

FILM AT REDCAT PRESENTS

Mon April 4 |8:30 pm|

Jack H. Skirball Series

**Chantal Akerman:
Contre l'Oubli/Against Oblivion**

La Captive

preceded by:

***Against Oblivion &
I Am Hungry, I Am Cold***

<http://www.redcat.org/event/chantal-akerman-contre-l-oubliagainst-oblivion>

Presented as part of the citywide retrospective in memory of Chantal Akerman (1950-2015), this program starts with a short piece commissioned by Amnesty International, *Against Oblivion (Contre l'Oubli*, 1991, 3.40 min.) about the murder of Salvadorean union activist Febe Elisabeth Velásquez. In *I Am Hungry, I Am Cold (J'ai Faim, J'ai Froid*, 1984, 13 min.), a pair of runaways scamper across Paris, practice kissing, sing for their supper, and nonchalantly cast aside desiring men. In *La Captive* (1999, 112 min.), Akerman's mesmerizing take on Proust's *La Prisonnière*, a young man's infatuation with a woman (Sylvie Testud) traps them in a cycle of unfulfilled desire.

"Arguably the most important European director of her generation."
– J. Hoberman

"Traversing Proust's ample understanding of the insufficiencies of the quotidian to animate desire, *La Captive* renews Akerman's investment in obsession as a dynamic force. She propels Simon after Ariane in a relentless line of tension... Her filmic command of the obsessive movement in *La Captive* is spectacular. She stretches the object of desire in an elastic line that brings it now close, now far."

– Ivone Margulis

“I will never forget these two sad little clowns [of *I Am Hungry I Am Cold*]. Their sparkling gaze, their big smile, their cheerfulness... They were so similar to Chantal who, in *Saute Ma Ville*, was laughing at everything. Even her own disappearance.”

– actress Sylvie Testud (the star *La Captive*), Centre Pompidou.

When **Chantal Akerman** (June 6, 1950-October 5, 2015) died last October, she left behind a prolific and singular oeuvre. A truly independent filmmaker, she used to write or co-write all her screenplays, and her films outline an autobiography of sorts. She worked in a variety of formats, exploring both documentary, fiction and the personal essay form – in most than 60 works: 18 features, countless shorts and featurettes, and a dozen multiple-screen installations that were often variations of her single-channel films – always mixing high art with popular culture, minimalist rigor with physical exuberance. Through this multiplicity of formats, though, a unique tone, the specific quality of the gaze, an inimitable mastery of the *mise en scène* constituted a style that can be immediately spotted.

Akerman fell in love with cinema when she saw Godard’s *Pierrot le fou* as a teenager. At 18 she started to make films, with the irreverent *Saute Ma Ville* (1968), and it is at 25, with *Jeanne Dielman* (1975), that she became a household name, *de facto* defining an era, influencing filmmakers as different as Bela Tarr, Gus Van Sant and Nina Menkes. Unlike them, though, she frequently appeared in her own films, racing, meditating, writing, sleeping, stumbling into things, singing even – a “female Charlie Chaplin,” as she used to say.

Her presence was the index of a new way of performing femininity, as well as queerness and the anguish felt by the children of Holocaust survivors. Hers was an unclassifiable body willfully exploding the boundaries of sex, race, ethnicity, genre, language, and geography – or, at the border of the image, at the border between documentary and fiction (to allude to the title of one of her installations), as an inimitable voice, talking and singing, the thinly melodious voice of a child, later made husky by the smoke of a thousand cigarettes.

As such, through the audacity and formal rigor of her cinematic language, she struck a cord with generations of spectators. Her untimely death became an Internet event. Thousands of people, most of them very young, were clamoring how much her work had resonated through them, how much they were missing her.

