

Handwritten Portraits

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Image Design



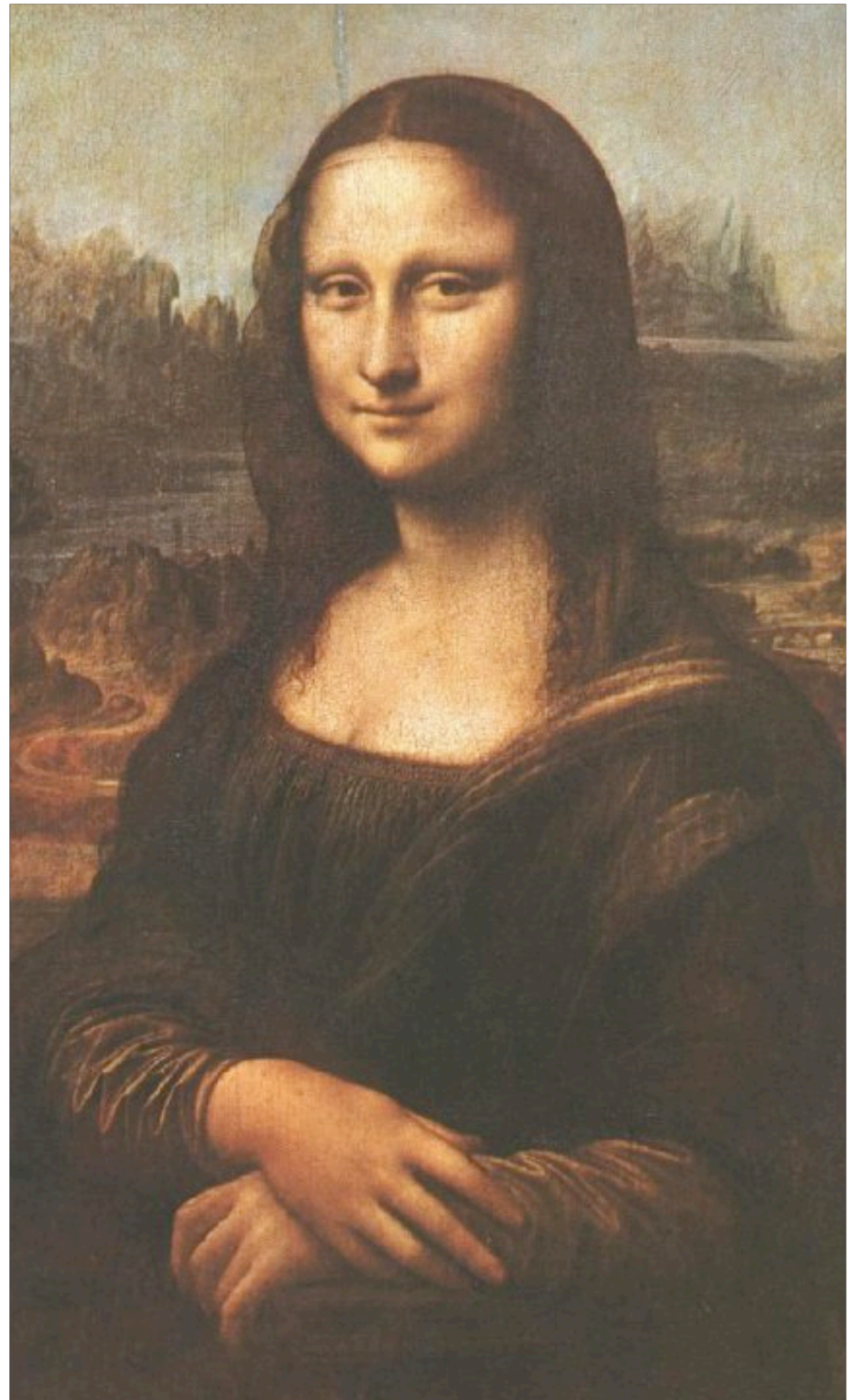
Classical Portraiture

What are the common
features of a portrait?



Classical Portraiture

Head and shoulders.



