

Time Out

Chicago

J.T. "New Work by Daphane Park,"
Time Out Chicago, February 9-16, Issue No. 50, 2005, pg. 52.

"New Work by Daphane Park"

Lisa Boyle Gallery, through
 Feb 18 (see West Side).

Is it a white leotard eating a person, or is the person eating the white leotard? And is that person being attacked by the octopuses stuck to her chest, or is she attacking them?

Daphane Park's work forces a lot of questions that are rhetorical by circumstance because her paintings are weird and convoluted enough that they don't seem all that interested in answers.

absorbed into the heavy paper on which the artist chooses to paint.

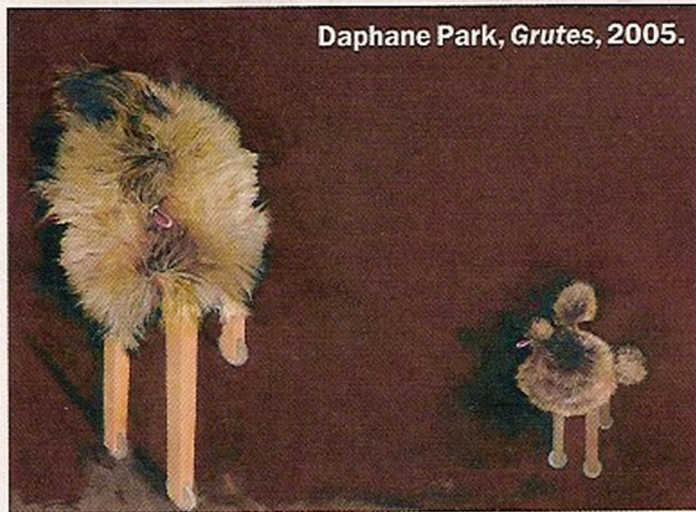
The work is quietly violent and gruesome but also comic. In *Look Who the Fuck is Coming to Town*, a large insect coiled up on the wall is depicted with repeating body sections of identical green ski masks with sinister eyes looking out, spooky mouths exhaling smoke and feathers for legs.

Much of the exhibit feels as though it was approached with a frontiersman's eye for the industrial plane. Is that a plastic bag, or waves in the water? Are

The Grute Scooters animal pelts on display, or crude toys for children? Are those black leather boots, or burnt leaves?

The saving grace is that each piece, however chaotic, has its own central character (or characters)—weird little creations that don't always have the most succinct forms (Is it a

crustacean or a mutated mammal?), but that winningly succeed in forging individual personalities. Whether dancing for joy or pain, bending down to fawn over a hole in the water, or looking glumly at the sky, these odd creatures have stories to tell.—JT



Daphane Park, *Grutes*, 2005.

Park employs a great deal of collage work, an ingredient that can easily butt up against the other elements of a work—especially the paint. In these pieces, however, the slivers of magazine pages blend in deeply; camouflaged by paint, they are all but