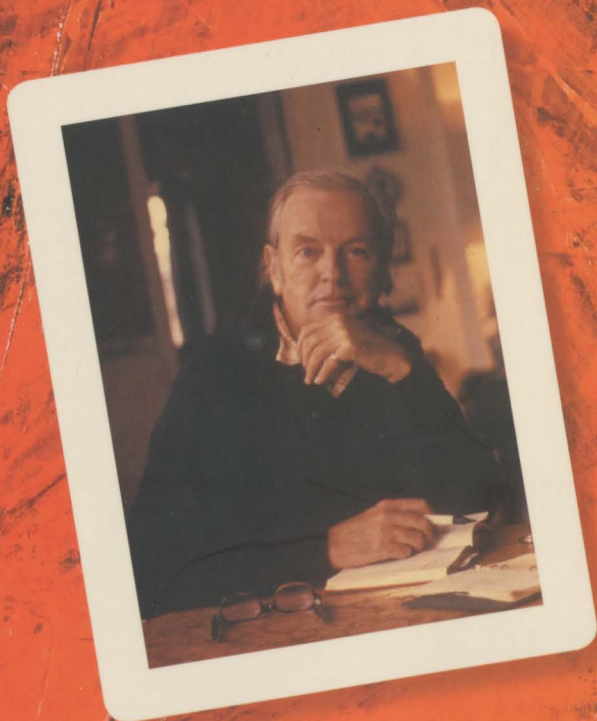


Every Exit is an Entry
The Life and Work of Liam O'Gallagher



0

Liam O'Sullivan

Every Exit is an Entry: The Life and Work of Liam O'Gallagher

The Beatrice Wood Center for the Arts

8560 Ojai-Santa Paula Road, Ojai, California 93023

805-646-3381

www.Beatricewood.com

cover painting: Liam O'Gallagher, *Mars Monolith*, acrylic on canvas,
16"h x 16"w

cover photo: Liam O'Gallagher, c. 1975, Ojai, California.

Photo by William Gray Harris

title page photo: Liam O'Gallagher, c.1965, 36 Waverly Place,
San Francisco. Photo by Dennis Hearne

page 4 photo: Liam O'Gallagher, c.1975, Ojai, California.

Photo by William Gray Harris

back cover: Liam O'Gallagher and Robert Rheem.

Photo by Beatrice Wood, c. 1977, Ojai, California.

Catalogue design and composition: Shore Design, Brisbane, California

Principal photography of artwork: Don Sabin

All other photographers credited in captions.

All attempts have been made to credit the images used in this book.

Copyright on all pictures belongs to the original photographers or
publishers.

Image dimensions are in inches; height precedes width and depth.

Printed in an edition of 1,000 softbound and 1,000 hardbound

© 2009 The Beatrice Wood Center for the Arts

All rights reserved

Softcover:

ISBN – 10: 069200145X

ISBN – 13: 9780692001455

Hardcover:

ISBN – 10: 061527014X

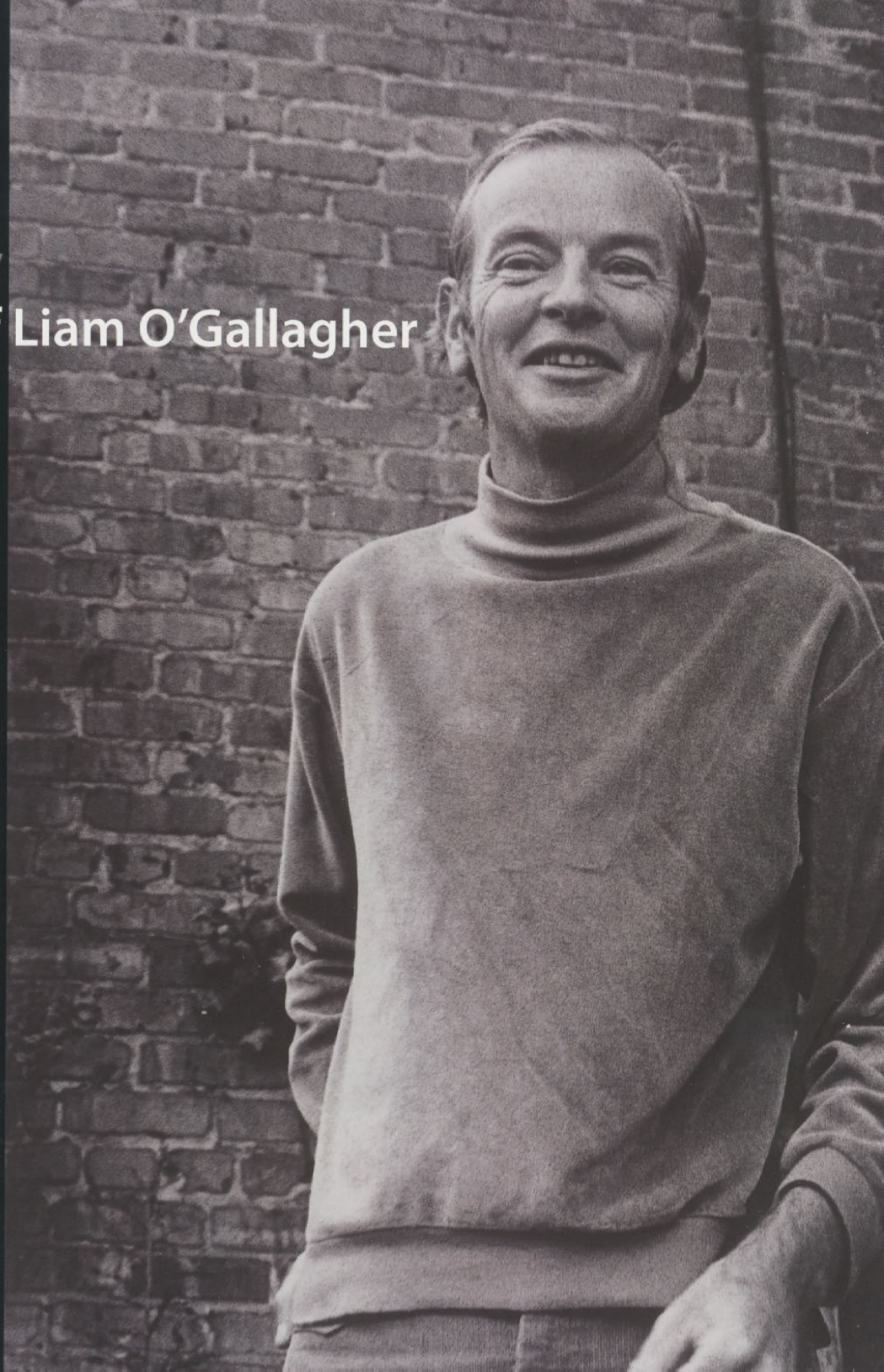
ISBN – 13: 9780615270142

Printed in Hong Kong

Every Exit is an Entry
The Life and Work of Liam O'Gallagher

Kevin Wallace

THE BEATRICE WOOD CENTER FOR THE ARTS
IN CONJUNCTION WITH FINE ART PRESS



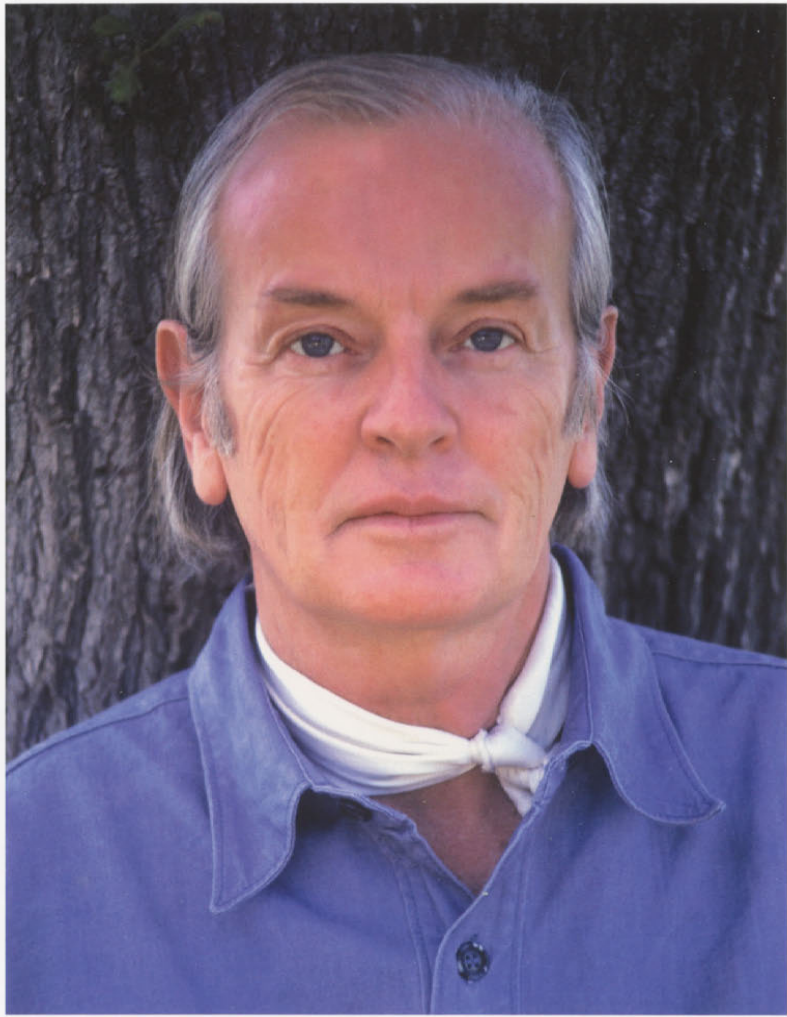
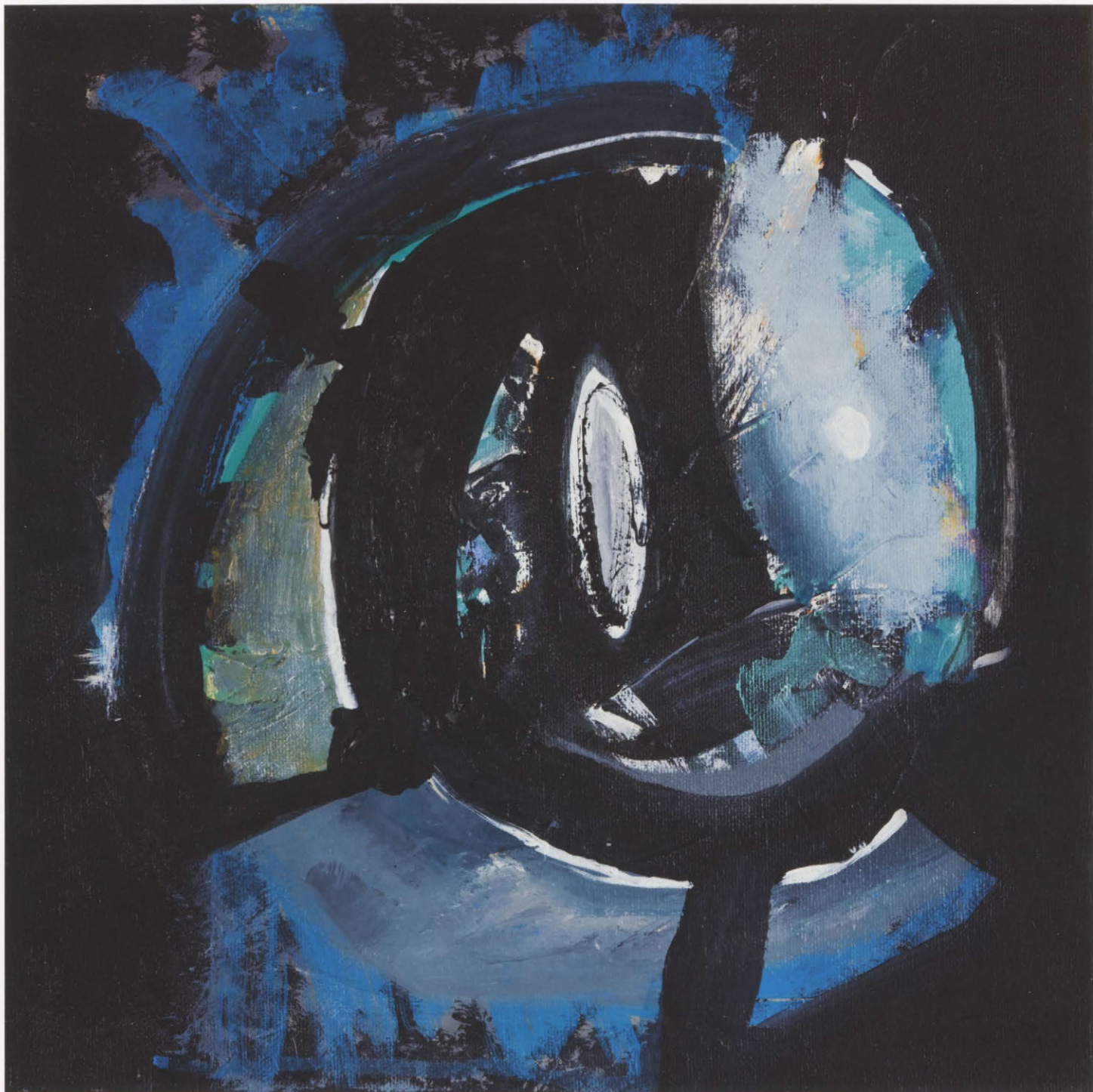


TABLE OF CONTENTS

<p>7 Departure</p> <p>8 Arrival</p> <p>9 Meeting a Mentor</p> <p>11 The East Coast</p> <p>11 Ojai Beckons</p> <p>15 The Rescue</p> <p>17 Huckleberry Hill & Big Sur</p> <p>19 Liam in Europe</p> <p>21 Provincetown & New York</p> <p>23 Return to Ojai</p> <p>25 Malibu</p> <p>26 India & Japan</p> <p>30 Santa Monica Canyon</p> <p>31 A Noguchi House</p> <p>34 Studio 3</p> <p>35 Chinatown Loft <i>Michael McClure</i></p> <p>37 Notes on Intersecting Lives <i>Cynthia Newby Luce</i></p> <p>38 Finding Home</p> <p>41 Waverly Place</p> <p>42 The Real Bohemia</p> <p>44 LSD</p> <p>47 An Experience with LSD</p> <p>50 Rose Free Now</p> <p>52 The Early 60s</p> <p>55 Remembering Liam <i>Lewis Warsh</i></p> <p>61 Marcel Duchamp</p> <p>64 A Party for Andy</p> <p>64 Into the 60s</p> <p>66 Planet Noise & The Small Press Scene <i>Jan Herman</i></p>	<p>67 Words</p> <p>71 How Does it Feel!</p> <p>73 The Poets of Bolinas</p> <p>75 Exploring the Print</p> <p>78 People</p> <p>80 A Ceremony of Us</p> <p>83 Events</p> <p>85 Sounds</p> <p>88 New Media <i>William Gray Harris</i></p> <p>90 The Blue Planet Notebooks</p> <p>96 Dislocations</p> <p>92 Remember the Future</p> <p>97 Montana</p> <p>99 Feathered Pipe Ranch <i>India Supera</i></p> <p>102 Way Out West</p> <p>105 The Poet and the Cowboy <i>Whit Hibbard</i></p> <p>106 Return to Ojai</p> <p>109 The Ojai Foundation</p> <p>111 Santa Barbara</p> <p>114 The Wild Spirit</p> <p>117 The 4th World</p> <p>118 Pathways aka Point of Departure</p> <p>121 Time</p> <p>124 For Memory Which is Now Controlled</p> <p>125 The Center</p> <p>126 The Wake</p> <p>133 The Last Poem</p> <p>135 Index</p>
--	---



DEPARTURE | 1992, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches

DEPARTURE

On December 4, 2007, the individual known as Liam O' Gallagher departed planet Earth. *The New York Times* obituary referred to him as an "avant-garde sound artist, painter and teacher," yet his life and work are not so easily defined. Liam had spent a lifetime avoiding the spotlight, while creating work that pushed past the known boundaries of contemporary expression. Liam was closely associated with leading figures of 20th century culture, yet he chose to be a creative catalyst, rather than seeking acknowledgment and fame.

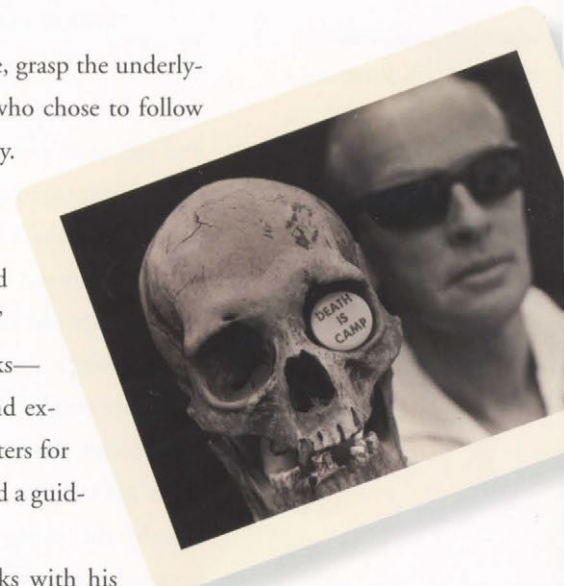
While Liam had an ability to communicate with people from all walks of life, grasp the underlying concepts involved in myriad disciplines, and was always supportive of those who chose to follow their dreams, he remained wary of self-promotion in terms of his art and philosophy.

"Liam was the most enlightened person I have ever known," his long-time friend William Gray Harris says. "He understood the pitfalls in seeking fame as an artist, and in having disciples. I remember him saying wryly, 'I don't want a guru and I don't want to be one.' Nevertheless, he was a subtle and effective teacher and guide."

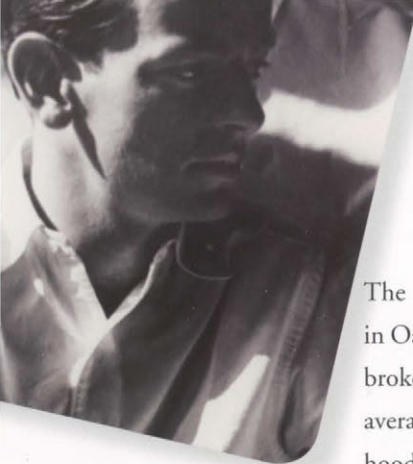
Liam spent his life creating a body of work that could fill countless books—including paintings, poetry, graphic works, short stories, performance pieces, and experiments with sound. He was also integral to the creation of foundations and centers for human growth and progressive thought. For a number of individuals, Liam remained a guiding spirit over the decades, quietly offering guidance and inspiration.

The last twenty years of Liam's life were spent painting, filling notebooks with his thoughts, and living quietly in Santa Barbara, California with his life partner, Robert Rheem. The story of Liam's life is almost impossible to separate from Bob's. The two were always together, creating art, traveling, and building relationships while journeying through the world of abstract expressionism, beat poetry, conceptual work, futurism, performance art, Eastern philosophy, and social change.

The departure of Liam O' Gallagher opens the door for the telling of his story, and the world of 20th century art and culture that he helped to choreograph. It is a story that could not be told in a formal tome, as it is discovered only through observations, non-verbal communication, and the artist's encrypted texts. His writings, works on canvas, and the recollections of the inspired individuals he left behind offer a fascinating path of exploration.



Liam O'Gallagher, c.1966,
36 Waverly Place, San Francisco.
Photo by Dennis Hearne.



ARRIVAL

The tenth of eleven children, the individual known as Liam O' Gallagher was born William Gallagher in Oakland, California, on October 2, 1917. His father, Frank Gallagher, earned a good living as a wood broker in the lumber business, while his mother, Imelda, tended to the brood of children. They were an average, middle-class family, who attended mass every Sunday, and were part of a close-knit neighborhood of Irish, Italian, Jewish, and African American families.

"We had a lot of family and friends living nearby," Liam's younger brother, Ted, recalls. "Oakland was a great place to grow up."

Like many men of his generation, Frank Gallagher lost his job when the Great Depression came, and was unable to get work. A few years later, Frank passed away. Liam was eleven years of age. The family came together and everyone pitched in, with the older children finding work where they could to help support the family.

"Everyone was in the same boat," Ted Gallagher says of life in Oakland during the Depression. "People were just looking to have some work so they could live."

Due to the situation, great expectations were not placed on the children in the family. Imelda Gallagher simply hoped they might find work and their own path in life. Liam was particularly outgoing in his youth, fitting in easily socially. Following high school, he went to work at one of the finer furniture stores in Oakland. Liam enjoyed the work and was able to assist in financially supporting his family. He was also able to buy a car, which made a great impression on his younger brother, Ted, who was able to borrow it when he had a date.

In the 1930s, Liam and his close friend, Ted Sweetland, had press IDs created. Presenting themselves as part of the press, they attended parties put on by the wealthy members of the social register. As always, Liam fell in easily with those he met, managing to dissolve any borders he came across. The two traveled to Hawaii, where Ted worked as a reporter, while Liam worked for the furniture designer, Walter Lamb.

Following the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Liam and Ted joined the military. Ted went into the Air Corps, while Liam joined the Signal Corps. Once stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco, Liam decided that he was a conscientious objector. He was sent to see the resident psychiatrist for a series of evaluations. However, the psychiatrist was driven so crazy with Liam's explanations that he complained, "You've ruined my career," and sent him back to the barracks. In the end, it was the commander's wife, who had taken a shine to Liam, who convinced her husband to give him an honorable discharge.

when the soul bends
the mind is in disrepute
the body hides more
than it reveals
spirit unifies
the fragmented mind
awareness precedes vision
emerging out of the mist
of a shared illusion
dense matter becomes light.

— LIAM O'GALLAGHER

Liam O'Gallagher, 1935, Sweetland home on Glen Alpine, Piedmont, California.
Photo by Ted Sweetland.

Liam then made the decision to join a monastery. His mother cried, believing she was losing her son to the priesthood or to life as a monk. Within a year, Liam realized that the monastic life was not for him, and made the decision to return to the world. He remained committed to the church and deeply interested in the writings of the Catholic mystics, including St. John of the Cross and Meister Eckhart. When his friend, Ted Sweetland, was shot down over Europe, it was a tremendous loss for Liam, who remained uncertain of what life he was meant for.

MEETING A MENTOR

Liam's life was profoundly affected by Aldous Huxley's book, *Ends and Means*, published in 1937 and written as a collection of essays exploring human behavior. The book asked if ends could ever justify the means. As the world moved toward war, Huxley, a lifelong pacifist, spoke at public meetings and debates, organized events and wrote pamphlets, and sought to avert yet another war. At the beginning of *Ends and Means*, Huxley wrote, "...most people in our civilization have agreed on what they want: a world of 'liberty, peace, justice and brotherly love.' But what they haven't been able to agree on is how to get it." In a letter dated 1998, Liam wrote to a friend about meeting his mentor, Aldous Huxley:

"A friend gave me a copy of *Ends and Means*... it impressed me so much I decided I must meet this man. I wrote a poem which I sent and he responded in the most kind way. I was approaching a crossroads in my life and was looking for some good advice, so I traveled south from Oakland and headed out to the desert at Llano, where the Huxleys had built a modern style house. I soon discovered that because of a problem with allergies, they had to leave the area and were now staying in Wrightwood, California. I proceeded unannounced, hitchhiking all the way and arrived before noon, to be greeted at the door by Maria Huxley who after some explanation decided to let me in. My problem centered around what I was to do with my life (ends & means) and after a warm and friendly visit I left with the decision to study art."

In 1945, before traveling to New York City, Liam purchased a home in an area called Huckleberry Hill on California's Monterey Peninsula. He then went to say goodbye to his family. At that time Liam's sister was living in Orinda, California, and her house was close to where the Rheem family was living. Liam had a particular interest in Bob Rheem, and walked over to the house. The family had left for New York, except for Bob, who had stayed to attend the University of California. Bob was home and the two of them talked.

"I hadn't known Liam well, but he'd known my family and remembered me," Bob recalls. "He asked me if I was interested in going to New York with him. I was just starting college and in no position to make such a decision." Liam headed off for New York alone, but Bob was never far from his mind.



Aldous Huxley, 1950.



MARS MODULE | 1997, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches



THE EAST COAST

Liam traveled to Greenwich Village and studied painting with Hans Hofmann, absorbing the theories of non-representational art that he would later build upon in wide-ranging, aesthetic explorations. While he met a number of artists and writers in New York who would be lifelong friends, Liam was unable to imagine remaining there. He knew that he could find success in the New York art world, but that he would lose something even greater in that environment.

Among the friends he made in New York was Edie Roosevelt, the granddaughter of President Theodore Roosevelt. Edie gave him a copy of the book, *The Secret of the Golden Flower*, which introduced Liam to ideas of Chinese philosophy and C.G. Jung's concept of balancing the four functions: thinking, feeling, intuition and sensation, which remained central to his philosophy throughout his life.

The mother of a friend from California had a summerhouse in Martha's Vineyard, and invited Liam to come and spend time there. Once there, he rented a room in the home of the retired president of Tiffany's and he enjoyed exploring Chappaquiddick Island and Martha's Vineyard, making a number of new friends.

One day, he and a friend were in Edgartown, and saw Emily Post in her black dress and white pearls at the post office. When they walked past her house a few minutes later, they noticed that the door was ajar. They went inside and, seeing the table was meticulously set for a lunch party, they rearranged the layout and went on their way.

OJAI BECKONS

Returning to Huckleberry Hill in 1947, Liam spent time painting and recording his thoughts in journals—a habit that would continue throughout his life. His nephew Jerry Martin remembers visiting Liam during this time, where Liam continued to share his love of art, music and philosophy with the young man.

“When I was a child, my Uncle Liam appealed to my undeveloped interest in art and music,” he recalls. “He would play classical music for me and I developed a love for it that continues to this day. He was aware of other's foibles, but was accepting of them. With his great sense of humor he could laugh about the behavior of others, while laughing at himself equally.”



Liam O'Gallagher, 1946, charcoal studies, Hans Hofmann School, New York City.

to regain the lost
consciousness
to pursue what is
our natural birthright
to become again
a whole being
the wondering mind
climbs over the fence
to bring contact
with the soul within
light and shadow
fall noiselessly.

— LIAM O'GALLAGHER



Liam's life took an unexpected turn when he met members of the Ojai Players, who presented *Macbeth* at the Golden Bough Theatre in Carmel.

"They gave some performances which I attended and liked so much I decided to meet them," Liam later recalled. He invited the group to his home and they told him that he should come to Ojai, California—a place he had never heard of.

Michael Chekhov, nephew of the Russian playwright, had brought his theatre company to America in 1938, and they had originally settled in Ridgefield, Connecticut, with Alan Harkness acting as assistant producer. Known as Chekhov's Theatre Studio Players, the company made a wide and extensive tour of the United States, at times performing plays written by original group member, Iris Tree, a well-known young English actress/playwright, and daughter of Sir Beerbohm Tree. Following America's entry into World War II, the Studio Theatre disbanded and Iris Tree and Alan Harkness moved to the Ojai Valley. Other members of the Chekhov company soon joined them, and Harkness gathered a small company to produce plays according to Chekhov's theories and methods. They presented performances in Ojai at a former schoolhouse built in 1869, located on an acre of ground in Upper Ojai. By removing the back wall of the schoolhouse and building a presidium, they created the "High Valley Theatre."

Liam agreed to paint sets for the group at the High Valley Theatre, and soon after met Rosalind Rajagopal, who was instrumental in the creation of the Happy Valley School (now the Besant Hill School).

“I met Rosalind and she asked me if I would like to teach art at the school,” Liam later recalled. “When I heard that Aldous was one of the founders there seemed to be no other answer than ‘yes!’”

Liam was introduced to the Headmaster Dr. Guido Ferrando, a retired philosophy professor from Vassar, who believed strongly in the Socratic method of teaching. Liam also became reacquainted with Aldous Huxley.

Liam’s methods of teaching fit well into the school’s curriculum, and the relationships he built with Rosalind, and her close friend Beatrice Wood, were life-long. It was during this period of time that he met Jiddu Krishnamurti and became aware of his teachings, which would prove influential.

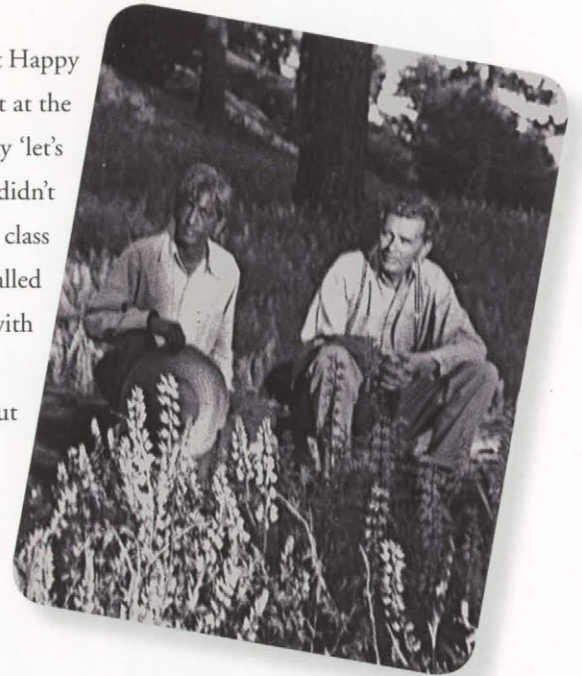
Kate Hughes, a student at Happy Valley School, recalls utilizing Jackson Pollock-like techniques during the same years Pollock was gaining fame in New York. It was a progressive art program for any educational institution, let alone a small, private high school.

“I had absolutely no talent for art, though that was a big emphasis at Happy Valley School,” recalls Radha Rajagopal Sloss, a seventeen-year-old student at the time. “I’d be in his class and say, ‘I’m not doing very well here.’ So he’d say ‘let’s go for a walk’ and he’d tell me what non-objective art was all about. And I didn’t understand a word of it, but I loved the walk. He’d leave the rest of the class working away and go for a walk with me, which I enjoyed. Back then we called him ‘Gallagher’ and he was very charming. All the girls loved to dance with him. He was very obliging and was a wonderful ballroom dancer.”

Always good in social situations, Liam adapted well to Ojai, but found himself wondering what had become of Bob Rheem.



[left] Rosalind Rajagopal, c.1943.



[above] Jiddu Krishnamurti and Aldous Huxley, Wrightwood, California, c.1950.



MIGRATION | 1995, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches

THE RESCUE

Bob Rheem, at 22 years of age, was floundering around, uncertain what to do with his life. He had dropped out of the University of California and had spent time in New York and Europe. His father's company was doing very well and, with his parents ensconced in a life of travel, high society, and concern for appearances, Bob was experiencing a lack of acceptance and support. His life was about to change.

It was summer, and Bob and his brother, Bill, were staying at the cottage the family had taken at the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena, California. One night, Bill was at a local bar where he met Paul Vernier, an actor with the High Valley Theatre's Chekhov group. When Vernier returned to Ojai, he casually mentioned to Liam that he met a man named Bill Rheem, who was staying with his family at a cottage at the Huntington Hotel. Liam thought of Bob and called him. Bob invited him to come to Pasadena for dinner and they became reacquainted. Liam went back to visit a second time and stayed at the Huntington. By then, the entire Rheem family was staying at the cottage.

"At that point I knew I had to get out of the house," Bob recalls. "I was very unhappy there with my family. I told Liam I was thinking about going to Laguna."

"Have you considered Ojai?" Liam asked. Bob had never heard of the place. "Well, it doesn't matter where you go," Liam told him. "But you definitely need to leave home."

"I knew in that moment I wanted to go to Ojai," Bob recalls. "Because he hadn't pressured me, which was a fortunate psychological thing. I was on the defensive and psychologically paralyzed and didn't want anyone to tell me what to do. Liam knew this instinctively."

Bob's father had set up a trust fund, which paid \$250 a month, providing a comfortable living in the 1940s. He went to Ojai and spent the night at Liam's small garage apartment on McAndrew Road, which was located next to Beatrice Wood's home and across the street from Arya Vihara, where Rosalind and Krishnamurti lived.

Soon after, Bob found a place nearby and rented it. The two spent considerable time together and Bob came to know many of the local residents, including a widow named Mrs. Waterbury, who owned the nearby Whale Rock Ranch. The property had several houses on it, and Liam rented a place above the



[above left] Liam O' Gallagher, 1949. Photo by Morley Baer.

[left] Robert Rheem, 1949. Photo by Morley Baer.

[above] Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Rheem, Period Room, Louis XVI Salon, Hotel d'Humieres. Photo by Schopplein. The Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco, California Palace Legion of Honor, Given by Mr. & Mrs. Richard S. Rheem.

It's difficult to pin
down a cloud
as the holiness
that created you
does not diminish
with change
it is not about finding
knowledge through identity
the person is not a master
yet the mind and body
are its subjects.
nature is spontaneous
as she is without motive
touch the unknown
to find truth.

— LIAM O'GALLAGHER



old stone garage. “She had orange orchards and wanted to sell the property and move to a convent in Switzerland and live as a nun,” Bob recalls. Like Mrs. Waterbury, Liam was committed to Catholicism and took communion every day at the local church (now the Ojai Museum). Every morning Bob would see Liam tearing down the road in his jeep to go to mass.

“He must have changed from when we were younger,” his brother Ted says of this devotion to the Catholic Church. “When we were kids we were expected to go every Sunday, but wouldn’t if we could get out of it.”

After Mass, Liam would come to Bob’s apartment and have breakfast with him. Liam’s duties teaching at the school left him ample free time and he read a great deal. “At the time he was reading St. Thomas Aquinas,” Bob recalls. “He always had a book next to his bedside.”

