

CARNEGIE MUSEUM OF ART

ONE OF THE FOUR CARNEGIE MUSEUMS OF PITTSBURGH

Independent Filmmaker, Kenneth Anger, Lecture

Date of Recording: April 16, 1973

Location: Carnegie Museum of Art

Running Time: 96:56 minutes

Format: 1/4-inch audiotape

Date of Transcript: November 2015

Department of Film and Video archive

Lectures and interviews with artists

ID: fv001/002/026

Sally Dixon: It's a great, great pleasure to introduce Kenneth Anger Anger. We've waited a long time, tried to have him come last year, but he does live in London, which makes it a little more difficult than New York would be. He's here now, doing a sort of a mini-tour, I guess; three places. We're fortunate enough to be one of them.

By way of just brief background, I want to give you a few points that I picked up today at the press conference, that I didn't know before. That is, he sort of was spawned in Hollywood, as it were, with the big studios, and had quite a bit of experience there, soaking up that flavor, which you might keep in mind when looking at his films. After I knew it, I tried to think back over them, and I'll look at them again tonight with that in my mind. Apparently, a remarkable grandmother who loved it and took him there ... And from there, went on out and began making films at a very early age, and eventually wound up in England, where he is now in London. He's been there for the last seven or eight years, and is now back here for a tour, for the first time in a number of years. Kenneth Anger.

Kenneth Anger: Thank you for coming. It's my second time in Pittsburgh. Once I hitchhiked through when I was about 15. I'm going to show you tonight ... I hope you're patient to sit through everything that I have been able to produce in the last 26 years, that I can show on a screen. I've made other films, but other films are in fragmentary form, or need prints, or else have rather sadly shrunk, so they can't be printed until some new printer is invented, which is something that happens with film. [00:02:00] It's a very vulnerable medium, and I've learned working at it over the years, that it's kind of like personally surviving. I want staying power with my images, and I'm trying to protect them and save them.

It's never a matter with me, with taking up a new film and dropping the old. I've never withdrawn a film because I would say, "Gee, that's an adolescent work. I'd better sort of bury it." In other words, the ones that I've released, for better or for worse, they're out there. Anybody can see them, if they can find how to get a hold of them; that's not too difficult.

I hope in a few ... if I come back, or some other time, or perhaps just you'll be able to see here without me being present ... some of my earlier films; non-Hollywood films, but films which I made when I was pretty young, which I'm trying to get restored, together. I finally decided ... for a long time, I wasn't really interested in that. Then, I've sort of become interested again in my beginnings in films, and I said, "Maybe I should start getting these little things..." They're three and four minutes long, and already, like my very first film, which is called *Who Has Been Rocking My Dreamboat?*, was inspired by a pop tune that came out at that time by the Ink Spots, which is called "Someone's Rocking my Dreamboat."

It was the summer of '41, and the movie was about children in a playground, sort of doing war games, as the fog of Santa Monica comes over. They pretend it's poison gas from Japan, and drop dead as the song ends. But the film is now in rather lamentable physical state, and I have to work [00:04:00] on it to try to save it. I don't know if I can save it or not, but the impetus was that someone gave me a new LP of the Ink Spots, that have now been reissued. I heard "Someone's Rocking my Dreamboat" again for the first time in a long time, and I said, "Gee, I've got my soundtrack; maybe I'd better start getting the picture together."

I'm going to start the program tonight with a film that isn't mentioned in the program notes, because it isn't a film by me. It's a film *about* me, that was made against my will, oddly enough, but which, by submitting to it – in other words, proving I was a cooperative person in certain public ways – allowed me to go on to make my latest film, which is called *Lucifer Rising*, that I've been working on for three years.

I was proposed a deal by German television, and I don't even particularly care for television. I don't know if anyone here works in the medium, but I don't own a television set, among the great list of things I don't own. I don't own a car, I don't own a television set, I don't own a camera, and so forth and so on. If I need any of these things, I'll hire them for a weekend, or for however long I need them. But I don't like possessions beyond books and a few clothes, things like that.

We're going to see this German television film. They said they were going to make a portrait of Kenneth Anger, and that this was their deal: I'd give them a 40-minute television film on me, and in exchange, they would be half-producer of my new film. I needed even a half-producer, so I agreed.

This crew of [00:06:00] Krauts – excuse the expression – followed me around for three months in England, trying to find out how I made films. It wasn't exactly a pleasing relationship. Often I got up in the morning before they got up to do some shooting on my own that I wanted to do, and then I pretended that I wasn't working that day; things like that.

But they got their little film, and it includes excerpts of some of my films that you'll see complete later. What I did was, I cut off the German commentary, threw it away, and cut out all the interview scenes with the interviewer, that I didn't like at all; we couldn't get along. He'd ask me sort of pedantic German questions – in English, of course – but the sort of profound things that I don't like asked in that sort of question.

At any rate, they've been all thrown out, so the film is quite a bit shorter now. It doesn't even resemble what it did. But I've used the fragments of it as sort of an introduction to my work. From then on, after this film is over, I'm not

going to talk again. You're going to see the cycle of my films, as I call the films dating from *Fireworks* (1947), to *Lucifer Rising*, which is a work I'm working on this year, still.

I will have a break just before showing *Lucifer Rising* to introduce it. The reason I'm making this tour of these three American cities, like Pittsburgh, Buffalo, and Chicago, is – I've been invited, very kindly – but also I have to find a way to finish my new film because [00:08:00] I've gone over budget. I'm sort of hustling, as they say, and I haven't quite figured out how I'm going to do it. I at least want to also test the response to it. We'll get on with the first film, and I'll be making a few comments as it proceeds.

This is at work, in my Hampstead, London, flat, which I no longer have. It's all taking place in sort of a shoebox. It's a small room; it's the only room I had. I had to sort of build a set in that room. That said in German, "Film, conceived as a magic ritual," which is more or less accurate, but it sounds a bit too heavy in German somehow.

This is a young steelworker that I found in Middlesbrough in County Durham, England, which is in the far north. It's what Blake called "the dark, Satanic mills," like you used to have here last century. I guess they've been cleaned up. I chose him to play Lucifer, even though he was a non-actor, with [00:10:00] all the sort of risks that entails, though I didn't require him to be an actor.

In my films, I typecast from the look of people. Eisenstein did the same, and Pudovkin did the same, but they had the Soviet state behind them. When Eisenstein walked down the street in Moscow and tapped someone on the shoulder and said he'd like him to play a sailor in *Potemkin*, he had the power of the Soviet state behind him. Maybe it was a bit difficult for the bloke to refuse.