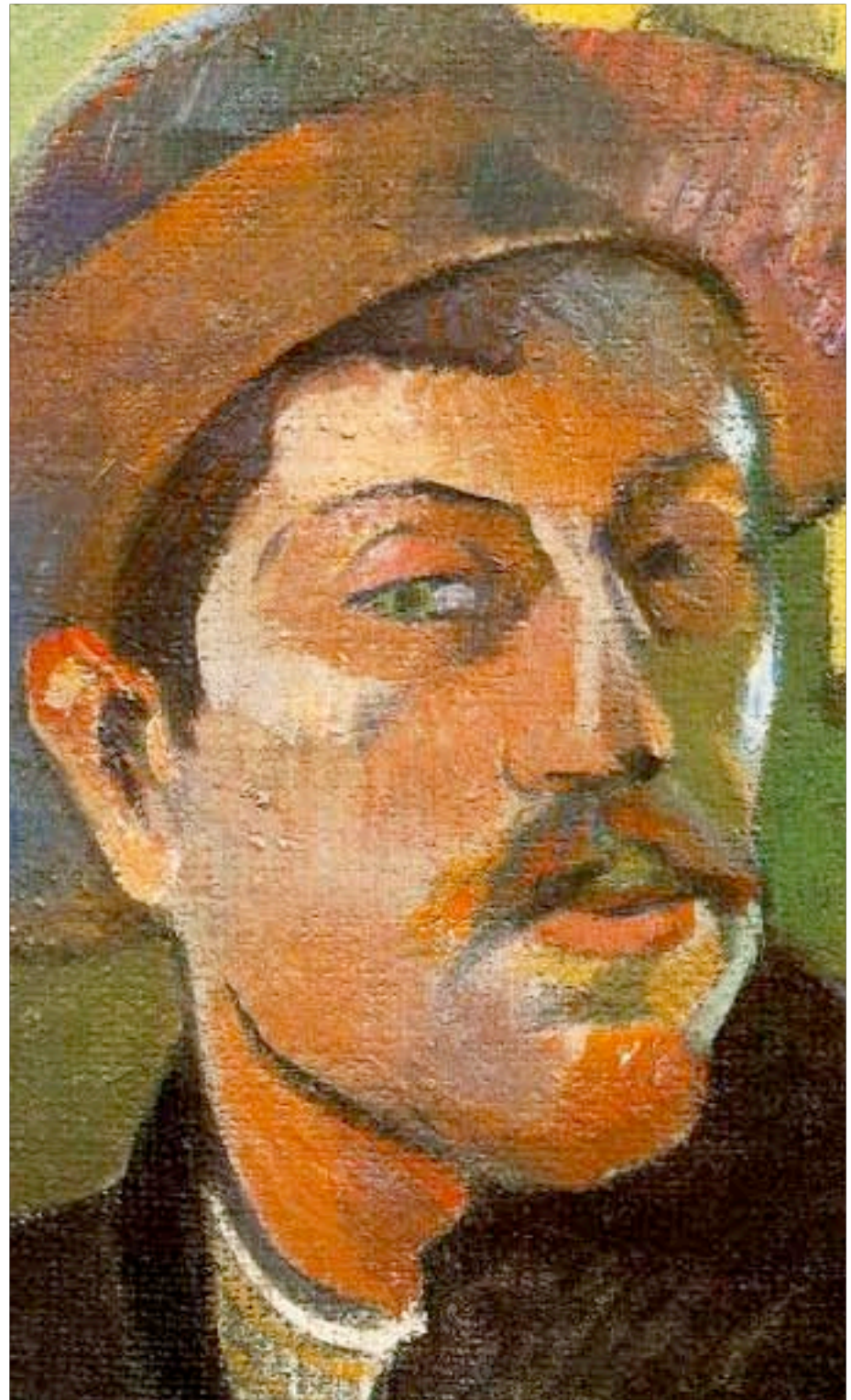
Classical Portraiture

Fashion.



Classical Portraiture

Appearance.



Classical Portraiture

Possibly symbolism.



What can a portrait do?

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What can a portrait do?

- It can tell you what the subject looks like.
- It can hint at or imply details.
- It can reveal symbolic ideas (if you're in the know!)

What can't it do?

- It can seldom tell you explicit information about the subject.

So, classical portraits might tell you what someone looks like, but they seldom tell you *about* that person.