Liam and Bob spent time with Rosalind, to whom they remained devoted throughout her life. Through her they came to know Krishnamurti, who challenged Liam’s relationship with the Catholic Church.

[left to right] Beatrice Wood (back),
Helen Freeman, Minnie Lewin,
Liam O’Gallagher, Mary Stathart,
c.1948, Ojai, California.

“It was a liberating experience for Liam,” Bob recalls. “Krishnamurti became a major influence in his life, even though he wasn’t easily approached. Even at the wedding party for Radha Rajagopal and Jimmy Sloss at Arya Vihara, he was standing by himself watching. No one would approach him, as they were all so intimidated by him.”

Krishnamurti was handsome, charismatic, and mysterious, attracting the attention of the locals, as well as those who would travel to Ojai to hear him talk.

The Theosophical Society and the presence of Krishnamurti brought a number of occultists to Ojai, and some commented on the unique aura they saw around Liam and Bob. They were told that they were destined to be together, though neither of them had yet made any decision in this regard.

HUCKLEBERRY HILL & BIG SUR

When the school term ended for the summer in 1949, Liam asked Bob if he’d like to come with him to Monterey. Liam had rented the main house on his property, but kept the bunkhouse that had been converted into living quarters for himself. Essentially one room, the bunkhouse had a small kitchen with a Dutch door and a fenced-in gravel courtyard, kept private by a wood frame covered in canvas.

Liam had dug his own septic tank for the small bathroom. It was a model of efficiency and simplicity.

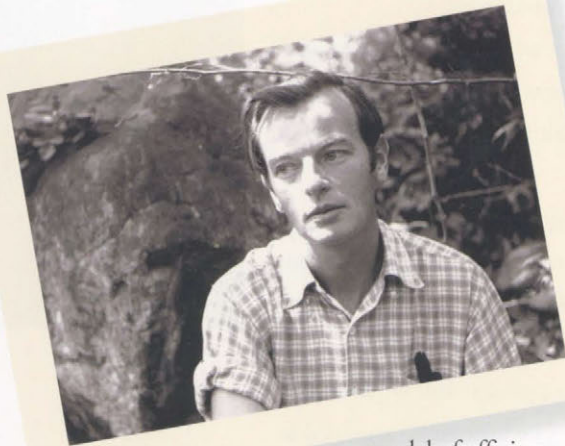
When they arrived in Monterey, Liam opened the door of the bunkhouse and Bob stepped inside. “You couldn’t stand up, but at one end,” Bob says. “There was this beautiful gold Buddha sitting on a long table like a welcoming god. I had grown up with servants and ornate furnishings and it was a total relief for me to be living so simply. This was my new life and I was happy.”

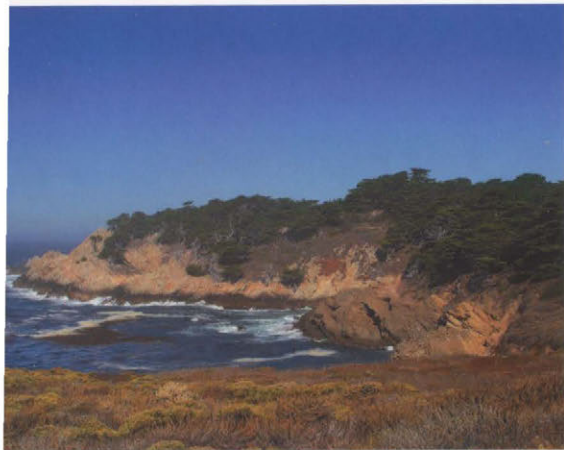
Behind the bunkhouse were tall pines, with the boughs of the trees resting on the roof. When the wind blew the boughs would sway, making a rustling sound as they brushed the roof.

Soon after arriving, Liam insisted that Bob become Catholic and he was baptized at the Carmel Mission. Traditionally, a child takes the name of a Catholic saint at Baptism, with the idea that the individual might grow to know, love and venerate their namesake. Bob took the name of Dionysus, the Greek god of wine and inspiration for ritual madness and ecstasy. It was the role of Dionysus to mingle the music of aulos to bring an end to care and worry and preside over communication between the living and the dead.

Liam’s home was in an area known as Huckleberry Hill, which was populated by a number of

Liam O’Gallagher, 1948, Whale Rock Ranch, Ojai, California.





creative individuals, and the two enjoyed traveling down Highway 1, with its twists and turns between cliffs, trees, and dramatic views of the Pacific Ocean. They became friends with the Fassett family, who lived in the honeymoon cottage of Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth. The Fassett family was planning a restaurant, working with the architect Rowen Maiden. In 1949, they opened the now legendary Nepenthe restaurant, which the family continues to run.

One of the Fassett children, Kaffe, was an artist of great promise who maintained a studio in one of the small buildings that had been created for prisoners to cook and sleep in while creating the road to Big Sur. Kaffe Fassett later moved to England and discovered knitting techniques, leading him to create garments that impacted the field of contemporary wearable art.

“Liam was a friend of my parents who observed my creative output as a child and persuaded Happy Valley School to give me a scholarship to attend,” Kaffe recalls. “I was always fortunate in my life to come across good teachers and Liam’s cultured life was a very formidable influence on the country boy I was.”

Further down the coast, Liam and Bob would visit Slade Hot Springs, on the property belonging to the grandfather of Michael Murphy, who later established Esalen there. “The Hot Springs were marvelous in those days,” Bob recalls. “Big Sur people would come to the Hot Springs and that’s where we met Henry Miller.”

Miller lived in nearby Partington Ridge at the time, as did the anthropologist and writer Maud Oakes and the eccentric linguist and ethnomusicologist Jaime de Angulo. The area had a remarkable colony of artists, writers, and freethinkers that flourished from the 1940s through the early 60s. Photographers including the Westons and Ansel Adams were also attracted to the beauty of the area. “There were individuals everywhere then,” Bob recalls. “It was a complete awakening—a giant leap in my life.”

A telegram arrived at the main house soon after Liam and Bob arrived, and was brought to them at the bunkhouse. It was from Bob’s mother and read only:

“Come home immediately. —Mother.”

“It didn’t matter,” Bob says. “I knew my life had changed and there was no retreat.”



[above] Big Sur coastline.

[above right] Painting of Liam O'Gallagher by Kaffe Fassett, n.d.

LIAM IN EUROPE

The summer of 1950, Liam suggested that Bob study painting with Hans Hofmann in Provincetown, Massachusetts while Liam took a trip through Europe. Bob accepted the idea, yet at the same time wondered why Liam wanted to go to Europe alone. Later he learned exactly why. “He wanted to get some space between us, to know if he really wanted to be with me.”

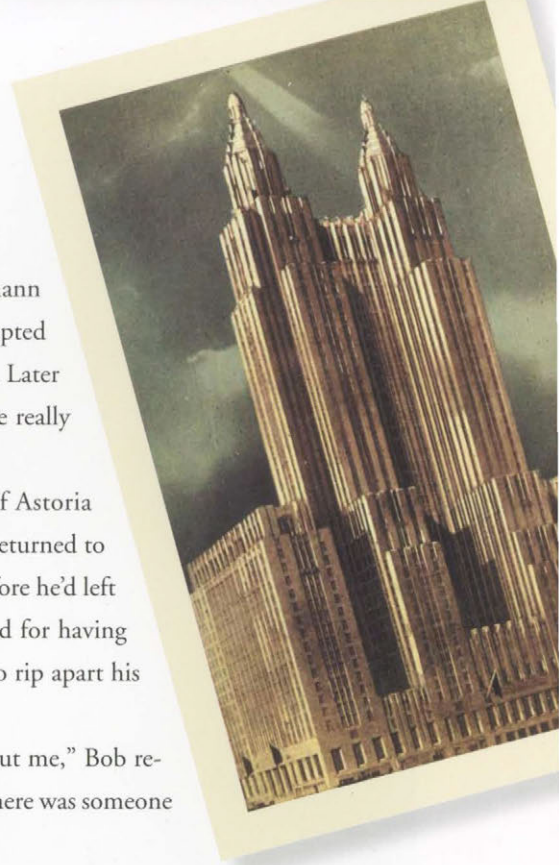
Bob’s parents were staying at their New York apartment in the Waldorf Astoria Towers. Bob said good-bye to Liam who boarded a bus to the airport. Bob then returned to his parent’s apartment. Several days later, a letter arrived that Liam had mailed before he’d left the country. Bob’s mother handed him Liam’s letter, ripped open, and apologized for having opened it. For Bob, though, her ripping open the letter symbolized an attempt to rip apart his relationship with Liam. In the letter, Liam wrote that he cried when he left Bob.

“It was the first time anyone in my life showed any emotional feeling about me,” Bob recalls. “The very first. I’d never felt love from my family or anyone I’d known. And here was someone I was just beginning to know, who actually cried for me. I was overwhelmed.”

Bob set off for Provincetown to study with Hofmann, while Liam traveled extensively through Europe. Liam met Peggy Guggenheim in Venice, and was invited to dinner at her house. There he met Sir Herbert Reed, whose book *Education Through Art* influenced Liam’s teaching methods at the Happy Valley School.

In Rome, Liam came to know the poet, James Merrill, who introduced him to Count Umberto Morra. In Venice, Liam met Merrill’s friend, Tony Harwood, heir to the Gimble Department Store fortune. Harwood later came to Liam’s rescue with the perfect remedy after he was poisoned by eating fish from the Venice canals. These were friendships that continued throughout their lives.

Meeting leading figures in the world of art and poetry was inspiring, but perhaps the greatest impact the trip had on Liam was his visit with extended family in Ireland. It was here that he decided to adopt a more traditional rendering of his name. He’d left for Europe William Gallagher, and returned as Liam O’ Gallagher.



[left] Trevi Fountain, Rome, Italy.

[above] vintage postcard of The Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York.



BOB & LIAM JOURNEY FROM BIG SUR (LIFE) | 1999, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches

PROVINCETOWN & NEW YORK

Hofmann's reputation as a teacher of Modernist painting had taken off, with nearly every important modern artist, including Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, and Mark Rothko, attending his classes. This led to his status as a catalyst of Abstract Expressionist painting. Having studied in Paris, Hofmann had operated his own school in Munich and had also taught in the U.S. at the University of California at Berkeley in 1934. He later established the Hans Hofmann School of Fine Arts in New York, with a summer school at his beautiful home and studio in Provincetown.

"The floors were painted in primary colors and his paintings were hung on the walls," Bob recalls.

He received Liam's letters from Europe at the studio he had taken in Provincetown, where he was enjoying studying with Hofmann. Using charcoal and paper, all students worked from a model, and once a week would bring in their paintings to receive criticism from Hofmann.

When Liam returned from Europe, Bob picked him up at the airport in Boston, and they spent time together in Provincetown. Liam assisted Bob in a break-through to a better understanding of abstract expressionism.

Provincetown was developing an international reputation for its artistic and literary output. Combined with its beaches and scenic harbor, the area had become a mecca for modern artists. One of these was Hazel McKinley, the sister of Peggy Guggenheim, who became a friend to both Liam and Bob.

"She was a painter and traveler, and made arrangements for exhibitions of her work wherever she went," Bob recalls. "We really enjoyed spending time with her."

They left Provincetown before Bob's classes were over, and drove back to New York, stopping along the way to attend the American Dance Festival in New London, Connecticut.

"It was absolutely marvelous," Bob recalls. "Merce Cunningham and all the other leaders in modern dance were there."

They decided to spend some time in New York before returning to the West Coast. The Rheems had bought an apartment on 5th Avenue at 64th Street. The apartment took up an entire floor, and while the Rheems were away, Liam and Bob stayed there. Liam's cousin, Eleanor LaMaire, was also in New York and maintained a design studio on 57th Street.



[above] Bob and Liam, 1950,
New York City.
Photo by Gleb Durujinsky.

[below] *Untitled*, c.1959
oil on canvas, 38" h x 44" w



LaMaire's first job upon her return to the U.S. after studying design in Paris had been the Bull-ocks Wilshire, including the famous Louis XVI Room, in Los Angeles. It was considered her masterpiece, reflecting the elegant style of the palace of Versailles. She later designed the first Neiman-Marcus store in Dallas, Texas, setting the tone for elegance and sophistication that became a hallmark of that chain. At the time LaMaire was buying modern art, and was one of the first designers to incorporate paintings in the lobbies and office interiors she designed.

Liam had met the Baroness de Rothschild in Carmel, California, and had invited her to the party he gave for the Ojai Players. Now, hearing that Liam and Bob were in New York, she invited them to her house for dinner. When they arrived they found that Martha Graham was also a guest.

"I wanted to say to Martha Graham—I would love to join your troupe," Bob recalls, still excited by the American Dance Festival in New London.

Bob received a call from his father, telling him to stay in New York, as he wanted to see him. Instead Liam and Bob headed west.

Happy Valley, California.
Photo by William Gray Harris.





RETURN TO OJAI

On their way back across the country, Liam and Bob stopped at Ohio State University to attend a program that Aldous Huxley had told them about. Drawing by Seeing had been developed by Hoyt Sherman and concerned an approach to perceptive seeing. Sherman referred to this approach as “perpetual unity”—seeing the subject as a whole rather than as separate bits of information. The studio was darkened and the subject shown to students for a mere second, illuminated by a flashlight. An overall impression was gained, with no opportunity to focus on details.

“The technique increased the acuity of one’s vision and they found it worked particularly well for football players in terms of gauging depth perception and decision making,” Bob says. “A quarterback could pass the football much more accurately by being able to take in the situation as a whole.”

Liam and Bob arrived in Ojai at the beginning of the school year, and Rosalind rented them the Adobe House on Happy Valley. It had been built by Felix and Elena Greene, with adobe bricks made from the local soil. Aside from the Old Tucker farm buildings, it was the first house built on Happy Valley, which had been considered sacred by the Chumash and had never been lived on.

Liam continued to teach painting at the Happy Valley School, while he and Bob worked on developing a teaching program based on Hoyt Sherman’s methods. Although they worked up a series of slides for the program, they never presented the course at the school. Bob was coming into the first half of his trust fund, and the two were thinking about moving closer to Los Angeles. Ojai was quite isolated, the High Valley Theatre was defunct, and many of their friends, including Iris Tree, had moved on. They felt a need for a more stimulating environment. The time had come for a change.

[above] Liam O’Gallagher, 1948, Ojai, California.
Photo by Robert Rheem.

[below] Beatrice Wood, *Conversation on a Sofa*, 1979, pencil and watercolor on paper, 11”h x15”w





MARS SERIES - ROBO'S BOTS AT PLAY | 2000, acrylic on canvas, 16 x 16 inches



MALIBU

Liam and Bob bought a house in Malibu, at Trancas Beach. They often drove down to Santa Monica, where Iris Tree had a tower apartment above the Merry-Go-Round on the pier. Boon Ledebur, the son of Iris Tree and Count Frederic von Ledebur, had become a good friend. He and his wife, Henrietta, had a tower apartment there as well. One evening, while Liam and Bob were there having dinner, there came a knock on the door. It was Charlie Chaplin, one of Iris' fellow English expatriate actors living in Southern California, coming to look for her.

On another occasion, Iris introduced them to Edward James, the British millionaire and poet known for his patronage of the surrealist art movement. Liam and Bob got to know him, and were invited to visit his home in Hollywood to view his collection of Salvador Dali paintings. He in turn visited their place in Malibu, which they were thinking of selling.

"It was beautiful there, but we were going down to town all the time," Bob recalls. "This was before Zuma Beach opened and we were really isolated there. I don't know why, but Edward, with all the money in the world, wanted to buy our place, so we sold it to him."

The time they spent alongside the ocean in Southern California introduced them to numerous individuals, from legendary figures to young people, in whom Liam had always been interested. He had found his way in the world and dedicated himself to the arts, and sought to share what he had learned with others on a similar path.

"I first met Liam O' Gallagher as a teenager, while my girlfriend, Victoria Ann White, and I were walking on the Santa Monica Pier. We were both student painters and actors at the time and ran into Liam and Bob in front of the shooting gallery. Liam had been Vicki's art teacher at the Happy Valley School and he invited us to drop by their house on Trancas beach the next day. We rode our wild horses bareback from the top of the mountain and along the beach until we found their place. Liam ushered us into the house and offered us cool drinks in jade cups. His sophisticated simplicity, clear points of view on art, life and love drew me to him from the moment we met. It was the beginning of a life-long friendship."

— PAUL SAND



[above] Souvenir photograph from Zardi's Jassland, c.1959, Hollywood, California. (left to right) Paul Sand, Victoria Ann White, Robert Getz, Monica Silfversköld, Stan Getz.

[right] Portrait of Iris Tree by Edmund Teske.

INDIA & JAPAN



It was 1953. Bob's sister was marrying in London and his parents wanted him to attend the wedding. Liam and Bob decided to take this opportunity to make a trip around the world. Bob went to Paris ahead of Liam, as his mother was buying his sister's wedding trousseau there at Christian Dior. Bob then attended the wedding in London and when Liam arrived at the London airport, Bob was there to meet him. The Rheems were staying at the Connaught Hotel, the famous five-star hotel in Mayfair.

"My parents had to be somewhat civil to Liam," Bob says. "So they invited him for a drink at the hotel. It was a brief meeting. My father hated the idea of me living with another man."

Looking back at the difficulty, Bob says, "The thing is that I liked my father and he was a wonderful person. It was just a pity that we never really connected."

Liam and Bob left London the day of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. The police took notice of Liam's Irish name, and took them aside to question their reason for leaving that day.

The two traveled to Paris, where they spent time and planned the rest of their trip. For their next destination, they decided to visit Kashmir in India and took the BOAC de Havilland Comet, which was the first passenger jet. Two years later, after four Comets crashed, the jets were grounded. Investigators discovered a flaw in the design that caused serious structural cracks from metal fatigue caused by repeated pressurization and depressurization of the aircraft.

"Ours didn't explode and we got to India," Bob says. "It was really something, flying over the Mediterranean Sea. When we got to New Delhi, it was pre-Monsoon season and a blast of hot, humid air hit us the moment they opened the door of the jet."

Liam and Bob set out to explore India. The Rheems knew Mr. Narogi, an executive with Tata, the largest and most respected business organization in India. Bob told Narogi that he and Liam desired to visit Kashmir, and a plane appeared the next day to take them there. During that time there was fighting in Pakistan and Kashmir, which had been closed to tourists, but they gained entry and enjoyed time in an un-crowded Srinagar, which is known as the Valley of Houseboats.

"It was absolutely beautiful," Bob says. "We were approached by merchants who invited us in and asked us our opinion about the situation in Kashmir. We told them they should be independent from India and have their own country. We later heard stories of people visiting from America and inciting unrest. It was sad because they'd been fighting so long that all of their power systems were completely diminished and all of the lights had a faint yellow glow."



[following two-pages]
counterclockwise from top left: Kyoto, Photo by Robert Rheem; Robert Rheem's passport, 1953; Valley of the Houseboats, Photo by Robert Rheem; Valley of the Houseboats, Photo by Robert Rheem; Robert Rheem in Kyoto, Photo by Liam O'Gallagher; Isuien Garden, Nara, Japan, Photo by Robert Rheem; Liam O'Gallagher's passport, 1953; postcard from Robert Rheem to his parents, sent while in India.

[below] India.
Photo by Robert Rheem.

[right] Liam with Karan Singh, Last Maharajah of Kashmir.
Photo by Robert Rheem.





NEW MOON | 1993, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches



Photograph of bearer

Robert S. Rhein



SEP 20 1953

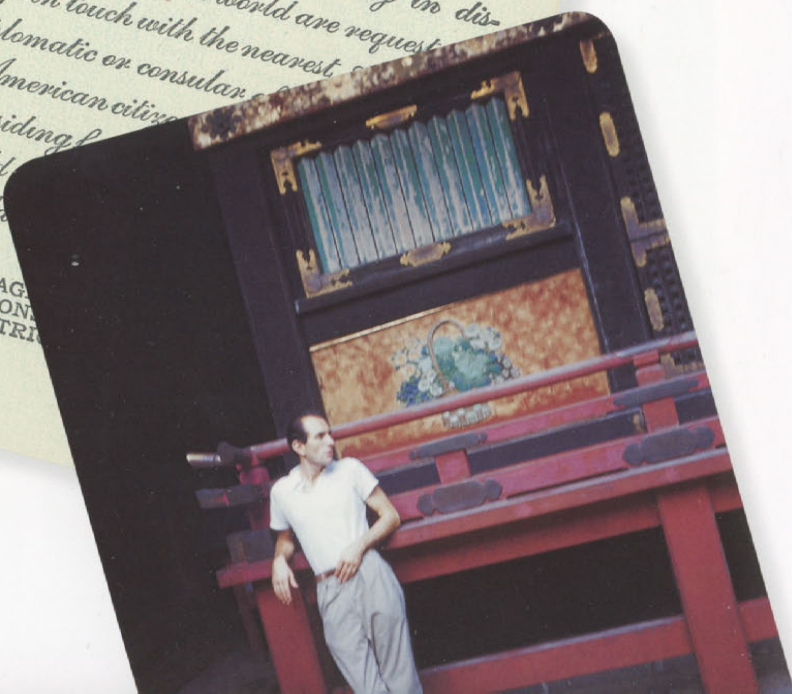


Dear Mother & Dad -
At the end of this
popular lane
long has been - this
is a wonderful and
beautiful place - even
better than what I
said - when I was in
Paris - over - love - got
joining

This pa
for travel
wise restrict
This passpo.
period, is valid
issue and may be
of a fee of \$5 but the
shall not be more th
original date of issue

American citizens traveling in dis-
turbed areas of the world are request
keep in touch with the nearest
diplomatic or consular
American citizens
or residing
should
consul

SEE PAGE
EXTENSION
AND RESTRI



INDIA 2
 6P
 G.P.S. INDIA 241
 GARMA
 MRS. R.S. Rheem
 565 SAN PASCUAL
 STREET
 PASADENA,
 CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.



for
 wise res...
 This passport
 period, is valid for two
 issue and may be renewed if
 of a fee of \$5 but the final date of
 shall not be more than four years
 original date of issue.

American citizens
 turbed areas of the wo
 keep in touch with th
 diplomatic or con
 American citi
 or residing for
 should regis
 consulate.

SEE
 EXTEN
 AND

DEPT. OF JUSTICE
 IMMIGRATION SERVICE
 SEP 20 1953
 HONOLULU,
 T. H.

... months
 John Dodds
 BRITISH VICE-CONSUL
 HONG KONG
 PERMIT TO LAND AND REMAIN
 UNTIL 7/8/53

ส่งให้ผ่านไปใน 3 วัน
 หรือแจ้งออก 9AA
 วันที่ 23 ก.ค. 96
 ส่งตรวจแล้ว
 24 ก.ค. 96

ที่ทำการ ต.ม. ๑ ถนนเมือง
 IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT
 BANGKOK, THAILAND
 DEPARTURE





The two enjoyed floating on a shikara over the famous Dal Lake, explored the bazaars, and visited the fabled gardens of Nishat and Shalimar. In time the two developed a strong connection with Indian thought and culture, though they never returned to see more of the country.

From there they traveled to Bangkok, Hong Kong, and Tokyo and developed a great love for Japan. As had happened throughout their life, they met leading figures in contemporary art and culture everywhere they went.

“One day we were in the mineral baths and were introduced to film director Akira Kurosawa,” Bob recalls. “That was exciting because I felt *Rashômon* was the greatest film I had ever seen. He invited us to the Diahi movie studio where he worked, which was a wonderful experience.”

Liam and Bob traveled to Kamakura, as they’d heard that the sculptor, Isamu Noguchi, had a home and studio there. They found out where it was and ventured out to see it, only to find a rice field with a primitive, thatched building on it and no sign of his sculptures.

On the way back, they flew through Honolulu and decided to spend some time in Hawaii, where Liam had lived and worked years earlier.

“Everything was very inexpensive at the time and one could live on the beach for less than thirty dollars a day,” Bob recalled. “We’d been away a long time at that point and were anxious to get back home to California.”

SANTA MONICA CANYON

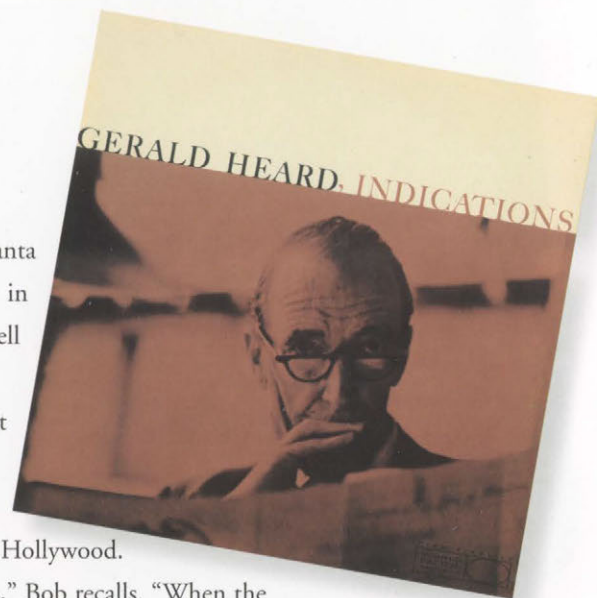
Upon returning home, Liam and Bob rented a house on Mesa Drive in Santa Monica Canyon. Christopher Isherwood, whom Liam had met previously in Ojai, lived nearby and they had the opportunity to spend time with him, as well as with Gerald Heard.

“Gerald was just so charming,” Bob remembers. “Brilliant, with a great sense of humor.”

Heard and Isherwood were very interested in the teachings of Swami Prabhavananda and Liam and Bob would often go to the Vedanta Temple in Hollywood.

“Christopher thought it amusing his guru wore a big gold wristwatch,” Bob recalls. “When the Swami was away, Gerald would speak, and his talks were always well-attended and fascinating.”

Gerald Heard believed in the intentional evolution of consciousness, which led him to create Trabuco College as a place for the study of comparative religion and practice. Set in the rolling hills of the Santa Ana Mountains, the buildings were designed in the style of an Italian monastery, with over-




[left] Kyoto cemetery.
Photo by Robert Rheem.

[above] Cover of *Indications*, a record album by Gerald Heard.
Photo by Richard Bock.

take leave of reason
find a new relationship
with matter
reality mirrors
the illusion
between image and object
for a naked mind
silence listens
to the spirit
eluding the order of time
to create a timeless order.

— LIAM O’GALLAGHER



sized brick walls, tile roofs, heavy beams, and a bell tower.

“Gerald created Trabuco because he wanted to have a kind of retreat there,” Bob recalls. “A place for intensification of consciousness with a group of people in a beautiful place.”

It was an idea that Liam would later explore—places where people could gather surrounded by the beauty of nature to create new models for living.

A NOGUCHI HOUSE

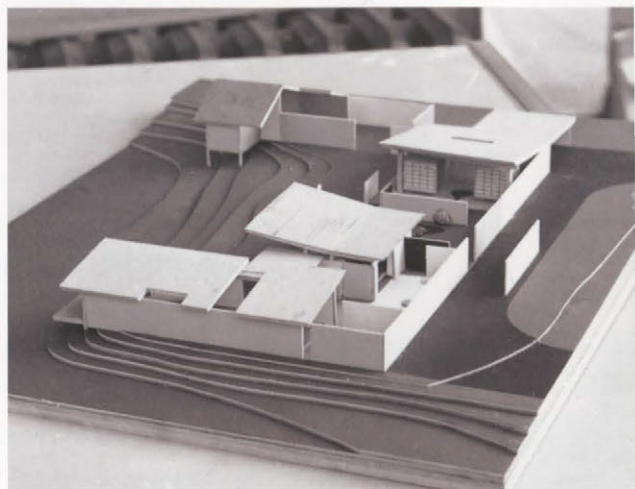
Liam and Bob lived in Santa Monica Canyon for a year before returning to the house in Monterey. Soon after, they decided they wanted to build a house in Carmel and wrote a letter to Isamu Noguchi, asking him if he'd like to design it. Noguchi wrote back that he was interested and would be in San Francisco, creating the gardens at the Zellerbach building. While visiting with Liam and Bob in Monterey, Noguchi created the basic design for the house using cardboard, clay, and sticks. This design then went to the Los Angeles architect, Kazumi Adachi, who worked with Noguchi to create the final model for the house.

The land Liam and Bob selected was on the south beach of Carmel, and the home would look over Point Lobos, the lagoon, and national bird sanctuary. It was a beautiful setting to build a Noguchi house.

“I think a lot of what we do as artists revolves around the furnishing of ideal situations that never come to be. We are forever building this imaginary abode for which everything we do is finally destined. Some day we will live as we really want to live, to really live as we know we should, no longer rushed.

Alas that time and the space for introspection keeps receding ever faster! I gathered from the letters written by these two young painters that they wanted a home of poetic sensibility and had a regard for the kind of living which most of us keep putting off.

What I have attempted is an arrangement of moods, a wide variety of experiences to be derived in living space. It is not architecture in any conventional sense; it is rather the coordinating of space and form indoors and out into an integral and self-sufficient unit. A world apart.



[left] Liam O'Gallagher at the home of Gaylord Hauser, Hollywood Hills, c.1966.

[above] Model of Noguchi house for Liam O'Gallagher and Robert Rheem, Permanent Collection, Oakland Museum of California.

There are two bedrooms that appear suspended over an area of round white rocks imbedded in cement which is also the floor of the bathing area between the bedrooms, the bath itself sunken and appearing connected to a water garden outside through a glass wall. There are no beds or other furniture. The living room, on the other hand, may be said to be entirely filled with one enormous piece of furniture: a platform with holes for sitting. The guest house is one large veranda with tatami suitable for meditation or enjoyment of the wonderful view. This is a duck pond with reeds and beyond it a sandbar and the spray of waves. The form of the structure, especially of the roofs, came about through the specification of large redwood timber from a dismantled bridge.

—Isamu Noguchi

Art & Architecture, November 1955

“But then things changed,” Bob recalls. “When the school district bought the parcel of land next to the building site, with the intention of putting in a school and playground there, the idyllic image of communing with nature in a Noguchi house was shattered.” Liam and Bob gave the model of the house to the Oakland Museum. They had both been raised in the Bay Area, and were spending an increasing amount of time in San Francisco.



...My memory is as vivid as though it was merely yesterday that we first met you and Mr. Liam O' Gallagher with Isamu Noguchi in Carmel by the State Duck Sanctuary pond with reeds and beyond it a pure white sandbar and the spray of the waves. How exciting it was to see nature in action: birds, waves, vegetation, sun, white sand, and distant peninsula with that beautiful Carmel landscape.

You took us to the lumber yard where there were piles of Redwood timber from a dismantled bridge.”

Then, returning to Los Angeles with Isamu, working furiously day and night for the next week or ten days; much discussion between us and finally agreeing on a scheme. I attempted to be the tool of his creativity in architectural terms. It was very exciting and at the same time exhausting...”

—Kazumi Adachi

Letter to Robert Rheem , November 22, 1972



[left] Isamu Noguchi and Kazumi Adachi, examining and measuring timber from dismantled Big Sur bridge.

[above] Isamu Noguchi and Liam O'Gallagher at lumber yard discussing timber from dismantled Big Sur bridge.



NO. 1 | 1959 - 61, oil on canvas, 44 x 56 inches. Photo by Norberto Zamudio, Collection of Judith McBean

STUDIO 3

“Where would you want to live?” Someone asked.

“Chinatown,” Liam and Bob answered.

“I know a place there,” they were told. Put in touch with a realtor, they were shown a studio loft on Waverly Place, in the middle of Chinatown.

“It was where all the Tongs were,” Bob says, making reference to the associations formed in the second half of the 19th century by early immigrant Chinese American communities. For those lacking clans, prestigious Chinese surname associations, and business guilds, the Tongs were a means of banding together as secret societies for protection.

The majority of buildings in the area were owned by Chinese-Americans, who were hesitant to rent rooms to two white artists, but the place Liam and Bob selected had belonged to a New York family since 1900. The top two floors had originally served as shared living quarters for dozens of Chinese workers who had revolving sleeping schedules. Liam and Bob rented the place for \$75.00 per month and began their new life in San Francisco, falling easily into the world of beat artists and poets influenced by an embrace of spontaneity, free thinking, and the influence of Eastern thought.

While living in Chinatown, the two met the poets, artists and philosophers that lived in North Beach, including Alan Watts (who Liam had encountered years earlier at Northwestern University, where Watts wore a black cassock), Jean Varda, Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, Michael McClure, Gavin Arthur, Richard Brautigan, Helen Adam, Jess Collins and Robert Duncan.

Liam and Bob continued to explore the painting on canvas, but Liam’s approaches to art were soon to change, as he increasingly used words, action, and new technologies to explore the potential of non-objective art.



[above left] Door number at 36 Waverly Place.

[above right] View of 36 Waverly Place viewed from Grant Avenue, San Francisco.

[left] *Untitled*, c.1959, oil on canvas, 44”h x 44”w

CHINATOWN LOFT

MICHAEL McCLURE

Looking back on San Francisco from another century I see time frames and segments of memory with unique ebullience and auras—and many of these moments have a myriadness to them that contains directions and thrusts and explorations of consciousness and nature and life. In the Fifties there was the new outspoken poetry, literally poetry being spoken out against the lies of post-WW2 America and against preparations for new assaults in Asia. Inseparable from all this was the blooming of new serious painting in the “outsider” galleries the “Six” and “The Batman Gallery.” Artists Jay de Feo, Bruce Conner, Jess, and many others were happening in the same city as the Beat writers and the San Francisco Renaissance. Many of us were looking into psychedelic explorations, and at the miracles of the California shoreline and hills and mountains and deserts, which were so close to the City before the later overcrowding, suburbanizing, and clogging traffic.