The people I use in my films, aside from a few, I guess you could call them professionals; I have in my latest film used Marianne Faithfull, who's a professional actress, and a professional drug addict who's now cured, of course. The biggest challenge for me is to ... I guess you could call the "Pygmalion" complex: to find someone who never conceived or thought of themselves as an actor or an actress, and turn them into something on the screen. Oh, I'm shooting through a kitchen sieve there, which is usually used for other things, but I thought that it might be interesting. That's the effect I got. I had to work on it farther. I wanted a scintillating effect, because I'm more interested in ... I'm not interested in just the look of things. I'm interested in things as they might look, could look, should look sometimes, according to my imagination.

Of course, it's [00:12:00] much easier for me to work with objects. These are very passive actors and actresses; these two candlesticks that belonged to Aleister Crowley. In other words, I can make them do this, and change the lights on them, and they never complain that they've got to meet their girlfriend, or that they've got a heavy date so they have to cut out shooting and disappear.

I started working in puppets before I went into movies. I had my own puppet theater, which entertained a few of the neighborhood kids. Even though people are far from puppets, they're the bigger challenge. This is from *Invocation of my Demon Brother*, and this was my last American film. The reason I left America was because it was part of a much longer film, and the rest of it was stolen by a juvenile delinquent who later became a senior delinquent, and is now in San Quentin for life. That's an example of typecasting that's a bit too true.

This is him, Bobby Beausoleil, who later became well-known in the headlines about Charles Manson. That's Lenore Kandel, who's a rather well-known poet in San Francisco. I do like to use artists in my film whenever I can. This is a great artist; it's Samson DeBrier, who's the son of the king of Romania, who lives in a pleasure dome in Hollywood, which is a tiny bungalow in the shadow of what used to be called the RKO Studios. It's now called Desilu, much less interesting than RKO, where *King Kong* came out. [00:14:00]

These are sort of my ideal cast, because each of these people – Renate [Druks], Curtis [Harrington], Paul [Mathison] and Samson – are in their own way artists. Renate's a painter, Curtis was an experimental filmmaker, Paul is a painter, and Samson is a poet and a diary-keeper. I had much less trouble, and indeed delight, working with these people as a communal effort on this film. It's the largest cast of any film I've ever done – *The Pleasure Dome* – than any film I've done before or since.

It was just a combination of circumstances, of a little group of people that got along together, and found it amusing to meet for a series of weekends that went on for maybe two months, to do a little shooting that was almost like playing games; dressing up and playing games. The difference between that film and this, made almost ten years later in San Francisco, *Demon Brother*, is that the games became more real. You see this is ... there's Charles Manson in my house in California. I didn't ... I just knew him as Chuck at that time.

This is, again, one of my American period films, *Scorpio Rising*, with Bruce Byron, who was a real Scorpio, and he's now a taxi driver. He's put on quite a little weight around the middle since he did this part in the film, which is one of those things that can happen to people – not only Marlon Brando.

In these films, you see, I don't use ... this is, to me, a hallucinatory reality, but it's also real. It's [00:16:00] his room; I didn't change ... I didn't make a décor. I didn't ... this is the way he made his décor. He lived with about ten cats in this room; that was his own sort of temple to his self ... to himself, with the television set going day and night, a noose hanging from the ceiling, and pirate flags. It was the kitties' very much ... uh-oh, I'm afraid the film's broken. It was very much like a kitties' club room.

This is [Marjorie] Cameron, who is the only true witch woman I've ever worked with. She's a genuine witch, acknowledged by the right and the left. She's a very talented painter, who lives in California, and the only woman I've ever lived with for any considerable period of time. She was a delight to work with, too.

That's Samson DeBrier in one of his many disguises, as the great beast, disguised ... one of the disguises of Aleister Crowley ... this is the face of Aleister Crowley, who was the English poet who is my present inspiration. Aleister Crowley died in 1947, age 42, and he was the first really emancipated modern man. He's called among his people that have studied him, Proteus, because of the number of different faces he could take on. He was English, but he claimed that his name came from Carowley, which is old Celtish.

This is Dr. Kinsey, who was a dear friend of mine, who came to visit the work I did in [00:18:00] Sicily, uncovering the paintings of Crowley. He covered an entire house with symbolic paintings on every surface. When he was kicked out by Mussolini in 1923, they were all covered with whitewash. This is Crowley, about '25, when he was a mountain climber. He was a curious man, a Libra.

This is two years later, when he went from mountain climbing to sphere climbing, and became a magician; but not the rabbit that pulls the hat kind. This is '30, when he published some of his most important philosophical works. This is '50; some people call it his Churchillian period.

You see, he was a man of many faces, and he could ... this is his Swami period, when he was a [pravaja] guru. He wrote, during this period when he became like a guru, he wrote a marvelous book on yoga, called "Yoga for Yahoos." Now all these books are being republished. At one time, you couldn't find a Crowley book for love or money, unless you were extremely lucky. Now, like a lot of things, they're now being reprinted and for better or for worse, are available. That doesn't mean that just because there's more copies, that more people are going to understand them. At least they're available; they aren't unattainable, they can be found, if not in Pittsburgh, at least in New York, which is ...

This is, again, one of my American films, *Scorpio Rising*, that was ... I made completely alone, photographed alone. This is a television print, so the color of the [00:20:00] ... color quality has changed considerably. This is one of the films that was nearly destroyed due to a lab, and I'm now working restoring it. I've got here tonight my own first print of the new color, which ... the film has been completely recut. I had to take every splice apart, put it all together again, splice by splice, to save it. Unfortunately, it will stop from time to time, because I have some tape splices in it that projectors don't like too much.

This was a non-staged event; in other words, this was a Halloween party. Of course, the cut-ins are from a cornball Biblical film. But the Halloween party really happened, among a little group of motorcyclists in Brooklyn. I just increased the light by adding a few spots and things like that. I photographed what actually happened. If I wanted it to happen, it couldn't have happened any better than the way it did for my purposes; the amount of it I was able to film. But I was only able to do that by working completely alone. I had to go in there ... a group I didn't know ... I met them at Coney Island, riding around on their bikes. I sort of admired some of their paint jobs, and they allowed me to take a few pictures, and then it worked up.