The series of screening titled **CHANTAL AKERMAN: CONTRE L'OUBLI/AGAINST OBLIVION** gathers the representative of several venues across town (**REDCAT, Los Angeles Filmforum, Cinefamily, Fahrenheit, Veggie Cloud, Human Resources**) that are dedicated to render a proper homage to this major film director, by securing newly-created DCPs, restored prints (when available) and well-preserved digital files to exhibit Akerman's images and sounds in their pristine beauty, and to present a survey of her work as exhaustive as possible considering the current state and availability of some films. A companion exhibition, "Images Between the Images," is concurrently organized at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (BAM): <http://www.bam.org/film/2016/chantal-akerman>

These programs are organized in collaboration with Paradise Films and Cinémathèque royale de Belgique and presented with the support of the Cultural Services of the French Embassy and Institut Français and with the support of the Consulate General of the Kingdom of Belgium

Chantal Akerman was born in Brussels, capital of Belgium – whose gray winters, cloudy skies and hazy light were once captured by Flemish painting. Her parents were Holocaust survivors from Poland. They did not care about cinema, and cared even less about passing that painful part of Jewish history to their children. Yet this "nothing" they refused to talk about became the core of Akerman's inspiration.

Many of her films are about a girl/a woman whose desires, passions, longings, and obsession with an unspoken past are too big to be contained in Brussels alone. Women run away, cut classes, hitch-hike, sleeplessly walk the streets at night, love two people at the same time, strive to marry the wrong person, stalk female ex-lovers, commit murders, travel throughout Europe, go to America, to Eastern Europe, to Asia, illegally cross borders – in situations that go from the banal to the surreal.

A seductive emotional violence bursts at the seams. Language often drifts, a love letter turns into an obsessive diary or a schmaltzy song, a simple note into a surrealist catalogue, a word of consolation into a list of possible catastrophes. The excess contained in Akerman's signature frontal shots pours out in language, in pleasure.

"In a beautiful interview conducted in 2011, film scholar Nicole Brenez pointed to Akerman that she always talked about herself as of a

daughter/girl (it's the same word in French), that the heroine of *Almayer's Folly* was called Nina, i.e. *little girl*. 'I never grew up, responded Akerman. I have remained a girl, my mother's daughter.' *No Home Movie*, her last film, dedicated to her mother as was, forty years earlier, *News from Home*, reiterated this one last time."
– *Les Inrockuptibles*

REDCAT Program

AGAINST OBLIVION

(Contre l'oubli)

(France, 1991)

Chantal Akerman (screenplay, voice over), Sonia Wieder-Atherton (music) and Catherine Deneuve (actor) team up to mourn the murder of Salvadorean union activist Febe Elisabeth Velásquez in this short piece produced for Amnesty International.

Production and conception: Béatrice Soulé. Cinematographer: Joan Monsigny. Music: Mino Cinelu, interpreted by Sonia Wieder-Atherton.

With: Catherine Deneuve, Sonia Wieder Atherton. Beta SP, French with English subtitles, 3,40 min.

Presented with support from the Cultural Services of the French Embassy and Institut Français.

I AM HUNGRY, I AM COLD

(J'ai faim, j'ai froid)

(France, 1984, 13 min.)

Two penniless (and underage) runaways scamper across Paris, practice kissing, sing for their supper, and nonchalantly cast aside desiring men.

Producer: Marc Labrousse. Screenwriter: Chantal Akerman.

Cinematographers: Luc Benhamou, Gilles Arnaud, Luis Peracta. Sound: François de Morand, Jean-Paul Loublie. Editor: Francine Sandberg.

With: Maria de Medeiros, Pascale Salkin, Esmoris Hannibal. 35mm, in French, no subtitles, 13 min.

**Print shown with authorization of Paradise Films/
Cinémathèque royale de Belgique**

Note: the print is not subtitled, but text of the (minimal) dialogue will be distributed before the screening.

Translation: Charlotte Maconochie/A Nos Amours 2014

LA CAPTIVE

(France, 1999)

In this modern-day adaptation of the fifth volume of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*, Simon lives a comfortable existence

while keeping Ariane, a young woman of unclear social status, in his apartment. Suspecting her of loving women, he spies on her and relentlessly questions her to find out if she's "lying." What unsettles him, ultimately, is the enigma of femininity. For a female director, the challenge posed by the Proustian text is that Marcel/Simon is constructed as the *subject* of desire – who acts upon it, obsesses about it, suffers from it – and Albertine/Ariane is its unfathomable *object*. Akerman's interpretation produces a more interesting (*transgressive*) structure: a woman attempting to look at another woman who loves women through the eyes of a man who tortures himself by trying to *understand* female homosexuality *from the inside*. (*Afterall Magazine*)

Producer: Paulo Branco. Screenwriters: Chantal Akerman, Eric de Kuyper. Cinematographer: Sabine Lancelin. Editor: Claire Atherton. With: Sylvie Testud, Stanislas Mehrar, Olivia Bonamy, Aurore Clément. 35mm, French with English subtitles, 112 min.