San Francisco was exotic, hip, and Bohemian. The heart of it lay in the Black Culture of the Fillmore and in North Beach where Chinatown, the Italian district, and the artists’ enclave came together on the old Barbary Coast.

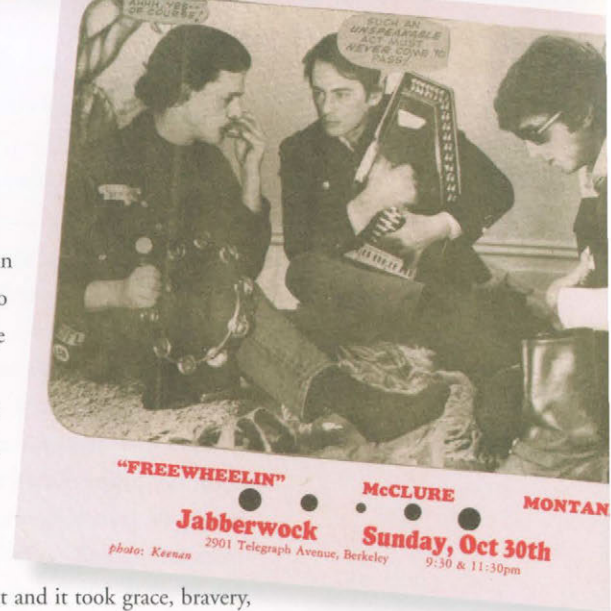
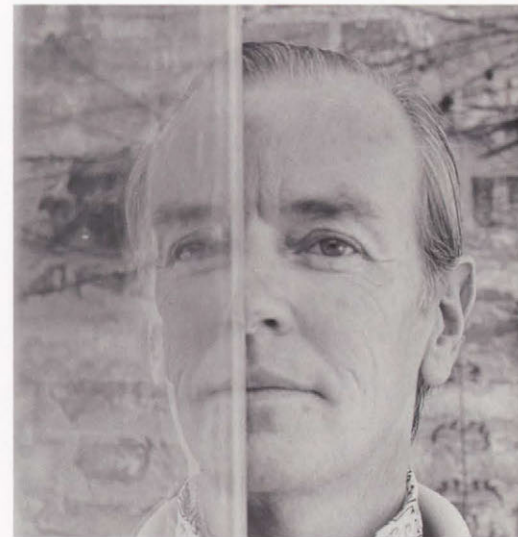
I remember walking through Chinatown at night, to City Lights Book Store to pick up a book, or to Sam Wo’s noodle house for a meal I could afford. It was always semi-dark, rainy, and misty with lanterned shop windows where old men sat on castaway shipping crates playing timeless melodies on their one-string, snakeskin violins. Old lady shoppers would be shrieking while the kids yelled and kicked a ball past the dazed faces of live chickens in the pavement-level stalls of butcher shops. In the early Sixties, Harry Hunt, socialite and motorcycle racer, his glamorous young wife Judith, and I were passing through there. We were walking up Grant Ave

to visit 36 Waverly Place, an edgy corner of Chinatown, to visit the enormous and strange loft of Liam and Robert.

The story was told that Liam and Bob celebrated their honeymoon on a houseboat in Srinigar, Kashmir.

In the Sixties, forthrightly

gay couples were non-existent and it took grace, bravery, and aplomb to carry it off. Liam and Bob had all they needed of those qualities. Liam with his distinguished accent was handsomely Gaelic, energetic and laughing. Bob was tall, lean, intense, handsome and dressed mostly in combinations of blacks and whites. He had warm, bright, friendly, yet almost guarded eyes. Both of them were underspokenly elegant in tweeds and jodhpurs. They had the gift of beautiful casual manners and were comfortable with one and all.



[above] Performance announcement, featuring Michael McClure playing cowboy-Shiva music with Hell’s Angel Freewheelin Frank and composer George Montana at the Jabberwock, 1967. Photo by Larry Keenan.

[left] Liam O’ Gallagher, at the Steven Arnold studio, 1968.

There were two long flights of wooden stairs to the loft. The space gave the sense of being vast because of the manner in which the rooms adjoined—both large and small mixed together, somewhat confusing in scale because of the many decors and gallery uses of the rooms—sometimes a huge room with Asian wall hangings and sometimes a series of smaller rooms entering into one another, many of them having a group of Liam's paintings. In one room was a circuit of paintings of imaginary flags and in other rooms, color abstractions based on linear concepts. It was all handsome and hip to that period of time which was seeing Abstraction turning to Assemblage while Pop Art peeked its shadowless face around the corner. In another room I'd find Bob in a deep conversation about recent psychic ideas and experiments coming out of Duke University, or about the mental effects of Burroughs' cut-ups, or John



Lilly's work with isolation tanks and the intelligence of dolphins. Gerd Stern was spreading the word to another group about the forthcoming John Cage concert at the Museum. Then Herb Caen walked by with a cheery nod and a bemused smile. I found Robert Duncan standing next to a painting of Jess' that I'd never seen before, speaking with film-maker James Broughton about Stravinsky, then in Robert's quick way he changed to make a bon mot with a Charles Olson quote. When I looked out the window there always seemed to be the mist and light rain of Chinatown. I thought how close we were to City Lights Book Store in this same mist, and farther up on Grant Avenue how Jack Spicer was holding forth for young poets at Gino and Carlo's Bar. It had only been a couple of weeks since O'Gallagher and Rheem had given their evening party for visiting poet James Merrill. In the same room tonight, heavy with incense and with mandalas mounted on the walls, we were meeting Liam and Bob's guest, one of the first Tibetan Lamas to escape his country and get to the U.S. Alan Watts drank a glass of wine while giving explanations to those having a time with the new experience of Tibetan Buddhism....

Liam and Bob's 36 Waverly Place is one of the many long complex moments in Liam and Bob's life, and is for me one of the bright auras of another century.



[right] Robert Rheem in foreground (Liam O' Gallagher in background), c.1970, 36 Waverly Place, San Francisco.

[above right] Judith McBean riding on Harry Hunt motorcycle. Photo by Norman Parkinson for Vogue Magazine, August, 1967.

NOTES ON INTERSECTING LIVES

CYNTHIA NEWBY LUCE

I was very young when I met Liam and Bob, and they seemed a couple. It was 1950 and I was 16.

If I hadn't spurned the predictable traditional middleclass track set out for me, I never would have met them. But the lure of half forbidden milieus was too intriguing to pass by.

I'd met Vicki White at Hollywood Professional School and she'd known Liam at the Happy Valley School in Ojai. Covered in bubbles and proffering screwdrivers, Vicki held court in her huge antique bathtub, the type with vaguely menacing clawed feet. She lived near me in a precarious wooden house on a hillside at the edge of what seemed a mysterious and almost foreign neighborhood called Elysian Heights. I lived in Los Feliz Hills amid staid families of doctors, dentists and attorneys. We were worlds apart.

Even at 15, Vicki could recite all manner of poets and make jokes about Freudian slips. I, at 16 in 1950, was clueless, never heard of Freud. I learned. Freud all of a sudden gave me perspective into dark corners of the adults around me and my new knowledge of Freud and his ideas must have been a real threat to my parents as they never could admit that I ended up majoring in psychology and anthropology; they always told everyone I'd studied Philosophy.

It was actually one of Vicki's boyfriends, Paul Sand, who introduced me to Liam and Bob. To me, having deserted the Traditional Junior League Debutante Pack it was like finding a life-saving oasis. In the 50's one did not talk about cannibals, sex or money. At Vicki's we talked about everything, no holds barred. With Liam and Bob, we laughed and joked about the world and knew there were even richer hidden meanings. All of a sudden life got much more creative.

All this helped me as I wasn't doing too well in what seemed The Dead Zone of Middle Class Culture. Ever hopeful, my parents kept sending me to debutante balls where I didn't lack for partners but was a freaky parrot among the chicks.

So that was the thread that five years later lead to the night Liam and Bob gave a reception for the poet James Merrill after the reading we'd all attended. Despite the fact that sometime later many of the guests shifted into Famous Mode, the reception had a certain decorum, the extremes contained. I suspect most of us were in awe of the huge old Victorian house on Vallejo Street in Pacific Heights, San Francisco, owned by Bob's parents that had been moved from Nob Hill in 1900, by, Bob says, horse wagon. It was an impressive house with high ceilings, a stained glass window over the deeply carved marble fireplace with a savonnarie/bench invitingly in front, and dark wood paneling around the spacious living room.

Everyone was dressed up, some in dark cocktail gear. This was before punk and piercings. The servants were meticulously starched and ironed in impeccable uniforms: the women in black uniforms with white aprons, cuffs and caps, the men in black trousers and white jackets. Though everyone was mostly standing, sipping champagne and chatting, I couldn't resist the temptation of a nice fire and sat on the savonnarie listening to the talk around me. I'd worn a slim black Balenciaga dress, my hair up and sparkling pendant earrings. As I'd been (for that time) a precocious fashion model at 13, the pose was automatically worthy of the dress.

Just as I was enjoying a choice piece of gossip and was about to bite down on a little caviar, the two frosted glass-paneled doors banged open and in stomped a



Paul Sand and Cynthia Newby Luce
at costume party, c.1959.

youngish man barefoot with his dirty old tennis shoes tied by the shoestrings dangling around his neck. Also not too clean, were his ragged jeans and torn T-shirt. People seemed to move to the side of the room and become quiet leaving a clear view of the fireplace and me sitting there quite apprehensive, appalled and curious in that order. With huge strides the man landed at my feet, looked up at me and with exaggerated gestures began reciting poetry:

“I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness...”

I sat there mesmerized. When he finished there was a muted, palpable hubbub, but before anyone made


much of a move, he got up, congratulated Merrill, gulped some champagne and left. After everyone had gone I said, “For heaven sake’s Liam, how did that happen? Why didn’t you throw him out?” The poem had been passionate, like a huge wave of cold swift water flooding us.

Liam smiled that smile of his and said, further flabbergasting me, “I invited him!”

It was of course Allen Ginsberg reciting for the first time, “Howl.”

And Liam? He could always identify the transitions and saw the Future and always surprised us.

FINDING HOME



Feeling at home in San Francisco’s Chinatown came easily for Liam and Bob, but with time they found that they missed the country lifestyle they had enjoyed in Monterey and Ojai. With the dream of a Noguchi house and its dramatic setting alongside the ocean still fresh in their minds, they purchased and remodeled a house located on the west side of Belvedere Island on Richardson Bay that overlooked Sausalito. The views were inspiring and it was an ideal place for old friends to visit. One of these was Frederic von Ledebur, the estranged husband of Iris Tree. Having begun his career in the Austrian Cavalry, Count Graf Friedrich Anton Maria Hubertus Bonifacius von Ledebur-Wicheln moved to the United States and became known for his supporting roles in *Moby Dick*, *Notorious*, *Slaughterhouse-Five* and a number of other major films.

“He always traveled with his own trailer, so he could be independent,” Bob recalls. “We were all sleeping and we heard this frightening sound coming from Frederic, who was apparently having a nightmare. From an open window, I called out, ‘are you okay Frederic?’ Even when sleeping he was dramatic.”

They also made new friends during this period.

“I first met Liam and Bob in 1952,” Henry Dakin recalls. “My family had just moved to Belvedere from Pasadena. I was in high school at the time and they would talk to me about the riches of the homosexual life style. Liam felt that everyone should give it a try to see if it was right for them—although they accepted the fact that I knew it wasn’t for me. We talked quite a bit about art, as they were both doing abstract paintings at the time.”

Liam O’Gallagher, 1957, Belvedere Island, California.



BREAKFAST VIEW | 1989, acrylic on canvas, 11 x 14 inches



The economic situation was such that Liam and Bob made the decision to give up the house. Suzanne Dakin offered them a place on the remaining portion of a cod fishery built by Russians on the island. There was a salt farm left, with one apartment on the south side and another on the north side, which they moved in to.

“My mother was interested in the arts and gave Liam and Bob the use of a cod fishery we owned,” Dakin recalls. “They lived there for a time and I often went there to visit.”

Though beautiful, the apartment at the old cod fishery ultimately proved a less than ideal home.

“It just got so damn cold when winter came,” Bob recalls. “The wind came whipping through the boards and we couldn’t stay there. Practicality triumphed over beauty and we moved back to the city, where we thought we’d stay at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram.”

Liam had become interested in Sri Aurobindo’s work years earlier. While visiting the Gotham Bookstore in New York City and exploring the occult section, a book fell from an upper shelf and hit Liam in the head. He picked it up to find it was a book on Aurobindo’s spiritual path. The approach was meant to further the evolution of earthly life by establishing a high level of spiritual consciousness. Sri Aurobindo also wrote commentaries on social and political development and on Indian culture including extensive commentaries and translations of ancient Indian scriptures. The Ashram had been created as a center for the evolution of a higher spiritual consciousness.

While at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram, they made the acquaintance of Michael Murphy, who had just returned from the ashram in Pondicherry.

“He was in the garage, working on his car,” Bob recalls. “We had a good conversation and he later visited us with his friend Dick Price and we discussed his idea for creating a center for new thought. He and



[above] Liam O’Gallagher, 1957, Belvedere Island, California.

[above right] The cod fishery, Belvedere Island, California.

[right] Robert Rheem on boat with his and Liam’s belongings, moving out of the cod fishery and back to Waverly Place.

his brother had inherited the family's property near Big Sur, which seemed an ideal location. We suggested they talk to Gerald Heard and Aldous Huxley, which they did. After they opened the Esalen Institute we stayed in touch."

Liam and Bob had developed a tremendous interest in Aurobindo's work, but after a couple of days at the Ashram realized there was just too much noise from the street for them to live there. They continued to study and support Aurobindo's work in the years that followed, but decided to return to Chinatown.

WAVERLY PLACE

It was 1957 and although their old studio was no longer available, they rented the northern side loft at 36 Waverly Place.

"It was on the top floor and there were two loft units," Bob recalls. It was filled with sunlight and was to remain their home for the next 15 years.

"I remember going to visit them after they moved to their home on Waverly Place in Chinatown," Henry Dakin recalls. "It was startling and fascinating. They were linked with the beatniks who lived in North Beach and were part of the creative scene there. There were also connections with the New York art scene and there were so many well-known people who were personal friends of theirs." Dakin saw them often in San Francisco, particularly after his mother added a fourth floor guest room to the family home that featured bay windows with views of the Golden Gate Bridge and Marin County.

"So many interesting people would come and stay—many of them introduced to us by Liam and Bob," Dakin recalls. "There were a great many interesting conversations."

Liam and Bob thrived on the energy that San Francisco offered and maintained a studio upstairs from the Old Spaghetti Factory Cafe and Excelsior Coffee House, which is considered the last bohemian nightclub in North Beach. It was a central gathering place for artists, writers, poets, and performers in the heart of the thriving bohemian and beatnik scene. Central to the legendary locale at 478 Green Street was self-described bohemian businessman Freddy Kuh, who purchased the barn-like, wood-frame building originally built in 1908 to house the Italian-American Pasta Company Factory. Kuh filled the place with an eclectic mix of Victorian kitsch, déclassé furniture and fabrics—brightly painted wooden chairs hung upside down from the ceiling, a chandelier was decorated with pink ballet shoes, and paintings and posters, covered the walls. It was envisioned as a place where people from all walks of life could play games, drink beer or coffee, talk about poetry and philosophy, and meet with other artists and writers.



Untitled, c.1959, oil on canvas
36" h x 40" w

“All of the people that Freddie Kuh hired to work at the Old Spaghetti Factory were complete individuals,” Bob recalls. “It was a great scene.”

Beat writers Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Jack Kerouac and numerous others could often be found there. As the reputation for the place grew, celebrities began to frequent it, including Carol Channing, Shirley MacLaine, Kay Ballard, the Kingston Trio, and Arlo Guthrie. Kaffe Fassett captured the scene with a series of brightly colored murals.

Directly below Liam and Bob’s studio was the music room of the Old Spaghetti Factory. This was the home of Los Flamencos de la Bodega and the burgeoning Bay Area flamenco scene. As the two worked on large abstract canvases, they could hear the guitarists, singers and dancers performing below.

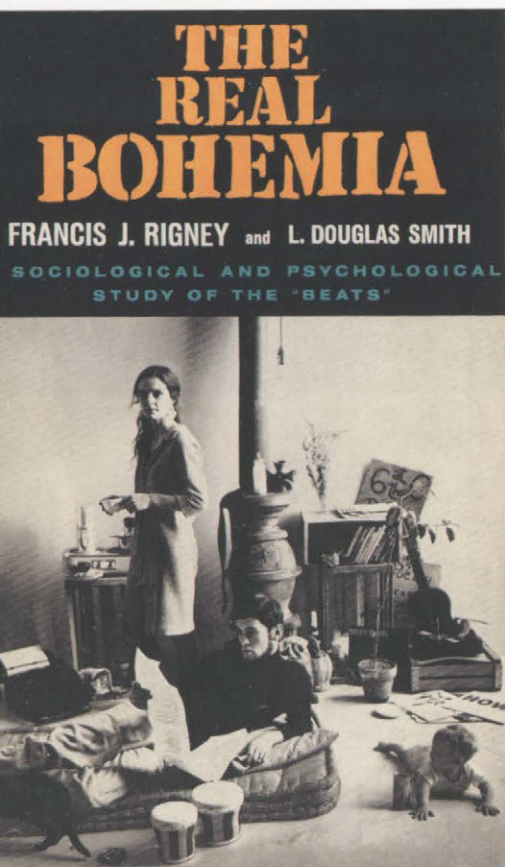
THE REAL BOHEMIA

One day in the late 1950s, Liam and Bob were walking up Grant Avenue and met a man wearing a Brooks Brothers suit and tie and carrying a valise. They thought he seemed an interesting fellow and when he walked into the Spaghetti Factory at the same time they did, they struck up a conversation with him. They talked about art and the San Francisco scene with the psychiatrist Francis J. Rigney explaining his interest in why young people were dropping out of society to create a counter-cultural scene. An idea for a book was percolating in Rigney’s mind and Liam offered him insight into the people, place and culture.

The beat generation was a developing cultural phenomenon that was much vaster than simply being a group of poets living in North Beach. Today, scholars see the writing and events to be an outgrowth of Dada thought, with an embrace of creative spontaneity, emotional honesty, non-conformity and visceral engagement. At the time, the language and topics, which presented drug use, sexual exploration and bohemian hedonism in a frank manner, challenged the social conformity of mainstream society.

The term “Beat” came from underworld slang for the world of hustlers, thieves and drug addicts—those who were “beaten down.” It also makes reference to the jazz beat that fueled the movement. For Jack Kerouac it symbolized what he referred to as *beatitude*—“a spiritual quest for endless love.” Indeed, there was a religious aspect to the movement, as the Beats often explored the subject in their work—looking to the East, while redefining the Judaism and Catholicism of their bourgeois upbringing.

Cover of *The Real Bohemia: A Sociological and Psychological Study of The ‘Beats’*, Francis J. Rigney and L. Douglas Smith, 1961, Basic Books.





SELF-PORTRAIT (TRANSITION) | 1995, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches

a non-sensory way of seeing
or
a nonsense-ary way of seeing
the illumination border
makes light of time
the mind plays with doubt
a window on infinity
with illumination control
the mystical body
regenerates in love.

—LIAM O’GALLAGHER

It was a world that Liam was comfortable in, as these interests were very much the same as his. At the same time, his life had been largely concerned with studying the human condition—what ailed it and how it might be cured—and he was in many ways an observer as well as a participant.

Within a year of first meeting Liam and Bob, Francis Rigney began doing formal research, moving into the neighborhood and conducting interviews with “the bohemians.” The participants filled out questionnaires and were given a Thematic Apperception Test and Rorschach test. Liam was among the first to be tested, as it took time for the community to trust Rigney. It was initially feared that he might be working for a magazine, or the American Medical Association, or maybe even the police. Given the Rorschach test, Liam impressed Rigney with his answers, consistently offering the “perfect” answer and showing a rare clarity of mind. Rigney later called Liam “a Wimbledon player” when it came to the tests. Ultimately, he was of more service as a consultant than a participant in the creation of the first book to provide a sociological and psychological study of the beat movement.

LSD

Liam’s interest in LSD had been piqued by the experience of Aldous Huxley and conversations with Gerald Heard. In the 1950s, Heard had begun to experiment with LSD, believing that with proper use it could lead to expansion of consciousness and the dissolution of the ego. Heard shared his interest in the drug with a number of individuals, including Bill Wilson (founder of Alcoholics Anonymous), the religious scholar Huston Smith and Timothy Leary.

Long time friends Heard and Huxley had decided that they were going to explore LSD and expose what it represented for the military. They began to experiment with it, under the supervision of Dr. Humphry Osmond, the psychologist known for coining the term “psychedelic.”

“Ultimately, the army lost interest and LSD became illegal,” Bob recalls. “No more mind expansion, I guess, for fear it might lead to more people dropping out or wanting to overthrow the government.”

Huxley’s experimentation with mescaline led to his book *The Doors of Perception*, which presented an intellectual exploration of the drug’s effects and ultimately influenced thousands. At the time, LSD was being manufactured by Sandoz Pharmaceuticals and doctors were able to get samples of it. One only needed to know the right people.

In 1959 they heard that Aldous Huxley was going to be part of a conference in Tecate, Mexico at a spa opened by the Hungarian scholar Edmond Szekely. Under threat of being summoned to support Hitler’s government, Szekely, who was Jewish, had moved to the U.S., only to learn that an order for his arrest had been issued by the Romanian government and that U.S. Immigration and



Naturalization had agreed to arrest and return him to Romania as a deserter. Electing to cross the border into Mexico, Szekeley opened a combination resort and health retreat, where he and his wife Deborah grew organic vegetables and touted a grape juice cure for obesity. The place eventually led to the opening of the highly respected Golden Door Resort and Spa in Escondido, California, which is still run by Deborah.

Liam and Bob traveled to Mexico, and had only been at the spa for a day when they were approached by Laura Huxley and the psychopharmacologist Dr. Barbara Brown with the invitation to take LSD. A group of people were going to go to the nearby home of Indra Devi, the internationally famous yoga teacher. The daughter of a Swedish bank director and a Russian noble woman, Devi had studied acting and dancing in Berlin and moved to India where she acted in a number of films. She became an early disciple of Sri Tirumalai Krishnamacharya, later moving to Argentina and becoming the President of Honor of the International Yoga Federation.

“Devi’s house was like a little temple itself,” Bob recalls. “When we arrived there we found her standing at the top of the stairs in a sari gently moving in the wind. It was an auspicious beginning.”

Liam and Bob were placed on a scale and weighed, so that the dosage of LSD could be carefully measured. Iris Tree volunteered to act as guide for Bob, which he found problematic, as she’d had a bad experience with the drug. Laura Huxley acted as Liam’s guide. As the drug took effect, Liam found himself in “this marvelous place.” Later in the day, Liam and Bob returned to the spa together and Bob found the LSD experience much more pleasant in Liam’s company.

The two returned to San Francisco, where several years later LSD became an important part of the emerging music and art scene. For Liam and Bob it had given them an experience they valued, but there was no need to repeat it. As with a later experiment with psilocybin, they were only concerned with how it might assist them philosophically and they tended to avoid those who used such substances recreationally.

In the years that followed, Liam shared both the benefits and dangers of experimenting with LSD with his friends. He felt that it could open doors, but also that it was not an experience to be taken lightly.

“I was at Harvard from 1954-58 and in 1960 Liam told me that if I was going back to Cambridge I should go see Timothy Leary. So when I went back there I called Leary and he told me to come on by. I went with a girl I knew and I’m sure it’s something she’ll never forget. We met Leary, Richard Metzler and Richard Alpert, who later became known as Ram Dass. They were all wearing suits. The next year they were all fired. While Liam was very much interested in the potential of LSD, he would also make clear that experimenting with it was very dangerous. ‘Taking LSD requires special preparation,’ he would tell people. ‘If you decide to take it understand that it’s a very serious step, so be careful.’

Coming from him it was quite credible, because Liam had tried it in 1959 and ultimately found that, although the experience was useful, he didn’t need it.”

- HENRY DAKIN



NATURAL FORCES | 1993, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches



AN EXPERIENCE WITH LSD, TECATE, MEXICO, SUMMER 1960

Quite unexpectedly the opportunity for this extraordinary experience presented itself, and yet somehow it all appeared to have been something of a very long planning, so much so that the word initiation seems best to describe my feeling about it. My attitude regarding it was and is a religious one. I am convinced equally that the right atmosphere and the right guide-companion are of special significance.

On a very hot day we drove to a distant house which stood alone and temple-like in a vale surrounded by low hills. It belonged to an East Indian woman and was furnished in the decor of her native land. The prevailing atmosphere was one of tranquility.

The confidence I had in my guide, Laura Huxley, was indeed confirmed when the LSD began to take effect. A cosmic vision appeared in which I saw her at the age of fourteen, with a light of great intensity above her breaking into a single sound, a pure and central note. Her presence was like that of a bodhisattva, willingly returning again and again to assist in the Evolution. I saw her in colors of cream-gold, white, azure and lavender blue. Aside from some questions of a psychological nature which I had no desire to explore—for they seemed dull compared to what I was experiencing—her suggestions and comments were provocative and spontaneous.

I saw on a wall before me patterns that resembled Indian Shiva temple sculptures come to life—a voluptuous sight of great beauty. Upon closing my eyes, I saw a very large eye, which I recognized as my own. I then saw a blank wall with a wedge cut out of it through which appeared my mother's face (she had been dead for several years). She looked happy, as though at a social gathering, and seeing her, her eye became an eye. The scene closed, to be followed by an experience which words are inadequate to describe. It was timeless, and somehow seemed to lie behind, the natural and cosmic order. As I think of it now, that scene was a reflection of IT. It was a visionary world, rich and vibrant in color, where a feeling of oneness and joy prevailed.

I recall trying to verbalize for Laura what I had discovered—an infinite source of Love which could satisfy everyone's needs. Why? Why, I was asking, with this possible, was man destroying himself with hate and greed. Again, I closed my eyes. I tried to apply rational answers for what I was seeing, but it became a laughable matter, for each time I thought I had it formulated, it would dissolve into an Infinite, in which opposites were always equal.

The cosmic rose... Laura presented me with two flowers, a rose and a daisy. The rose caught my attention first and I examined it closely to discover that we were both sensible forms

of the Infinite. Seeing my own hand next to it made me realize that we both had a place in Evolution. Perhaps, if we can become clear on the mental plane about this link, the natural order would be resolved in our minds. My body appeared bestial compared to the rose, yet I did not find this just repulsive. Rather, it occurred to me that our evolution on the physical level had been completed in this form, future evolution of necessity being a conscious one. Yet while in transition, we have one foot in each world. The extent to which we are able to swing freely between the two—a hinge—our freedom to participate in a conscious evolution could be realized... would be realized.

Closing my eyes again—timelessness, oneness, union, love...

We are in an Evolution

Our particular transition seems to consist in a cosmic orientation

It is a matter of CONSCIOUSNESS

The emphasis is on man the species rather
than on man the individual

Caution is necessary in the transition because
of the tendency to fascism/perfection.



Untitled, 2005, oil on canvas
16" h x 16" w



POINT OF DEPARTURE | 1995, acrylic on canvas, 13½ x 18 inches

ROSE FREE NOW, 1960

Sweet rose
Your freedom
Is anonymous
As freedom goes.

Your one desire
Responds to light
And unfolds.

Your fragrance
Carried by the wind
Cares not
Where it goes.

Your strength
Unwound
Drops petals
To the waiting ground.

Your eye, exposed
Remains anonymous
In its repose.

Poem by Liam O'Gallagher
Original manuscript by
Peter Hartman

Rose Free Now

ROSE FREE NOW

SWEET ROSE
YOUR FREEDOM
IS ANONYMOUS
AS FREEDOM GOES

YOUR ONE DESIRE
RESPONDS TO LIGHT
AND UNFOLDS

YOUR FRAGRANCE
CARRIED BY THE WIND
CARES NOT
WHERE IT GOES

YOUR STRENGTH
UNWOUND
DROPS PETALS
TO THE WAITING GROUND

YOUR EYE, EXPOSED
REMAINS ANONYMOUS
IN ITS REPOSE

18

JAESTRO
109 14-PLAIN

UNIVERSITY MUSIC PUBLISHERS
214 431 41, U.S.A.

Book - Lass O' Galley
Music - Peter Hagdon

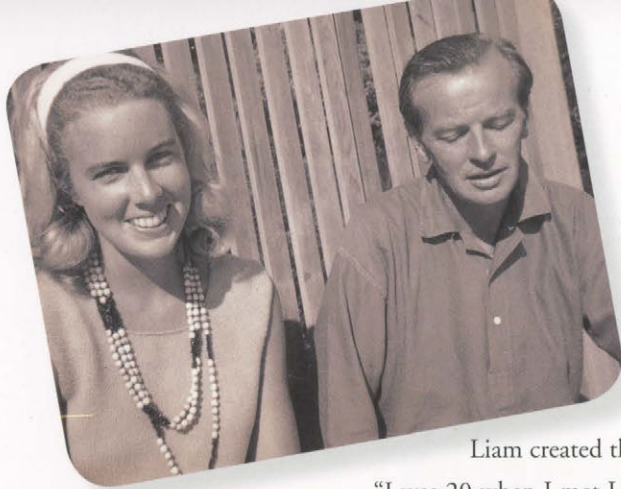
Handwritten musical score on aged paper. The lyrics include:
your strength carried by the wind
your eye
your strength is winding
drops pearls to the waiting sea
RE MIAS IN ADRY HO...

Performance markings include:
mp
p
ped
sustaining pedal
Chords No. 1
5
8
10
15
33
3
5 5 5
p
pp
ppp

Copyright information at the bottom left:
MAESTRO
109 14 PLAIN

Continuation of the handwritten musical score. The lyrics include:
your eye
RE MIAS IN ADRY HO...
IN ITS RE PINE

Performance markings include:
pp
ppp



THE EARLY 60s

As the late 50s segued into the early 60s, Liam and Bob's home on Waverly Place became a gathering place for the poets and artists of San Francisco. Bob had come from the world of the social register and, rejecting the world of affluence his parents had embraced, he and Liam created their own social circle of individuals who became life-long friends.

"I was 20 when I met Liam and Bob at a party in North Beach given by a painter named Tom Cole," Judith McBean recalls. "The early 60s were a very interesting period of time in San Francisco. We would go sailing with Varda and Alan Watts would often go with us. Liam and Bob were my mentors and friends. They informed me more than anyone else, through careful selection of books—including Huxley and Krishnamurti—and they were always there for me, with words of encouragement and guidance. They had great parties in their Chinatown studio and everyone from the expanded art world showed up—from Andy Warhol to Hell's Angels..."

In the summer of 1962, Michael Bernsohn hitchhiked from New York City to San Francisco, to see the artist/filmmaker Stephen Lovi, who was teaching at the San Francisco Art Institute. Stephen introduced Michael, and the poet Lewis Warsh, to Liam and Bob.

"San Francisco was a sleeping giant in 1962, with an enormous river of underground energy, gathering artists, politics, metaphysics, mind altering substances," Michael recalls. "It was a brew that would later break into public consciousness in 1967, alter-American politics, eventually end a war—primarily with music—and be recalled fondly as the moment when a New Renaissance actually happened in our lifetimes."

Michael was 22 years of age and soon lost the big city consciousness he'd acquired being raised in New York City and became a fervid lover of the West, with its open spaces, reiterated in open-ended art, music and poetry. He spent time in Big Sur through friends of Liam and weeks soaking up the experience of San Francisco.

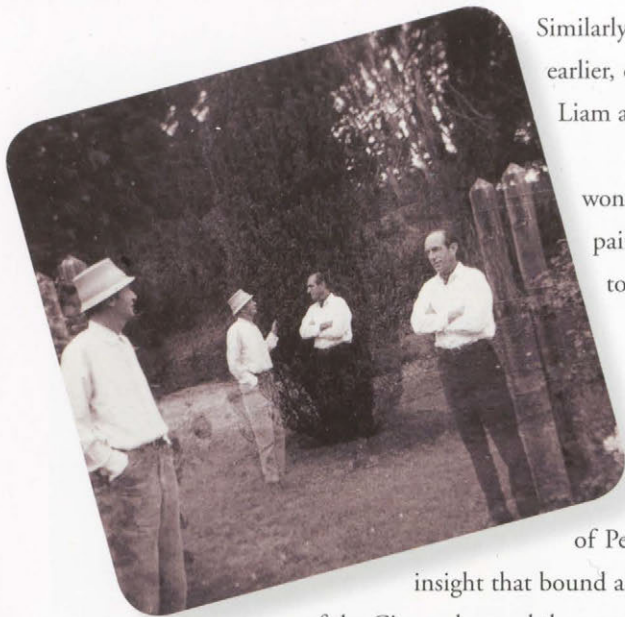
"To me, the key to it all was the free thinkers and Liam and Bob's studio on Waverly Place was the nexus," he says. "Their serene environment and wisdom were grounding buoys in the wildness of those days."

At the end of that summer, Michael returned to New York to graduate from college and found work in regional theatre. He would come back to San Francisco between seasons and visit the two on Waverly Place.

Judith McBean and Liam
O'Gallagher, Belvedere Island,
1962.

transitory phenomena
change blossoming
on a cherry tree
in distraction
the mind invents
forms to imprison
in spiritual dreaming
imagination divides
yet also unifies
through the return
of an innocent gaze
a transparent flower
at the end of a stem.