This, again, is working with real people, not actors. These are really sailors. When I was 17, I was either fool enough or bold enough to approach them directly [00:22:00] and say, "Would you like to be in movies for one weekend?" *Fireworks* was made in 72 hours straight, without any sleep. The sailors learned their parts; all these movements are choreographed, where they're walking, swinging the chains and so forth ... was rehearsed before they did it, the way they advanced. They were absolutely marvelous in doing it, and they enjoyed it. They took it ... there wasn't one of them that sort of cracked jokes or though, "This is too silly. Let's go out and do something that's more interesting."

Of course, the secret was, I got it all over with in one weekend. That's why a filmmaker has to, if he wants to capture a fugitive phenomenon, he has to work fast, sometimes. Other things require great patience, I think. I suppose the ideal thing is to have a combination of both; the ability to capture something almost instantly, and the ability to have great patience.

Some people make the mistake of thinking that *Fireworks* is an autobiographical film, but it's not. The character here who is smoking, is not me. I played the role, at age 17, but I've always been a non-smoker. It may seem like a joke, but the fact that I played a character smoking a cigarette, when I'm a non-smoker, made for me the whole character a character, and not me myself. While it has undoubtedly elements of my dream life or fantasy life in it, it's still another person outside of me. It's not ... I never identified with the character. [00:24:00]

When I first started making films, coming from a Hollywood tradition of being a child actor – but I quit Hollywood at four years old after *Midsummer Night's Dream* with Max Reinhardt – I began conceiving movies in the Hollywood way of drawing pictures of every single scene. These are from *Puce Women*, an unrealized film about Hollywood in the '20s. It had an all-woman cast of vamps and Clara Bow types, Barbara LaMarr types. My grandmother's marvelous trunkfuls of '20s clothes were the wardrobe. These are my drawings, and I did like a story board, with a drawing of every single shot; that's the way I used to conceive of films.

What I didn't find was the money to bring each drawing to life. The only piece of it I got shot was a few minutes of the wardrobe scene. You just saw the wardrobe opened in the drawings, and now this is the star, who's sorting through her dresses, trying to find one for that evening's premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theater. All this is just suggested; I never make the narrative in my films explicit, because I leave that to television situation comedies, and your big long movies, that you pay to go see.

Each ... of course, for me, these dresses mean more than just patterns of cloth, because each one belonged to a star. This was Barbara LaMarr's sequined sheath, that appeared in one of her films before she died of heroin; one of the early Hollywood tragic victims of drugs, in the 20s. This is Yvonne Marquis, who's one of my women [00:26:00] discoveries. I thought she was a great-looking girl, and so does Jonas Mekas; he agrees with me. He likes this film because of her, I think. She later went on to become the mistress of the president of Mexico, which is a career of sorts. I suppose it's being an actress in a different way.

This is deliberate, like impressionism in a film. It's not just bad focus or amateurism on my part. I deliberately wanted ... like recreating a past time, the '20s. This was before the vogue of the '20s, before *Singin' in the Rain* and the whole sort of nostalgia industry, of course, that we have now, which is almost making me not like the '20s anymore. I haven't gone to see *No, No Nanette*. I wasn't interested in the jazz baby aspect of the '20s. I was interested in the yearning for the unattainable aspect, which the whole thing represented.

This is a lost film that was rediscovered, *Rabbit's Moon*, which was made in Paris under the name of *La Lune des Lapins*. And in this, too, it's a quest for the unattainable – the unattainable in the form of the moon. Of course, this was before Armstrong set foot on it, by 20 years or so. I made it in 1950, and it was lost until 1970 when it turned up again in one of the basement store rooms at the Cinematheque Francais in Paris. I recut it; I cut it for the first time, because I'd never cut it [00:28:00] before. It was just uncut footage. It's now one of my films.

My advice to filmmakers is, even if you don't like some footage you've taken, if you've got an attic or some place to store things, it's better to store things and save old film than throw it away, because you may look at it with new eyes years later, and find that it's of interest.

This film, *Rabbit's Moon*, is using mimes from Paris' leading school of mimes. The actual movements were all choreographed by me. I made the set, which is all made out of paper: paper trees, and a paper moon, like the Nat King Cole song. You'll be seeing the complete film later on. Of course, the little children that you see coming out here, are now grown up and married. It's one of the sort of eerie qualities of film, that you can capture sort of the shadow image of someone. They aren't really alive. In fact, Stan Brakhage's children said, when they saw this film, a wonderful comment when they saw it for the first time, they said, "Look at the ghosts." To the children, the littlest of Stan Brakhage's kids, these were ghosts, including the rabbit. The rabbit is ... I don't use conscious symbolism, but the rabbit was sort of Easter; that's what it meant for me in the film, which is about this time of year.

This is me shooting in England, near [00:30:00] Stonehenge; a great Celtic holy pagan center, pre-Christian. I'm shooting ... I'm defying English law by shooting this scene, because they denied, the Department of Parks and Monuments denied permission that I shoot scenes of these ancient standing stones, which are like Stonehenge ... that old, but with a different meaning than Stonehenge. They have a male/female meaning. They denied permission for me to shoot around them with an actor in costume. They said if I wanted to make a documentary on the stones alone, I could, but I couldn't use them in any fantastic way. I think they might have thought I might be doing a cigarette commercial.

You see, this boy was 19 when he did this; very difficult to work with. He's an Aries, and an Aries ... the animal that symbolizes an Aries is a ram. He's surrounded by sheep and rams, and he really looks like a ram. He has not only that curly hair like one, but he has an Etruscan profile like a ram. In other words, that's why I chose him, because he's a pure astrological type, in the 18th century sense of Laveter's physiognomy of animals into humans; animal/humans. You have some people that are like foxes, some people like birds, other people like bulls, and so forth. I find it convenient, as an artist, to use this.

I'm working here with an Arriflex, that I could only afford because German TV was [00:32:00] paying for it. In other words, I usually don't work with quite such a complex camera. It was a great delight to work with one. I even had an assistant to load it for me, which I don't mind. I don't find that impure at all.

This is the greatest moment that has ever occurred in any of my filmmaking in 26 years: when we were doing a scene to invoke a storm, and a storm blew

up, of fantastic intensity, over Stonehenge and Avebury, the sacred ancient site. Of course, the fellow that was doing the movements was not me, as the wizard, but is this young Aries, who is ruled by Mars, as Aries is, and is a fire sign. He almost got hit by lightning. As it was, we had ... the torrential rain was pouring, sweeping across the Salisbury Plain, and we just got one take of the shot, and we had to run back to the car to protect that expensive, hired camera.

