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DARRYL POTTORF
Jamileh Weber
Zurich

It seems impossible to discuss Darryl Pottorf without mentioning Robert Rauschenberg, for whom Pottorf once worked and with whom he is now a collaborator. For his two previous solo shows at Jamileh Weber, Pottorf exhibited multilayered works that mesh myriad images and never venture into color. This new show represented a sea change. Here, working on single large planes of poly laminate, he first transferred images from photographs, then used acrylic paint in a palette one might call Floridian--bright pastel tones that often jump out at you from 20 paces. It seems less a first step into color than a gleeful cannonball plunge.

Pottorf's imagery, though, strays little from both his past work and that of recent Rauschenberg. We have the iconic (the bust of Caesar, piazza statues, the neon Las Vegas casino sign) and the everyday (bicycles, street signs, buckets, tenement fire escapes). At times, the works come off like a frenetic music video, a great flurry of color and image that amounts to little substance. But in many pieces the elements subtly combine, like half-recalled moments in a fondly remembered day--not quite vivid enough to tell a story but sufficient to resurrect an ambiance. Sometimes, as with *Wet Wipe*, the mood is urban. Other times, the vibe is more coastal, as in *Dignified Denied*. Pottorf's simpler compositions often have the most power. And ironically for a show whose novelty lies in its color, the best works tend to have large areas of white space cutting jaggedly across the frame to give an edge and resonance to the adjacent imagery.

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