—LIAM O'GALLAGHER



Similarly, Paul Sand, whom they had met on the Santa Monica Pier years earlier, often traveled from wherever he was working to spend time with Liam and Bob.

“I went to visit them in San Francisco and they had such a wonderful loft there,” Paul recalls. “Liam was creating these wonderful paintings and they were so authentically Liam... so obviously true to who he was.”

“Of course there were drugs in San Francisco, and so there was an aspect to the city as kind of playland,” Michael Bernsohn says of the times. “But Liam was engaged in understanding the flip side—not drugs for amusement, but as a key, to borrow an apt phrase of Liam’s friend Aldous Huxley, to open the Doors of Perception, the higher consciousness, and the profound spiritual insight that bound all us ‘free thinkers’ together and eventually, to raise the consciousness of the City and spread the word.”

While part of the community of artists and poets in San Francisco, Liam and Bob maintained friendships with those in New York as well. In 1963, they swapped studios with Charlotte Selver, a teacher of sensory awareness who helped to inspire the school of psychology known as the Human Potential Movement. While Charlotte taught workshops in San Francisco, the two spent time in New York visiting with friends and taking in the art scene.

“Charlotte moved to the United States after the Nazis came into power in Germany and taught meditation in action or body psychotherapy and gave seminars with Alan Watts,” Bob recalls. “She went to the Esalen Institute the same year and taught there.”

Liam’s friendships with those in the emerging Human Potential Movement, as with the painters and poets, were largely concerned with consciousness and community. Liam was to later concern himself with addressing these issues more directly.



[Left and right] Liam O’Gallagher
and Robert Rheem at Golden Gate
Park, 1961.
Photos by Helen Adam.



CHINATOWN | 1960, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches
Collection of William Gray Harris

REMEMBERING LIAM

LEWIS WARSH

I met Liam O’Gallagher and Robert Rheem on a street in North Beach, summer 1963. Steve Lovi introduced us. I was visiting from New York, staying with Steve in his big loft on O’Farrell Street in the Fillmore. We were on our way to Gino and Carlo’s, the bar where Jack Spicer and other young poets met every night. Who were these men, I wondered—elegant, warm, welcoming, attentive to everything, light on their feet, collars turned up against the San Francisco chill, immediately forthcoming with an invitation to visit them—a contrast to the depressive and contentious coterie atmosphere in the back of Spicer’s bar. Certainly they weren’t part of the Spicer circle, but here they were—Steve hadn’t prepared me for them. I was drawn to the back of the bar because of the poetry, but this (how was I to know?) was something different, and I credit myself (forty-five summers later) with wanting both things—the dark and the light.

I soon began visiting the loft on Waverly Place in Chinatown where Liam and Bob lived—I was a regular that summer. Liam and I were an odd pair—I was all of eighteen, Liam was 45. He was a gay man and I wasn’t, though it made little difference. Most of my closest male friends were gay—how did they put up with me? All I know is that I wanted to be there, those afternoons in the loft with Liam, and I kept going back throughout the summer. Issues of age and sexual preference mattered less than the mystery of why two people bond over anything at any given time, and here we were. We formed a bond that summer which endured—though we rarely saw each other—for both of our lifetimes.

Liam made me talk. I was shy, introverted, self-conscious, obsessive. He allowed me to relax—the calmness of the loft was part of it. It was something new—a com-

pletely original (to me) way of being. Liam and Bob cared about where they lived—the environment reflected who they were. Whatever I learned in those afternoons with Liam stayed with me forever. It was the beginning of an education, the “alternate” life.

Liam’s conversational style was Socratic—he talked (mostly) in response to something I said. “You know, Lewis...” he would begin, and then I would see that there was no answer to what I was looking for.

Something salient presented itself in the moment that it was happening. He took responsibility for me during that time, though I didn’t know it. There was no self-importance involved, simply the gift of responding. He missed his calling, perhaps—a great therapist, though he was too impatient with what Western psychology had to offer. He refused to be programmed into any one way of thinking. And he didn’t just want to listen—he had something to give and he wanted to say it. Everything with Liam was gratuitous—there were only the words.

I returned to New York and we stayed in touch. Here’s one of his letters:

June 2 (1964)

Lewis –

Thank you for the long poem. I do like it very much. I am glad that you have decided to go back to school, somehow I think the energy is better spent there, it was a good instinct, a bit of accounting, it’s all to the good. More things happen ‘inside’ you than do to most people, you need less happening ‘outside’. You have little to envy, most people you will have discovered depend

color signals
paintings on the wall
with its occult eye
a black canvas contains inter
stellar space
it is our emotions that give
shape to invisible worlds
and leave abstract imprints
on human cells
not limited to electronic
information
they need not be
comprehensible
in order to be revelatory
art is a medium where the
mind can behave
non-locally and in dark matter
the random factor is where
the unhinged
achieve this orbit and the
unspeakable appears
in a biological library to
answer questions
about the meltdown.

—LIAM O’GALLAGHER



[above left] Lewis Warsh at 36 Waverly Place, San Francisco, c.1963.

[above right] Michael Bernsohn, Lewis Warsh and Liam O’Gallagher, 36 Waverly Place, San Francisco, 1963.

upon Envy to excite their ambition, to drive them, to affirm them, for identity—you needn't. Life—"lacks some necessary completion"—fragments all; however your dismay in becoming CONSCIOUS of this, that you have always KNOWN is only a passing thing, true—your friends will be those you know share this 'secret' with you. Be patient.

I was delighted to know that you had met Paul and of course I was surprised and pleased to hear from all of you, though the abstractness of the 'long distance' prevailed with me for some time after—unreal real, I wanted to be with you.

We will be leaving Monday for Montana, the Rockies, to spend a few weeks. I'm looking forward to it—pines, a blue lake, huge fireplaces in the lodge—quiet. I find it somewhat difficult to write you—you're both so 'ancient' and so 'young' at the SAME TIME.

Lewis, I'm looking forward to reading the final version of the novel, you didn't mention anything about the changes, tell me more.

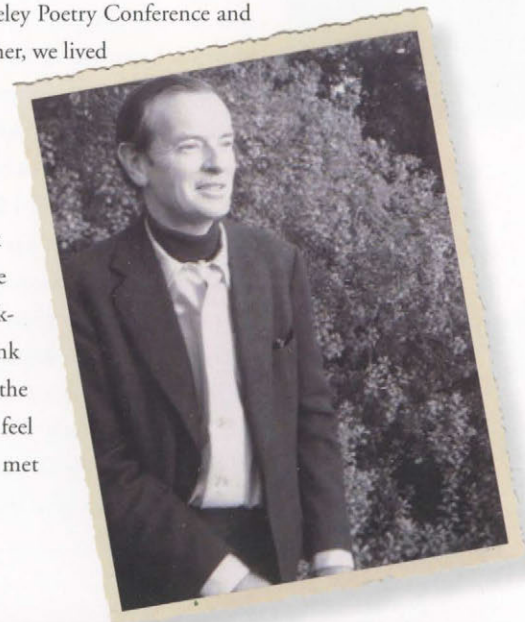
Meanwhile, my love to you

Liam

The poem he refers to in the opening paragraph is called "The Suicide Rates" which I wrote immediately after returning to New York, fall 1963. I wrote it while attending Kenneth Koch's poetry workshop at The New School and it was my first 'good' poem—certainly the best poem I'd ever written—and I dedicated it to Liam. There are no overt references to him, but everything that happened that summer was internalized—the 'serial' form of the poem which I'd picked up from reading Spicer, and then the real experience—those afternoons in Liam's loft. The title has a desperate edge—I've never been a suicidal type—but the poem has had a long life, published first as a small book in 1967 and then reprinted several times, in my own books, and most recently in Douglas Messerli's anthology *The Other Side of the Century*.

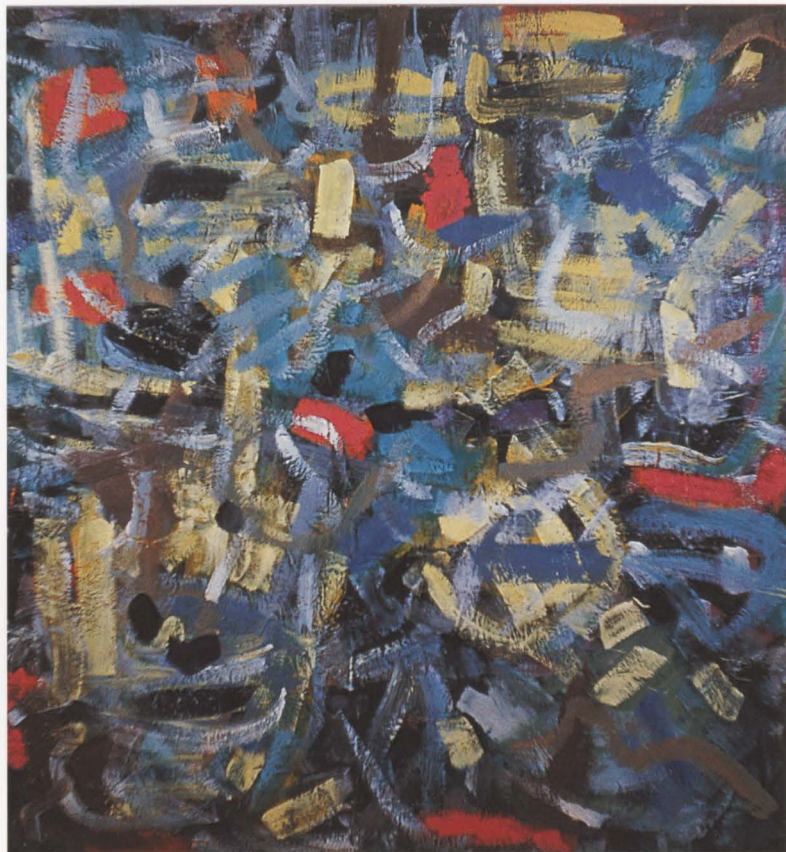
I returned to San Francisco in the summer of 1965. My plan was to take classes at San Francisco State (I was still an undergraduate) and attend the Berkeley Poetry Conference. My plane arrived late one night and I went immediately to Liam and Bob's, who let me stay at their place and most importantly found me my own place—a sublet on Nob Hill, 138 Sproule Lane, right around the corner from the Fairmont Hotel. It was a beautiful apartment, ground floor looking out on a garden, one long spacious room where I worked and ate, a tiny bedroom and kitchen. I was very solitary for the first half of the summer—attending classes in the morning, visiting Liam and Bob at least once a week, and Gino and Carla's less frequently. I took LSD for the first time that summer, and Liam was my guide—he had taken it once before, with Laura Huxley as his guide. I stayed in his loft for the first half of the trip—then returned to Sproule Lane for the arduous process of coming down from it all, but mostly to see how I fared in the world "outside" the loft which was, I realized, a world onto itself, in the center of the city but not really of it. The magic of being at Liam and Bob's was that you could be anywhere.

It sometimes seems like a whole new chapter of life began a few weeks after I took LSD in Liam's loft: I met Anne Waldman at the Berkeley Poetry Conference and we embarked on a life together, we lived together briefly at Sproule Lane and took LSD there once again (along with old friend Michael Bernsohn), before returning to New York and many years of marriage and friendship. In my reworking of my own past I think Liam was preparing me for the immediate life ahead and I feel grateful and lucky to have met him at that moment.



[right] Liam O'Gallagher at the home of Robert Duncan and Jess Collins, Stinson Beach, California, c.1965

[following two pages] (counterclockwise from top left) Postcard of Grant Avenue, Chinatown, San Francisco; Note to Liam and Bob on Old Spaghetti Factory Café & Excelsior Coffee House stationary; Liam's mock-up for 36 Waverly Place stamp; Exhibition announcement for exhibition of paintings by Liam O' Gallagher and Robert Rheem. at 36 Waverly Place, 1961; Postcard from Judith McBean, 1963; Christmas card designed by Liam and Bob; Dedication from Francis Rigby on Liam's copy of *The Real Bohemia*; Postcard from Kaffe Fassett, 1963.



I didn't see Liam again until 1969 when I returned to California to live—not in San Francisco but in the towns north, Bolinas and Stinson Beach. I would travel to the city and see Liam, but less frequently. He and Bob were already talking about moving out of the city at that point, or certainly out of the Chinatown loft. Then, after I left California for good in 1972, I didn't see him again until 1997 in Santa Barbara. I was honored, when his book *The Blue Planet Notebooks* appeared, to be one of three dedicatees, it seemed to underline everything that had happened during those formative summers. In the mid-1980s I published his book *Fool Consciousness* with my press United Artists, and after that we were in touch in a more regular way, exchanging letters, postcards and books down through the years. The summers

of 1963 and '65 took on a vast, epic quality in my mind. The process of learning about myself (that I could go off in my head like a crazy person and know there was a place to come back to, for instance) started at Liam's.

Summer 1997 I was a resident at the Djerassi Foundation, near Palo Alto, and I rented a car and drove down to Santa Barbara. This was the last time I saw Liam. He showed me the numerous small, abstract paintings that he'd done over the years and in the evening we walked through the Santa Barbara streets—through a maze of restaurants and bars, where he seemed to know many people, walking quickly, like in the old days, collar turned up as if he was protecting himself from the world that he was both part of and separate from—as much his own person as ever.

Untitled, c. 1960, oil on canvas
57" h x 50" w

OLD SPAGHETTI FACTORY CAFE

EXCELSIOR COFFEE HOUSE

At

478 GREEN STREET

Steam Beer Underneath The Fig Tree SAN FRANCISCO

DEAR CHUMS

CAN YOU

FOR A GLASS OF

ON FRIDAY

6 TO 9
THE UPPER DECK

566 70

Yours



May-seventeenth-nineteen-hundred-and-sixty-one-an-exhibition-of-paintings-in-Studio-3

STATEMENT:

SPACE IS AN ABSTRACTION

BEAUTY IS A SPONTANEOUS CREATION COMING FROM ANYWHERE

FRAGMENTS ARE WITHOUT BEGINNING OR END

THE DISCIPLINE OF EVERYWHERE IS HERE

THERE IS NO APPROXIMATION

EXCEPT FOR THE NEW THERE IS NO CREATION

THE REST IS FACT

THE SECRET OF THE GOLDEN FLOWER IS THAT FORM COMES LAST

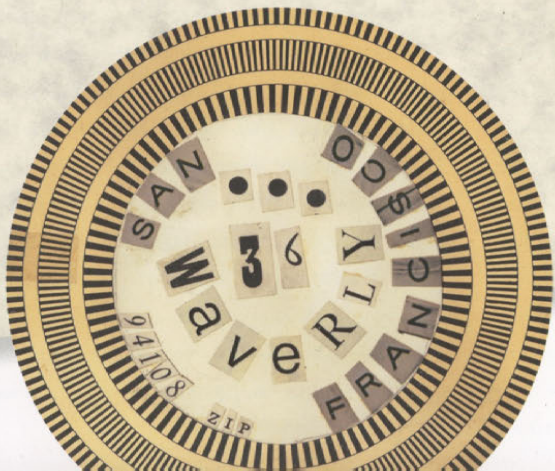
in using SPACE MAPS discard:

revelation for REALIZATION

image for LIFE

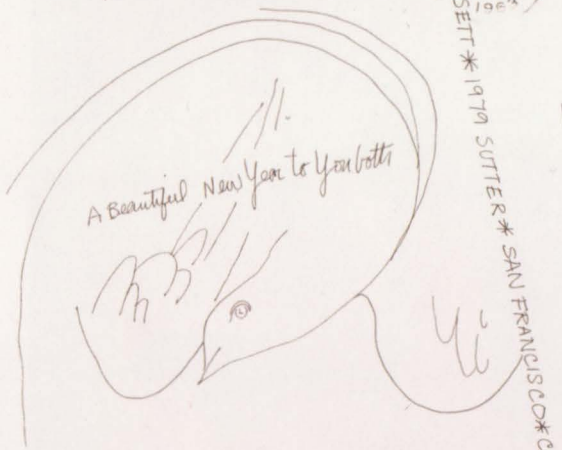
SYMBOL for ACTION

«If a man cries out and no one answers, Robbe-Grillet tells us he is wrong in assuming that someone refuses to answer. He should simply conclude that no one is there.»



McCallagher-Chinatown-36-waverly-place-san-francisco-rheem-0

DEC 1963



A Beautiful New Year to You both

- KAC

KARLE FASSETT * 1970 SUTTER * SAN FRANCISCO * CALIF

LIAM O'GALLAGHER
36 WAVERLY PL
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIF

THE REAL BOHEMIA

To Liam & Gallagher
With my deep appreciation
of your help in the
realizing of this book

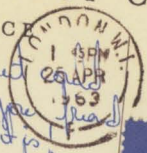
Francis Rigney

Dear Liam,

4/24

POST CARD

CORRESPONDENCE



HAVE YOU
TAKEN YOUR
LICENCE



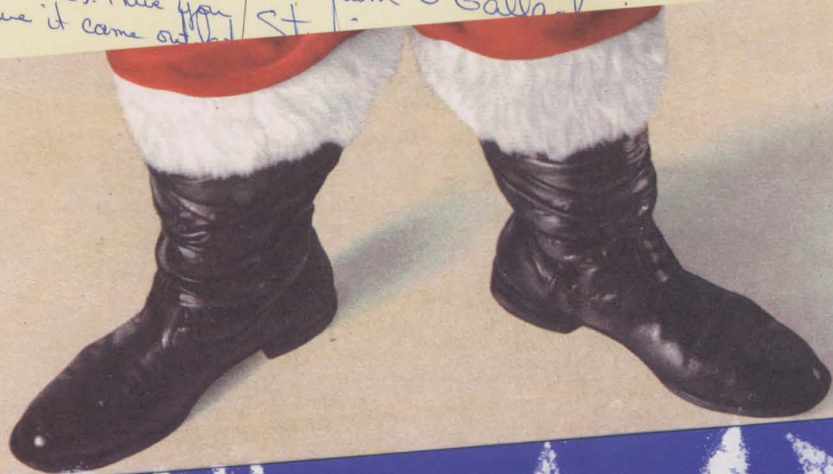
BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

Mr. Liam O'Gallagher
St. James

Went to the U. A. today but
not remember the name of your
there. What a fabulous place it is
Yesterday I found a new book by
Puharich Beyond Telepathy. So far it
is every bit as interesting as the
Sacred Alchemist (rather a contin-
uation on the same theme). Have you
read it? I believe it came out
a year ago.

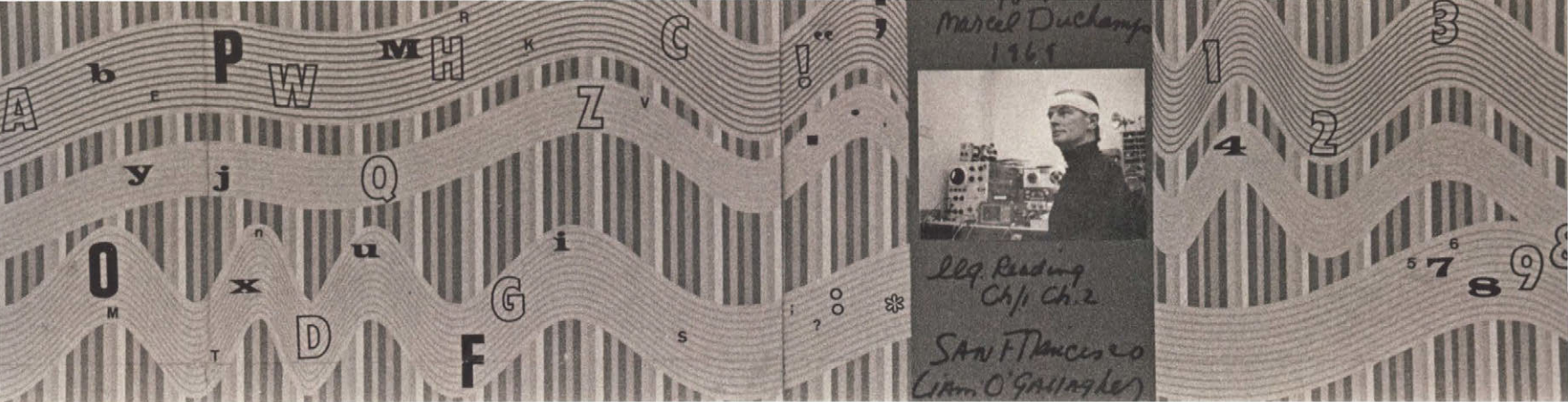
VICTORIA
ALBERT
MUSEUM
I fly to Gron-
hear you
HGIOSP/IR/ID
I.S.48
weeks. Then I
(Sh
Bronze, height
dynasty), c. 10

Crown Copyright Resc
Tall Bob that I. P
will get his stud





NEUROTRANSMITTERS | 1959, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches
Collection of William Gray Harris

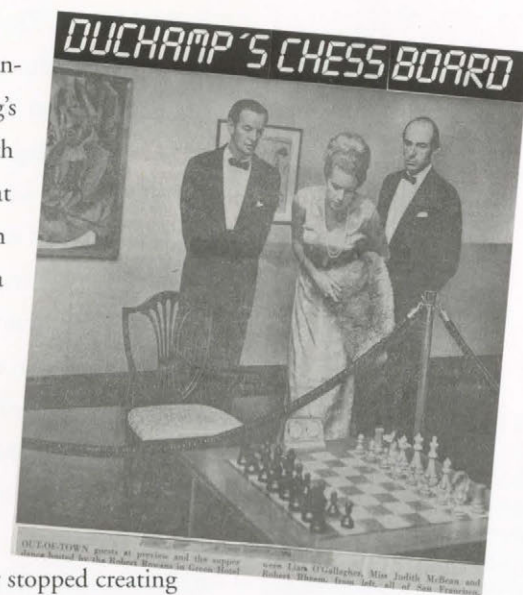


MARCEL DUCHAMP

Liam and Bob had been introduced to the art collectors Louise and Walter Arensberg by Beatrice Wood and visited their Hollywood home in 1949. The Arensbergs were patrons of Marcel Duchamp and had amassed the largest, most significant collection of his work, as well as the artists in his circle. The couple had tried to give their collection to an institution near their home in Southern California, but negotiations repeatedly failed. Reportedly, the problem was a stipulation that the bequest should include a research center dedicated to promoting the idea that the Elizabethan statesman, Francis Bacon, was the true author of Shakespeare's plays, an obsessive theory of Walter Arensberg's.

Bob's father was president of the board of the de Young Museum in San Francisco, and he reached out to the museum's director Walter Heil on the Arensberg's behalf, only to have him refuse the collection, stating, "What am I going to do with all those Duchamps?" Ultimately the Francis Bacon Foundation was created at Pomona College in Claremont, California, to house the Arensberg's collection of Bacon manuscripts, and the art collection was bequeathed to the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The art collection went on display in 1954, and was largely responsible for a revival of interest in Duchamp's work.

In 1963, Walter Hopps curated the first Marcel Duchamp retrospective for the Pasadena Art Museum. The event brought Duchamp's work to a new generation and helped to ignite post-Dada art approaches including Fluxus, conceptual art and happenings. Liam was in agreement with Duchamp's idea that art, as it had previously been known, was finished. Yet, while Duchamp had seemingly stopped creating art in order to spend his time playing chess, Liam felt that this philosophy opened the door for all styles of self-expression to become permissible in the arts.



[above] Liam O' Gallagher, *Homage to Duchamp*, 1969. Collection of William Grey Harris.

[right] Liam O'Gallagher, Judith McBean and Robert Rheem at Marcel Duchamp retrospective at the Pasadena Museum of Art, Los Angeles Times, 1963.



Liam and Bob attended the private opening of the Duchamp exhibition with their friend, Judith McBean. The event was attended by a who's who of California art, including Robert Irwin, Larry Bell, Edward Moses, Billy Al Bengston, and Edward Kienholz, as well as major art world figures including Norton Simon, Henry Hopkins, Henry Seldes and Frederick Wight.

Following the opening reception, Liam and Bob were invited to the dinner at the nearby Hotel Green, and were seated at the table with Duchamp and a number of art world insiders. Among them was a young man named Andy Warhol, who was in town for the opening of his exhibition at Irving Blum's Ferus Gallery.

"Liam was sitting next to Andy and they talked throughout dinner... to the extent you can have a conversation with Andy," Bob recalls of the evening. "I danced with Beato, who was very professional on the dance floor. She knew how to lead!"

When public accounts of Beatrice Wood doing the twist and exhausting a number of dance partners came out, she explained it differently. She admitted dancing with others as Marcel watched, but claimed that, "...though his arms were not around me at the time, it was with him that I danced, as the music played on..."

A few days after the event, she gave a luncheon for Duchamp, a retinue from the Pasadena Art Museum and leading figures in the art world.

Luncheon at Beatrice Wood's home in Ojai, California, 1963 (left to right) Walter Hopps, Richard Hamilton, Mrs. Duchamp, Mrs. Walter Hopps, Marcel Duchamp, Yu Yoshioka, Harriet Van Braton, Mrs. Yoshioka, R.P. Singh, Beatrice Wood.
Photo by Blakely Photography, Ojai, California.



UNTITLED | 1960, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches
Collection of William Gray Harris



A PARTY FOR ANDY

In 1966, Andy Warhol came to San Francisco with the Exploding Plastic Inevitable, a multimedia event that featured the Velvet Underground. Liam and Bob threw a party at their Waverly Place loft for Andy and his entourage, as well as the Velvet Underground and Nico. Andy had made a film of Michael McClure's play *The Beard*—about a fictional relationship between Billy The Kid and Jean Harlow. Although he had originally agreed to the film, Michael McClure withdrew his permission on the advice of his lawyers and the play's original director. Historians have suggested that the cocktail party was intended to mend Warhol and McClure's relationship, and they were indeed both in attendance, though nothing was accomplished in this regard. Andy went ahead and made the film, which starred Gerard Malanga and Mary Woronov, but it was never shown, and Andy later gave the print to McClure as a gift.

"Nico was a Nordic beauty singing 'I'll Be Your Mirror' in a deep voice," Bob recalls of the evening. "In the middle of the night we received a call from Gerard, wanting to be bailed out of jail. He was out on the street snapping the bullwhip that was part of the show, and they were arrested for having a dangerous weapon in public."

INTO THE 60s

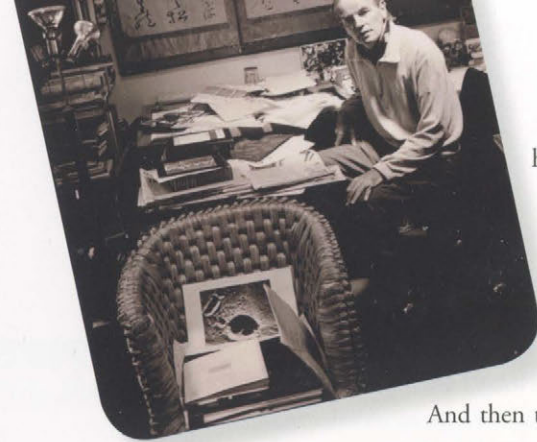
As the 1960s progressed, the counter culture of beat poets and artists evolved into the world of the hippies. The drugs of choice and forms of expression shifted, but the spirit of freedom and creation remained. Liam's explorations of art, text, and philosophy fit comfortably among the creative thought of the times.

Haight-Ashbury, the district of San Francisco named for the intersection of Haight and Ashbury Streets became famous for its role as a center of the 1960s hippie movement, and attracted the youth who swarmed the area in the years leading up to the Summer of Love in 1967. Large Victorian



[above] Andy Warhol at Velvet Underground Party, 36 Waverly Place.
Photo by Dennis Hearne.

[right] Liam conversing with Gerard Vanderlune at gallery opening, San Francisco.



houses and flats became crash pads for the young people flooding San Francisco, and the area known as Haight-Ashbury became a home to this new movement.

“The scene in the late 60s was remarkable,” Bob recalls. “The kids were just all over the streets and sidewalks in Haight-Ashbury, selling art and posters.

And then the events out in Golden Gate Park were fantastic and attracted large crowds. There was one we were at where Stanley Owsley parachuted out of a plane as a band was playing. The crowd turned from the band and everyone screamed and ran toward the parachuting figure, who had landed on the far end of the soccer field and handed out samples.”

Owsley was the first individual to produce large quantities of pure LSD. In fact, he is credited with creating much of the supply that fueled the Summer of Love and the late 60s music scene—a total production estimated at five million doses. He was the primary LSD supplier to Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, as well as John Lennon during the recording of *Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band*. As the LSD produced by Sandoz was becoming increasingly difficult to come by, “Owsley Acid” became the best-known brand.

Among the individuals Liam and Bob came to know during this period was Steven Arnold, who they met while he was running a small shop in the Haight-Ashbury district. They learned that he was interested in exploring the medium of filmmaking, and the two were intrigued by his ideas and personality. Liam was increasingly interested in exploring the potential of new media, and appeared in Arnold’s film: *Messages Messages*, which won the Cannes Festival Award for Best New Director.

When Steven Arnold succumbed to AIDS in the 1990s, Liam wrote the following about him:

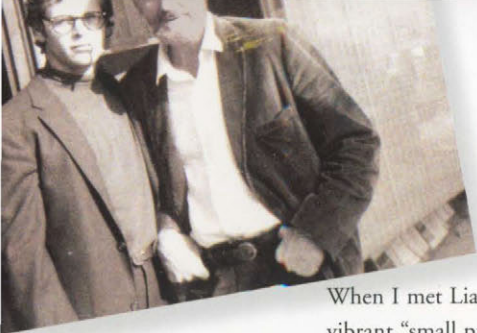
“It seems to me that Steven was always searching for that single line of code that contains instructions for the entire universe. Inconsistency inspired a surreal response in all of his work. He put everything in the most unpredictable frame. His visual audacity transcends moralizing, and his symbolism never runs riot. In this respect, Fritz Lang’s *Metropolis* was a touchstone for much of his work. Instead of bridging science and religion, he chose to bridge science and beauty. This is now referred to as ‘The Complexity Theory,’ or should be. Steven would have preferred, ‘The Beautiful Facts—Equations and Patterns.’”



[above] Liam at 36 Waverly Place, 1969. Photo by Dennis Hearn.

[above right] Liam during filming of *Messages Messages*, 1968. Photo by Steven Arnold.

[right] Portrait of Steven Arnold, n.d.



[above] Jan Herman and Lawrence Ferlinghetti in front of City Lights bookstore, c.1964. Photo courtesy Jan Herman Archive, Charles Deering McCormick Library of Special Collections, Northwestern University.

[below] Jan Herman, c.1964. Photo taken for article in *Newsweek Magazine* by James D. Wilson. Photo courtesy Jan Herman Archive, Charles Deering McCormick Library of Special Collections, Northwestern University.



PLANET NOISE & THE SMALL PRESS SCENE

JAN HERMAN

When I met Liam in San Francisco, in 1967, the city's vibrant "small press" scene consisted of separate, sometimes overlapping literary circles. Beginning as early as the mid-1950s, they had coalesced around various notable writers and their publishers. Liam seemed to be an independent agent—familiar with all of them, friendly with some of them, but not especially close to any of them.

At one end of the spectrum was the poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti, who was also the publisher of City Lights Books, where I worked. At the other end was the poet Robert Duncan and his partner, the collagist Jess. In between were literati like Don Allen, the editor of a seminal anthology, "The New American Poetry: 1945 – 1960," who also represented Grove Press on the West Coast and had his own imprint, the Four Seasons Foundation; Richard Brautigan, whom Allen discovered; the poet Michael McClure, who was published by Dave Haselwood Books; the printer Graham MacIntosh, who published Jack Spicer's poetry at White Rabbit Press; the poet George Hitchcock, who published the little magazine *kayak*; the printer Andrew Hoyem, Haselwood's partner in The Auerhahn Press, and later founder of Arion Press. There were many more. Almost all of their books, not incidentally, were distributed by City Lights to other booksellers throughout the country.

Liam and I hit it off immediately. Perhaps it was because the little magazine I started with several collaborators emphasized an experimental agenda of visual poetry and cut-up prose that appealed to him. Or perhaps it was because Liam liked the fact that I was an outsider who had only recently arrived on the scene, and my chief collaborators were outsiders, too: the writers Claude Pelieu and Mary Beach, who also had their own imprint (Beach Books), came from Paris; the artist Norman O. Mustill, whom they published, came

from Montreal; Carl Weissner, a writer and translator, came from Germany. I think Liam, for all the apparent, soft-spoken ease, felt himself to be an outsider, too.

The first piece I published of Liam's was his cut-up prose poem "Release." It appeared in the Winter 1968 issue of *The San Francisco EARTHQUAKE*. The opening lines give you a feeling for Liam's sense of humor:

the TIBETAN GOV'T in exile issued a statement today calling the 24 hour film an "INCREDIBLE OVER SIMPLIFICATION" ...

Although his cut-ups were very different from those of William S. Burroughs, Pelieu, Beach, and Weissner (as well as my own), they helped fill out the magazine's experimental landscape of Beat, post-Beat and Fluxus writers and artists. His visual poems also made sense in the context of works by Edward Ruscha, Jochen Gerz, Richard Kostelanetz, Jean-Francois Bory, Christo, and Roy Lichtenstein that also appeared in the magazine.

In 1970, I published a collection of Liam's visual poems, entitled "Planet Noise," as part of a series of Nova Broadcast Press pamphlets. Others in the series were "Drive Suite" by Ray Bremser, "Miss Vietnam" by Wolf Vostell, "A Book About Love & War & Death" by Dick Higgins, "The Dead Star" by William Burroughs, and "Twinpak" by Mustill. All of them are now collectors' items.