Those are the moments that make ... this particular moment is worth 26 years of trying, for me. Somebody else can say, "Well, just a coincidence." We're going to go on into my films now.

I'm taking the unfinished first quarter of [00:34:00] my new film to three cities to try to raise some sponsorship from you rich Americans. I don't mean you rich Americans present here in this auditorium, but in the abstract. In other words, I'm an incurable optimist.

I'm going to just mention a couple of things, and one is that these films ... I'm not a ... I wasn't born with a gold spoon in my mouth, or anything like that. In other words, these films were all difficult for me to make, but not as difficult as if I'd been born on the sidewalk in Calcutta. In other words, I was born into a middle-class background, like most of you, and instead of wanting a car of my own when I was a young teenager, like most of you probably did if you're typically American in that way, I asked for a camera.

My grandmother got me a wind-up 16 frame per second 100 foot load Kodak, which served me for my first four films. I really rather miss that camera. I don't know what happened to it. I should have it, like on a shelf, like my first camera. But it got lost, or maybe someone stole it ... I don't know, or maybe I threw it away. I have no idea. You can still buy them, I think, in probably pawn shops. They have one lens, probably quite a slow lens, like 3.5. They hold 100 feet of 16mm film, and you wind them up and a shot lasts as long as the spring lasts, if you want a long shot. You can't make a longer shot, so it limits you to a certain kind of cutting.

In my very early films, I started on a very [00:36:00] fast tempo. In other words, I hadn't seen Kuleshov, I hadn't seen Eisenstein or any of those great masters; I hadn't even seen Griffith, and his extremely fast cuts, like in *Orphans of the Storm*, *The Chase*, or *Going Over Niagara Falls*, or trying to tie in the French revolution with the fall of Babylon and so forth. I hadn't seen these yet; that came a few years later.

The film I'm making now, I'm pushing ... when I first started making films, there was no such thing as underground films. Underground meant ... I don't know what it meant then. It certainly didn't mean anything to do with art when I was a teenager, and started making films. However, a few, a very few people

recognized the people like myself, only I was sort of the youngest member at that time, making independent films on 16mm. In rather grandiose, hoity-toity terms, in order to fit these freaks into a cubby hole, which culture vultures always adore doing, they labeled us the *avant-garde*. In other words, they couldn't think up any decent Anglo-Saxon or American term for us. They had to drag in this old, tired, worn-out French term from the '20s, that had gone down the drain and had been considered like effete indulgence ... the *avant-garde* of the '20s.

I don't know how many of you know your film history and have been able to see the films. Some of them are very strong, and others are rather weak and self-indulgent. The same goes [00:38:00] for the things being done today independently; some are strong, some are weak. It's hard to say ... each one of you maybe has your opinion, what you like, what you don't. 25 years from now – 50, if the films survive – maybe opinions will be radically reversed. This can happen in any art form.

I've always wanted to make a feature. In 26 years, I've never been able to get enough bread together to do a full-length film, even on 8 mm, though I've never worked on 8. I've started on 16, and I've stuck with that, and I've made one film on 35 mm, which was *La Lune des Lapins*, or *Rabbit's Moon*. That was because the French cinemathèque managed to convince someone at Unesco, when Unesco was in its very first year in Paris, that they should support this young American expatriate artist. The actual film that I shot *Rabbit's Moon* on was 35mm Russian negative. All the lettering on the can was in Russian, and we had to correspond with Moscow – this was, remember, 1950, the Iron Curtain and all that – to find out ... there was no indication of what ASA rating, whether it was a fast film, a slow film. But it was a negative film. It was 35mm., and the idea of making a film on 35 was so tremendous that I ...

We did, finally, tests. That was the only thing we could do. We did exposure tests, and figured out that it was a fairly average, about like Plus-X or something; sort of a semi-slow film, like Hollywood had in 1932. This was their standard black and white film at that time.

There was only about four tins of it, four tins of 35mm [00:40:00]. They promised me some more, but they couldn't be sure. So I filmed each shot only once. It was carefully rehearsed, and we rehearsed the thing like a dance, and right straight through the whole plot, including the third movement you haven't seen, because it was never filmed, of *Rabbit's Moon*.

I began filming it in sequence, and got as far as the end of the third movement when the producer, who had lent me, gratis, a very small studio – about as big as this stage area, this seat area here – where *Rabbit's Moon* was filmed, which was really a dubbing studio in Paris. It was used for dubbing

retakes, or when you had to do an insert, like someone looks at their wristwatch. Well, they used this studio for sort of wristwatch shots and that sort of thing, or else close-ups, when they had to put a close-up in after the film was finished. It was sort of a miniature retake valet.

I was kicked out of the studio. This was my beginning of disillusionment with human beings. Up to then, everything seemed to be coming up roses, and this man had promised me the studio for the whole summer. The studio was just a glamorized garage, but it was a studio. It had a catwalk up above. It had some very ancient lights in it, that made horrible hissing noises and looked terribly dangerous. I had to have a gaffer for those; it cost me quite a bit, just in the technical crew, to keep all this professional 35 equipment going.

But it wasn't finished, and it was to have been a longer film. Practically every film you've seen, except *Fireworks*, *Inauguration* ... I [00:42:00] had planned something a bit longer, a bit more elaborate, but money ran out, circumstances intervened. In one case, the star got killed and so forth; fate stepped in, and I wasn't able. What you've got is what's there. I made as best as I could, from what I had left. Somebody else would have just shelved it, but I, being an incurable optimist, I thought after going through an initial period of depression, something could be done with this damn footage. After all, it was all I had.

I'm determined to make a feature-length film. My next film is going to be 93 minutes long exactly, and if it's timed different, that means somebody's cut out a scene, or it's broken or something. I've planned every second of it, in my head. I don't write scripts anymore. I don't draw drawings anymore. I just keep it all in my head.

This is *Lucifer Rising*, that I've been working forward for years and years and years, in my fantasy imagination, towards making. I've had some fairly lucky breaks. In the end of *Invocation of my Demon Brother*, which was made partly in San Francisco during the flower power period, the very end of it, the summer of what they call the "death of the hippie," when they had a symbolic funeral of the counterculture and all that. And the subsequent spring, in London, it was made partly there; the reason I left San Francisco was that the so-called "love generation," too many of them that I had contact with personally – I won't slanderize a whole group of people – but the ones that seemed to be anyone I sort of befriended, some waif I took under my shelter just so they wouldn't be sleeping in the cold fog of San Francisco or something ... My [00:44:00] embassy that I lived in, the old Russian embassy, I began calling it "rip-off valley," because little things started to disappear: a lens, some electrical gadget that I couldn't do without and so forth, and finally a camera went and so forth. This sort of disgusted me.