**Print shown with authorization of Paradise Films/
Cinémathèque royale de Belgique**

Other Screenings of Chantal Akerman's Films in Los Angeles

Los Angeles Filmforum

Sun March 20:

Los Angeles Filmforum presents

Chantal Akerman's *Là-bas*

The inaugural screening of

CHANTAL AKERMAN: CONTRE L'OUBLI/AGAINST OBLIVION

Sunday, March 20, 2016

Director of Photography Robert Fenz in Person!

Là-bas, 2006, DCP (Restoration by Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique) color, sound, 78 minutes.

Produced during a sojourn as a teacher in Tel Aviv, *Là-bas* is both Akerman's lone portrait of the country and an acknowledgment of the impossibility of its representation. Unfolding in a series of fixed, inquisitive shots, *Là-bas* peers through blinds at Akerman's neighbors as she ruminates on her family, Jewish identity and daily life in her rented apartment. Stunning and demanding, *Là-bas* was described by Amy Taubin as "both the most fragile and most powerful of [Akerman's] works."

Sun April 3: ***Sud*** (*South*), 1999, color, sound, 70 minutes. Completed in 1999, Chantal Akerman's *Sud* (*South*) is a searing examination of the hate crime killing of James Byrd Jr. in Jasper,

Texas. Tracing the terrain of Jasper, *Sud* intertwines the city's landscape, interviews and footage of Byrd's funeral.

Describing the project Akerman wrote: "How do the trees and the whole natural environment evoke so intensely death, blood and the weight of history? How does the present call up the past? And how does this past, with a mere gesture or a simple regard, haunt and torment you as you wander along an empty cotton field or a dusty country road?"

A difficult, important film, *Sud* poses Akerman's questions without fully answering them, seemingly acknowledging the inability of landscape or interviews to fully explain the genesis of such profound violence.

Spielberg Theater at the Egyptian
6712 Hollywood Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90028

<http://www.lafilmforum.org>

Cinefamily

Wed March 30: ***Jeanne Dielman, 23, quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles***, 1975, DCP (Restoration by Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique), 201 min.

When Chantal Akerman presented *Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce-1080 Bruxelles* at the Cannes Film Festival in 1975, she was only 25 (she was 24 when she directed it). The film, which chronicles a few days in the life of Dielman: a single mother and widow, played by Delphine Seyrig, is now understood to be a behemoth in the history of feminist filmmaking. Brilliantly adopting the meditative long-takes of structuralist cinema found in the experimental, non-narrative works of directors such as Michael Snow, Akerman examines the alienation of our housewife protagonist. In stunning wide shots and real time, we observe the repetitive choreographies of Jeanne's life: peeling potatoes, sponging her body, turning tricks in the afternoon. But all that remains unvoiced cannot be outrun, and her perfectly executed daily routines start to falter. The timing falls off. A coil starts to glow.

Deliberate and frugal, but also symphonic, *Jeanne Dielman* was made by a young woman but with all the gravity of an examined life, and raised many of the questions that remain prescient about the female voice, concealed labor, and the nature of care.

Sat April 2: ***News From Home & I Don't Belong Anywhere***
News From Home, 1977, DCP (Restoration by Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique), 85 min.

“Why don’t you send us a photo?” asks Chantal Akerman’s mother in one of the love-anxiety letters she sends her 21 year old daughter, newly relocated from Belgium to New York City. Mother longs for a picture of her daughter—a visual reassurance—and perhaps she gets one, but the audience will not. *News From Home*, a beautiful meditation on New York, alienation, and intimacy, passes without a glimpse of Akerman, despite her acute presence. Instead, Akerman shares her persistent, thoughtful gaze with the viewer, her contemplative lense affixing itself to the movements of New York City, with the non-diegetic voice of her mother’s letters laid over the images. Akerman steps back, letting the viewer stand in her place.

I Don't Belong Anywhere, Dir. Marianne Lambert, 2015, DCP (Courtesy of Icarus Films), 68 min.

