

**BROCK ENRIGHT: GOOD TIMES WILL NEVER BE THE SAME**



A FILM BY JODY LEE LIPES

Produced by Jody Lee Lipes & Kyle Martin

79 Minutes, USA, (HD-CAM, STEREO)

[WWW.BROCKENRIGHTFILM.COM](http://WWW.BROCKENRIGHTFILM.COM)

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## CAPSULE SYNOPSIS

Brock Enright and his girlfriend, Kirsten Deirup, drive from Brooklyn, New York to her family's cabin in Mendocino, California to prepare for Enright's first solo show at New York City's prominent Perry Rubenstein gallery. As Enright struggles to produce what could be his most significant work, his relationship with Kirsten, her family and the gallery is strained by his violent, explicit and challenging creation.

## SYNOPSIS

After joining the roster at Perry Rubenstein, a prominent New York gallery, artist Brock Enright packs a rented minivan and travels across the country with his longtime girlfriend Kirsten Deirup to create his first major solo show in New York City. Brock dives into his work, disregarding the gallery's mandated budget, schedule and Kirsten's financial concerns for life after the show. Alone and uninhibited, Brock and Kirsten find themselves making a film without boundaries, often violent and sexually graphic. As the young couple nears their intended destination—Kirsten's family cabin in the redwoods of Mendocino, California—Brock's apprehension about working under the Deirup family's watchful eye becomes apparent.

After arriving, Brock continues to shoot and build sculptural elements with several collaborators including his younger cousin Robert. But Kirsten's brother Keith, skeptical of Brock's artistic pursuits and working methods, makes him increasingly uncomfortable. Kirsten realizes that the budget supplied by the gallery is almost gone, and tension between them builds as she witnesses Brock's inability to manage the project and support them financially. With a combined life savings of less than \$1,000, rent and phone bills overdue and thousands in shipping costs accumulating, Brock has to petition the gallery for more funds.

Meanwhile, Brock's tense relationship with Keith deteriorates as he is confronted with unconventional creative ideas and graphic work incorporating his older sister. Keith chastises Brock when he finds him shooting a scene naked. Brock plunges into an emotional breakdown, feeling rejected by the family of the woman he intends to marry. But with cousin Robert and Kirsten's support, Brock presses on.

Perry Rubenstein gallery agrees to invest more money and sends Nicelle, the gallery's Director, to check on Brock's progress. Brock races to finish before she arrives, but admits the night before that nothing is done. Nicelle arrives and finds Brock's work only partially completed, as he tries in vain to present his lack of progress as a creative choice. The tension between Brock, Keith, Kirsten and Nicelle spirals out of control, leading to a physical altercation between Brock and Keith. Distraught, Brock demands that Keith stomp on his face as the gallery director looks on in tears. Keith responds by embracing his would be brother-in-law.

Immediately after, in a sequence that borders on the surreal, Brock suddenly lashes out at Nicelle, and has cousin Robert slash her tires to prevent her from leaving the property. As the situation worsens, the viewer must wonder if the episode is an artistic performance in itself, or a genuine plea for help as Brock struggles to hold together what could be the most significant show of his career.

Brock arrives at the gallery back in New York City, and begins installing his work. Perry, Nicelle, Brock and Kirsten craft the gallery space together, and with Keith in attendance, the show opens February 2007. A year and a half later, Brock and Kirsten are still making art, and continue to build a life together.

## DIRECTOR'S STATEMENT

My first encounter with the artist Brock Enright was in 2002, when he came to the attention of the mainstream media after creating a 'designer kidnapping' service called Videogames Adventure Services (VAS). Brock directed the "games," which were tailored to each client's worst fears, and also played Connie, the leader of the VAS team. I intermittently served as the cinematographer.

The narrative outline of each game was almost never followed, and Brock was often in character for days on end. I had very little formal direction as I shot vérité documentary footage of violent and disturbing subject matter that was loosely staged.

There was constant media attention surrounding VAS and Brock intentionally misled the press to create a confusing and inconsistent public persona. However, from early on in our relationship, Brock told me, "I want you to tell my story."

When Brock asked me to work as the cinematographer for his first solo show with Perry Rubenstein Gallery, I turned him down because I saw an opportunity to create my own film and to express my perspective of his process without overtly interpreting his artwork or defending its subject matter. I knew that the experience I gained from years of involvement in his work put me in a position of understanding and trust that few documentarians and subjects share.

The existing documentation of Brock's work, (which often involves bodily fluid, violence and general disarray) often takes on a sloppy, low-tech and chaotic aesthetic. I tried to capture his process in controlled, sparse, angular compositions, by shooting on a locked off tripod as much as possible. I felt that my visually clean approach could make his challenging art more accessible to an audience who could otherwise reject it entirely.

I was also interested in telling the story of a deliberately enigmatic public figure with as little artifice as possible. For this reason, I eschewed a film crew and worked alone for the first eight weeks of shooting. Driving across the country, I shared a hotel room with Brock and his girlfriend Kirsten every night and we all stayed in a cabin deep in the Redwoods for four weeks. Intimate conversations, violence and familial clashes are unflinchingly captured because of the total access I was granted.

As I shot the film, I found conflict and narrative in Brock's struggle to create art while balancing relationships with his girlfriend, her family and the gallery representing him. However, the resulting story transcends Brock's individual experience and the art world as a whole, and asks the universal question; can relationships and family co-exist with boundless ambition?