I said, "Nation of shoplifters, good-bye." I packed up and went to live in Europe again, which is sort of my alternate planet, I suppose you can call it. Not that they don't have plenty of shoplifters there, but I hadn't had personal experience with that yet; that came later.

Invocation was the beginning of *Lucifer Rising*. It was supposed to be ... the fellow I found, Bobby Beausoleil, was supposed to have been the first Lucifer. Indeed, he's a little Lucifer there. This is the first time – he was playing a destructive character, and I always typecast – that he actually destroyed himself. He's a Scorpion, and a Scorpion is supposed to sting themselves if they're surrounded by fire, or in danger of death; they commit suicide. This is an alchemical legend. I don't know if it's biology.

Nevertheless, Bobby literally stung himself. When I fired him, after I had proof of his dishonesty in his dealings with me – in other words, he took bread that was supposed to be used for one purpose and used it for something quite different, that placed me in great personal jeopardy – I fired him. As Truman Capote in the last issue of *Rolling Stone* said that Bobby Beausoleil was my boyfriend; that's completely untrue. Bobby Beausoleil was under contract to me; in other words, we wrote a letter to each other that he'd work for a certain amount of time for me, and get paid so much [00:46:00] bread a week.

He had his girlfriends and slept in the studio, with my sets and costumes, and I had a room in the back. In revenge, because Scorpions are very vengeful – a typical Scorpion in politics is Goebbels – he waited until I ... hiding in the park, in the bushes of the park on Fulton Avenue in San Francisco, waiting until I went out one night for dinner, came back in, kicked the door in with his great big boots ... splintered the 19th century woodwork in the embassy. That was really gorgeous stuff; it's really too bad. Kicked his way into my studio, and ripped off what he thought was all the footage of himself. In other words, any can marked "Bobby," "Bobby," "Bobby," "Bobby," he stole.

He thought this was his revenge. I fired him, OK, nothing of him would exist on film. However, I am not the most methodical filmmaker, and I'd mislabeled a few cans. A few cans that were marked "Lenore" or "Susie" had Bobby in them. He got a few Susies and Lenores, the few takes of these particular girls, thinking it was himself. In other words, just out of coincidence, he didn't quite succeed. The only images I have of him are the ones which he didn't steal, which are in this ... incorporated in that middle film, *Invocation*.

I was pretty depressed for about a year after this incident. Then Mick Jagger gave a pop concert, a free concert in Hyde Park, and he told me to come along [00:48:00] and film him. That sort of got me charged up. Then he said he'd do a little score for me on the Moog synthesizer he just got. Mick, in one night – I played the film for him, and then he sat down in his little studio in the garden, in a little tiny sort of gnome's hut in the back of the garden of his Chelsea

house – with his new toy, a Moog synthesizer that he'd had for about a week ... he didn't really know how to run it ... he did this track you heard here.

I lost Bobby, and Bobby's now in San Quentin for life, and I don't intend to go visit him, but I gained a soundtrack and a few other things; that's sort of the way things balance out. I think the soundtrack that Mick did for me is the ... actually, people that are his business partners have told me it's the only thing he's ever given to anyone, for nothing. He didn't charge me. As you know, when he tries to give something for nothing, like Altamont, like a free concert, or even the one for the earthquake victims – that was Bianca's insistence, incidentally – he's not ... he doesn't think in those terms. I guess I can give a little thanks for that. I admire him as an artist, in spite of a lot of bullshit.

In the new one, I'm working with another pop musician that you won't hear, but hopefully you may ... some of you may want to come back in October, when I hope to come back to Pittsburgh and bring the finished *Lucifer Rising*. It's almost done. In other words, the things that remain to be done cost a lot of money, but they're all ready to do in London.

The musician I've found, who is much more amenable to work with [00:50:00] than Mick, and available – because Mick is too busy with his own scene – is Jimmy Page, of Led Zeppelin. He used to be the guitarist of Yardbirds, and now he's lead guitarist and really organizer of Led Zeppelin. He's doing a nine-instrument track for *Lucifer Rising*, using recreations of ancient Egyptian instruments, and what we call Atlantean instruments, even older than Egypt.

This is the track, which will go on the film you're now going to see. Could we have the slides? To introduce *Lucifer Rising*, I'm going to show you what inspired it. These are slides designed by the English poet and magician – tarot cards – designed by Aleister Crowley, who was born in 1875 and died in 1947, the year I made *Fireworks*. I never met him, but have read all his works, and read his private diaries, and I admire him very, very much.

He spent 40 years designing the symbolism of these tarot cards, which express his own ... in other words, they express every possible human emotion, through the tarot pack, of both the major arcana and the minor arcana. These are designed ... like this empress, in tones of pastel, contrasts with the orange of oppression which you will find a great deal of in the first movement of *Lucifer Rising*. Cruelty, the particularly dark orange of cruelty, which Crowley in an astral vision saw [00:52:00] as being the red of Mars, you will find, contrasting with the pale blues and aquamarines of the delicacy and love of the priestess.

Virtue, also, is a strong color. This is the colors of the sun. This is sun and Aries in its purest form; this gold, this yellow, you will find that. That movement of gold and yellow goes through my film, naturally, in movement, like it sweeps

through in that card. This combines all the ... the universe combines both the cruelty and the kindness, and the sweetness and the sorrow ... in terms of symbolical color, all in one card.

Here again, you have Parsifal, the noble knight, the hero, in terms of color. In Debauch, you get into chartreuse, corrupt green; the green of gangrene and fungus. Here again, you have masculinity in terms of russet and amber. Here you have the Martian thing; not cruel, but strong. In other words, the Martian colors, the orange and the gold. Here you have the jade, which is like purity and valor; the sword carved of jade. Here you have death, which is colors used very consciously in *Scorpio Rising*, the film you've just seen.

These belong to the new film, *Lucifer Rising*. This, again, is the new ... These color schemes are in the new film, the gold and blue. [00:54:00] Here again is a more delicate version of the gold and blue, which is a feminine color symbolism: the lotus, the water, the heron. Here we descend into earth colors. Disk is materialism, it's money, on the most debased and vulgar plane, but it's the talismans of power. Love is the delicate rose of the first light of dawn, which is the color, the actual color of Lucifer, if you could abstract Lucifer into one single color, because he's called the Son of Morning, and that's M-O-R-N-I-N-G.

