

# FEVER DREAMS

ROBBIE CONAL    AMIR H. FALLAH  
MARK LICARI    STAS ORLOVSKI



July 13 - August 24, 2013

Artist reception: Saturday, July 13, 5 -7pm  
Panel discussion: Saturday, July 27, 4 - 5pm

Image above: Robbie Conal, *Space is the Place, Fever Dream #1: Sombrero Galaxy*

## FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Exhibition curated by Robbie Conal

Exhibition Dates: July 13 – August 24, 2013  
Reception for the Artists: Saturday, July 13, 5:00 – 7:00 pm

Fever Dreams Panel Discussion: Saturday, July 27, 4:00 - 5:00 pm  
Moderated by Robbie Conal with panelists; Amir H. Fallah, Mark Licari and Stas Orlovski

## FEVER DREAMS, L.A. Style:

By Robbie Conal

80% of the information we humans receive from the world—aka "reality" as we know it—is visual. And there's more of it than ever before. If you live in LA, there's even more than that. The LA paradigm is, of course, that everything's all brand new, bright and shiny—sun-shiny!—and blue sky-like. One form or another of ecstatic decoration. Which brings us to: Retinal stimulation overload. Poor little rods and cones. They could be in danger of getting all jiggy with it.

Not surprisingly, **The Rest of the World** just naturally assumes that Angelenos surf, skate, drive (especially), shake, rattle and roll through earthquakes, mud slides, seasonal brush fires, spray-on suntans and death-ray sunburns. Literally peering out at "reality" through—and ingesting—what everyone else but us calls "smog." In perpetuity. We know it, our local atmosphere, that is, to be something else entirely: A narcotic effluvia. In large part made up of waste products of the popular culture production capital of the world. All in iMAX 3D!—Cinemascope!—Technicolor!—Dolby-Sense- Surround Sound! CGI—Special FX!—HD-TV!

We happen to be surrounded by—are, arguably, living within—an ever expanding, rainbow-colored, pixillated, totally cosmic, dust CLOUD of digital images, jpegs, you tube vids, vimeos and instagrams. Massive earfuls of all world, eclectic digi-music. (Say, "Amen," somebody!) Blizzards of linguistic bleeps: texts and tweets (and re-tweets), facebooking, myspacing, blogging and all that. Including, lest we forget, a bizillion scams. Advertisements for everything, everybody, and nothing. Perhaps a tad euphemistically, Angelenos call all this, "I.T."\* BIG BANG! Indeed.

Not that it's a bad thing. But it does all build up, doesn't it? Somewhere inside us. Whether we know it or not . . . lurking behind our blind spot(s). Millions of bits and pieces of stuff—that we take personally. Wildly different shards of "information" vibrating at wildly different frequencies and amplitudes inside our bodies. Banging into each other, jumping each other's bones. Spinning the electric life eclectic. Lighting up new neural connections—and associations. Getting all up in our business. Becoming our business. And, especially, heating up our dreams . . . Oh yes, they're hot . . . How hot are they?

For the LA artists in this exhibit, they're **FEVER DREAMS!** Boiling...bubbling over...into our art (you could fry an egg on it)— in the Southern California sun. And inspired by the light of the silvery moon. Which we invite you to jump over—with us:

"Planned obsolescence,"\*\* our retail economy's perpetual motion machine and its overwhelming rush of "New! Improved!" products, have nothing on **Mark Licari**. In the feverish vortex of his imagination, obsolete appliances don't die. They get raptured! Ecstatically reanimated, even. Whirled up by his very nervous system (see: "Nervous Man") into their very own Heaven. Likewise, furniture—cast aside or, literally, overboard—has settled perkily into its own "Golden Oldies" retirement village: Atlantis a la Licari. Old oak desks are repurposed—reborn!—as charming safe houses for his jiggy metaphors. Appliance Heaven and the hyperactive interior decorator of Atlantis happen to be located in the same place: Mark Licari's Fever Dream. Oh, by the way . . . he's contagious. And that's the good news.