It wasn't until a year and a half after the opening of Brock's show at Perry Rubenstein Gallery that I understood his answer to this question. Not only was he continuing to make art and build a career, but Brock and Kirsten's commitment and love for each other had grown even stronger as they began a family of their own.

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## Bound Gagged and Loving Every Minute Of It:

The Exquisite Torture Of Paying For Your Own Customized Kidnap Experience

By Henry Alford, September 19, 2002

\*A PDF of the article in its entirety can be downloaded at [www.brockenrightfilm.com](http://www.brockenrightfilm.com)

I was sitting in my living room with Brock Enright, a twenty-six-year-old New York artist who plans, executes and videotapes kidnappings for hire. We were strategizing my abduction. "I'm sort of a control freak," I found myself confessing to the handsome but boyishly creepy Enright. "So I'm looking to confront my fear of chaos. I'm thinking maybe the kidnappers' indecision and lack of organization are what imperil me."

"I like that," Enright said. He gave me a questionnaire that asked me to list my greatest fears: I listed "suffocation," "drowning," "slipping in vomit." He asked if there were any other specific elements I wanted to include. I said it might be "very dramatic" if I were initially approached on the street at an unspecified time and, while held at gunpoint, forced to mask my terror while led through crowded streets. Enright asked if I wanted the pressure of the gun on my back to be theatrical or realistic. I said, "realistic."

Many of Enright's kidnappings have a sexual component; Enright claims that none of the twenty-nine people he's abducted in the past ten years has ever asked for sex with a stranger, preferring it to be with someone they already know. He asked me, "Do you want to specify anything sexually, or do you want to leave it vague?" I admitted, "I don't want to work too – as they say in show business – blue. But, that said, I'm generally made very uncomfortable by the presence of an enormous black dildo."

"So you'd like that?" he asked.

As I left the New York University gym, a man put his left arm around my neck tightly; his right hand, obscured by a jacket, pressed a gun into my back. "Put your arm around me like we're lovers!" he hissed. Suddenly I was scared. My throat constricted. I was unable to look the gunman in the face. It dawned on me: Not only have I given a group of strangers permission to kidnap me, but I have encouraged them to do it ineptly, and to use a gun while doing it. What *wouldn't* Enright do? As a teen, the aspiring *cineaste* snuck up on his aunt one day and filmed her while she was sitting on the toilet. Suddenly I was Enright's aunt, and New York was my toilet.

The gunman guided me into the back of a van, where five masked individuals threw icy-cold water at me, pushed me onto the van's floor and wrapped my mouth and eyes in duct tape. While binding my feet, one of the kidnappers positioned his posterior directly onto my face; a little voice inside my head said, "I can't believe I'm paying \$1,500 for this." They stuffed me into a duffel bag. We drove for about thirty minutes, whence I was decanted from the duffel bag and deposited onto a mattress on the floor of a dark, dusty, fifteen-by-twenty-foot basement chamber whose location, per my request, was unknown to me.

The next six hours were very possibly the most frightening six hours of my life. That I could shut down this production at any moment merely by employing my code word didn't matter. I had suspended my disbelief, I was in the game. After being repeatedly blindfolded and rebound and gagged by the masked men, I was stripped to my underwear and subjected to surprise showers of a variety of liquids – water, beer, and maple syrup. A man whom I would come to think of as the Depilator pulled hairs out of my chest. Footage of CNN fashion commentator Elsa Klensch vamping on about Princess Di was played on a loop. A malodorous skinhead licked me. I had to pee into Dixie cups. I was slapped once and manhandled frequently. Some of my bruises would last for weeks.

By the end of the evening, I had cried three times. My one ally was a captor – I was quite certain that it was Enright beneath the mask – who spoke in a high-pitched Tele-tubby-type voice; in a strange reversal of Stockholm syndrome, this fellow had eyes for *me*. At one point he lay his body on top of mine, hump-style. At another, he told me, “I’ll do anything you ask me to.” He told me he had fallen in love with me...That Enright, who’d seemed nervous and slightly formal in my apartment, could transform himself into this character did not wholly surprise me; as with most actors you meet, you sense that there are two parts to Enright’s being: a large, warm pool of sentiment, moral humanity; and a billboard on a highway reading, simply, WILLING.

Strangely, even though I had just passed the most harrowing night of my life, I didn't like criticizing Enright in front of his crew; he's formed a kind of family with these sociopaths – a situation seemingly underlined by the fact that Enright wears the Movado watch that his largely absent father was wearing when he jumped to his death last year – and I didn't want to -- undermine his authority.

I asked him, too, about responsibility. Enright, who has a M.F.A. from Columbia, sees himself as an artist, not a therapist. But given the nature of his work, doesn't he carry a burden of responsibility vis-à-vis his clients' psyches? The artist was fairly detached on this topic. He claimed he's just trying to make a movie and to make sure no one gets hurt, downplaying the responsibility by saying that it's “the same responsibility I feel toward another person on the subway, or someone at a bar.”...“I think about it like skydiving. Sky diving is scary for people around you, too – unless you know a lot about skydiving.”

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# The New York Times

Art in Review; Brock Enright

By ROBERTA SMITH

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Good Times Will Never Be the Same

Perry Rubenstein Gallery, 527 West 23rd Street and 526 West 24th Street, Chelsea

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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