A solid primer for the uninitiated and a welcome review for the most devoted of viewers, *I Don't Belong Anywhere* is an impressionistic tour of Chantal Akerman’s varied yet consistently astounding body of work (comprised of 40+ films!), which—despite constant topical and geographical shifts—consistently lingers on the same essential themes, brought to the fore in candid interviews with Chantal and her long-time editor Claire Atherton. Shy and humble, but also clearly a force to be reckoned with, Chantal emerges as her film language does, each bit of her process suggesting an additional layer of precision to her work.

Wed April 6: ***Saute ma Ville* & *Hotel Monterey***

Saute ma Ville, 1968, DCP (Restoration by Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique), 13 min

A young woman cheerfully locks herself into her apartment—lets her cat out the window, seals the door and window with masking tape, washes the floor and walls with chemicals, eats spaghetti, dances in front of her mirror, turns up the gas on her stove—and turns her room into a pipe bomb. At eighteen years old, Chantal Akerman has already found her lifelong fixation on defining the modern condition through its banal material circumstances, her gleeful absurdity belying a graveness beyond her years.

Hotel Monterey, 1972, DCP (Restoration by Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique), 65 min.

Hotel Monterey is a residence hotel in New York on which Akerman and art house cinematographer Babette Mangolte situate their gaze. The result, less a film than an arcane out-of-body experience, transforms this run-down Manhattan hotel into a hypnotic netherworld. The lobby is clean with granite floors. Men wear hats. Paint peels. People enter and exit an elevator. Chantal has a preternatural knack for drawing the eye to what it rarely sees: the negative spaces between rooms and furniture, moments of routine frozen outside of

time. By capturing everyday life through mirrors and inhuman angles, and magnifying obscure urban signposts into cryptic hieroglyphs, Chantal transforms the regular events of a single-room-occupancy hotel into dystopian science-fiction.

Sat April 9: **Golden Eighties**, 1986, 35mm (Courtesy of Paradise Films/Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique), 96 min. As opposed to the somber and quiet world of *Jeanne Dielman*, *Golden Eighties* joyously wears its melodramatic heart on its sleeve, as it follows the ups and downs of three women vying for the same boy. Set in a candy-colored shopping mall, and written by an absurd dream team—Jean Gruault (*Jules and Jim*, *Paris Belongs to Us*), Leora Barish (*Desperately Seeking Susan*), Cahiers du Cinéma critic Pascal Bonitzer, Henry Bean (*A Couch in New York*), and Akerman herself— *Golden Eighties* is a celebration like none we've ever seen. Absolutely bursting with catchy songs full of pithy wit and fire (written by Akerman & Marc Hérouet), and exacting performances from Delphine Seyrig & French pop icon Lio, *Golden Eighties* is Akerman's loving (and slyly critical) tribute to Hollywood Musicals, and inarguable proof that flawless silliness belongs in the filmmaking lexicon.

Sun April 10: **Les Rendez-vous d'Anna** (*The Meetings of Anna*), 1978, 35mm (Restored by Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique), 120 min. In a series of ethereal urban tableaux, a young filmmaker named Anna glides by strangers, lovers, and friends with commensurate aloofness as she travels with her new film through Western Europe. Like Akerman, Anna seems to belong nowhere, equally out of place at home and abroad, amongst domestic women of past generations, and with the ambivalent, disaffected men of the new one. Her meetings reveal a diaspora of Europeans still coming to uneasy terms with the war and the modern era, as well as layers of her own peculiar estrangement – from her sexuality, her heritage, and her modernity as a woman. Anna feels like the personification of Akerman's camera: elegant, sort of alien, and obsessed with basic quotidian detail (when asked "how was Germany," Anna answers: "There were curtains on all the windows, tulips on every table, and it was full of Germans"). Anna's ghostly, geometric worldview is so distinct and persuasive that it is likely to follow you out of the theater.

Wed April 13: **Histoires d'Amérique** (*American Stories/Food, Family and Philosophy*) 1989, DCP (Courtesy of Mallia Films), 92 min. Flipping the final image from News From Home (a slowly-shrinking Manhattan), *Histoires d'Amérique* instead approaches Manhattan, and

with it a subject that informs every film Akerman touched: her Jewish identity. A group of first and second generation Eastern European Jewish immigrants—some professional actors, many non-actors, and a slew of comedians—tell a fragmented cornucopia of stories, along with sketches and jokes (and no shortage of deafening silences), in an informal history of Jewish culture of the last hundred years. Akerman's camera stalks New York, compiling an expressive history not merely with her subjects, but also the city's exteriors.