Mark Licari, *Vortex Boon*, 2013, ink, watercolor, acrylic and pencil on paper, 56" x 72"

As far as **Amir H. Fallah** is concerned, the little personal fort you built in your childhood bedroom/living room, wherever, and that somewhat larger, new one you've fabricated recently—in LA —ARE you. And we're all better for it. Because they're veritably effulgent! Beautiful bits and pieces of stuff you've chosen to wear and/or surround yourself with—oscillating in the interzone (your personality) between ecstatic decoration and character armor. Collaged by his all-world, stylistically eclectic—have you ever been seduced by gem-like Persian miniatures? WOW! Amir was born in Tehran—pixillated imagination into a delirious FEVER DREAM of...his idea of you. That's so LA!



Amir H. Fallah, *The Drumbeat From The East*, 2013, acrylic, oil, collage on paper mounted to canvas, 24" x 30"



Amir H. Fallah, *Sitting At The Overturned Throne*, 2013, acrylic, oil, collage on paper mounted to canvas, 24" x 30"

We're all immigrants. If not, then we've immigrated from immigrants. Especially to LA . . . On my Google Maps "directions" app, **Stas Orlovski** is a veritable TRIP! Bits and pieces of everywhere he's been: Moldova,\*\* Tel Aviv, Paris, Toronto, (he's Canadian!), USC, Culver City and, appropriately, remnants of every piece of art he's ever seen that matters to him, are planted in his paintings. Including plants. Which also seem to be refugees —from our great, baffling, desert by the sea. Their direction: home. Stas's home. Like moving right into his clean, mid-century modern sensibility. And why not? There's that bright full moon inside his mind. And a thirst quenching, Pacific Rim weather system in there as well. (Speaking of which?) Have you noticed the fine selection of Construactivist washed ashore by Stas's local tsunami? How about that mysterious fecund, Construactivist cum Cyrillic shore below? So cool—it's hot. All making for a gorgeous, mind bending, "LA is the World," mash-up.



Stas Orlovski, *Nocturne with Pine Tree and Bird*, 2009, charcoal, ink, oil, gouache, monoprint and xerox transfer on paper laid on canvas, 56" x 44"

My multi-talented wife, Deborah Ross, has taken 237 iphotos of ecstatic Culver City sunsets. I see owls in every one of them. Owls at twilight. At midnight. In the clouds. Over the moon (with pussycats). Fructifying and multiplying. When they have a moment, they will occasionally address me directly (it's an honor), "Hey you—we got a beautiful thing here: The PLANET, yo! Don't fuck it up, you... you...human!" Andsoforthandso on . . . til morning. ENJOY!



Robbie Conal, *A Midsummer's Twilight Fever Dream*, 2013, acrylic on canvas with digitally reproduced photo from Deborah Ross' iPhone, 53" x 84"

\*Technically, the application of computers and telecommunications equipment to store, retrieve, transmit and manipulate data.  
\*\*Like, Apple coming out with a new iteration of its iPhone every 6 months.  
\*\*\* "The unhappiest country in the world." This according to data from the World Values Survey, whose researchers interviewed tens of thousands of people in over 60 countries during the last decade. Only 44% of people in Moldova said they were happy, the lowest proportion of all the countries surveyed. Source: Wikipedia.

Robbie Conal is a long time friend of Koplin Del Rio, who over the years has had solo shows, participated in group shows and curated exhibitions at the gallery. Robbie grew up on the upper west side of Manhattan and later received his BFA at San Francisco State University (1969), and his Masters of Fine Arts from Stanford University (1978). His work has been featured on "CBS This Morning", "Charlie Arts" and in *Time*, *The New York Times*, the *LA Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *Vanity Fair*, *People Magazine*, *Interview*, and the *Washington Post*—which dubbed him, "America's foremost street artist". He's received a National Endowment for the Arts Individual Artist Grant, a Getty Individual Artist Grant and a Los Angeles Cultural Affairs Individual Artist's Grant (COLA). Most recently, his work has been collected by, and featured in exhibitions at—LACMA and MOCA in Los Angeles, the San Jose Museum of Art, and his beloved hometown favorite, The Metropolitan Museum of Art in NYC. He has authored three books: *Art Attack: The Midnight Politics of a Guerrilla Poster Artist*, 1992 (HarperCollins); *Artburn*, 2003 (Akashic Books), and *Not Your Typical Political Animal*, with wife Deborah Ross, 2009 (Art Attack Press). He currently resides in Los Angeles, CA.

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