

PLATE TWENTY-ONE Samuel Pepysis library

a book of twenty bird drawings in 1815 for his friend Walter Fawkes, Careful, minutely detailed renderings of the natural world found a new vogue during the 19th century, a period when publication of illustrated histories and science manuals flourished. Among the Romantic advocates of drawing from nature was the British aesthete and critic John Ruskin. In his influential manual, Elements of Drawing, Ruskin argued for a kind of drawing whose purpose was "...to set down clearly and usefully, records of such things as cannot be described in words, either to assist your own memory of them, or to convey distinct ideas of them to other people."2 For Ruskin, the drawing of an object from nature was that object's equivalent rather than a mere visual record. "Ruskin served as executor of the Turner trust and was instrumental in keeping the collection of bird portraits together," Chandler says. "My aim was to create something positive based on country estates and animals-the slipsliding of those old worlds. For me, England is like a homeland and I wanted to disconnect into that era. The challenge to find beauty, to hold on to memories has become increasingly

difficult. Old libraries are shutting down. Who will take care of the books, the estates and wild life at the end of ancestral lines? Where will we find spaces of security, peace and innocence?"

In Turner's Birds at Paralley Hall, Chandier frames a guinea fowl, weedceck and pheasant in gold medallions, suspending them from blue striped wallspaper much like gentrified portraits. In Samuel Popus's Höreray the spines of procious volumes are stacked like slabs of candy. Our investigative sense is falling as reflection and reverie are replaced with quick sensation. Is the capacity for the quiet us of beluxe, something essential to reading, on the wane? Clandier argues that there's simply too much to be lost by allowing the written word to fade into irrelavance. Recently, our expansiveness has been checked. Immittent searcity of resources has brought a sense of finitioness to our world. Chandler's belts remind us that decoration isn't simply ormament; it's commonoration as well. To decorate is to bestow a token of honor. Accordingly, Chandler's art is call-brated in its finite of values and sentiment.

Chandler works with the age-old idea that places are