"A film that deals with the phantom of language, memory, oblivion, the vacuousness of words, *American Stories* is haunted by the void...Yet void itself has a history – that of the silence of the Holocaust survivors who, to spare their children, have only left them with a Jewish name emptied of its content – a name that burns a hole in the fabric of reality." – *Cahiers du cinéma*.

Sat April 16: ***Un Jour Pina a demandé*** (*One Day Pina Asked... On Tour with Pina Bausch*), 1983, Digibeta (Courtesy of Icarus Films), 57 min.

An encounter between two of the most remarkable female artists of the 20th century, *One Day Pina Asked...* is a look by Chantal Akerman at the work of choreographer Pina Bausch and her Wuppertal, Germany-based dance company. "This film is more than a documentary on Pina Bausch," a narrator announces at the outset, "it is a journey through her world, through her unwavering quest for love." Capturing the company's striking dances and elaborate stagings over a five-week European tour, Akerman uses "lengthy takes and exacting compositions (two of her stylistic signatures), encouraging us to reflect on how the dancers' bodies give form to Bausch's ideas" (*Chicago Reader*). The company members describe the development of various dances, and the way that Bausch calls upon them to supply autobiographical details as performances are developed. Akerman also shows us excerpts from performances of Bausch dances, including "Komm Tanz Mit Mir" (Come Dance with Me) (1977), "Nelken" (Carnations) (1982), "Walzer" (1982), and "1980" (1980), all recorded with Akerman's singular visual touch.

Sun April 17: ***D'Est*** (*From The East*), 1993, 16mm (Presented with support from the Cultural Services of the French Embassy and Institut Français), 107 min.

Traveling and documenting "everything that touched her," from East Germany to Russia, immediately after the fall of the Soviet Bloc, Chantal Akerman paints a portrait of city streets, changing seasons, and the muffled footsteps of people traversing a landscape "no longer monolithically impersonal" (Francette Pacteau)—a landscape taking its

first melancholic breaths as it emerges from the rubble. Akerman keeps people nameless and music minimal, allowing spaces to come alive of their own accord, patiently and hauntingly forming a true cinematic dirge for the people, places, and stories of Eastern Europe. "Taking her relentless cameras from East Germany to Russia, Akerman delivers an impressionistic report from the new front. Displaying her distinctive visual style, influenced by structuralism and minimalism, her journal unfolds as a procession of postcards ...Akerman captures the essence, if not the historical particulars, of a region on the move."—Emanuel Levy, *Variety*

Wed April 19: ***La Chambre & Je tu il elle***

La Chambre 1972, DCP (Restoration by Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique), 11 min.

The experience of watching *La Chambre*—with uneasiness, a flood of contradictory thoughts, meditation, daydreaming—becomes its subject, as the camera silently roams Akerman's apartment in a moving still life, in spirit more like a piece of music than a fragment of narrative film. It's suspenseful—you might be surprised to find yourself anxiously awaiting the moment when Chantal finally eats the apple or when the camera gently stops and pans in the opposite direction.

Je tu il elle, 1974, DCP (Restoration by Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique), 86 min.

Following Akerman's wildly formative New York years (where she was drawn to Anthology Film Archives and the films of Michael Snow, Yvonne Rainer, and Jonas Mekas) she returned to Belgium and crafted two of her greatest works: *Jeanne Dielman & Je tu il elle*. Freed from the confines of narrative filmmaking, *Je tu il elle* sees Akerman beginning to explore the themes that would come to fruition in *Jeanne Dielman*.

"Akerman's first completed feature is a haunting film-poem about the violence of desire. The filmmaker plays a young woman (I) consumed by depression and unrequited, obsessive feelings for an absent lover (you). She eventually leaves her cramped living space to embark on a strange journey in the heart of the Belgian winter. She meets half-way the sexual fantasies of a seductive trucker (he) before imposing herself on the woman (she) who no longer wants her. Akerman uses her own body as an opaque, alluring signifier for the breakdown of sexual identity. The splendid transgression enacted *Je tu il elle* was to become a cinematic landmark." – UCLA Film & Television Archive

Following the Los Angeles theatrical opening of Chantal Akerman's last film, *No Home Movie*, at the Laemmle Santa Monica starting April 22

<see <http://www.laemmle.com/films/40376> for tickets and information>, Cinefamily will have a second theatrical run of the film.