The magician goes into amethyst, which suggests the age of Aquarius, because amethyst is the stone of the new age that we've just entered. Failure, this is what is called the blues, and I think it's too obvious for comment. This is the hierophant, which is another name for the high priest, or the man who knows. This is the Queen of Disks, who again is an earth goddess; you see her with the palm trees and the oasis. I use this in my desert sequences, these colors.

This is another earth princess, Princess of Disks. This is autumn, the glories of autumn. Wealth is tending towards the green of corruption, but it is held in balance by the purple background. Power is the female and male elements balanced; in other words, the blues and the oranges balanced in perfect harmony. That's called the City of God.

Ace of Cups is the female glorified in excelsis; in other words, this is the female [00:56:00] symbol carried to its ultimate. Success is also the picture of the face of God, for some. Happiness is what we can have down here if we're lucky, sometimes. This is again sort of Easter colors; Easter egg colors, delicate amethyst and Easter lily color with stems full of sap.

Worry is the beginning of jarring colors. Prudence, paradoxically, is also, according to Crowley, a negative phenomenon. So these are jarring colors. In other words, he believed in taking risks. Luxury is about as high as you can go and remain stable. The cups are not overflowing; things are in balance.

Abundance is already like America in the late, technological decadent culture that you're going through, as you move towards the 21st century. In other words, the tendency is that you have a few too many things, things you don't really need: the extra TV set, the extra camera you don't really need.

Here we're moving back, in contrast, into peasant virtues. This is earth. This is no electricity. This is animal power, earth, digging your garden with your hands, and making things grow. This is what makes everything grow: the sun, which is my personal God, but that's just my choice as an artist. Ace of Wands is like the core of the sun; in other words, the phallic [00:58:00] essence of the atomic marvel that is our own sun.

Now we'll move into the first part of *Lucifer Rising*. The first 15 minutes is what I call a fine cut. It's a work print, it has its tape splices, but the tempos are as I wish it in the final film. Now, it's a slow movement, so be a little patient, because it doesn't have the drones and the music and the stereo, which the final film will have. The second part, after a red spacing, is what I call a rough assembly of the rest. This, at any rate, is a film I'm determined to finish.

The Sphinx, of course, is Lucifer himself, because he's the God of Morning. His real name is [Hieratce], and he faces the rising sun, and he has for 5,000 years. This sequence was filmed in northern Germany. It posed quite a political problem to be able to film there, at what was the Celtic center of sun worship. It's the secret Celtic center of sun worship, where standing stones, hidden in the Black Forest, were used for thousands of years by your ancestors – at least, some of you – in worshipping the sun, which was a much rarer deity in the north of Germany than in the Nile Valley. Therefore, [01:00:00] the Germans felt a need for human sacrifice, where the Egyptians didn't.

Marianne nearly killed herself on these steps, because she swore to me that she wasn't on drugs when I took her to Germany, because I wouldn't have taken her if she was. I've had a sad ... I've learned by sad experience that truth and junkies don't go together. She was on heroin, and she stumbled and fell after I'd warned her to watch her step. Of course, the demon in her had to then defy me, and she fell down these very steep stone steps and bounced once, very hard, and I caught her. She went into a state of shock, foamed at the mouth, and her knees had the skin torn off. She was unconscious for two hours, but when she came out of it, she insisted on going back in the afternoon and finishing the shot. That's what I call a good trouper.

The effort that was taken for Marianne to go up this 75-foot rock was sort of the equivalent of a Mount Everest expedition for some healthy young men, because she's a very, very sick girl here. But as I say, I typecast, and she was exactly right for Lilith. I might add that Ms. Marianne Faithfull has publicly

announced that she has renounced heroin, and she's taken a cure. She's once more [01:02:00] a healthy girl, and I might add, in love.

This is again the opposite image of feminine symbolism, with Isis yielding; in other words, the lotus blossom opening. And this is the actual ceremony invoking the demon Lucifer, the demon of light, or the demon ... the atomic demon of energy, which is manifested as light. It's according to an old ... it's not a ritual according to Crowley, but it's a medieval system I used, of this flashing colors in the circle. Of course, in a film, the ceremony is paraphrased, and I might say slightly censored, because I don't show you everything, because part of it would be boring, and part of it would be perhaps offensive. It wouldn't serve my purpose to offend an audience at this stage in the film, when this occurs. Also, this particular circle ceremony goes on all night, which would be one of those very long films.

The idea of the [01:04:00] circle is – I don't know if any of you have practiced meditation, or even if any of you have ever been in a bad temper tantrum - but the idea of the circle is, of course, you're physically going around. You're getting slightly dizzy, like the dervishes do, or like the kiddies do on a merry-go-round, but at the same time, you are creating a force field, at least according to the magicians. You have an area that is negative ions on the inside, and positive outside, and you banish the elements you don't want.

People say, "Well, that's ridiculous. It's just a painted line, like a line to cross the street." But, of course, artists and mad men and saints and a few other people have the privilege to read more into such things.

These are Aleister Crowley's candlesticks, as they appeared in the final film. This image took me six months to create, and this is as if a night had passed with the temple filled with incense, and the forces beginning to manifest outside the circle, that are actually hostile. In other words, if these forces, which are being irritated and stirred up, could get to the wizard, they would blast him ... knock him flat.

This is a reference to the Celtic cult of the [01:06:00] severed head, that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors had all over Europe. Of course, these are private references, just like this reference to the ancient phallic giant in England; the phallus was covered over in Victorian times. It's enormous; it's about 75 feet high on the hillside, and it's again an image of Lucifer. It's Thor, or the lightning god, or Lucifer; they're all the same.

Here is the invocation of the storm, of the lightning, as it actually occurred at Avebury, 30 miles from Stonehenge. Avebury was the actual cathedral of pagan Celtic culture; in other words, ancient England, preceding the various invasions by Danes and so forth.

That one nearly killed me. This is my most recent footage from Iceland, which accommodated me by blowing its top around the first of the year. You probably heard about it or read about it: a small island off Iceland, which after thousands of years of extinct [01:08:00] volcanoes, suddenly became active.

These are colored engravings by the great English master of the early 19th century, John Martin, who was called by his detractors “Mad Martin.” This is his imaginary Egypt, in the conflict between the Jews and the Egyptians, which is one of the themes of *Lucifer Rising*, even though of course I didn’t write that in my thesis when I applied for the visa to go to Egypt. They might not have thought too well of it. Again, these are private things. They’re not exactly private jokes, but the conflict of mythologies, the conflict of cultures, of races and so forth, is very much part of the Luciferian conflict. The dynamism that emerges from conflict, and what can be called hate – though hate, to a magician, is so close to love, they’re practically indistinguishable.