NOVA broadcast

4

Planet noise

liam o'Gallagher

[above] Cover of *Planet Noise*, published 1969.

[below] Claude Pelieu (bowing), Shig, Mary Beach, Richard Brautigan (partially covered), Liam O'Gallagher. Photo courtesy Jan Herman Archive, Charles Deering McCormick Library of Special Collections, Northwestern University.

WORDS

Throughout his life, Liam recorded his thoughts in journals. Turning away from painting, he increasingly explored words.

“When we returned from Japan he was writing Koans,” Bob recalls. “His writings in the 60s were an outgrowth of Hofmann’s ideas of spatial relationships, while also connected with the work of Hoyt Sherman and how pictures and constructions worked with human perspective.”

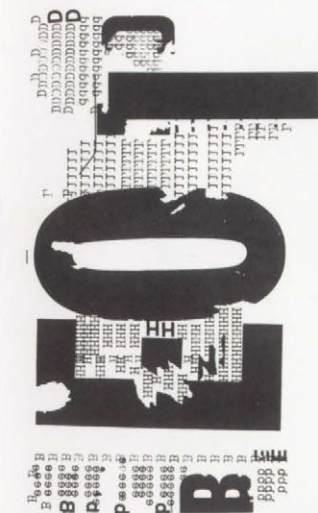
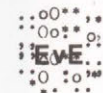
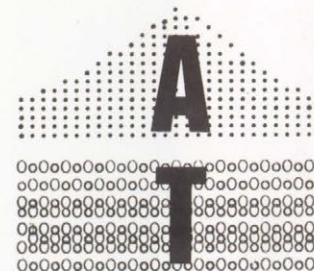
Over the years, Liam developed a technique of speaking in code, through his writing and his art. Those who knew him understood the intention behind the code—to create in another the “aha” that could never be arrived at through direct explanation. Liam was exploring the secrets of the universe, but had no intention of blatantly sharing what he learned. Though he would have in-depth conversations with individuals from all walks of life, he developed a habit of remaining largely silent in regard to his deeper thoughts on philosophical subjects, except to a select group of friends.

“Liam downplayed his philosophical side in a public situation, usually choosing to remain very quiet,” William Gray Harris says. “He was not assertive and saw that having followers could become an ego trip and a distraction from the real objective—enlightenment and all that it entails, including compassion and the transmigration of consciousness.”

Liam followed a similar approach to the arts, not concerning himself with building a career. While other artists took great pains to seek publicity, exploit relationships, and use every opportunity for self-promotion, Liam focused on creating work and attending to his friendships, and the two became indelibly linked.

“It was a philosophy that a lot of us subscribed to,” says Hammond Guthrie, author of *AsEverWas: Memoirs of a Beat Survivor*. “You didn’t bother to take credit or seek publicity. You just made sure it got done. Also, it helped protect what we did—the separation of the set and the scene. We protected the set, because when it became too popular it became a scene. And the scene was just a reflection of the set. We needed the anonymity.”

Every evening, Liam and Bob would take a two-hour walk through San Francisco. “We never got home before midnight,” Bob recalls. “A lot of our friends would go to Gino and Franco on Grant Avenue, but we didn’t like bars because we didn’t like to drink. We’d go to the coffee house on Kearny and Columbus, or one of the others, and meet people. The Columbus Tower is there and our barber had his shop on the corner of the building where you could look out at the street scene below while getting a haircut.”





MARS MONOLITH | 2001, acrylic on canvas, 16 x 16 inches

Drugs were indeed prevalent and, though Liam and Bob avoided that scene, it sometimes found them. On one occasion they came downstairs to find a DEA agent waiting for them. He demanded that they roll up their sleeves, to check for puncture marks.

“Some poor druggie was in tow and put the finger on us,” Bob says. “We’d never seen him before. When the agent saw we were clean, they disappeared.”

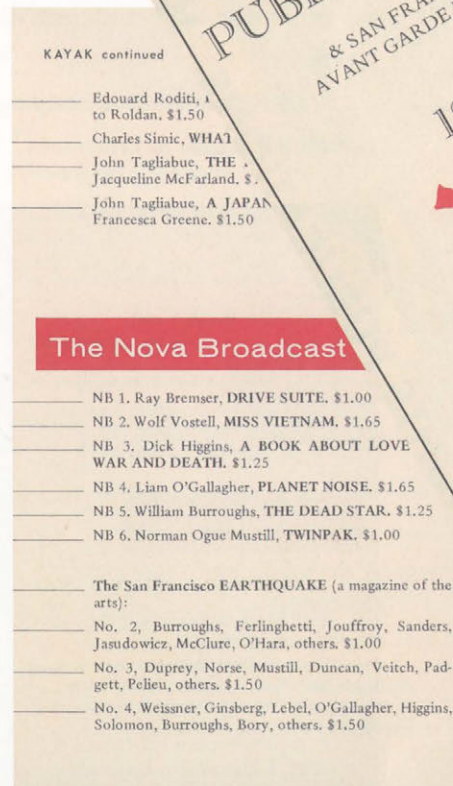
The time period and the atmosphere in San Francisco were ideal for Liam’s creative spirit. Whether using a single word as part of a graphic design to create a double-entendre, or a series of words combined through the cut-up method he’d adapted, Liam began to focus on the potential of words. In this manner, a word like “existence” was reconstructed as “X is 10 cents.”

“Liam introduced me to Claude Pelieu and Mary Beach, who were involved in the beginnings of the cut-up school of writing that Burroughs was the leader of,” Hammond Guthrie recalls. “Like Kaprow taking painting beyond the canvas and gallery, Burroughs worked to take writing beyond—that you could see the real truth of what was being said, an extension of the Dada technique of Tristan Tzara. The technique was perfect for Liam, because his mind worked that way—Liam cut things up in his head and put them back together.”

Liam’s poetry was increasingly published in the international magazines and newspapers that appeared in the late 1960s, including the *San Francisco EARTHQUAKE*, *The World*, *Fruitcup*, *KLACTO* (Germany), *COSMOS* (England) and *WURM* (Africa). With time, he gave up painting altogether, believing that he could best express himself and communicate with words, action, and new media.

While the late 1960s were a period of tremendous social growth, it was also a turbulent time. When the writer Jessica Mitford invited Liam and Bob to a fundraiser at the Berkeley home she shared with her husband Robert Treuhaft—at the time, the Black Panther Party’s attorney—they attended with great interest, as Jean Genet was scheduled to speak. Arriving at the house, Liam and Bob sat on the floor of the front room, as five members of the Black Panthers entered and took up positions on the sofa.

“A ladder had been set up in the middle of the room for Genet to use, as he was rather short,” Bob recalls.



City Lights Publications catalogue, 1969.

These paintings are intended to migrate like particles looking for waves. The distance between is only half imagined. The images are an abstract language describing the world of outer-space. They emerge from a world of inner vision. One has seen the image before. They emit a feeling that they have been awaiting one's discovery.

— LIAM O'GALLAGHER

Early in the event, David Hilliard, founding member and Chief of Staff of the Black Panther Party, took the opportunity to challenge Tom Hayden for not giving his support to Bobby Seal at the trial for the Chicago Seven. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a beer bottle came flying through the air, hitting Michael McClure's daughter in the forehead. Michael reacted, raising his voice in anger and suddenly the atmosphere was heated, with the members of the Black Panthers off the couch and ready to take action.

"Jessica intervened, thanking everyone for coming and, a moment later, we were out on the street heading back to Chinatown," Bob says. "She handled it really well."



Untitled, c.1959, oil on canvas
36" h x 40" w

HOW DOES IT FEEL!

To be – the FRAGRANCE of the woods DISSOLVED by LAW
to have – your VIBES ripped-off by NOISE POLLUTION
to be – hatched on an ASSEMBLY LINE

how does it feel

to be – a DEER in a DEFOLIATED FOREST
– a FALCON trained to deliver a NUCLEAR MISSILE
to have – your beautiful CONTOURS knocked-off
for ANOTHER tract-house
to be – a TARGET for a new ELECTRONIC GUN-SIGHT
a SUNFLOWER unable to see the SUN

HOW DOES IT FEEL!

to be – a GIANT CONDOR castrated by DDT
a PINE NEEDLE unable to BREATHE
a RIPPLE on a pond unable to ripple
a DANDELION subject to "UNSELECTIVE CONTROL"

how does it feel

to be – FORCED to RAIN deadly radiation ACROSS the PLANET
– bred OUT OF EXISTENCE without YOUR consent
to be –
a SALMON spawned in DETERGENTS
a GREAT WHALE in a LIFELESS OCEAN
a SEA ANEMONE discovering you're living next to a surplus
store of NERVE GAS

HOW DOES IT FEEL!

to be – a MEADOWLARK silenced by JET PROPULSION
a FISH in LAKE ERIE
a KING SNAKE buried by a "SMALL YIELD" underground blast
to be – FORCED to grow in a HOTHOUSE
the only SARDINE left in the OCEAN
a HEREFORD - FORCE – FED

How does it feel

to be – a PRARIE COYOTE in the PATH OF FALLOUT
a LEAF consumed by a POWER PLANT
a CLEAR blue sky BEHIND city SMOG

How does it feel

to be – a MORNING GLORY covered by SOOT
a CHIPMUNK trapped in a BEER CAN
a SEA OTTER whose territory has been SATURATED
by ATOMIC WASTES

HOW DOES IT FEEL!

to be – "Spot" & know your Master has NO CONSCIENCE
about ending civilization!

how does it feel

to be – a WILDFLOWER in the WAY of Progress
to be – separated from OTHER trees by a POWERLINE
– a BEAVER building in CONTAMINATED WATER
– a GULL GROUNDED by OIL SLICK
– the SOUND of running water NEXT to a freeway.

HOW DOES IT FEEL

To be as free as the WIND – carrying DEATH across the oceans

how does it feel

to be – the SILENCE in the forest BROKEN by a SONIC BOOM
– a POLAR BEAR flashing on EXTINCTION
– a young CALF born next to the wrong kind of SILO
– an OWL listening to the STATE OF THE UNION message
– a STREAM or a RIVER unable to reach the OCEAN because of
DEBRIS

HOW DOES IT FEEL

To be – EQUAL – under a NUCLEAR blanket –



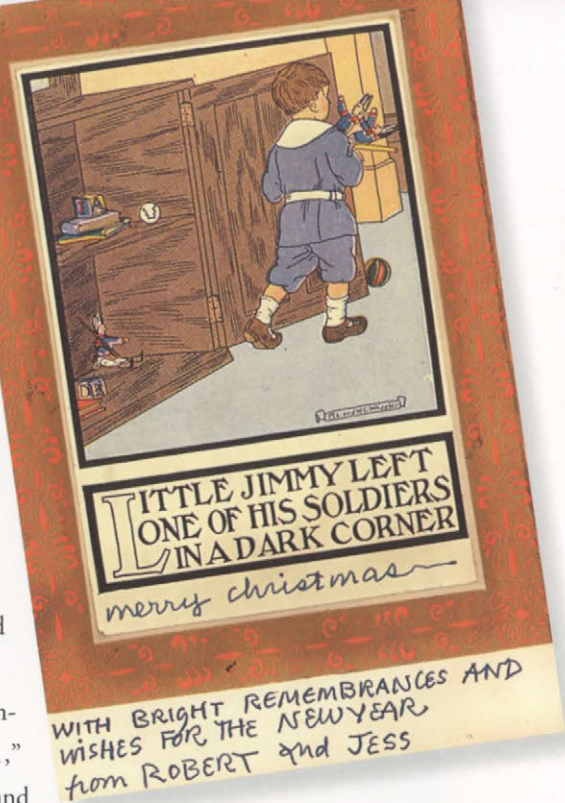
THE POETS OF BOLINAS

Ruth Witt-Diamant founded the San Francisco University Poetry Center in 1954, bringing poets together and providing a place for them to share their work. A long time friend of Liam and Bob, Ruth would spend weekends at Liam's house in Monterey and they would attend the parties she'd have for poets in her San Francisco home. The most memorable of these was one given for the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas, who drank too much and vomited on her staircase. Bob's mother was on the Women's Board of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and through her they arranged for Ruth to present poetry readings at the museum, which featured a number of writers who lived in nearby Bolinas.

"We knew Robert Duncan and Jess Collins and they moved over to Stinson Beach, and Bolinas is the next town up, which is isolated from Highway 1," Bob says. "The poets from New York came out in the summer time to Bolinas and Lewis Warsh and Anne Waldman were there. There was a scene happening and we often drove over from the city to visit."

As a remote community located relatively close to San Francisco, Bolinas inherited leading figures in the beat scene, artists, and new bands including the Jefferson Airplane. The residents sought to keep the location of the town secret, and regularly removed the road sign on Highway 1 that indicated the turn-off to the town. Behind coastal hills and walls of trees, they enjoyed their own world, which the poet Ed Sanders called "a psychedelic Peyton Place." Living in a scattering of small houses settled in among eucalyptus, cypress, and Monterey pines, the residents drove along Wharf Road, the main thoroughfare, stopping for groceries at Pepper's General Store, or stopping for a drink at Smiley's Bar—enjoying a town of their own.

Perched on the southernmost tip of the Point Reyes Peninsula and west of the San Andreas Fault, the town seemed likely to pull away from the continent in the same way it pulled away from the world. Attracting a mix of bohemians, hippies, visionaries, and organic farmers, the town proved an experiment in community that was quite extraordinary. Far from embracing a simple utopian hippie approach to alternative living, Bolinas had a social atmosphere with a commitment to the work of running an artistic community.



[above] Christmas card from Robert Duncan and Jess Collins, n.d.

[below] Lewis Warsh and Anne Waldman, 1968, Bolinas, California. Photo by Tom Clark.





ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONIST NO. 4 1/2 | 1999, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches

EXPLORING THE PRINT

“When I first met Liam in 1969, he was already an artist of the 21st century,” recalls Hammond Guthrie. “His work was intended to cause the viewer to speak a language that wasn’t yet in usage and was purposely obtuse. I wanted to be a writer, but at that age, who could be a writer? I was being introduced to people like Lawrence Ferlingetti and I knew I had a lot to learn.”

Hammond was reading Dada poetry, experimenting with what was then called concrete poetry, and thinking in terms of the shape of letters as a means of communication. Having created several works, he came across Liam’s *Ab-Choo*, which was similar to what he was trying to do. He learned that Liam was living in San Francisco, looked him up in the phone book, and called.

“Liam invited me over and was so gracious, warm, and giving,” Hammond says. “He is one of the most elegant people I’ve known—both ethereal and down-to-earth. He showed me his work and we discussed exploring scale through taking the work into the realm of blueprints. There was a blueprinter in the mission district who had all these old machines and it was very cheap, so we paid him a visit.”

For decades, the cyanotype blueprint was the only low-cost process available for copying drawings and was used in various industries, including shipbuilding and the manufacturing of railway locomotives and rolling stock. In the early 1940s, these blueprints began to be supplanted by diazo prints, referred to as “bluelines” since they featured blue lines on a white background. The diazo printing system utilizes ultraviolet radiation and an optical system with lenses that are transparent to ultraviolet radiation. Although diazo prints remain in use in some applications, they were largely replaced by xerographic printing and most recently by digital processes.

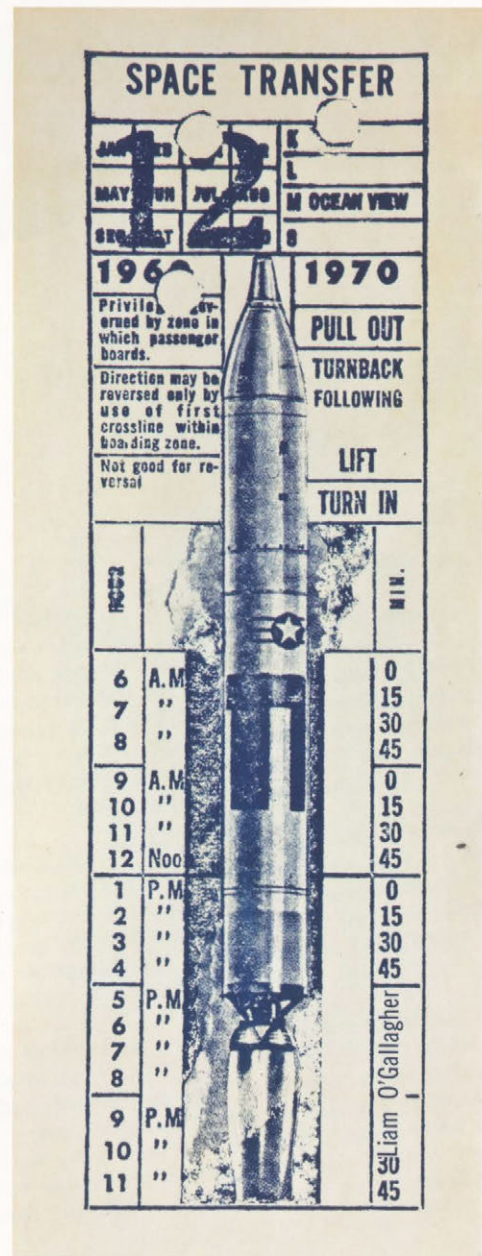
Liam and Hammond began having their works blown up to the size of posters, as was the case with Liam’s *Astronaut on Greek Vase*, which was originally created as a small-scale collage. When the two learned that the shop had a separate machine that could print on canvas that could then be mounted on museum board, they explored this approach as well. Painting seemed passé in a world of technologies that could be explored for new purposes and the possibilities were endless.

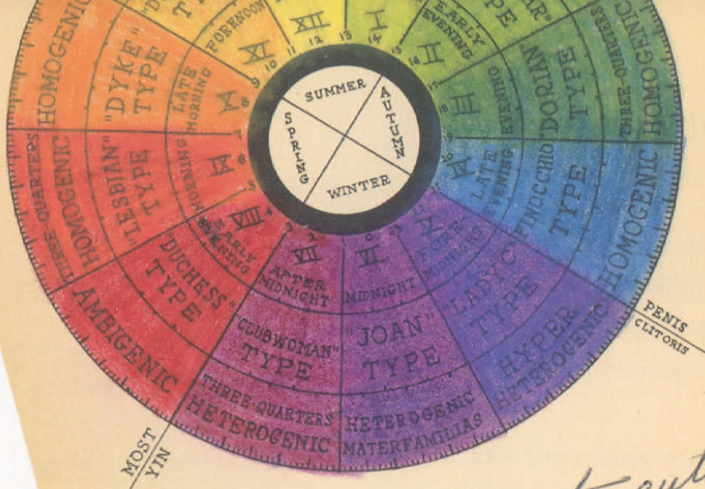


[above] Liam O’Gallagher, *AbChoo*, 1978, blueprint.

[right] Liam O’Gallagher, *Space Transfer*, 1979, blueprint.

[following two pages]
(counterclockwise from top left)
Hand-colored illustration from the book *Circle of Sex* by Gavin Arthur; Letter from Liam’s cousin, Eleanor LaMaire, 1966; Envelope containing note from Steven Arnold and Joseph Zaccarella; Letter from James Merrill, 1969; Liam’s *Validation Park*, as it appeared in *The San Francisco EARTHQUAKE*, 1968; *The San Francisco EARTHQUAKE*, 1968, featuring Liam’s *Validation Park* and a cover by Roy Lichtenstein; *Surprise Party*, a collage by Jess Collins; Note from Steven Arnold and Joseph Zaccarella.





Hand-colored by the author -
Gavin Wether
 THE CIRCLE OF SEX

ELEANOR
 LEMAIRE

DEAR LIAM AND BOB
 THANK YOU AGAIN FOR
 THE POSITIVELY COSMIC
 EVENING, THE UNEXPECTED
 DINNER, YOUR WARMTH.

LOVE
 JOSEPH &
 SEVEN

Dear Cousin Liam:

7, 1966

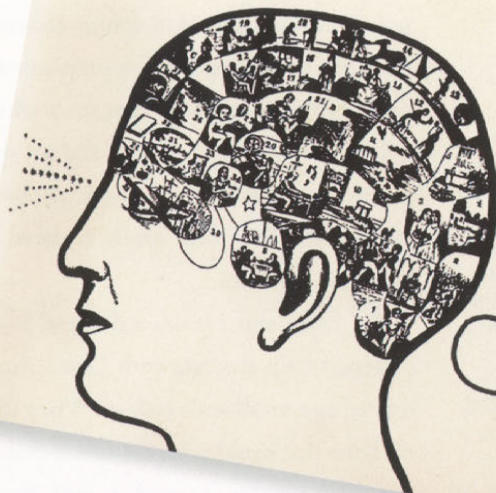
How like you to share your appreciation of the fabulous Avery Brundage collection! How I would like to see it! Alas I seem to be tied to the old harness as there was every reason for me to attend the A. I. D. meetings in San Francisco as a member, and also I am a vice president of the Resources Council. Both are sponsoring the get together which is happening just about now.

Speaking about happenings, have you been reading all about them, they are taking place from Southampton to Amagansett. I almost attended one but decided not to get in the jam of several hundred people. I spent the holiday weekend at Easthampton. It is still the loveliest of all the Hamptons and although it rained the proverbial cats and dogs, it was quite lovely.

I am always delighted to have your cards but often would like to know just what concerns your creative abilities. How about coming on to New York now that the art galleries are about to open once more. There are ever so many more of them since you were here last. Believe it or not, we have a couple of them in our building and those who come to view are quite a different type than our usual callers. But come see for yourself!

I hope this finds you and Bob Rheems on the up and up.

Sincerely,
Eleanor Lemaire



LIAM O
 36 WAVE
 CITY



Validation Park

mysterious crystalline substance... SIGN LANGUAGE... carved up
 gravity FLARED... pouring down the crater rim... smashing into bits
 MOLECULES... SPACELESS BLUE VEINS... appearing METHICAL
 he waited for the Ship to DESCEND
 INSTRUMENT METERS beaming WEIGHTLESS memories in COLOR...
 in CODE... flashing lights registering METEOR stuff in WILD design
 the perfect MATHEMATIC-HAND guided the Univers
 he was STILL alone
 TWICE AROUND THE MOON... too BIG & too DELICATE
 YET-----there it was on the inevitable pad of YELLOW PAPER...
 PERFECT alignment MARRING the FREQUENCY
 he BRAKED... WAITING for THE CONSOLE to REGISTER the NEXT
 TRAJECTORY... the BRAKE jammed-----the Technical Manual...
 TM-226... was INCOMPLETE!
 adjusting the Scanner TM-225... read as follows:
 "TOOLS NEEDED FOR FULLY DESCRIBED IN TM-
 ARE LISTED HEREIN & THE VARIOUS
 SUPPLIES WOULD BE AVAILABLE ON INDIVIDUAL TOOLS."
 the THE... there would be no further influence from
 Earth to Ship... "stick to the



ALLAGHER
 PLACE

james merrill

Dear Ciara -
 Thank you for "Planet Wise" which
 is evidently just what's needed in this enchanted
 landscape of dogs & crickets & Thunder. It
 is as sane & anachronistic - where I am - as
 your boat is 'head' & up-to-date. Mortava
 must have some of the same blessed relief.
 Robin & Michaela stopped by for a few days.
 Hope to come out for a week in
 November & look forward to seeing





PEOPLE

Just as Aldous Huxley had been a mentor years earlier, Liam found himself in the role of mentor for a new generation of artists and writers. He accepted any manner of entrée into his life to be like an act of destiny, offering inspiration and advice, making introductions for the talented individuals he met.

“I was still in boarding school when a friend introduced me to Liam,” William Gray Harris recalls. “Slowly, over time, I got to know him and he started guiding me—recommending books and giving me feedback on problems I was having with my family and forming my own identity as an artist.”

Creative young people were drawn to Liam and those with abilities sensed immediately that there was something about him. They could tell he had the insight to understand problems and difficulties. He knew how to keep the pursuit of the arts from being self-destructive and self-centered, and shared his passion for higher purposes.

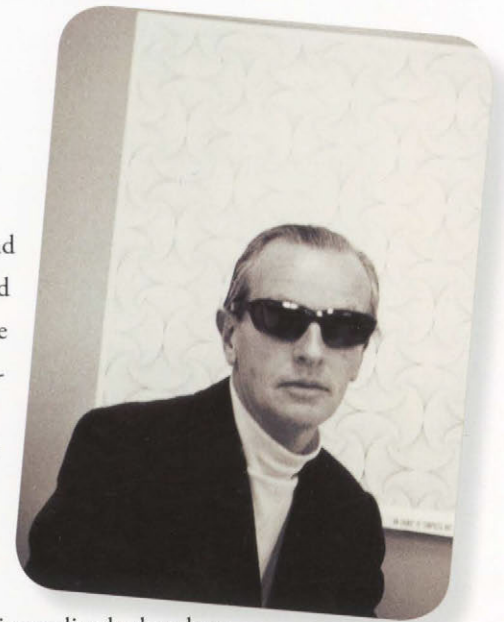
“Liam was such a dear friend—a mentor and ever-present supporter of my artistic and personal life over the years,” Hammond Guthrie says. “I was first introduced to leading figures in the art world due to Liam’s generosity towards me as a young artist. I was astounded by how many people he knew on an intimate basis.

“He introduced me to Buckminster Fuller, Alan Watts, Michael McClure, Bobby and Robert Creeley, Bob Levine, Jan Herman, Hube “the Cube” Leslie, Muldoon Elder, and Gavin Arthur.”

Gavin Arthur was an influential eccentric on the scene who lived in an aging Victorian home on the southern edge of the Fillmore District. The great-grandson of President Chester A. Arthur, and father-in-law of Alan Watts, he was an astrologer and High Priest in The Order of Shasta. He was known for setting the date for the first “Human Be-In” and writing a book on the astrological indications of sexual behavior titled, *The Circle of Sex*.

“I began to associate in a whole new arena,” Hammond says. “Liam and Bob’s parties at 36 Waverly Place seemed so carefully planned, in terms of who would be of interest to who. The house was so conducive to sitting and having intimate conversations. People would gather in the kitchen or on the rooftop garden, looking down on Chinatown.”

“When I met Liam, he was doing what he always did, which was looking for people in the world with universal awareness and inviting them into his ever-expanding circle,” recalls Charles Amirkhanian,



[left] Mary Beach and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, c.1964. Photo courtesy Jan Herman Archive, Charles Deering McCormick Library of Special Collections, Northwestern University.

[above] Liam O'Gallagher, c.1970.

a bird in a mirror
uses images
to transcend images
you can't wrap fire
in paper
concepts emerge and lead
to universal views
finding an integral whole
a formless self
is replaced by the universal
becoming a drop
in the ocean.

— LIAM O'GALLAGHER

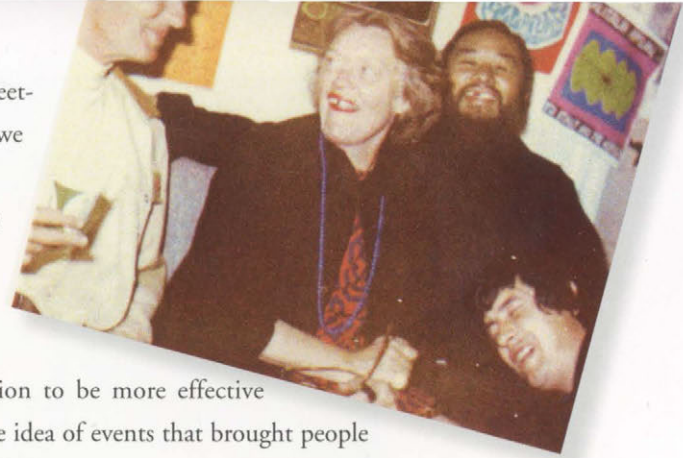


THE JIG IS UP | 2001, acrylic on canvas, 9 x 12 inches

who would go on to work with Liam on a number of projects. “Meeting him while my wife and I were in our mid-20s, he was what we imagined Zen masters would be like.”

“Spending time with both John Cage and Liam, I found that they were very similar in the way they lived and worked,” Carol Law says. “They were both so non-judgmental in regard to art and people, and able to exist comfortably in a place of simply being.”

Increasingly, Liam saw the potential for human interaction to be more effective than the creation of concrete works of art. He began to explore the idea of events that brought people together for an interactive experience as a means of creating social change.

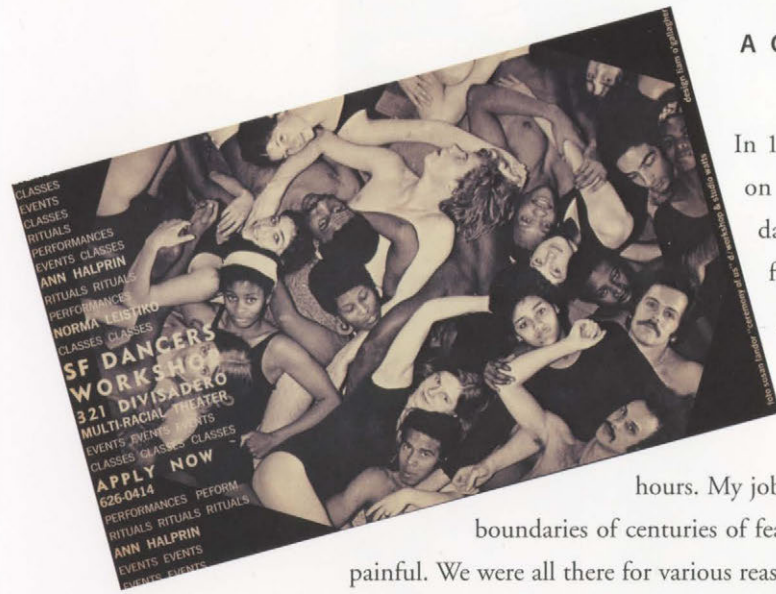


A CEREMONY OF US

In 1969, Liam collaborated with choreographer Anna Halprin on *Ceremony of Us*, which brought together African-American dancers from L.A.’s Studio Watts Dance Group, and dancers from Halprin’s San Francisco Dancers’ Workshop, who were primarily white. The show had its premiere at the opening of the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles.

“Rehearsals were highly charged emotional encounters,” Liam later recalled. “They would last from two to three hours. My job was to help Anna resolve not only borders, but barriers and boundaries of centuries of fear, mistrust and hate due to inequality and ignorance. It was painful. We were all there for various reasons, but we were intent on proving that we could and would use each other as a bridge. The object was not to make something that was aesthetically pure, but to create something that was real and would prove itself over time. The nice thing of course was that there was a maximum allowance for improvising, and I think this was Anna’s greatest contribution to modern dance. She allowed the form to emerge rather than imposing it.”

“The first project I worked on with Liam,” recalls Charles Amirkhanian, “was a work by the choreographer Anna Halprin, who took choreography apart and put it back together in a new way in the 1960s and 70s. We worked together on *A Ceremony of Us*, a performance at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. I was there as the composer of the music, though what she ultimately needed was someone to put together a collage of sounds relating to the performance, which I combined with things such



[above] Flyer for San Francisco Dancer’s Workshop with image of dancers in *Ceremony of Us*, 1969.

[above right] Liam O’Gallagher, Mary Beach and Shig at City Lights Bookstore, c.1964. Photo courtesy Jan Herman Archive, Charles Deering McCormick Library of Special Collections, Northwestern University.

[right] *Ceremony of Us* rehearsal.



as horn sounds I brought with me. Liam noted how fascinating the interaction between these dancers was, and so we recorded their conversations and turned it into a sound collage, so that they moved to the sounds of the encounter. We created a record, which was funded by Jim Newman, who had Dilexi Gallery, the first gallery in San Francisco with white walls, which was located above the Jazz Workshop in North Beach.”

Introduction to the Television presentation:

You are about to be a witness to a film which reveals a lifestyle of two groups of young people, black and white, who have come together—with the intention of working through barriers that have kept Americans separate. What you will see is an account of that experience—of its trials, joys and tribulations.

Their medium of communication is dance, but they are not professionals. This is an authentic statement of real people, living through a life situation.

This is an expression of creative growth that is not only possible, but vital to change that must come about on planet Earth. If you find yourself identifying with what you see, it will truly be a ceremony involving all of us.

[above] Record featuring *Ceremony of Us* soundtrack, designed by Liam O’Gallagher.



A STRONG FORCE | 1997, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches



EVENTS

In the late 1960s, artists were moving beyond imagery to sound and action, including street theatre and experiments with music and film.

“A lot of artists were doing things that involved everyday actions—somewhere between life and theatre,” Charles Amirhanian says of the times. “People were trying to create change in their work. The air was filled with unrest—the Watts riots, the assassinations of 1968, the Democratic Convention in Chicago—and the students protesting on campuses. Everyone was looking for a better way to co-exist. I believe that Liam was drawn toward futurism, as a means of saying there was another approach. Perhaps things couldn't turn around overnight—but the future held the answer.”

In 1969, KQED-TV broadcast Liam's *Return Trip*, an ecological performance piece sponsored by the Dilexi Gallery as part of a day-long event that included the creation of a Geodesic Dome in Precita Park. Liam's work, which was accompanied by the electronic music of John Payne, featured moon rocks being returned to the moon, while the litter that had been left by the NASA crew is collected.

Return Trip event at Precita Park,
San Francisco.



Liam's set and instructions for the event were as follows:

"A 40' by 100' strip of black plastic stretches across the width of the park. At one end of this strip a 12' by 12' photo of the moon is supported on a frame (this is until Mr. America approaches Luna to redeposit the rocks and is then raised to a vertical position by the dancers). During the return of the rocks, the Star Spangled Banner is played backwards (with chorus). Following the rock scene, the moon is lowered to a horizontal position and everyone present has lunch on the moon. After lunch, Mr. and Mrs. America & Child are seen driving off in their station wagon..."

