

Mr. Weisberg.

Greetings: I'm the artist that called you a few weeks ago looking for maps ~~of~~ concerning Dr. King's assassination. I just wanted to thank you again for taking the time to talk with me about it all.

I've enclosed color ~~copies~~ xeroxes of poor quality in an attempt to show you what it is I do. If its O.K. I'd like to call you again. I guess I won't know that until I try it. Stay well.

Thanks again,

Sincerely, Kevin Teare

## KEVIN TEARE

The contemporary world is filled with signs and symbols—those abstracted shorthand devices which indicate everything from geographical detail to marketing identification, from private code to universal direction (e.g. traffic signs), from elaborate language to simplified image. The increasing presence of such signs and symbols in our communication-oriented society has not escaped the notice of artists. Indeed, the vast volume of modern-day ciphers provides the visual language and subjective commentary for many recent art styles, including Pop Art, New Image Painting, Conceptual Art,

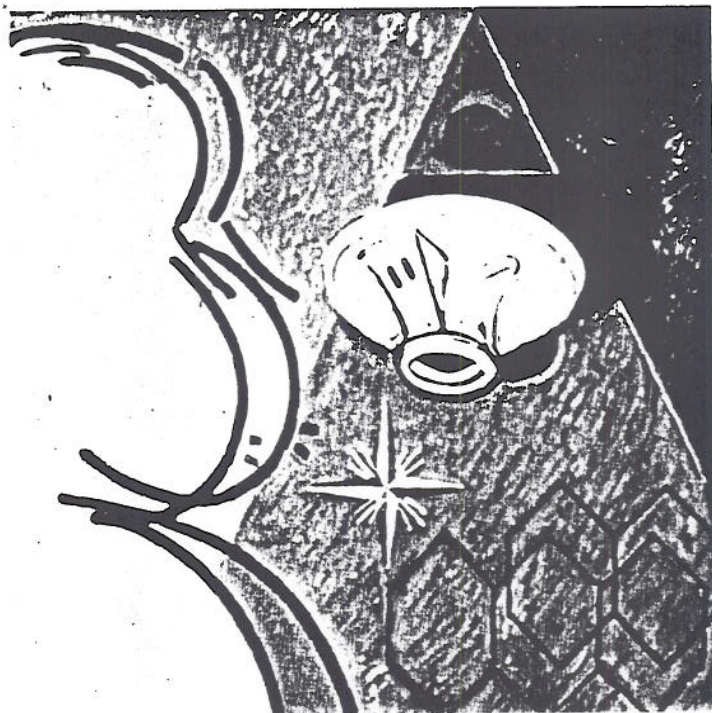
and even, obliquely, the "neo-Expressionists." Fitting comfortably into none of these categories, New York painter Kevin Teare still concentrates on the presence of signs and symbols in present-day American life. Teare, born and raised in Indianapolis and educated in Muncie and Bloomington, bases his whole approach on the formal presentation (often amplified) and contextual meaning (often skewed but never obscured) of images as direct in design, yet redolent in significance, as maps of Medieval battles, corporate logos, and Teare's own cryptographic figures. Unlike many other current artistic exploiters of the sign-filled world,

Teare is not content merely to reproduce sign systems, or to parody them, or even to invent his own. He insists that each cipher works as part of, or even helps generate, visual compositions of great boldness and elegance. At the same time, Teare does not snatch random symbols from street signs, advertisements, or movie marquees and incorporate them into his paintings just because they look nice and have a vaguely intriguing air of our high-tech life about them. As compositionally sound as every sign is in Teare's pictures, its presence is justified basically by its symbolic or signatory meaning—inflected, inevitably, with the artist's own associations and also with those of the viewer.

  
Peter Fronk  
(art News)

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"Mystery takes  
a walk"  
60" x 60"  
oil / paper  
1980



Kevin Teare



In Indiana you go home to be surprised.

A wide test market cut a swath through the middle of the state, canvassing the plain from Terre Haute to Ft. Wayne. We got toothpaste in stripes and orange juice for astronauts.

When all the white houses turned yellow and the horizon went mauve to violet, you made your way to the cellar and listened for the "freight

train." Those lucky enough to live near the bank could lock themselves in a vault, while others turned to prayer.

Indianapolis was the worlds' largest one-horse town. There, in the 1950s, my sister shared a

cheeseburger deluxe with James Dean at Downey Dunker Donuts. There a teen could eat.

Foreign race car drivers greased their hair straight back and turned left, leaving town a few hundred thousand dollars richer for their troubles. Hoosiers seemed to be practicing the trickle down theory in "culture." Most of the Gustons, Burchfields or Morandis we got were in magazines. The Brooks Robinsons, Ernie Banks and Art Quirks were televised from real cities far away. Most of the Beatles, Coltrane or Messiaens were on black vinyl beneath the shrink wrap. One learned young to make one's own excitement or to appreciate good packaging. If as William Carlos Williams said: "We are about these things" is true, then the parade of products marched past my puberty, with it's relentless salvo of the "New and Improved," was responsible for pushing one into the "inner lair."

When you're young, an international port is wherever you're from. Indiana, like the world, is around.

-KEVIN TEARE



Kevin Teare

"Motorcade  
route with  
pull box hat"  
1980  
84" x 60"  
oil / paper



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