This is the fall of Babylon, according to John Martin. I use these works by a painter in my film to contrast natural, real elements of lightning storm and the destruction of values or civilizations. All this is on the area of a metaphor of the birth of a new age of Aquarius. [01:10:00]

This is John Martin’s famous – very famous in Victorian times, but forgotten later – etching of Balthazar’s feast. The handwriting on the wall, and that glare of light on the left, is where the letters appeared. Griffith was familiar with that etching, and used it as the basis of the set, a very famous, enormous set of Babylon, Balthazar’s court in *Intolerance*. That was the source.

This is the fall of Nineveh. Of course, politically, I’m a Spenglerian, and like Spengler, I believe that cultures flourish, go through a classical period, and go through a decadence, and then die like plants. In other words, they’re organic. My metaphor or allegory in showing the end of these glorious, magnificent, and powerful cultures such as Nineveh and Babylon and Egypt, is to remind modern people that perhaps, if they get the subliminal message, that we too are part of that pattern.

I’ve been working in England, with English technicians, and this next what you call special [01:12:00] effect took me six months to get right. In other words, I was working on this one sequence of shots that you’ll see, in the colonnade here, for six months. It’s called a vertical wipe. It was the first time anyone in England had ever done it on 16mm, and they said it was impossible. Some of the shots are still in black and white, because my first work print was black and white.

This is Osiris and his servants, who are the [Ushabti] figures who are put in the tomb, and he’s the same color as they are. This is, again, Donald Cammell, the director of performance, who plays Osiris. This is Marianne Faithfull, just

after she tried to commit suicide in my apartment, by cutting her wrists. I didn't have a movie camera, but I had a still camera, and I snapped a few shots of her, so the transparencies are in the film. That's the scarf I gave her to tie up her wrists. [01:14:00]

I'm hoping to spend an extra day in Pittsburgh to film some slag being poured, in very close-up, to use in this sequence of incandescence. Lucifer, being a light god – even though the Christians called him a devil, his original name was the Son of the Morning, and he's the god of light. This is the face of Lucifer, as seen through the Aztecs; in other words, their god of fire, because every pagan culture had one. Fire, or the sun, was identified with life.

I've always been attracted to Dante's *Inferno* and the kind of Dantean visions of apocalypse and so forth. I never thought I could achieve it, like as a special effect in a studio, or as a miniature, but finally all it cost me was a return airfare to Iceland, which isn't all that far from England. This is my recreation of an actual event that I was honored to take place, in the Temple of Luxor, at Karnak. This isn't real photography. It's a recreation of something I saw [01:16:00] and experienced.

I'm sorry, the film breaks a little bit, but it is a work print. These shots will of course be in color in the final film.

Thank you very much for your patience. I was hoping we could have at least a very short question and answer period, but I see that we've gone well past midnight, and I imagine there's regulations in the building about closing, isn't that right, Sally? I think perhaps we ... could we have five minutes, while the projectionist rewinds?

I've always had ... [01:18:00] see, this is my private print, and my own private print is a color print. *Fireworks* is one of three, what I call three nocturnes. Even though it is filmed on black and white, like *Eaux d'Artifice* is filmed on black and white, and *Rabbit's Moon* is filmed on black and white, my idea is to use the blue tint to tie the three together.

I may, at some future date, put them together with the title *Three Nocturnes*, and have them as a little film that can be had separately. Sometimes ... I continually sort of re-work my past films. I don't actually go ... I haven't yet gone into a heavy re-cutting, or a Henry Jamesian revision of an early work, like he was continually doing to the end of his life, and some critics said that he absolutely ruined his work, but at least the early works were published. If you preferred a simpler, more direct version, you could always find an earlier edition. At least it kept the old man occupied during his latter years, the times he wasn't busy being a social butterfly.

I've actually ... again, I've been playing with it. I play around. I may have more black and white prints. If I can afford it, I'll have more color prints, but the color prints cost twice as much, and the thing I'm faced with, my income comes from [01:20:00] hiring these out. Already, the rental is fairly steep, and my rentals have dipped, according to the dipping, or the lowering of the level of funds available for cultural institutions such as this. I've noticed that the so-called recession has hit me.

Living in London, still most of my income comes from America, from the films I hire out. The so-called college film circuit is much better organized in America than it is – and it's much larger, of course, with much larger audiences – than it is in England, or happens to be anywhere in Europe.

I'm testing it with the blue. I may decide a lighter blue. I have a choice of about six different blue filters, and I've just had this made a week before I came here. I thought I'd bring it, because it frankly is the only print I have available for the moment. But it is my own print, and I don't intend to sort of release it yet, except to you. Any other questions?

No, that's Mickey Rooney playing Puck, which ties in with my non-existent imaginary fantasy film production company, which is called Puck Film Productions, and also the fact that I knew Mickey when he was older than me. He was already like 14 when I was four, which is a huge difference to children. He was very kind and sweet to me. Of course, to me, Scorpio has a Puckish humor all the way through, but that's my own ... the way I see it, and the way I [01:22:00] made it.

At the moment, it occurs with the cut-ins of the comic strips and so forth. That's what it means. It's a humorous reference. I didn't pay Warner Brothers anything for it; I just stole it. What? Sorry? Look at it again sometime; he has little horns on his head, and he has fur on his legs. It is Mickey Rooney, in one of the moments about halfway through the film, just about when he finishes saying, "What fools these mortals be."

I didn't hear you? Yeah, and you can tell he's laughing, even if you can't hear it; that ... he had a way of cackling that was marvelous. He was a marvelous actor. He still is.

If you want to know the truth, because I'll tell you the truth – I don't usually tell it, because I sort of usually evade the question, or hope it won't be asked – I didn't wait around to find out. I made the film, I shook hands with everybody, and I said, "Thanks a lot, fellas," and I split for Los Angeles, where I cut it, and then moved to San Francisco.

I heard that one of them got quite paranoid, and thought I owed him a lot of money and so forth. That eventually died out. He used to go and sort of stand in front [01:24:00] ... Actually, I felt a little sorry for him, but if I started paying one ... because I explained I didn't have any money. I gave them expenses. I fed them, I bought them, if they needed some part for their motorcycle, I bought them that. I treated them nice, as well as I could. I don't think I was exploiting them.