May 13 to 19: **No Home Movie**, 2015, 115 min

"At the center of Chantal Akerman's enormous body of work is her mother, a Holocaust survivor who married and raised a family in Brussels. In recent years, the filmmaker has explicitly depicted, in videos, books, and installation works, her mother's life and their own intense connection to each other. *No Home Movie* is a portrait by Akerman, the daughter, of Akerman, the mother, in the last years of her life. It is an extremely intimate film but also one of great formal precision and beauty, one of the rare works of art that is both personal and universal, and as much a masterpiece as her 1975 career-defining *Jeanne Dielman, 23, quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles*."

—New York Film Festival, Film Society of Lincoln Center

611 N. Fairfax Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90036
(323) 633-7171

www.cinefamily.org

Fahrenheit

Thur April 13: **Chantal Akerman par Chantal Akerman**, followed by a panel discussion

Chantal Akerman par Chantal Akerman, 1996 (courtesy INA) 63 min.

"This thoroughly charming self-portrait makes the perfect introduction to Akerman's life and work. Created for the venerable French television series *Cinéma de notre temps*, it is made up of two parts. The first features Akerman speaking and reading to the camera, delivering a monologue about the making of the film, Akerman's family and her childhood. The second part of the film consists of dozens of clips highlighting both the dizzying variety of Akerman's work as well as the images and themes that recur. The two parts constitute an autobiography that is thoughtful and thought-provoking, confessional and disarmingly funny." – UCLA Film & Television Archive

2245 East Washington Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90021
(347) 272-7202

<http://fahrenheit.flaxfoundation.org/>

Veggie Cloud

Thu March 31: ***De l'autre côté*** (*From the Other Side*), 2002 99 min.

"Agua Prieta and Douglas are two small towns planted on either side of the border between Mexico and the United States. Akerman alternately films these neighboring towns, so near and yet so far, separated by an insurmountable physical obstacle of barbed wire, gates and iron.

Despite the danger, hundreds of Mexicans try to cross illegally every year. Exploring the border as a symbol of North-South divide and the ravages of globalization, Akerman nonetheless captures the desert, the horizon and the wide-open space – allowing audiences to make up their minds. After *From the East* and *South*, she concludes her documentary trilogy with a poignant, lyrical and provocative film."

– Festival international nouveau Cinéma nouveaux Médias Montréal

"A spare, painterly and scrupulously unsentimental look. Both eerily beautiful and filled with a quiet compassion."

– Dave Kehr, *The New York Times*

FREE

5210 Monte Vista,
Los Angeles 90042

<http://cargocollective.com/veggiecloud>

Human Resources Los Angeles

Tue April 12: ***Le 15/08***, 1973, 42 min

Set in the wet heat and suspended time of a 15th of August (France's main religious holiday in the summer, literally everything stops), Chris, a young woman from Finland has just arrived in Paris. Staying with a friend of Chantal Akerman, she utters a long, intimate monologue. She is filmed in static shots which monitor her unspoken anguish and idleness, moving from one room to the next. The young woman, through the repetition of empty and haunting daily gestures, becomes a pure "existential" figure. (Adapted and translated from the description in the 2004 Pompidou catalogue)

410 Cottage Home St
Los Angeles CA, 90012

<http://humanresourcesla.com>

Special Thanks: Sylviane Akerman, Claire Atherton, Mathieu Fournet, Amélie Garin-Davet, Séverine Madinier, Nicola Mazzanti, Adam Roberts, Véronique Siklosi, Marilyn Watelet

CHANTAL AKERMAN: CONTRE L'OUBLI/AGAINST OBLIVIVION was curated by Bérénice Reynaud (REDCAT), Alison Kozberg and Adam Hyman (Los Angeles Filmforum), William Morris (Cinefamily), Martha Kirszenbaum (Fahrenheit) and Courtney Stephens (Veggie Cloud & Human Resources). Troubleshooter emeritus: Bérénice Reynaud.

The Jack H. Skirball Series at REDCAT is curated by Steve Anker and Bérénice Reynaud.

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