The event featured Ralph Silver and Nancy Fish (and child) as Mr. and Mrs. America, and involved Anna Halprin's Dancers' Workshop. Approximately 300 people participated in the event, which Liam later wrote was, "...ecologically sound, since one of the purposes was to replace the moon rocks rather than remove them, pick up the litter left by the NASA team, and have enough time for lunch before returning to earth."

Space Station, an unrealized project from the period, with an amazing similarity to Internet sites such as *YouTube*, utilized video cameras and monitors. In his proposal for the project, Liam wrote:

"My personal involvement grew out of the awareness that the media, because it is having such a persuasive impact on our culture, represents a potential art form which should be experimented with, and on another level, not unrelated, is the question of satisfying young people especially from the ghetto, that their energy, instead of being exclusively drained off by political anarchy, could take a creative form in challenging the new technology thereby gaining some control over it.

The plan is to provide the environment where these two forces can meet and explore together both the aesthetic and the social aspects of this tremendous power which so far has been left largely in the hands of commercial interests. While these have placed most of the emphasis on technical ingenuity, we would put our emphasis more on creative imagination.

This might be presented in a storefront downtown or in an empty room in a local museum. I have discussed such a possibility with one of the directors of the Oakland Museum of Art, whose experience with the above problem leads me to believe that such a space would be made available.

The area designated for the project would be called a SPACE STATION where experiments with audio and video space could be carried on and levels of awareness concerning the borders and boundaries of one's body and various objects would pass through changes determined by the individual and would help him and the experimenter to discover implications of the image with regard to control of the MEDIA. This experience would confirm people in their decision to take an active role in determining the CONTENT of the media and to provide contexts, having their own, in which others can, who desire, do the same."

Liam O'Gallagher with Diana Fuller
at Hansen-Fuller Gallery,
San Francisco, California.

beauty catches our breath
like the body and mind
and the flowering jasmine
A stream of light
falls upstairs
without choice
the spirit behind the body
is the sun behind a cloud.

— LIAM O'GALLAGHER

Liam applied to the Merrill Foundation for funding, and William Burroughs offered advice by letter from London:

“Dug the moon portrait which I had not seen. The project sounds useful and workable and I wish you luck with the Merrill Foundation. Perhaps you would get some ideas from my article in FREEP which was entitled Cut Ups as Underground Weapon or from the sections in *The Job* dealing with tape recorders. I think that tape recorder techniques would adapt very well to the project you have in mind. Please let me know how you make out.”

Nanos Valaoritis, then Professor of World Literature and Creative Writing at San Francisco State College was among those who wrote a letter in support for the project:

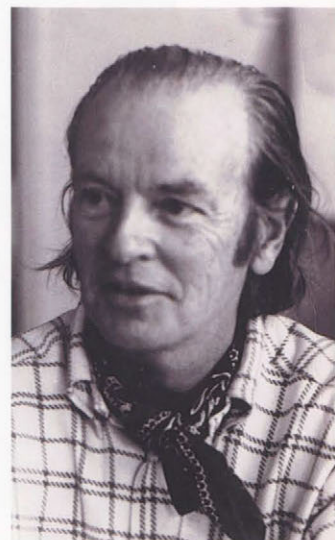
“I am very interested in Liam O’Gallagher’s project which seems to me an opening for the culturally suppressed individual, living in vast modern technological societies, to project himself as an image in space and time and to become aware of his potentialities as an ‘expressor’ and not only as an ‘ingressor’ which eventually turns him into an ‘aggressor’ in many bizarre and irrelevant ways.”

SOUNDS

In 1970, Liam combined performance, chance and technology to create surreal, and often humorous sound experiments that included *Border Dissolve in Audiospace*. The work, which was broadcast on KPFA-FM, involved telephone operators on various sides of state and national borders.

“In 1969, soon after the presentation of *A Ceremony of Us*, I was hired as Music Director at the radio station KPFA,” Chares Amirkhanian recalls. “I went to my friends and told them if they had some ideas and wanted some airtime, I could make it available. We started creating these on air ‘events,’ which were not just something you listened to—instead the audience was urged to do something in response. Liam was one of the first who did an event on the radio. *Border Dissolve in Audiospace* was a work that presented a number of technical challenges. Richard Friedman was at the controls and he had all of the telephones being recorded and figured out how to collage all of the conversations with the operators in real time while Bob and Liam made the calls. It ended up being very popular with our audience. People would call and request *Border Dissolve in Audiospace*... or, more correctly, would say ‘could you play that thing with the operators?’”

As with many of Liam’s events, the piece was carefully described, so that it could be replicated by others:



Liam O’Gallagher, c.1970.



UNTITLED | 2005, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches

"*Border Dissolve* can be performed by any two people in the privacy of their own telephone. Two individuals are 'initiators and any number of 'operators' can play. One initiator calls one side of the border and the other calls the other side of the border, and they each start from opposite ends of their chosen border and engage various operators in various areas along the border, inquiring about time, weather, zoo listings, general information, and other toll-free numbers. There is no time-limit. Each initiator calls along his or her side of the border until the opposite end of the border is reached. If desired the calls are taped or broadcast via radio thus widening the audiospace. The event is completed when each initiator has reached the opposite end of the border. Audiospace borders are then declared dissolved. In this manner, even the borders of islands can be dissolved. Or, for that matter, so can the borders of planets be dissolved. What is the area code for Mars? Sufficient dissolution of borders in audiospace can create a dissolution of borders in three-dimensional space. Pick a border, any border, dissolve it. Any number will do."

Another audio work, *People's Opera aka Aerosol/or the Computer That Couldn't Hear: An Inter-Media Opera*, featured nine transistor radios (four tuned to FM stations and five to AM stations), a telephone system, and soloists on tambourine, flute, oboe, and French horn. Liam's notes on the presentation read:

"The 'conductor' signals the operators of the radios to approach the microphones or recede from them. Soloists play according to any predetermined plan. Two soloists play in the studios and two phones into the studios and play their parts through the phone system. The 'scorer' works from the main broadcast control room of the radio station and controls the mix and effects of the various inputs. He determines the final signal or output. The 'orchestra' selects their stations and maintains them throughout the performance. If possible, stations should represent various genres or segments of the community, such as Chinese language, soul, Spanish language, rock, popular tunes, spiritual and Bible-toned stations. The time limit is agreed upon in advance by the participants. Drop out, turn around, tune in."

This piece was performed by broadcast on KQED-FM the same year, for an estimated audience of 25,000. Tapes by Robert Moran and Charles Amirkhanian were used as part of the mix. FM performers were Philip Geitzen, Billy Kettleman, Robert Rheem, and Steven Solberg. Soloists included Jeff Beach, Steve Bennett, and Tom MacDonald.

7:00
ODE TO GRAVITY with Charles Amirkhanian
Two mutant fantasies by San Francisco writer
Liam O'Gallagher. 2021 is the soundtrack for a
video spectacular by Phil Geitzen. *Super Soft-*
ware stars the shadowy Private Orbit. We suggest
that you extinguish all illumination and listen
attentively to this transmission. Guaranteed to
drive you up the walls!

These images are not weightless dreams. They can be activated by feelings. The creative act unites. They are not dreams within dreams as much as they are memories from the future. If I choose to think of myself as an image maker, what could be more natural? It's a reflex. Making the invisible visible, these images are unverifiable. Mind can do without words, but not without images. They fill the emptiness of space. To inhabit the world of divine darkness, we risk the vanishing point.

— LIAM O'GALLAGHER

NEW MEDIA

WILLIAM GRAY HARRIS



[above] William Gray Harris and Liam O'Gallagher, c. 1975, Ojai, California.

[right] *Space Amphora*, blueprint.

When I first knew Liam, around 1965, he was big into Marshall McLuhan's book, "Understanding Media." It was influencing his thinking and his work, and as far as I knew he had set aside painting for writing and experimenting with media. He encouraged me to drop painting as well, commenting that the two dimensional space of the canvas was merely "excess real estate," or worse, "decorative," and that the art world scene might reward one for repeating a signature style and thus impede real growth. It came as a surprise when Liam took up painting again in his later years.

Liam considered television a reflection of the collective human consciousness. His enthusiasm for the new medium of video inspired me to buy the first portable video camera made by Sony, in 1974, the AV-3400 Portapak. For the first time one could take video out of the studio and onto the street—Guerilla video!

Liam compared the experience of seeing one's self live or in instant replay on the television screen to the out-of-the-body experience a yogi might have after years of meditation and practice. To suddenly see one's self from an outside perspective, objectively, as others saw one, could be shattering but illuminating. Time, space, and consciousness could seemingly be altered with the aid of the new electronic media. It was exciting to be among the first wave to experiment with the technology. And after experiencing the wonders myself, I set about to enlighten everyone else I knew who would submit to my video probing and instant playback, grateful that Liam had set me on an exhilarating and useful new course.

Also during the late 'sixties, Liam started experimenting with another new electronic medium, the copy machine. It was an ideal tool for joining pictures into seamless images and visual puns. One work of his, "Space Amphora," inspired the hundreds of prints I produced

using the 3M Color-in-Color Magnetic Copier (not Xerox), on which one could synthesize infinite color variations. My compositions mixing Tibetan inner space imagery with NASA outer space imagery were a direct response to Liam's ideas. The concerns of much of the prevailing Art World isms—Minimalism, Conceptualism, Neo-Expressionism and Pop—paled next to this futuristic, cosmic frontier of technology stimulating the evolution of human consciousness.


Liam was also intrigued with the concept of "artificial intelligence," machines that could reason, and with the power of computers long before the age of the PC. The movie "2001: A Space Odyssey," was, needless to say, a favorite, as was "Colossus, the Forbin Project," which inspired Liam's piece "There is Another System," in the "Blue Planet Notebooks." In the context of Liam's work, the statement seemed to indicate alternate, metaphysical realities. This was during the period of the intractable Nixon presidency, the Viet Nam War, and an out of control nuclear arms race. "There is Another System," struck a comforting, positive note.

Liam's preoccupation with Space, which later manifested so vividly in his paintings, brings to mind an observation made by a very worldly, literary friend, Jay Schurman. After meeting Liam at the Chinatown studio, Jay remarked that Liam was, "the most un-earthly man I have ever met." Indeed, with his powerful intelligence and sage manner, Liam did give the impression of being from another planetary system. At age fifty, he bore a timeless, ancient aura, without appearing old.





UNTITLED | n.d., acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches



THE BLUE PLANET NOTEBOOKS

THE BLUE PLANET NOTEBOOKS

With the suggestion that he should create a book that would share his works, Liam began spending considerable time creating artwork and planning *The Blue Planet Notebooks*, which were published in 1972.

In his introduction, artist, writer, and critic Richard Kostelanetz wrote:

“Liam O’Gallagher is a genuine polyartist, whose adventurous imagination has already moved through several media and will probably pioneer a few more. It is characteristic that he should be, if only ‘in passing’ one of the finest visual poets ever seen in America. He takes deep walks in all kinds of space, both inner and outer, artistic and socio-futurological, implicitly instigating jumps in time.”

Henry Dakin, who the two met as a young man on Belvedere Island, provided Liam with early information and access to computers, leading to *The Blue Planet Notebook* featuring some of the earliest 3-dimensional computer-generated images.

“I was always trying to keep up-to-date with developments in computers,” Henry recalls. “In 1973, home computers started appearing and the Homebrew Computer Club was started. People were building their own computers. Liam was very much interested in the new technology and its potential for artistic applications. I encouraged him and others to explore this potential.”

“Henry had the access to the computers,” Hammond Guthrie recalls. “He was way ahead of his time.”

Gerard Vanderleun was living in the upstairs room at the Dakin’s San Francisco home, and assisted Liam in creating *The Blue Planet Notebooks*. The book featured a number of Liam’s graphic works, conceptual works, and writings, including a work titled *23 Extensions*, written in collaboration with the French poet Claude Pelieu.

Years later, the book was still ahead of its time. “Around 1990, Liam gave me a copy of *The Blue Planet Notebooks*,” Alan Coe recalls. “I didn’t really connect with it, because it was all about computers and fonts and such, and in 1990, like nearly everybody, I didn’t have a computer and wasn’t interested in them. There was not yet any ‘computer cool’ whatsoever. However, like so many people, I got into computers later in the early 1990s and ended up making a living doing creative work on them, etc. It was really astonishing to look at Liam’s book again in 2008. How prophetic! He foresaw how things would go. He was interested in fonts just like all the hipsters in 1993! Now it reminds me of early *Mondo* and *Wired* magazines of the early 90s.”

[above] Cover of Liam O’Gallagher’s *The Blue Planet Notebooks*, Published by X-Communications, 1972.

[opposite page] A sampling of pages from *The Blue Planet Notebooks*.

The Hog Corrida

PLANETARY SCREEN—Vibration Free Camera—The huge
THROUGH twisted into a spiral...PROTEST MARCH...peaceful demonstra-
tions CONTINUE...until further involvement...reduce...chances of
the GENETIC MESSAGE being MUDDLED...(it's easier to DIE for a
CAUSE—than just WAITING to DIE)...over-reacting police
...erected barricades—no BODY cells...were permitted
to pass

pieced together from police radio calls...a two-stranded HELIX...
was used to trace MOVEMENTS...up to the time of IMPACT—
a pattern of DENIAL—BLUE-HELMETED...stood across the
Street...LEGIONS OF GERM CELLS...spilled out into...the INTERNA-
TIONAL AMPHITHEATER...as it wound through the LOOP...(it was ex-
tinction CULTURALLY if not MILITARILY)...

SECURITY...exchanged INFORMATION...(there was NO communication)
...TEAR GAS united raw energy...to grafts...FROM TISSUE & THOUGHT—DNA
TRANSPERANCE (self-amputation)—DUPLICATIONS...of Daley?...surrounded
prize BULLS—(describe injuries!)

the CODING MESSAGE...holding up the cloth...before the BULL—
the GUARDSMEN...structure RE-FORMS (chemical co-
the difference between MATCHING & MAKING...as GOVERN
afterward...the original DNA...was elected to two terms...REFERRED PAID
cerns) MACE—'the streets belong to the people'...REFERRED PAID
along canals & swamps...(this is how MUTATIONS arise)...on

...the no-colors fade...there
the DNA STORY doesn't rest...at the scene...RNA—
(CLUB MEMBERSHIPS)...debris at the foreseeable future)—
RECORDER (a dead messenger for the PROGRAMMED AT WILL
resume PRINTING (selected lens)...PROGRAMMED AT WILL
PAIN) AMPUTATION (TO THE BRAIN)

Chicago 8

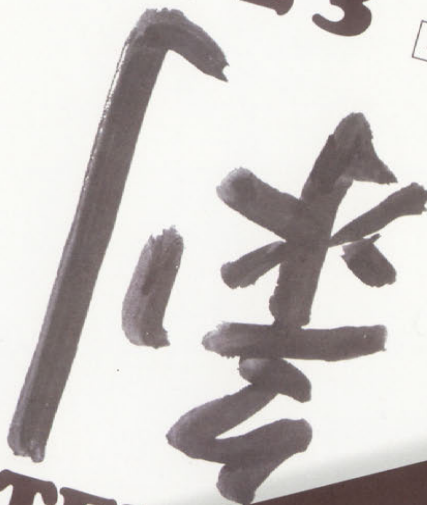
THE BLUE PLANET NOTEBOOKS

Liam O'Gallagher

claude pelieu

23

liam o'gallagher



EXTEN

GALERIE

DNA

EN PERMANENCE



Dislocations

finished
the open circle is closed
let go
the path of consciousness is now
on a floating screen
seated on a blue lotus
Buddha sees the world
& has put the image in cold storage.

in the park
the swami chants in a design
of chaos & forgotten sound
signals from outer space
reach the human race
flowers lose petals
the open circle is closing
chanting calm into deep chaos.

exploring the common market of pleasure
the chemicals of time leave patterns everywhere
to hope is to live as loss of hope
keeps one from working
to share fear is the greatest bond of all
writing on the beach is a great dissolve
wanting to be accepted
everything floats out to sea.

freeze the pleasure center
life is available in the local supermarket
to be served on some future meatless Friday
the Air Force quoting D. H. Lawrence
suicidal advice in the Wall Street Journal
the ordeal of flowers stranded in the wilderness
on the polo ground the weightless shape
of sound free gravity.

fear causes mutation of the mind
separates us from the dream
a gravity free light border crossed in serenity
citizens requested to submit photos
the images converted to signals
the great withdrawal
the frozen sensation of a plastic vision
unexposed film left in the park.

translated mutation without destination
where the beauty salon and the meat market
merge in fresh pink tissue
an imperfect vision is bending
with no point of reference
nothing visible unless it communicates
the way things hang together
in observable matter.





UNTITLED | 2000, acrylic on canvas, 16 x 16 inches

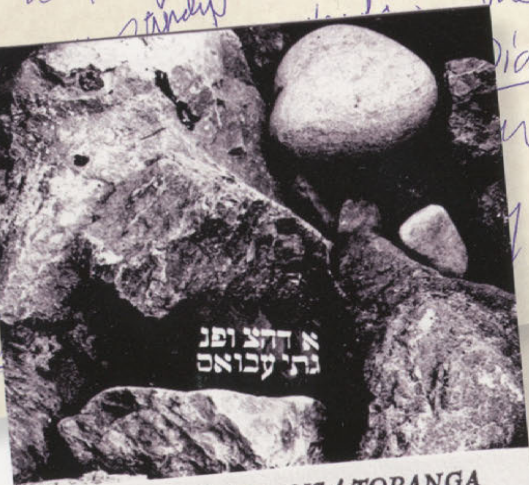
216 Andy Warhol
231 East 47th Street
New York, N.Y. 10017
7 Sept. 66

Dear Liam:

Enclosed are the Warhol "stillies". I hope they're of use, you may keep them.

I've been keeping a day-to-day trip book diary of everything that ~~is~~ is occurring in my life. I haven't been writing much poetry. I've finished writing a 45-page text to go with

45 "stillies". The book will be published by [unclear] Press, called a new [unclear]



LOVE BERMANS / TOPANGA

film called "Prelude to International Velvet Debutante" and its star became Shirley Boddies a couple of yrs. ago. The film is 30-min. running time. Your words abt. my poems are so kind and very encouraging. I wish I were out there to see you and Bob,

My love,
Gerald



Liam + Rott.
36 Waverly Pl.
Studio 3



Dear Liam & Robert
 I'm just back from St Louis & New
 Mexico, to find the lovely sketchbook.
 Only a quarter hour with it so far, but
 I see already that I shall delight in
 it for years to come. Bless you,
 Robert. Bless you both.
 David gets back in 10 days. We
 look forward to a long quiet winter
 and
 Spring. And a visit from you??
 With love always,
 Jimmy

HAPPY
TURN OF THE YEAR
 to Liam and Robert
 from Jess
 and Robert



"... from things known to things unknown"
 Natalie Sarraute

THE
 CHINATOWN STUDIO
 OF
 ROBERT RHEEM & LIAM O'GALLAGHER

"The spontaneous (i) style of painting is the most difficult. Those who follow it are unskilled in the use of compass and squares for drawing circles and squares. They scorn refinement and minuteness in the coloring and make the forms in an abridged manner. They grasp the self-existent, which cannot be imitated, and give the unexpected. Therefore this is called the spontaneous manner."
 Huang Hsiao-fu, 1005 A.D.
 I CHOU HUA LU
 [The Four Classes Of Painting]

YUkon 2-7194
 36 Waverly Place
 Open by Appointment
 San Francisco 8

Robert Rheem
 Liam O'Gallagher
 36 Waverly Place
 Studio 3
 San Francisco CA 94108

1946-19
 25th
 ANNIVERSARY
 EISENHOWER USA

RUEF Dotted
 327-20th St
 San Francisco
 CA 94110

REMEMBER THE FUTURE

Liam's interest in utilizing new technologies as means of artistic expression was a natural outgrowth of his interest in science fiction writing and futurist thought.

"I remember talking to Liam about science fiction, which I was reading at the time," Carol Law recalls. "We discussed the work of Robert A. Heinlein, which Liam was familiar with. He didn't have a deep interest in science fiction books per se, but was interested in science fiction in terms of how it could inform us about the future."

While he saw them as tools that could be used in creating a better future, he was also aware of how technology could take society to a darker place.

"We would walk out of our studio at night when we were reading Philip K. Dick's books high on his very special kind of paranoia," Bob says. "No drugs were needed."

"While one may want to fit Liam's work into the North Beach San Francisco Beat scene, or the early gay scene centered around the Old Spaghetti Factory in North Beach, those wouldn't be exactly the right categories," Alan Coe offers. "Bob and Liam liked those groups to be sure but weren't IN them. Bob and Liam were more in their own science fiction trippy world. Contemplating space, technology and evolution. Picture two men in the 1950s living in the middle of Chinatown on Waverly Place (where they wouldn't be bothered) doing abstract space-influenced painting while reading Philip K. Dick."

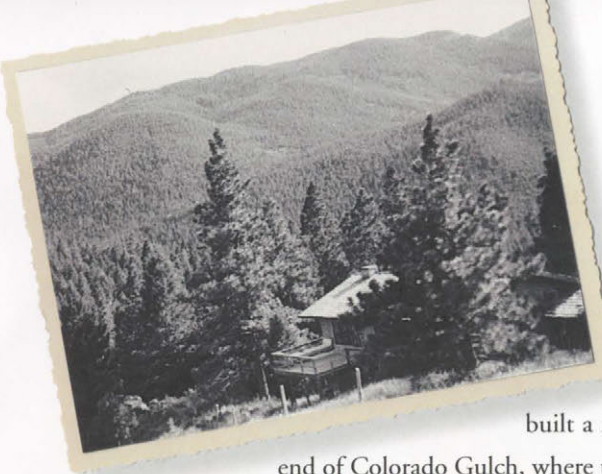
"We talked all the time about futurism, as this was one of Liam's great interests at the time," says Charles Amirkhanian. "He was simultaneously conscious of outer space and inner space."

Liam wrote to the futurist Robert Theobald, best known for his writings on the economics of abundance and his advocacy of a Basic Income Guarantee. Liam began to correspond with Theobald's secretary David Graham.

"David wrote all of these very interesting kinds of letters, so we thought we'd go down to Arizona to meet him," Bob recalls. "We met the reclusive Theobald, but really got along well with David."

[previous two pages]
(counterclockwise from top left)
Letter from Gerard Malanga to
Liam O'Gallagher, 1966; Photo
taken outside City Lights Bookstore.
Photo courtesy Jan Herman Archive,
Charles Deering McCormick Library
of Special Collections, Northwest-
ern University; Christmas note from
James Merrill; Flyer promoting 36
Waverly Place studio; New Year's
note from Robert Duncan and
Jess Collins.

MONTANA



Bob first traveled to Montana in the summer of 1939, making the trip by train with his father and brother to inspect a mine his father had purchased. When that operation was later abandoned, his father and his partner acquired the Drumlummon mine in Marysville and built a mill to process the ore. Friends in nearby Helena owned a cabin at the end of Colorado Gulch, where the Rheems spent a summer.

“The homestead was a charming place,” Bob recalls. “There was a log cabin with a stream running past it and a large meadow surrounded by the mountains. I remember sleeping on the front porch to the sound of the water moving over the rocks in the stream.”

Down the road was a fox farm owned by Leo Zimmer, which backed into the national forest. In 1946, Richard S. Rheem bought the place, keeping Zimmer on to look after the creation of the family’s vacation home. With the help of local Native Americans, Zimmer built a log cabin, followed by a chalet and lodge. The Rheem family would spend time there in the summer and one year Bob worked on a nearby ranch belonging to Al and Margaret Hibbard.



[above left] Sky Farm, c.1975,
Colorado Gulch, Helena, Montana.

[above] Robert Rheem at Bear
Creek Lodge, c.1968, Helena,
Montana.

[left] Liam O’Gallagher, c.1972,
Helena, Montana.



COLOR SIGNALS | 2007, acrylic on canvas, 18 x 18 inches



While living in San Francisco, Liam and Bob would drive to Montana, either arriving in the spring ahead of Bob's parents, or sometimes visiting in the fall. Far from the city, they would spend their time hiking, reading and enjoying the beauty of the area, while coming to know local residents, including Margaret Hibbard's grandson, Whit. Liam had ceased painting altogether and was seeking a more direct means of sharing ideas and shaping consciousness. He and David Graham began talking about creating a retreat, where people of similar interests could spend time together.

David was a graduate of the General Theological Seminary in New York where he'd met Jermaine "Jerry" Duncan and she became very much interested in the idea of such a retreat. Liam told them about the Rheem Ranch in Montana, which featured a log cabin, chalet and lodge and had recently gone on the market. Jerry had some amount of family money and was interested in it and an appointment was made for the caretaker to show her the place.

"We went up and opened the place that spring," Bob recalls. "Jerry had gone up in the middle of winter. It didn't seem to bother her, but of course, she came from the East Coast. Her grandmother had an incredible house in Newport, Rhode Island, filled with Jacobean furniture. When she passed away, all of the furniture was split among the heirs and so suddenly the place was full of Jacobean furniture."

Bob's father had given him a parcel of land that was separated out from the ranch, just outside the gate and on top of the mountain. Liam and Bob named the place Sky Farm and built a cabin there, while plans moved ahead to create the retreat. Taking the name Feathered Pipe Ranch, it went on to grow and flourish under the direction of India Supera, whom Jerry Duncan had met at the ashram of Sai Baba while traveling through India.

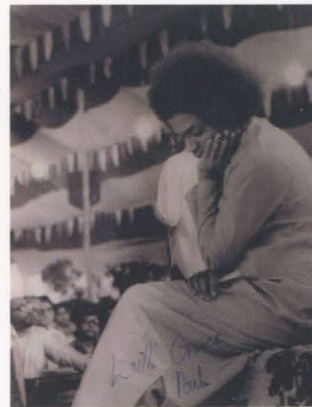
FEATHERED PIPE RANCH

INDIA SUPERA

In June of 1972, I came home from India, having lived there for many years. I had met Jermaine (Jerry) Duncan at Sai Baba's ashram and came back with her and met David Graham, who she married. Through them I met Liam and Bob. They were all futurists and interested in new thought. They thought it would be great to create a place where people could gather for creative thought—a sort of manifestation tank. Jerry had some money through her family and was able to buy the Rheem ranch, which featured acres of trees and Adirondack-style cabins. It became Jerry's dream and Bob and Liam stayed in Montana to help her realize it.

The Rheems had made it such a beautiful place, which was important to its success. They originally called it Bear Creek Lodge, though people to this day refer to it as the old Rheem Lodge. It backs up to the Helena National Forest. Liam and Bob came up with the name Feathered Pipe Ranch, which was based on a pipe that was used for direction by Native Americans. They would suspend the feather pipe from a tree and go to sleep and in the morning go the direction the pipe was pointing. They believed people would come to find direction in life.

Bob has a level of aesthetics that very few people have—he would put out the plants and cook dinner



[above] Jermaine "Jerry" Duncan at General Theological Seminary, c.1968.

[right] Sai Baba, c.1965.

we transcend the collective
hallucination
the body is one
vibration in the circle
of consciousness
the body replies
to the darkside
with the naked truth
while the spirit does
not react to anything.

— LIAM O'GALLAGHER



every night and they created this energy. He and Liam had a great sense of people and brought in those who were right for the place. I've studied with a lot of yogis in India and very few had what Liam had. In his company, we would transcend and the entire experience would be raised. Liam had an incredible amount of not only literary and intellectual being but he had this great heart and crystal clear mind. It was an incredible experience for me, being 24 years and just coming back from India, which was the equivalent of my college education. This was my first experience of intelligent, forward-thinking people.

At the end of the summer, we decided we were going to go to Arizona and Jerry was going to buy a place there, so that we would have year-round events—in Montana in the summer and Arizona in the winter. But then, Jerry developed cancer and within a year was gone. She left me the ranch, believing I could carry on the vision, but I was at loose ends and didn't know what to do. I thought I should just sell the place. Liam was a real guiding light—I was so much younger and less educated than he and Bob and looked to them. Liam told me that I had to make it into something, saying

that I was selected for the job by something higher than myself. I went back to talk to Sai Baba, who told me, "You can do what you can do, find out what it is and do that." And so I set off to make something out of Feathered Pipe Ranch.

Liam and Bob would come back every summer and encourage me, and soon others joined in. Without Liam O'Gallagher, Feathered Pipe Ranch wouldn't be here today. He would continue to encourage me saying, "That's a good start." At first we put up tents and teepees and then later built dorm rooms. They would suggest people like Joan Halifax and Joseph Campbell to come, which opened up the world of people who could be part of it and brought it to life. Liam didn't have an attachment to the outcome. His interest was in helping to make it happen. He connected people, who were connected with others, and he was like a stone dropped in a pond. Feathered Pipe Ranch ultimately became an important part of the growth of yoga in the West and because of Liam, almost every yoga student in the country has been touched or benefited in some way.

[above] Feathered Pipe Ranch.
Photo by Keith Levitt.

[left] (clockwise from top), Liam O' Gallagher, Sunny Rudolph (with the famous dog Corey), VJ Supera, Robert Rheem, India Supera (center) gathered after the Summer Solstice Celebration at Feathered Pipe Ranch, 1973. Photo by William Gray Harris





UNTITLED | 1994, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches



WAY OUT WEST: FOUR SHORT STORIES FROM A SMALL TOWN

1.

In a small town in central Montana lived a very young girl who was known to keep a pet bumblebee. People for miles around had heard of this and among them were not a few skeptics. U.J. Phiffer, who was among the latter, decided to investigate for himself and traveled some sixty miles to satisfy his curiosity. Arriving midday, he stationed himself outside of her window on the far side of the house. Later, he reported what had happened to a small group of friends that had gathered to listen to his story.

It seemed that, just before being discovered, he succeeded in drawing back the curtain from the open window and saw, through the sunlight that drifted into the room, the shadow of a giant bumblebee on the table below. A young girl sat at this table running her fingers delicately along the black and yellow body of the giant insect. Finally, in the changing light, both disappeared from sight.

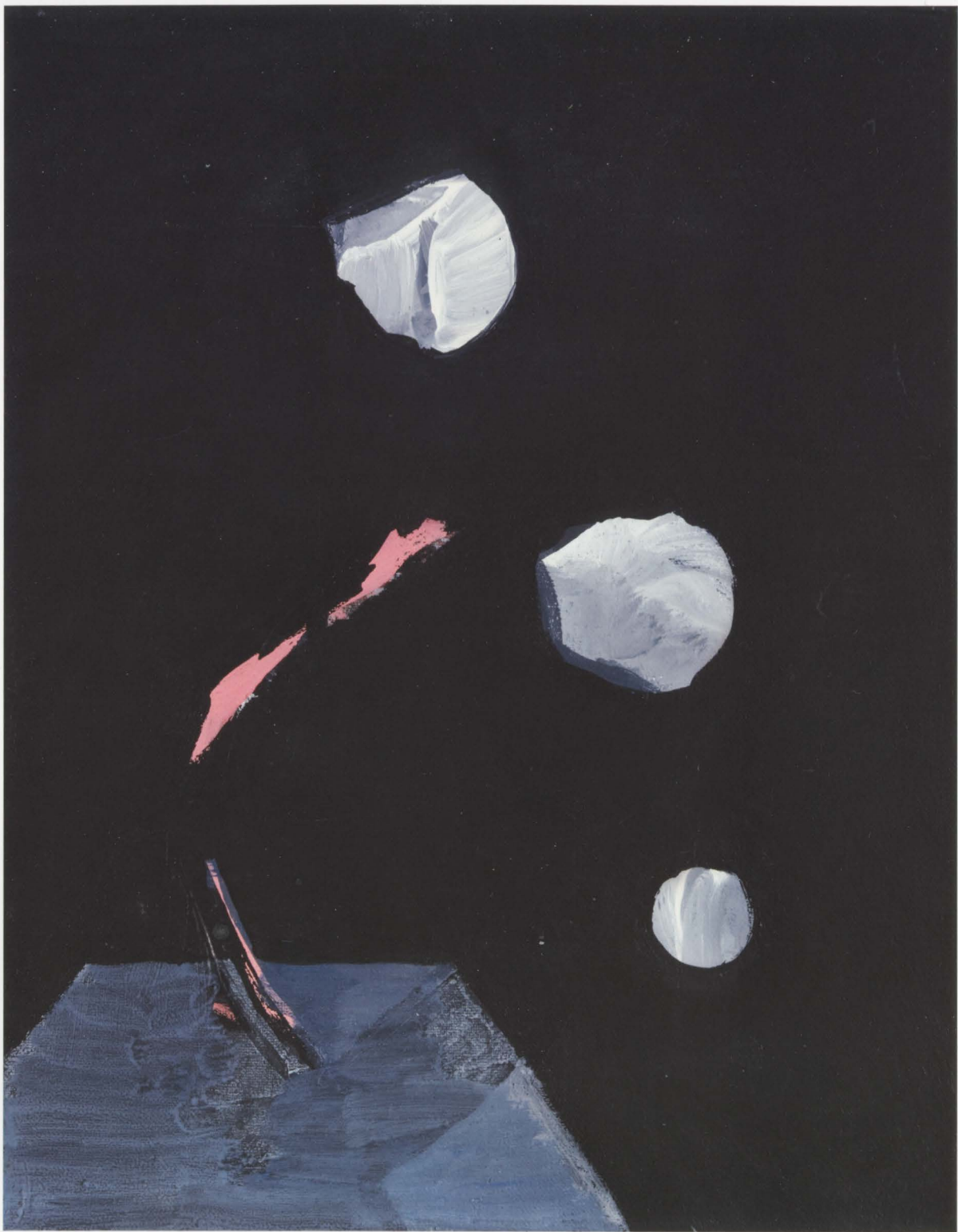
Lengthy discussions took place among Phiffer and his friends concerning whether she had, in fact, touched the insect at all. Some concluded that the girl was indeed the bumblebee's pet, while others maintained that the situation was quite the opposite. In any event, they could not arrive at any common agreement.

