

# KATE WERBLE GALLERY

83 VANDAM STREET NEW YORK, NY 10013

## The New York Times

**BROCK ENRIGHT: "GOOD TIMES WILL NEVER BE THE SAME" AT PERRY RUBENSTEIN  
ROBERTA SMITH  
MARCH 30, 2007**

*Good Times Will Never Be The Same*  
Perry Rubenstein Gallery  
527 West 23rd Street and 526 West 24th Street, Chelsea  
Through March 31

For several years Brock Enright has been a tantalizingly elusive figure, best known for videotapes of performances in which people were kidnapped (by agreement), and a range of Goth-flavored activities that culminated in "Forest," a rough-edged film made with Ivan Hürzeler that focused on young athletes doing crazy things in the woods. (It was shown at the Cynthia Broan Gallery last year, with sculptures and installations left over from those doings.)

The opposite of elusive, Mr. Enright's current solo show bears in on us from all sides. At its center is another feature film, "The Blackgoat," about a man searching for his lost love whom he mistakenly turned into a black goat. Shot mostly in the woods again, this film is a collage of short, often intense sequences that jump from horror to suspense to Dada to fairy tale, with the emphasis on horror as night falls.

There are scary moments and memorable ones too: Mr. Enright in dark red, fighting off an invisible foe in a hotel hallway like an amateur Jackie Chan; and just about anything done by the female lead, who often appears in mouse make-up talking in a squeaky voice. But the longer you watch the more self-indulgent the 69-minute "Blackgoat" seems. Many of the scenes might do just as well as color photographs, like those included in the exhibition.

The objects and installations that turn the gallery into a kind of disaster area sometimes relate to the film as well. They include a large, neatly boxed accumulation of trash; and signs of messy actions and interactions, like bashed-in walls. Most arresting is "Table Study 1," wooden shelving arrayed with small monitors playing loops relating to "The Blackgoat" and piled with objects, among them, several headlike sculptures and a chipboard version of Duchamp's bottle rack.

Mr. Enright's art has more energy and ideas than clarity or purposefulness. It is also trailed by debts -- to Paul McCarthy, Mike Kelly, "The Blair Witch Project" and Stanley Kubrick for starters -- that need to be sorted through. In the process he might examine his faith in mess for mess's sake. But the show is alive with strange and intriguing objects and images that one would like to get a better bead on.

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