When they come around afterwards and say, "I'm now a movie star, and you owe me \$10,000," I just can't do it. I have to sort of do a little fancy footwork. Most of the Italian kids in it ... the one that got freaked out was an ex-Marine that was a psycho case. He got an honorable discharge, but even so, he was a seriously sick Marine; he was a Marine. You can be in the military, sometimes you can be quite sick, and it doesn't show.

At any rate, he was the one that sort of became a bit upset. But I never received any threats or anything like that. I never received any letters. They could have mailed them to my distributor, or left them at the theater. The kids in Brooklyn all came and brought their girlfriends, and thought it was a giggle. They enjoyed it. They laughed, and liked it and were apparently proud of it, all the ones that lived in Brooklyn. The one that lived alone with the cats on Third Avenue, he had the idea that he directed the film, it was his idea, and so forth and so on; in other words, he was a typical sort of un-intellectual, undeveloped Scorpio, as I see it, because that's what he was, and that's the way he acted. [01:26:00] Any other questions?

How much I want to finish it? Well, I need about \$12,000 more. Huh? I've spent 20,000 pounds of English sterling, and I ... 20,000 pounds. One pound equals, what ... 2.8 ... the dollar, incidentally, is slipping. It isn't – according to European currency, even the pound – it isn't what it used to be. It's sort of dwindling and dwindling.

I don't know; I never asked. I'm very naïve about money. If I started thinking, "Oh dear, that's dollars, and that's that much, and this and that," I would probably freak out, I would say. You see, things like my expedition to Egypt cost a lot of money. It was very simple: I just had myself, two cameramen – in case one dropped dead – and again I did the composition and everything, but I can't ... I get too nervous. Nervous ... well, high-strung or fidgety or whatever, irritable. I'm very bad at loading a camera under a situation of pressure, unless it's completely automatic, and there isn't such a thing. In other words, I'm apt to do something wrong, and not get the loop exactly right, and it's apt to jam or something. I can't risk it, so I'd rather leave it to a cool head to take care of that part of [01:28:00] it, and to unload it to mark that this is reel 15, taken on such a date, and to write it in the log book, and so forth, so that we do all that sort of thing.

I could afford that, for the first time, to have helpers of that sort. Travelling ... you see, I've gone on this trip to ... on the film, I've gone to India, which you haven't seen any of tonight, the Indian footage; I've gone to Egypt, which you did see; Germany, of which you saw a little bit, but a difficult part of Germany. In other words, a part that is politically right on the border, where they don't want anybody. An American with cameras there, stirs up all kinds of "third man" paranoia. It was rather difficult and rather expensive to do a fairly simple trip to Germany.

Then there's Iceland. I haven't hired any limousines on the production, but the money is gone. The money is gone before the picture's finished; nearly gone. It doesn't mean that I can't sort of get back to London or something. I've had it happen before. There's been a galloping inflation during the three years I've been making it. Lab costs have gone up 20 percent ... 20 percent, not 3, not 12, but 20. A new tax called VAT ... value-added tax ... has come on in England, which adds another five percent or something. The governments keep doing these things to people, and there's nothing they can do unless they're going to destroy the government, and then they'd probably invent their own taxes.

Because I take [01:30:00] such a long time to make a film, there's that factor like in many other projects, like getting into outer space, or getting to the moon. You say it's going to cost so much and it ends up costing ten times more, or 100 times more, because of the length of time it takes. But I think I'll get through it somehow. I may be resorted to some of my old methods of cutting corners. It's not a lot, but it's as much as I got from the Ford Foundation, and I've never got any money from any foundation again like that. I got \$10,000, ten years ago, once. They just did a one-shot deal on 12 filmmakers, and I was one of them. That helped pay off the lab debts on *Scorpio*, and make a little tiny piece of *KKK* ... I don't think ... they didn't ask to see the finished film or anything.

Actually, it's about ... if it were a TV commercial spot, *KKK* ... my little custom car film, \$10,000 would be a ridiculously small budget; you know, the enormous budgets they spend for those tiny little TV spots that you get thrown in your eyes if you watch television all the time in America. For a little bottle of beer, or a little Coca-Cola, or a cigarette – I guess they don't do cigarettes anymore, but they'll fly 50 people to Jamaica and spend two weeks on a beach, for something that lasts 30 seconds, or maybe ten seconds.

The money went, because I paid off my lab debts on *Scorpio*. The money was given to me to help my filmmaking, and to help my filmmaking I had to pay [01:32:00] some debts off first, I felt, though perhaps I shouldn't have. I should have perhaps fudged it a little bit on the morality of it.

A little too what? You can read the script; I think *Film Culture* is going to publish it sometime. There is a synopsis for it. I usually don't write synopses. There's treatments for my film, but for that one, I had a complete written treatment. Yeah. It was intended to be longer. I filmed quite a lot more, and it's sitting in cans. I could maybe get out four more little segments as long as this one, which is four minutes.

There's disjointed scenes, things missing; there's a drag race sequence. There's a sequence in the Mojave Desert. There's a painting sequence, that is the thing that I liked most, really, which is incredible, abstract things with spray guns and colored lacquers, back lit. It gets more into science fiction, away from the sordid quality of *Scorpio*. Then again, the boys that make custom cars are not like the rebel outcasts that ride motorcycles –the outcast motorcyclists. They're sort of clean-cut American kids.

CARNEGIE MUSEUM OF ART

ONE OF THE FOUR CARNEGIE MUSEUMS OF PITTSBURGH

Copyright © Creator, by permission. All rights reserved.

CMOA respects the intellectual property rights of artists and others. The CMOA website and all images and text contained therein are protected by applicable U.S. and international laws and regulations, and are owned by CMOA or used by CMOA with permission from the owners or under fair use or where otherwise specified. Copyright for some items are held by the artists and/or other third parties. You agree not to download, copy, reproduce, publish or transmit, or otherwise use any portion of the CMOA website (including any images or text contained therein), except for your own personal noncommercial use or “fair use,” as this term is defined by applicable copyright laws, without written permission from CMOA and/or other appropriate rights holders.

Commercial Use Is Restricted

Unauthorized publication or exploitation of museum files is specifically prohibited. Anyone wishing to use any of these files or images for commercial use, publication, or any purpose other than fair use as defined by law must request and receive prior permission from the appropriate rights holder(s). CMOA reviews all requests on a case-by-case basis and may require payment of a license fee depending upon the intended nature of such use.

For additional information, see the Carnegie Museum of Art Terms of Use.