own movement. Each configuration of the grouping is in itself kinetic; we are invited to travel through its depicted spaces by mental projection, a kind of flânerie of the mind. In doing so, our sense of place breaks down, our relation to the world beyond becomes tenuous. On the one hand, Chandler's work seems to be about the poetics and vagaries of life itself. Nevertheless, the abstract elements also return her work to the fact of painting. The dichotomy between personal and general meaning, of visual and verbal allusions, of the artist's life and the veritable making of an image finally blend as one gesture in her art. Moreover, by setting up equivalencies, Chandler weaves isolated images and individual works into an inseparable tapestry of abstract elements whose visual language becomes increasingly fluid and perceptible upon repeated viewings. Time's passage, the preciousness of the natural world, the beauty of banal things and the serendipity of life are all hallmarks of the work. Chandler operates on a threshold where sensory experience and a feeling of transcendence over everyday reality are contiguous. Calming and meditative, Chandler's collection retains bodily memory. As it takes root and grows, perhaps in line with our desires, or perhaps at odds with our wills, Chandler aims to draw us outside of ourselves and toward the power of memory, ritual, dream and enchantment. The fantasies that Chandler creates are ones we enter without ever looking back.

1. All quotations from Chandler derived from interviews with the artist between March 2008 and January 2009.

2. John Baskin, *The Elements of Drawing*, 1867 (reprint ed. New York, Dover Press, 1971, p. 25.)

3. Gaston Bachlard, *The Poetics of Space*, 1958 (reprint ed. Boston, Beacon Press, 1984, p. 5.)