2.

A certain fly who had managed to get to the moon wrote a story about his experiences, which later appeared in the Helena Gazette. From his viewpoint, although there were vast open spaces, it did not seem unlike other places he had been. He recalled the distances he had flown over in the Mojave Desert and the enormity of the tundra in the far North. All this he was busily recounting when he realized he was lodged in a bottle floating on the open sea. It seemed that his editor, who was fond of drinking, had left the bottle uncorked and sent it spinning as he blindly staggered toward an open door.

3.

A young man had an appointment with the local librarian concerning a job available at the Helena Library. He decided to concentrate on how well dressed and groomed he would be. The librarian, a woman in her late sixties, thought that she must look her best for the young man, since she was, after all, a woman as well as a librarian.



UNTITLED | 1993, acrylic on canvas, 11 x 14 inches

The young man neglected that her eyesight, dimmed with time, would not see the details of his handsome preparations. The elderly librarian neglected the fact that the young man could see her age.

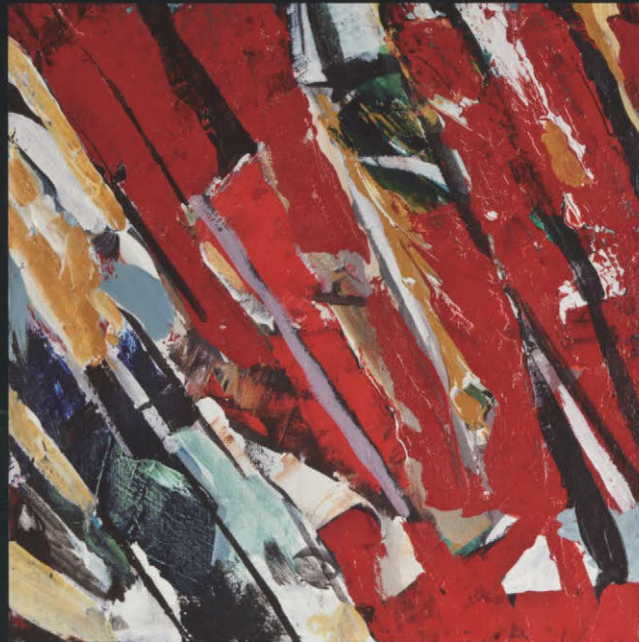
When they met she felt compelled to challenge him on his knowledge, since he didn't seem impressed with her beauty. He, in turn, felt at a loss to explain why it was she hadn't succumbed to his youthful charms.

4.

Beyond the reflecting pool at the far end of his garden, the Mayor of Helena stood in a grove of Quaking Aspens. It was noticed by the Mayor, as well as by several of his friends, that one tree came into leaf a good deal later than all of the others. Curious, the group determined to watch for any peculiar or unusual signs and to search for the reasons why.

Late one May, after a cold and somnambulant winter, the Mayor was awakened by the sound of a bird outside his bedroom window. Loving birds he hastened to the window to see if he could identify it. Looking out across the garden he dimly discerned the form of a large woodpecker tapping on the unleafed tree.

He returned to bed and, after what seemed to be a long and very deep sleep, he awakened to the call of a friend, who noticed in passing that all of the Aspen were Quaking.





THE POET AND THE COWBOY

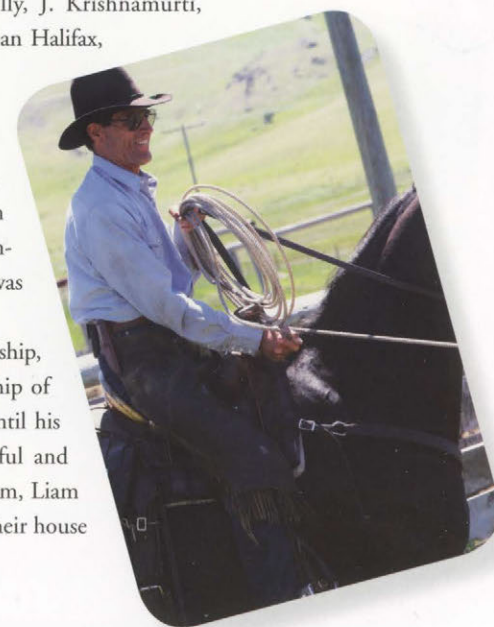
WHIT HIBBARD

My family's ranch in Montana bordered Sky Farm, Bob Rheem and Liam's mountain retreat next to the Feathered Pipe Ranch, and bordering that was my cousin's property. It was there that I first met Liam in the early 70s at a country party attended by local notables, all Republicans to be sure, and conservative ones at that, and mostly descended from prominent Montana pioneers. Yet Liam, with his endless charm and engaging manner, and Bob, with his wonderfully disarming dry wit, fit right in. My grandmother, Margaret Hibbard, herself descended from Montana pioneer stock and, at the time of her death, considered by many to be the matriarch of Montana, yet a progressive and forward-thinking woman, introduced me to Liam saying that I must meet this man, that I would find him most interesting. She was indeed correct.

As a recent college graduate and New Age enthusiast, I naturally was quite in awe of Liam, especially

when no matter what hero I mentioned—be it Alan Watts, Aldous Huxley, John Lilly, J. Krishnamurti, Gerald Heard, Lama Govinda, Joan Halifax, or many others—Liam would reference a personal relationship and reminisce about some prior encounter. And to find such a person, such a resource, such an inspiration, right here in the mountains of rural Montana. Well, it was more than I ever expected.

That meeting started a friendship, nay, more of a platonic relationship of mentor to student, that lasted until his death. There were many delightful and often provocative visits to Sky Farm, Liam and Bob's flat in San Francisco, their house



[left] *Untitled*, 1998, painting on canvas, 12" h x 12" w

[above] Whit Hibbard scouting for trespass livestock in Big Bend National Park.

[below right] Whit Hibbard roping calves during a branding on his family's ranch.

in Ojai, and lastly their house in Santa Barbara. During those visits Liam would often nudge me in certain directions with probing questions or discuss a new book he had just read, such as *The Way of the White Clouds* and *Rational Mysticism*. Liam pushed the envelope in his own life and by his mere presence and example, his directed questioning and commentary, encouraged others to do likewise.

What did I find so compelling about this man? After all, we were about as opposite as opposite can get—I, a fourth generation Montana rancher and cowboy and Liam, an artist, a poet, a visionary, a renaissance man. Well, as a student of psychology and religious studies at a liberal New England college (my parents, ranchers though they were, believed that it was important for their sons to attend Eastern Ivy League schools to broaden their cultural experience), I had developed an intense interest in the evolution of human consciousness. I recognized in Liam a man who had spent a lifetime pursuing not only the artistic, poetic, creative, visionary side of himself—all areas dormant in me—but the development of his own consciousness. Here was a

living example of what I sought most. I was intrigued and amply rewarded over time by my association with Liam. Liam challenged my understanding of consensual reality in general, and my narrow conception of my Self in particular. He had a unique way of asking provocative questions, of stimulating self-reflection, of urging me to question who I really was and to search for a more encompassing synthesis.

When it came to significant questions and decision points in my life I would seek counsel from Liam because I genuinely appreciated his enlightening and sobering insights. On one such occasion I was trying to decide whether to go back to graduate school to earn a doctorate. I called Liam who asked, "Why? Life is the great teacher." Of course he was right, but I went anyway. On other occasions I would ask him what New Age trend we could expect to see next in Montana, as Liam was a barometer of things to come. On one such occasion he replied, "Watch out for the women warriors." He, of course, was right. In my experience, Liam was always right.



RETURN TO OJAI

In 1973, Liam and Bob returned to the Ojai Valley and began looking for a place to live. They stayed at Arya Vihara with Rosalind Rajagopal and she suggested that they move to the upper Ojai Valley, arranging for them to stay in one of the farmhouses in Happy Valley. Rosalind was fulfilling a long held dream to live in Happy Valley, by selling the house left to her by Robert Logan and choosing Paul Hoag, who was designing the new school campus, to design a house for

her. She had encouraged Beatrice Wood to sell her McAndrew Road home and build an adjacent home on Happy Valley. It was understood that both houses would ultimately be left to the Happy Valley Foundation.

Margot Nichols, Robert Rheem and
Beatrice Wood in Happy Valley, n.d.



MARS | 2000 - 2001, acrylic on canvas, 16 x 16 inches



Beatrice Wood had recently moved into one of these farmhouses, having sold her home on McAndrew Road to Vivika and Otto Heino before her new home had been built. She found herself neighbors with her friends Liam and Bob, who continued to look for a home of their own. The property with the High Valley Theatre had been given to the Happy Valley Foundation years earlier and Rosalind agreed to sell it to Liam and Bob who converted it into a unique residence.

“It needed a lot of work,” Bob recalls. “We had to bring the sides of the schoolhouse together, as they were falling apart. We reached Bill Harris in San Francisco and invited him to come to Ojai and share the place. When we moved into the theatre, Rosalind appointed Liam developer of the land. Rosalind said that as soon as we returned to the valley everything changed for the better.”

“They offered to rent me the old schoolhouse, which was attached to the theatre,” William Gray Harris recalls. “Liam made the introduction to the Director of the Happy Valley School and I taught video and photography there for seven years.”

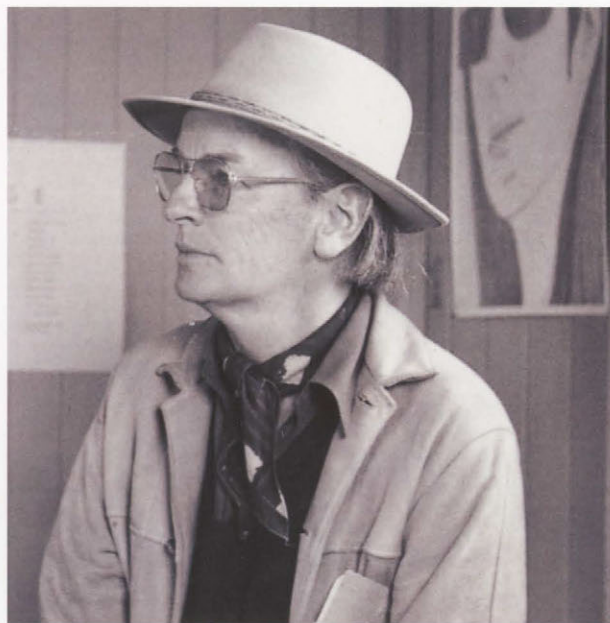
In many ways, William followed in Liam’s footsteps, as video was as new and experimental at the time as Abstract Expressionism had been when Liam taught at the school.

“Liam had an exceptional gift for teaching and mentoring,” William Gray Harris says. “These were transformative years of my life.”

Throughout the 1970s, Liam served as an advisor to the Happy Valley Foundation. With the Feathered Pipe Ranch taking on a life of its own, he sought to further explore the idea of creating a New Age community, focusing on how positive change might occur in the individual through social means.

“Liam was less concerned with art and more concerned with the Human Potential Movement and working within communities at that point,” William says. “He’d been instrumental in the creation of the Feathered Pipe Ranch in Montana and was now in Upper Ojai looking at what could be done there.”

The transition from creating art to working with people was explained simply by Liam at the time: “I am much more interested in consciousness itself, than in the products of consciousness.”



[above left] Undated photo of the schoolhouse in Upper Ojai, the home of the High Valley Theatre when Liam first visited Ojai in the late 1940s and remodeled in the early 1970s to become the home of Liam O’ Gallagher and Robert Rheem.

[left] Liam O’Gallagher, c.1970, Tuscon, Arizona.

the language of light
eases the burden
of ignorance
we are a manifestation
of a love in imperfect form
ignorance and knowledge
accompany us through life
dismantle perception
rethink reality
find the difference
between theory
and revelation
acquire a passport
to cross freely
the border of fragmentation
and wholeness.

— LIAM O’GALLAGHER

THE OJAI FOUNDATION

Happy Valley has always been much more than a place. It is a dream, entrusted to those who have envisioned its role in human development and have taken on the work of bringing it to fruition. Just as the Chumash people considered the site a sacred place, in 1927, an elderly Annie Besant had a vision upon seeing the valley for the first time, which led her to arrange for its purchase. Since that time, numerous others have sustained this vision. In 1946, the Happy Valley School (now the Besant Hill School) was opened and Rosalind Rajagopal, who had been by Annie Besant's side when she'd had her vision of the valley's future, dedicated the rest of her life to its success.

"I met Liam O'Gallagher in the early 1970s, at the home of Beatrice Wood," recalls Susan Clark. "It was immediately clear to me that Liam, and his life partner Bob Rheem, were highly creative, insightful and cared deeply about the goals and vision of Happy Valley. Liam was also a visionary and could see potential in people, places and things."

Liam had been discussing the blending of spirit and science with a friend Lucio "Luke" Gatto, and the possibility of doing something at Happy Valley. Soon a team was formed, combining Luke's science background, Liam's vision and ideas, and Susan Clark's analytical and administrative skills. Several young physicists, including Fritzof Capra and Jack Sarfati, as well as biologists and others were invited to visit Ojai and see if they liked the idea of being on sabbatical in a pristine, natural environment. High Winds, a property adjacent to Happy Valley, was rented and a small organization began. Jeanne Rindge, of The Human Dimensions Institute, was contacted and she agreed for them to establish The Human Dimensions Institute West in Ojai. Liam kept Rosalind up-to-date on the progress of the project and incorporating Liam's ideas, she wrote a letter to her fellow trustees of the Happy Valley Foundation, describing how the new institute would be in line with the vision Annie Besant had in originally purchasing the land:

"It seems to me and I'm sure it must to you that there is a need at this time in order to go forward with the development of our community, to clarify and emphasize the ideas and purposes of our founder Dr. Annie Besant. She was, as you must know, a most remarkable person, completely selfless, devoting her whole life to the welfare of others. A few of us still alive who knew her can state whatever it is we remember that she said. I for one remember that she often said that it was for the new generation that she acquired Happy Valley and although she would leave its development to the future she was certain that the new generation defining and redefining the thoughts and ideals that contributed to its founding would discover new ways to implement the goals of the Foundation



Liam O'Gallagher and Robert Rheem, 1973, Ojai, California.
Photo by Beatrice Wood.

with imagination and diversity. She most certainly was opposed to dogmatic acceptance of a single cult, view, program or personality. Openmindedness, exploration and cooperation were the qualities she insisted would best guide the functioning of the Happy Valley Foundation, The Future, which is NOW, was her main concern and it was for a new community she set aside this land. She anticipated the evolutionary crossroad we have reached and she saw the need for new models of community where human beings could identify with the evolution beyond the present stage. Her philosophy of education was always based on brotherhood, non-sectarianism and the unity of life. She was aware of the crises in consciousness that would arise in our age and insisted on cooperation and interaction in all that takes place in the Happy Valley Community. She cared for life in all its forms. The new physics, biology and psychology that cooperate with the evolution and do most to release the human potential for the new civilization, she would have lauded, and she would have responded to the new ecological architecture that uses solar energy. Education of the complete man was always her goal.”

“Rosalind was remarkable in her ability to be both visionary and practical,” Susan recalls. “She was enthusiastic about our ideas and offered us the use of 40 acres of Happy Valley Land.”

As plans progressed, the inevitable problems arose and Liam worked to balance the personalities involved and the larger vision.

“Luke Gatto was instrumental in the beginning, but eventually resigned,” Bob recalls. “Liam decided that Joan Halifax, who at the time was working for Joseph Campbell, would be the ideal person to head up the organization.”

Liam and Bob traveled to New York to see Joan and asked if she was interested in coming out and seeing the place. Campbell was just finishing up the book she was assisting him with, so she came out and agreed to take up the reins of what became the Ojai Foundation.

“I met Liam in the mid 1970s,” Roshi Joan Halifax recalls. “Clearly he was an artist and visionary and I was very attracted to spend time with him and his good friend Bob Rheem. Liam was brave, amusing, wonderfully alive to the natural world, had an extraordinary aesthetic, and was utterly kind and intelligent. He drew me onto the Ojai land with the sense that there was something that I could do there that might make a difference. It was his faith in me that made it possible for me to leave my work with mythologist Joseph Campbell and bring alive the mythic, Buddhist, and visionary dimension that Liam and I shared.”

Under the direction of Joan Halifax, the newly named Ojai Foundation at Happy Valley experienced dramatic growth. Within the first few years, it welcomed teachers from wide-ranging traditions, including Thich Nhat Hanh, Trungpa Rinpoche, Zen Master Seung Sahn, Wallace Black Elk, Tomas Banyaca of the Hopi Nation, and many others. Having fulfilled his mission, Liam remained for a time on the Board of Advisors, but ultimately decided that, as he had accomplished his goals, the Foundation had taken on a life of its own. It was time to move on.

SANTA BARBARA

As the summers seemingly grew hotter in Ojai, Liam became restless. In 1983, he and Bob decided to move back to San Francisco, taking an apartment on Telegraph Hill. They lived there for three years, but San Francisco did not offer the inspiration it had during the 1950s and 60s.

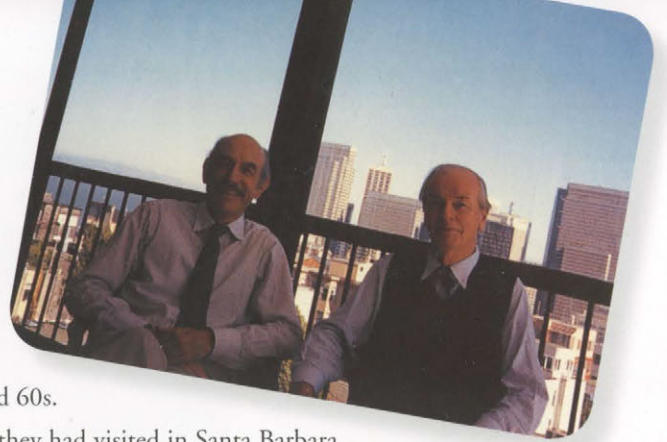
Once again, they set out to find a home. They recalled a place they had visited in Santa Barbara years earlier.

“Back when we were living in Ojai and exploring Santa Barbara we accidentally came upon a place called El Caserio,” Bob recalls. “I was driving down Canon Perdido with Liam and suddenly it was like someone had taken hold of the wheel and I found myself driving up a dirt road.”

Liam and Bob visited Santa Barbara, but found there weren't any homes available in the El Caserio compound. They moved to another location in Santa Barbara, and a year later heard that one of the El Caserio places had become available.

“We bought the place, worked on it and moved in,” Bob recalls. “Soon after, the two houses next door became available and we took one of them. It gave us more privacy and, as Liam had started painting again, the smaller second house functioned as Liam's studio.”

Liam's new paintings reflected his embrace of non-objective painting, interest in futurism and spirit of exploration. The paintings were smaller in scale and he frequently used square canvases. Exhibi-



[far left] Exterior of Liam O'Gallagher's Santa Barbara studio.

[above] Robert Rheem and Liam O'Gallagher at the home of Whitney Warren, San Francisco.

[left] Liam O'Gallagher, Beatrice Wood and Robert Rheem in Happy Valley, n.d.



PARALLEL WORLDS | 1993, acrylic on canvas, 18 x 18 inches



tions of Liam's paintings were held at the Helene Pollack Gallery in Santa Barbara and at the Beatrice Wood Studio, but always at the insistence of others, as he remained uninterested in pursuing a career or promoting his work.

Along with the creation of a large body of paintings, Liam spent a great deal of time writing, increasingly exploring poetry. His writings had always been concerned with consciousness, but with time the writings became less veiled and more direct. In 1986, United Artists Books in New York City, an imprint created by Lewis Warsh, published *Fool Consciousness*.

Liam also worked on creating additional volumes of *The Blue Planet Notebooks*, as well as completing a number of major works including a lengthy performance piece titled *The 4th World*, a card game exploring mind and spirit titled *Pathways aka Point of Departure*, and an epic poem titled *The Wild Spirit*.

I first met Liam in 1957, while living on Partington Ridge and have been friends with he and Bob ever since. When I moved to the top floor of what is now the Magic Castle in Hollywood a couple of years later, I would see them and mutual friends including Iris Tree and Anais Nin at the wonderful parties thrown by Lesley Blanch and her husband Romain Gary. It was a fascinating time and the end of a Golden Era. I was working as an actress and the studio system was just ending. There were so many interesting and unusual people in Hollywood during those years that were part of our social circle. They were wonderful years. I moved to Europe in the early 60s and returned in 1989 to live in Santa Barbara, and was pleased to find that Liam and Bob were living there. This gave me the opportunity to once again spend time with them and talk with Liam, who was an extraordinary individual and very much ahead of his time.

- HELEN O'SHEA

the wild spirit

because the spirit knows what lies
beyond the modular wall
flowers bloom
too bold to be fiction it strikes the mind
enters our perception/reflection
so a hollow man may see light.
a restless spirit searches
for an unconditioned dream
the mind leans on the spirit like a rational toy
a source of vision at root always
sounds the depths of matter.
the spirit cements unlikely things together
no fear of change
no reference points
limits or boundaries
it makes death transparent
the soul is moved by standing still.
indifference ridicules the spirit
force revolts at the crossroads
on the infinite frontier
with the whole creation in himself
man is both individual & undivided
humor is the sacred knowledge.
what mirror reflects both the known and
unknown?
a nameless reality grows in our garden
orbiting the imagination reality is readymade
objects of the mind & senses also grow in the
spring
of what is left to desire.
the spiritual is beyond fear

binds the unimaginable to the obvious
denying forms and contemplating what is
formless
one must acknowledge it to experience it
the mind is a notebook for the body & the
spirit.
to silence the mind listen to the spirit
the mind constructs / the spirit sees through
desire is action
& spirit is inaction
free of time & space with nothing left to
chance.
resolve relies on the spirit
the desire of the sun for the flower transports
the original window to divine darkness
beauty catches breath for the spirit
between shadow play light falls.
to reconcile nature & technology
the body is always joking with the spirit
the mind appears mechanical
in the light of the spirit
the mystery of inner light rings the bell.
when the spirit is possessed by the body
it is called soul: the body/vehicle
connecting heaven & earth
the solid world is unreal for the spirit
fusion is drenched in the light of conviction.
exchanged for a sense of unity
silence speaks in isolation
& the body plays with the spirit
transient elements of the body



OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCE | 1994, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches

dance in opposite directions.
the continuum is a program
senses mislead & thought discovers
the spirit can reject a thought
before it enters mind
& dissolve without from within.
the mind is a wooden spokesman
between the image and the object
science and art dissolve the visible
the spirit does not travel
problems of glory are
not of interest to the spirit.
chaos is part of the creation story
the spirit undermines belief
systems of any kind
evil spirits close the door to destiny
to believe one's own propaganda is to become

a programmer of the ego.
freedom to question the wind
the spirit can do and undo
all that man insists is absolute
shapers & samplers
with memories of the future.
choose your own world
the body is in love with the spirit
the mind keeps getting in the way
the spirit can be transplanted
without fear of rejection.
inner space is multidimensional
with the ability to create a world
and dissolve it again
the arts are still the medium
for revelation.



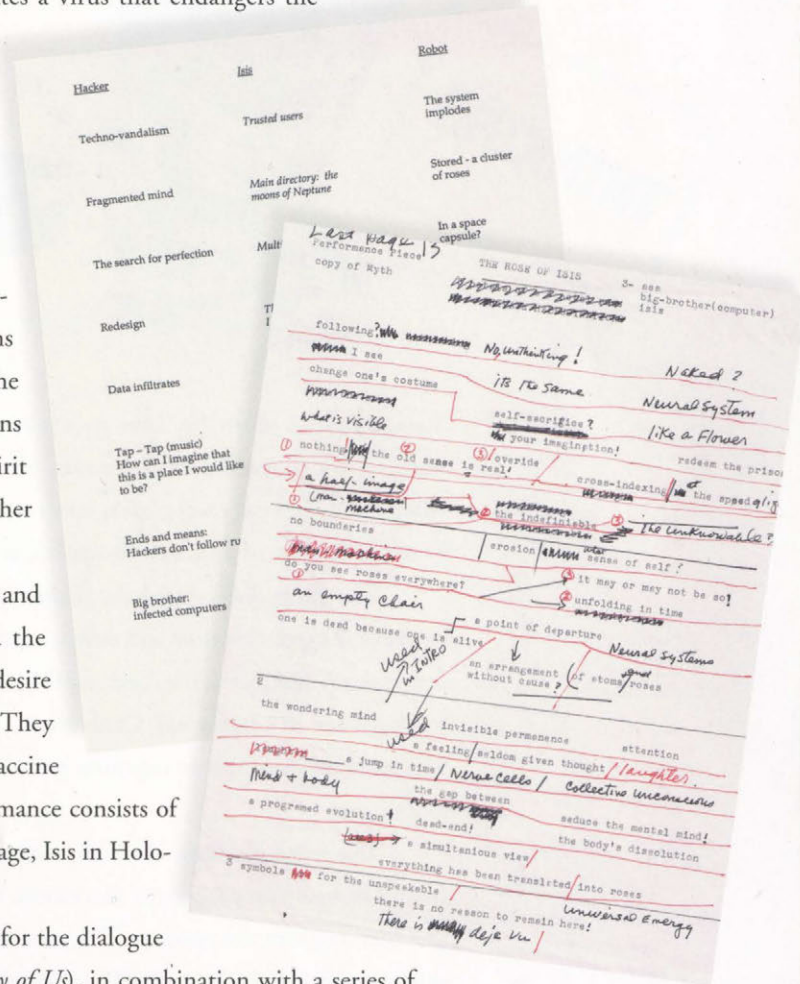
THE 4TH WORLD

The 4th World is a performance piece featuring three characters navigating a 21st century world. The prelude to the performance has the first character, Hacker, creating a new life form, a symbiotic humanoid referred to simply as Robot, who in turn creates a virus that endangers the world and leads to computer-fascism. This leads the artists and shamans of the Earth to use their powers to recall Isis, as she had cured the Golden Ass of Apuleius, who had changed his form while playing with magic. It is hoped that Isis might similarly assist the human race in recovering its original form.

Isis arrives, "...like a flower in a field of consciousness. Her rose silk skin with its beautiful fragrance informs the Robot of certain limitations of the Mind. She feeds the Humanoid rose petals to deprogram its disorderly neurons and reveal the Mind behind the Evolution. And as the Spirit made no distinction between the natural and artificial, neither does the rose."

Liam's use of the rose as symbolic of enlightenment and healing revisited his experience with LSD in 1959, and the inspiration for *Rose Free Now*. Both Hacker and the Robot desire the Rose of Isis, but to win it they need to give up control. They need the Rose to restore the balance, as the petals act as vaccine to neutralize the virus and the mystery of Evil. The performance consists of this process, with "...the Hacker speaking in twilight language, Isis in Holographic prose and the Robot in non-linear equations."

Liam's notes for the Direction of *The 4th World* call for the dialogue to be presented as collage (as it had been used in *Ceremony of Us*), in combination with a series of video images representing regeneration, a flood of conversation as white noise and simple choreographed motions. The text, which requires a publication of its own to share in its entirety, reflects a cyberspace that had not yet been realized, and shares the dangers of man's flirtation with artificial intelligence and the healing balm that only artists and shamans can summon.



[above] Liam O'Gallagher's manuscripts for *The 4th World* with notes.

PATHWAYS AKA POINT OF DEPARTURE



Toward the end of his life, Liam spent considerable time developing a “card game” that he called *Pathways*, or in its incarnation as a means of assisting those facing the end of life, *Point of Departure*. It consisted of a special set of playing cards and can be played solo, in twos, or in fours, and must be played in an atmosphere of love, non-judgment, and support.

The game is driven by the manner in which the phrases and images on the cards combine to deepen one’s consciousness and maintains an awareness that dissolves, and recreates, thus reducing fear: fear of death and fear of life. Each card that is played must illicit some action (or inaction in some cases) for departure to a larger self. Cards elicit a response based on association with what the card suggests. The game explores how an organism grows, how interrelationships form, and how the psyche knows no boundaries.

The game is a form of insight meditation with the reward being an all-at-once realization. This cannot be based on progress or succession, but rather on parallels and the free movement and attention that is everywhere and nowhere. The game is designed to remove obstructions, so the player might arrive at a state that is free of thought. The mind thus suspended to enter the work of making these cards. They are fragments of meaning in the light of the whole of life.

It is a game for perceiving similarities and differences, a game of transition and transformation. The cards are designed to lead the players beyond mental perceptions and reflections of the mind’s outward and inward experience. It explores the paradox, that the things that we feel are a loss for us, are



UNTITLED | 2000, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 9 inches

at the same time the means by which we progress. The game concerns knowing the unknowable. The way the cards are played determines how far or close one's experience of the unknown becomes, yet this is known only to the individual player. It is outside the usual competition that is generally the basis for games played in Western society. One is both the player and the played.

To begin, a mirror is placed on the table. Four cards, representing the four petals of the lotus: Feeling, Thinking, Sensation, and Intuition, are placed above, below, and on both sides of the mirror. The blank card is set aside and the other cards are shuffled. The blank card is then placed at the bottom of the deck. The game begins when the individual who initiated the game draws the first card.

A number of the cards feature images: a bird, worm, dancer, lion, snake, dragon...

Other cards have single words to consider as action or sensation: regret, transition, indignity, awareness, shame...

Some cards demand that one admit to a weakness: greed, lust, comparison...

Many of the cards have instructions or reminders: be spontaneous, it's just a dream, don't be so serious, share an inexpressible truth, create a vibration with your voice, stop identifying with the things you hold on to, consider the need to translate everything into thought...

Other cards ask us to embrace the good within us: knowledge, compassion, sacrifice...

There are several wild cards:

A card of Choiceless Awareness, with the image of an empty chair, and the Power Card, which can override everything else and deny the "needs" of everyone else. This card is represented by a spider and web, with the morning dew suspended in cell-like structures.

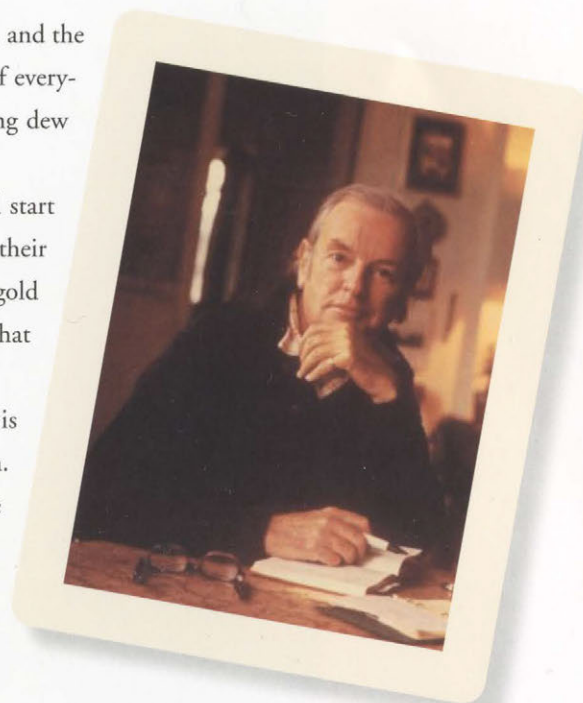
There is a Withdrawal Card, which enables a player to stop and start anew, a Become Transparent Card, which demands that everyone reveal their cards at once, and a Reflection card, which features a white circle on gold background and asks that the players pause to consider the other cards that have been played.

The blank card is always placed at the bottom of the deck. It is turned over at the end, to symbolize the unity of all—self and creation. It is recognized that this same unity was also in the blank areas of all the preceding cards.



[above] A symbol, representing the relationship between Feeling, Thinking, Sensation and Intuition. Liam was introduced to this approach to understanding life in the late 1940s, after reading the book *The Secret of the Golden Flower*. It ultimately influenced his art, his approach to the Human Potential Movement and his writing.

[right] Liam O' Gallagher, Ojai, California, c.1978.
Photo by William Gray Harris.



TIME

In Santa Barbara, Liam continued to paint and write and offer counsel to the friends who would come to visit.

"I took a friend who was in turmoil to visit Bob and Liam, thinking Liam might be of some assistance to him," William Gray Harris recalls. "Liam didn't say anything or do anything, but afterwards my friend said, 'He could read my mind!' Liam could tune right in with people and see what was going on inside them."

"Liam gave you his full attention and gave you input," Hammond Guthrie recalls. "He mastered the art of conversation, which is practically a lost art."

"There was very little dialogue," Paul Sand says. "Liam would simply say, 'I think so,' or 'I don't think so,' or 'are you sure about that?' or 'that's a very good idea.' That would be enough, quietly offer guidance and very short suggestions but never dipping into a controlling place. He was very good at reading character. His opinions were subtle. A nod with a look straight in your eye... or his eyebrows would raise or... he would just leave the room."

Life-long friends came to Liam and Bob's home, new friends were made and family relationships were revisited.

"I knew early on that Liam was a very special, unique person," says his nephew, Ted Gallagher. "To 're-connect' with Liam and Bob in the 1990s was very fortuitous for my wife, Courtney, and I. When he generously shared an art piece with us, he would take the time to explain his thought process that went into it."

Liam passed through his seventies, and then his eighties. Friends marveled at how he retained his wisdom and wit, and how he continued to walk with the posture of a yogi.

Toward the end of his life, Liam threw away all of his early notebooks covering the years when he studied Catholic theology and the writings of the Christian mystics. As reference materials, these would have served to further an understanding of the early years, when Liam had embraced such thought wholeheartedly. He returned repeatedly to the themes of *The Secret of the Golden Flower*, convinced that the wisdom needed to navigate life could be found in the teachings, and sought ways to share them.

As the years passed, Liam and Bob's friends began to pass away. Among these was Rosalind Rajagopal, whose life had been intertwined with Liam and Bob's since the late 1940s. They wrote a letter of condolence to Beatrice Wood, who it seemed would outlive them all:

Spirit In-Forms
the object of sense is lost at sea
low tide is a measure of the
distance to shore
when the full moon plays rela-
tive to desire's many needs
day forms and night is found
in living things
the search for new forms
gathers strength
artificial life and the bark of a
dog fail to elicit fear
an old soul in a nu-body stands
at the crossroads
the full moon rearranges
atoms just before dawn
a silent narrative plays on
molecular tape
mind exists in limits, sunlight
belongs to our eyes
the power of consciousness is
concealed in cell
it's strange to see the sky
without a trace of blue
"non-energy is temporary,"
says the scientist.
new tech needs raw data
cell repair changes while
remaining the same
if all the leaves belong to this
tree, recollection is mortal
remember back to the day
of the morning of the night
before
it's not the end of reality
particles and waves and map-
ping the illusion of thought
high tide and hi-tech are no
reason why we should stop
seeking
the cosmic in the finite, the
spirit in the form.

— LIAM O'GALLAGHER



“Dear Beato,

We just received Radha’s note about Rosalind passing—it’s always a surprise even when it’s expected. She was a fine human being and fun too, we shall always think of the many noisy and wonderful visits we shared with both of you—as your two favorite boyfriends and neighbors in the Upper Valley.”

In a letter to Lewis Warsh, Liam wrote:

Dear Lewis,

We are well, but growing old and beyond reason. In orbit still, the eye, the sun and the reflecting pool lean toward the sky. We sleep on dreams now and know the mind can never be a perfect reflection. We have become part of that space which is seamless. We live in an orbit above what now appears to be a shallow pool, whose reflections are often deceiving. But there are higher reaches we pass through from time to time. They confirm we have no need for body stockings and magic gloves. Nor motion sensors or simulations between dying and dawning.

Here and there, a part of memory or a piece of time stretches out... a crazy quilt of friends and lovers stricken by AIDS. Divine darkness can also contain mystical moments. It does not take sense receptors to recognize the same, the different or the unheard of. This is a cosmic birth and becoming. We have given up trying to sell the infinite, the seamless and the immeasurable... so we still deal with the unimaginable.

Love, Liam



the mind's illusion
of eternity is just
a manufactured tape loop
free of objection
a mind without conflict
is no longer the object
we are fragmented
complete upon arrival
incomplete upon departure.
a solitary mirror
offers identical uncertainty.

—LIAM O'GALLAGHER

[opposite page] *Untitled Sculpture*,
c.1995, mixed media, 3 ½”h x 3”w
x 2 ½”d. Photo by William Gray
Harris.

Self-Trait, 1997, oil on canvas,
11”h x 14”w

for memory which is now controlled

for memory which is now controlled
for exploring the edge of the universe
for the old parameters –birth & death
the sense of undifferentiated unity
for a machine to measure the life force
for the right brain
for the left brain
for dimensions bigger than oneself
the center which is everywhere
and whose borders are nowhere
the sensation of belonging to different dream
systems
for equally real realities
the hidden variable in matter
for re-runs of future history
an aesthetic morality
for light years without tenses
for unborn desire
decoding the genetic plan
taking the profit motive out of
consciousness raising
for the other shore
for long after we are no longer
a fusion of insight and instinct
shared consciousness
for finding yourself at the moment you give
yourself
for consciousness without an object

for energy's eternal delight
the circumference of the body
for the gallery clone
for the time when the universe came into
being
dangerous uncertainty relations
for a magnetic charge
for that portion of the soul not called body
disengaging from thought, feeling &
memories
the union of conscious & unconscious will
for extraterrestrial contact
for vibes that agree with actions
for undivided wholeness
for the difference
a timeless media
for D.B.P. & D.B.A
for the removal of the amygdala
an electronic democracy
for experience of the opposites
for the ladder of hypernumbers
for the place of spells
for becoming our own best hope
for new reality made of consciousness
for life as a property of the body
for a time when no image could be formed
on this side of the mirror.



THE CENTER

Beatrice Wood's dream was that one day her home in Happy Valley might be transformed into a cultural center. Toward this end, Rosalind's daughter, Radha Rajagopal Sloss, spearheaded the creation of the Happy Valley Cultural Center in 2000. When Liam and Bob became aware of these plans, they donated works they had purchased from Beatrice Wood years before to assist with the funding. Initially, the Center existed largely in concept, as an organization to sponsor performances and lectures in Happy Valley. In 2005, a decision was made to transform the homes of Beatrice Wood and Rosalind Rajagopal into the Beatrice Wood Center for the Arts, to bring the Cultural Center to life. Looking after the legacies of their good friends, Liam and Bob were instrumental in the creation of the Center, and funded the commission of a work celebrating Happy Valley by the noted composer, Hans-Joachim Roedelius, known for his experimentation with sound as an art form—which Liam had explored himself in the 1970s.

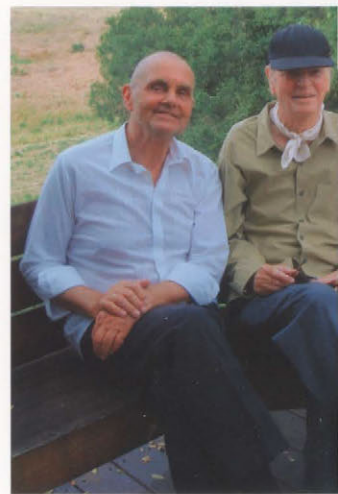
For Liam, the Beatrice Wood Center for the Arts, like the Feathered Pipe Ranch and Ojai Foundation at Happy Valley, was a means of bringing people together to explore creative thought. Rather than yoga, science, or philosophy, the Center looked to art as a means of expanding consciousness. It was a means of human transformation that Liam had turned to repeatedly throughout his life.

"The last time I saw him, a year before he died, it was as though every aspect of him was distilled into this presence and he seemed to be floating off into the ether," says Charles Amirkanian, of his final meeting with Liam at the debut of the Roedelius work at the Center. "Liam was very accepting of who he was and where he was at that point in his life. It was amazing."

Liam was nearing the age of 90, was slowing considerably, and his voice had been reduced to a whisper. He made clear his wishes that all of his paintings and intellectual property be given to the Beatrice Wood Center for the Arts, to raise funds for its success. Today the Center houses Liam's archives, which include works of art, numerous notebooks filled with his poetry, ideas and philosophy, correspondence with legendary artists and poets, and enough material to fill a dozen books.

Liam and Bob were ultimately together for fifty-eight years, from the day Liam convinced Bob to come to Ojai with him, to their final years together in Santa Barbara. They lived as artists working alongside each other, friends through changing times and partners in life. After he passed away, Bob found a note Liam had written among his papers:

"This story has no end—I'm a shapeshifter and—contain an immortal cell—for whom there is no end."



Hans-Joachim Roedelius and Liam O'Gallagher at the Beatrice Wood Center for the Arts, 2006.

THE WAKE

a child born on a tombstone
two hands separated
by a pane of glass
death is not
the opposite of life
it is the opposite of birth
the nearness of death
exalts life as the spirit
of creation itself
dissolving a mirage
is dying unto death
on the other side of time
a new costume.

- LIAM O'GALLAGHER

"Liam memoried through decades
of Chinatown, Belvedere, Ojai, Santa Barbara
flash his image, leonine, benign, tolling
connections woven familial threaded skeins
yore stories from apostrophied O's
angelic ancestrally accented syllables
line strung bardic imaginings
mysticized nets catching thought years
brushed chiaroscuro scapes flung to shape
pasts and futures with bob togetherness
heroed auras high matched peers on perception's
door as we regard, envision, winged entities
spiriting Liam onward."

-GERD STERN

"I knew Liam from the time I was seventeen and
adored him. He was very important in my life.
In the fifties and sixties, it seemed like he and Bob
spent all of their time painting. In the last year,
Liam was becoming increasingly ethereal. I feel
he'd left this planet quite a while before he died—
he had already entered a different dimension."

-HENRIETTA DI SUVERO

"I have been very fortunate to have Liam and Bob
in my life. From the beginning they were and
always have been very loyal friends. Liam was
like your favorite uncle, that one member of the
family that you can count on to talk to about
anything. He was intuitive and perceptive and
friendly. Liam's nature brings to mind a dinner
party I went to in London. An exquisite Indian
meal had been served, but the surprise to me
was that gold...real gold had been melted and

drizzled over certain dishes. Not only was the
food delicious and nourishing, but you also ate
the gold. That's what Liam was like. Not only
was one nourished by the interaction but there
was this gold that came along with it. Liam could
see our golden parts. He knew how to protect
this gold in himself and encouraged us to protect
it in ourselves. He is in the fabric of me by now.
I can call upon him at any time to hear his
opinion on any subject, by asking myself, 'what
would Liam do?' He always has been and still is
my great friend."

-PAUL SAND

"If I trace the roots of my first sense of joy and
the discovery of a deeper spiritual life, attended
by mad poets and artists striking out into the new
world—it was at Waverly Place and all the good
that may be associated with my life seems to have
been born there."

-MICHAEL BERNSOHN

"His beliefs and outlook on life, and beyond, were
quite enlightening and his ever-present peaceful
demeanor is something I very much admired.
The conversations we enjoyed over meals will
always be with me. I certainly miss him, but feel
blessed to have had the time that I did to spend
with him. Although not physically with us, his
spirit certainly is."

-TED GALLAGHER



BIRD | 1995, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches

Experience is an art. Who would not want to see celestial sights and encounter alien life forms with alternative histories? Joining hands across light years, colors and shapes are part of the creation story. So is imagination and mystery. Shared space is an authentic emotion. It's not a simulation. Hold fast! This imagination is not limited to electronic information. We are related to the machines we make. Through the divine darkness I saw a serpent biting its tail. It did not shorten the life expectancy of tomorrow.

- LIAM O'GALLGHER

"Liam was the conduit in my life... filled with fiber optic cables of all sizes and vibrant colors... running from the metaphysical/informational motherboard of consciousness... and beyond. He was mentor and a spiritual guide to all of us. Those of us who paid attention are who we are now, thanks to Liam's gentle but persistent guidance. I don't think for one minute that just because he has left this body that he's going to let up! He will always be among us.

I would not be who I am today without him. By Liam's continually passing on book titles and articles, I was able to follow his interests, which, at the same time, inspired my own evolution. He was a compassionate listener, and somehow, by just telling him about a problem, with minimal comments from him, the way to resolution was revealed. As a trusted friend, he was generous with his time and gave lots of encouragement. He and Bob were the most amazing team I've ever known."

-JUDITH MCBEAN

"Liam was such a dear friend—a mentor and ever-present supporter of my artistic and personal life over these many years."

-HAMMOND GUTHRIE

"Liam's vision was bigger than art itself and concerned with the interconnectedness of the universe, but saw that it existed in the moment, which he worked in."

-CAROL LAW

"Liam was always interested in helping young people, or anyone for that matter. He encouraged one to listen to his/her self and to pursue their dream. He was supportive and wise counsel to all. During the nearly forty years I knew Liam, I found him to be much the same. Contemplative with

a deep stillness, coupled with sharp insight and observation. Liam was ethereal and kind—a futurist who was always present. He listened and was interested in and appeared to understand all topics. His voice was always soft, and his few words were clear and often profound. And, those blue Irish eyes were at once soft and sharp."

-SUSAN CLARK

"The main reason I studied philosophy in college was that it was fun and exciting for me in the same way as discovering and talking about new ideas with Bob and Liam. From an early age Bob and Liam fostered my intellectual and spiritual curiosity. The opportunity to speak or visit with them was always a treat bound to result in exposure to exciting new ideas in areas ranging from modern film to Beat Literature to Tibetan Buddhism."

-RICHARD BIRLEY

"Liam was a wonderful man, a beautiful person, a mentor, a guide, an inspiration. I will miss him."

-WHIT HIBBARD

"It is really rare to find anyone who can do what Liam did as far as being able to deal and interact at the level of daily life and also be intellectually advanced and spiritually enlightened at the same time. I think that kind of integration is one of the important lessons he has left us with, and that he and Bob both have stood for."

-NATASHA HUNT

"Liam was a compassionate visionary and in some ways like a labyrinth. In knowing him, you started at one point and followed a trail of knowledge and insight, but never really got to the center. Instead, Liam led you down different, beautiful paths."

-HELEN O'SHEA



MOONSCAPE | 1993, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches

"Liam had a profound influence on my life. Meeting him at a relatively early age, one was immediately impressed with his good-humored reserve and his exemplary relationship with Bob. Their spare and serene environment in Chinatown, where the coffee table was always heaped with intriguing journals and books, was unlike anything I had seen before.

Above all, Liam was a compassionate listener. Somehow, just by telling him about one's problems, with minimal comments from him, the way to resolution was revealed. As a trusted friend, he was generous with his time and gave lots of encouragement. While he was realistic, even cautious, about the perils in life, he was invariably upbeat and affirmative. One always felt better after talking with him."

-WILLIAM GRAY HARRIS

"A hand reaches out. That grasp grew into a friendship, an enlargement of space, first in the Valley of Ojai, then in 1949 Monterey. What had been a fragmented life that was sinking in quicksand grew into a relationship, being with another person on a daily basis. With Liam I felt the bond immediately. We were pals. Of the four integrative elements that Liam spoke of, feeling, thinking, intuition, sensation, I was weak in them all and leaned on him for support. But everyday became an unfolding discovery. We left Monterey Peninsula and drove to New York, and Liam left for Europe, I to study painting in Provincetown with Hans Hofmann. On his travels he decided that he wanted to live with me to carry on our life together, and it lasted 58 years.

With Liam gone, I seek new distinctions; to find what power I now have to evoke the ritual of our collaboration.

*There is a new light emerging from the branches
of the trees*

Liam is on my mind

*I hear a signal, a whisper from dark space,
and this whisper is saying:*

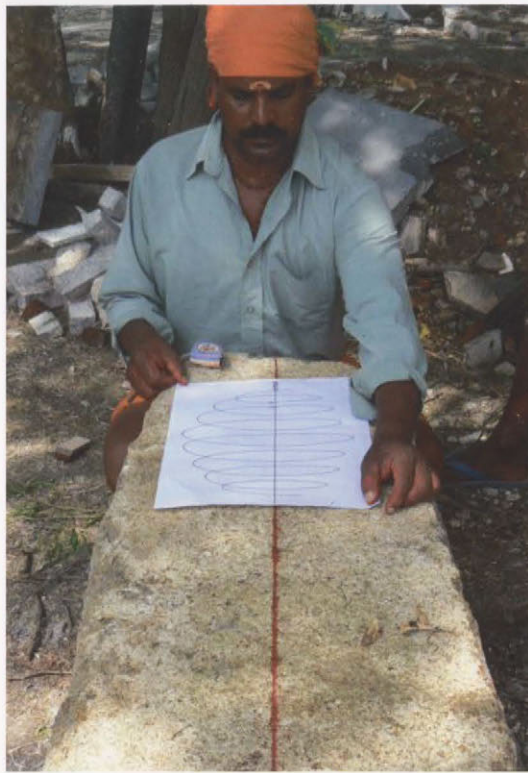
"Bob, every exit is an entry."

-ROBERT RHEEM



UNTITLED | 2007, acrylic on board, 9 x 12 inches

In the late 1950s, Liam and Bob became deeply interested in the teachings of Sri Aurobindo. They wrote to his spiritual partner, known as The Mother, asking to come to the Ashram in India. They supplied a photograph for her to “read” using her occult powers and were given permission to come to the Ashram, but ultimately never did so. Over the decades Liam and Bob remained interested in Aurobindo’s teachings and donated toward the creation of the American Pavilion at Auroville, the universal city in South India founded by The Mother. When Liam departed, a granite Stele was created on the grounds as a memorial to him, featuring a vertical line flowing through a spiral. The creation of the Stele was overseen by Biggie, a resident of Auroville.



“The drawing of the spiral became a natural movement, the constant flow and a dynamic energy,” Biggie says of the process of creating the image. “It represents how we are all present and linked together as well as the Divine Grace coming down on us.”

Showing the design to a friend at Auroville, Biggie was told that it was the same spiral The Mother had once drawn to explain the meaning of Yoga to a child.



[above left] Stele in progress

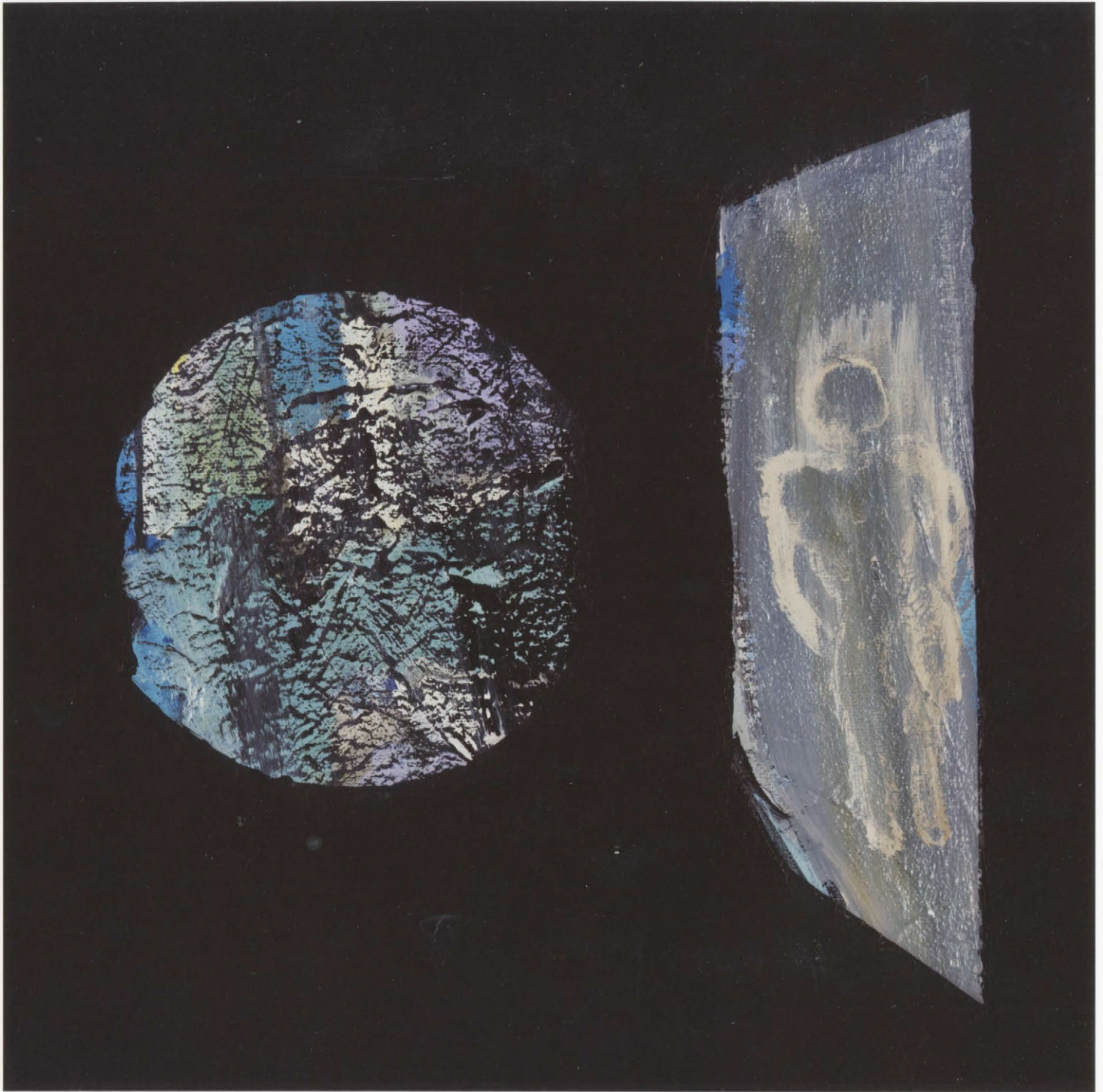
[below left] Stele being lifted into place by residents of Auroville

[above right] Biggie with her young friend Zohar, placing flowers at the site.

The Last Poem

...imagining survival
wage peace
prevent
nuclear holocaust
talented dreamers
their heads
in blue glass
warnings and dreams
wireless genes
have changed
the sandbox
there is nothing left
but blue light
water drops in
the causeway
all the children
gone away
no replay
no second chance
the mind of the cells
reaches for the sky
little previews
the same safari
the same sand box
that stretches across
the department of energy
going away to camp
provides assurances
harsh logic
with cold feet
the infinity salesman
provides assurance...





COSMIC MAN | 1994, acrylic on canvas, 12 x 12 inches

INDEX

- Adachi, Kazumi, 31, 32
 Adam, Helen, 34, 53
 AIDS, 65, 123
 Allen, Don, 66
 Alpert, Richard (Ram Dass), 45
 Amirkhanian, Charles, 78, 80, 83, 85, 87, 96, 125
 Arensberg, Louise and Walter, 61
 Arnold, Steven, 65, 76
 Arthur, Gavin, 34, 76, 78
 Arya Vihara, 15, 17, 106
 Aurobindo, Sri, 40, 41
 Auroville, India, 129
 Banyaca, Tomas, 110
 Beach, Jeff, 87
 Beach, Mary, 66, 69, 78, 80
 Beat Generation, 42
 Beatrice Wood Center for the Arts, 125
 Bell, Larry, 62
 Belvedere Island, 38, 40, 90
 Bengston, Billy Al, 62
 Bennett, Steve, 87
 Besant, Annie, 109
 Besant Hill School, 109
 Berman, Wallace, 94
 Bernier, Paul, 15
 Bernsohn, Michael, 52, 53, 55, 56, 126
 Biggie, (?)
 Big Sur, California, 18, 52
 Birley, Richard, 128
 Black Elk, Wallace, 110
 Black Panther Party, 69–70
 Blanch, Lesley, 113
 Blue Planet Notebooks, The, 57, 90–91, 113
 Bolinas, California, 57, 73
 Bory, Jean-Francois, 66
 Brautigam, Richard, 34, 66
 Bremser, Ray, 66
 Brown, Dr. Barbara, 45
 Burroughs, William S., 36, 66, 85
 Cage, John, 80
 Campbell, Joseph, 100, 110
 Capra, Fritzof, 109
 Ceremony of Us, 80–81, 85
 Chaplin, Charlie, 25
 Chekhov, Michael, 12
 Chicago Seven, 70
 Chinatown, San Francisco, 34–38, 41–44, 52–70
 Christo, 66
 City Lights Books, 35, 66, 69, 80
 Clark, Susan, 109–110, 128
 Cod Fishery, The, 40
 Coe, Alan, 90, 96
 Cole, Tom, 52
 Collins, Jess, 34, 35, 36, 66, 73, 77, 95
 Conner, Bruce, 35
 Creeley, Bobbie and Robert, 78
 Dada Movement, 42, 61, 69, 75
 Dakin, Henry, 38, 41, 45, 90
 Dakin, Suzanne, 40
 de Feo, Jay, 35
 Democratic Convention, Chicago, 83
 de Rothschild, Baroness Bethsheva, 22
 Devi, Indra, 45
 Dick, Philip K., 96
 Dilexi Gallery, 81, 83
 di Suvero, Henrietta, 25, 126
 Duchamp, Marcel, 61, 62
 Duncan, Jermaine (Jerry), 99–100
 Duncan, Robert, 34, 36, 66, 73, 95
 Elder, Muldoon, 78
 Esalen Institute, 41, 53
 Fassett, Kaffe, 18, 42, 59
 Feathered Pipe Ranch, 99–100, 105, 108, 125
 Ferlinghetti, Lawrence, 42, 66, 75, 78
 Ferrando, Dr. Guido, 13
 Ferus Gallery, 62
 Fish, Nancy, 84
 Fool Consciousness, 57, 113
 Friedman, Richard, 85
 Fuller, Buckminster, 78
 Fuller, Diana, 84
 Gallagher, Frank, 8
 Gallagher, Imelda, 8
 Gallagher, Ted (Sr.), 8, 16
 Gallagher, Courtney and Ted (Jr.), 121
 Gary, Romain, 113
 Gatto, Lucio (Luke), 109, 110
 Geitzen, Philip, 87
 Genet, Jean, 69
 Gerz, Jochen, 66
 Ginsberg, Allen, 34, 38, 42
 Gotham Bookstore, NY, 40
 Govinda, Lama, 105
 Graham, David, 96, 99
 Graham, Martha, 22
 Greene, Felix and Elena, 23
 Greenwich Village, 11
 Guggenheim, Peggy, 19
 Guthrie, Hammond, 67, 69, 75, 78, 90, 121, 128
 Haight-Ashbury, 64–65
 Halifax, Roshi Joan, 100, 105, 110
 Halprin, Anna, 80, 84
 Hanh, Thich Nhat, 110
 Happy Valley, 106, 109, 125
 Happy Valley Cultural Center, 125
 Happy Valley Foundation, 106, 108, 110
 Happy Valley School, 12, 13, 23, 109
 Harkness, Alan, 12
 Harris, William Gray, 7, 67, 78, 88, 108, 121, 129
 Hartman, Peter, 50
 Harwood, Tony, 19
 Haselwood, Dave, 66
 Hayden, Tom, 70
 Heard, Gerald, 30, 31, 41, 44, 105
 Heil, Walter, 61
 Heinlein, Robert A., 96
 Heino, Vivika and Otto, 108
 Helena, Montana, 97
 Helene Pollack Gallery, 113
 Hell's Angels, 52
 Herman, Jan, 66, 78
 Hibbard, Margaret and Al, 97, 99, 105
 Hibbard, Whit, 99, 105–106, 128
 Higgins, Dick, 66
 High Valley Theatre, 12, 23, 108
 Hilliard, David, 70
 Hippie Movement, 64, 73
 Hitchcock, George, 66
 Hoag, Paul, 106
 Hofmann, Hans, 11, 19, 21, 67, 129
 Hollywood, California, 61
 Hopkins, Henry, 62
 Hopps, Walter, 61
 Hotel Green, Pasadena, 62
 Hoyem, Andrew, 66
 Huckleberry Hill, 9, 11, 17
 Human Dimensions Institute, 109
 Human Potential Movement, 53, 108
 Hunt, Harry, 35
 Hunt, Natasha, 128
 Huntington Hotel, 15
 Huxley, Aldous, 9, 13, 23, 41, 44, 52, 53, 78, 105
 Huxley, Laura, 45, 47, 56
 Huxley, Maria, 9

- India, 26, 132
 Irwin, Robert, 62
 Isherwood, Christopher, 30
 James, Edward, 25
 Japan, 30
 Jefferson Airplane, 73
 Kashmir, 26
 Kerouac, Jack, 34, 42
 Kesey, Ken, 65
 Kettleman, Billy, 87
 Kienholz, Edward, 62
 Kostelanetz, Richard, 66, 90
 Krishnamurti, Jiddu, 13, 15, 16, 17, 52, 105
 Kuh, Freddie, 41–42
 Kurosawa, Akira, 30
 LaMaire, Eleanor, 21, 22, 76
 Lamb, Walter, 8
 Law, Carol, 80, 96, 128
 Leary, Timothy, 44, 45
 Ledebur, Christian “Boon”, 25
 Ledebur, Count Frederic von, 25, 38
 Lennon, John, 65
 Leslie, Hube “The Cube”, 78
 Levine, Bob, 78
 Lichtenstein, Roy, 66
 Lilly, John, 105
 Logan, Robert, 106
 Los Flamencos de la Bodega, 42
 Lovi, Stephen, 52, 55
 LSD, 44–48, 56, 65, 117
 Luce, Cynthia Newby, 37
 MacDonald, Tom, 87
 MacIntosh, Graham, 66
 Maiden, Rowen, 18
 Malanga, Gerard, 64, 94
 Malibu, California, 25
 Martha's Vineyard, 11
 Martin, Jerry, 11
 McBean, Judith, 35, 52, 59, 61, 62, 128
 McClure, Michael, 34, 35, 64, 66, 70, 78
 McKinley, Hazel, 21
 McLuhan, Marshall, 88
 Merrill Foundation, 85
 Merrill, James, 19, 36, 37, 77, 95
 Metzler, Richard, 45
 Miller, Henry, 18
 Mitford, Jessica, 69–70
 Monterey, California, 17, 31
 Moran, Robert, 87
 Moses, Edward, 62
 Murphy, Michael, 40
 Mustill, Norman O., 66
 Nepenthe Restaurant, 18
 Newman, Jim, 81
 Nichols, Margot, 106
 Nico, 64
 Nin, Anais, 113
 Noguchi, Isamu, 30, 31, 32
 North Beach, San Francisco, 41–42, 52, 55, 81
 Ojai, California, 11, 12, 13, 15, 23, 106, 108, 109, 110, 111, 125
 Ojai Foundation, 109, 110, 125
 Ojai Players, 12
 Old Spaghetti Factory, 41–42, 58, 96
 O'Shea, Helen, 113, 128
 Owsley, Stanley, 65
 Partington Ridge, 18
 Pasadena Art Museum, 61
 Payne, John, 83
 Pearl Harbor (Bombing of), 8
 Pelieu, Claude, 66, 69, 90
 Philadelphia Museum of Art, 61
 Planet Noise, 66
 Post, Emily, 11
 Prabhavananda, Swami, 30
 Precita Park, San Francisco, 83
 Price, Richard, 40
 Provincetown, MA, 19, 21
 Rajagopal, Rosalind, 13, 15, 16, 106, 108, 109, 110, 121, 123, 125
 Reed, Sir Herbert, 19
 Rheem, Bill, 15
 Rheem, Richard S. Mr & Mrs., 15, 97
 Rheem, Robert, 9–129
 Rigney, Francis J., 42–44, 59
 Rindge, Jeanne, 109
 Rinpoche, Trungpa, 110
 Roedelius, Hans-Joachim, 125
 Roosevelt, Edie, 11
 Ruscha, Edward, 66
 Sahn, Zen Master Seung, 110
 Sai Baba, 99–100
 San Francisco EARTHQUAKE, 66, 69, 77
 San Francisco Museum of Art, 73
 Sand, Paul, 25, 37, 53, 121, 126
 Sanders, Ed, 73
 Santa Barbara, California, 57, 111, 113, 121, 125
 Santa Monica, California, 25, 30, 31
 Sarfati, Jack, 109
 Schurman, Jay, 88
 Seal, Bobby, 70
 Seldes, Henry, 62
 Sherman, Hoyt, 23
 Selter, Charlotte, 53
 Silver, Ralph, 84
 Simon, Norton, 62
 Sky Farm, Montana, 99, 105
 Sloss, Jimmy, 17
 Sloss, Radha Rajagopal, 13, 17, 123, 125
 Smith, Huston, 44
 Spicer, Jack, 55, 66
 Solberg, Steven, 87
 Stern, Gerd, 36, 126
 Stinson Beach, California, 57, 73
 Studio Watts Dance Group, 80
 Summer of Love, 64–65
 Supera, India, 99–100
 Sweetland, Ted, 8
 Szekely, Edmund, 44–45
 Tecate, Mexico, 44
 Theobald, Robert, 96
 Thomas, Dylan, 73
 Trabuco College, 30, 31
 Tree, Iris, 12, 23, 25, 45, 113
 Treuhaft, Robert, 69
 Tzara, Tristan, 69
 Valaoritis, Nanos, 85
 Vanderleun, Gerard, 64, 90
 Varda, Jean, 34, 52
 Vedanta Temple, Hollywood, 30
 Velvet Underground, 64
 Vostell, Wolf, 66
 Waldman, Anne, 56, 73
 Waldorf Astoria, 19
 Warhol, Andy, 52, 62, 64
 Warsh, Lewis, 52, 55, 73, 113, 123
 Watts, Alan, 34, 36, 52, 53, 78, 105
 Watts Riots, 83
 Weissner, Carl, 66
 White, Victoria Ann, 25, 37
 Wight, Frederick, 62
 Witt-Diamant, Ruth, 73
 Wood, Beatrice, 13, 15, 16, 23, 61, 62, 106, 108, 109, 111, 113, 121, 123, 125
 Woronov, Mary, 64
 Wrightwood, California, 9
 Zimmer, Leo, 97

“Liam memoried through decades of Chinatown, Belvedere, Ojai, Santa Barbara...”

-GERD STERN

“...36 Waverly Place is one of the many long complex moments in Liam and Bob’s life, and is for me one of the bright auras of another century.”

-MICHAEL MCCLURE

“...Because of Liam, almost every yoga student in the country has been touched or benefited in some way.”

-INDIA SUPERA

“Clearly he was an artist and a visionary and I was very attracted to spend time with him and his good friend Bob Rheem. Liam was brave, amusing, wonderfully alive to the natural world, had an extraordinary aesthetic and was utterly kind and intelligent.”

-ROSHI JOAN HALIFAX



ISBN-10: 0-615-27014-X
ISBN-13: 978-0-615-27014-2



9 780615 270142