Handwritten Portraits

Objectives

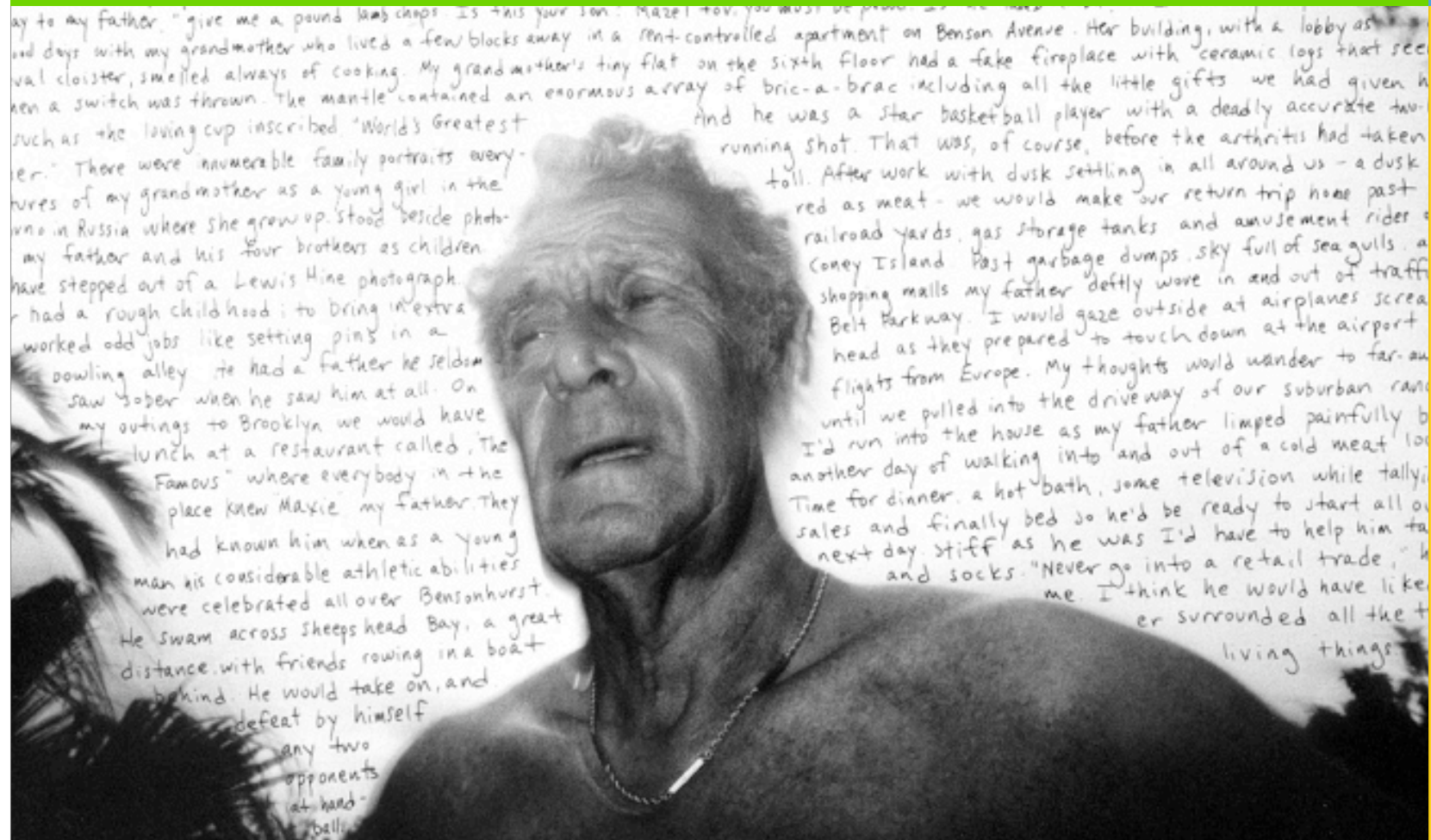
Objectives

- TLW explore the personal attributes of a subject as a means for exploring their sitter in meaningful detail.

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- TLW explore the personal attributes of a subject as a means for exploring their sitter in meaningful detail.
- TLW use handwriting to inform a specific process of artmaking.

Jeffrey Wolin



ay to my father. "give me a pound lamb chops. Is this your son. Hazel too. you must be proud to be his father."
and days with my grandmother who lived a few blocks away in a rent-controlled apartment on Benson Avenue. Her building, with a lobby as
val cloister, smelled always of cooking. My grandmother's tiny flat on the sixth floor had a fake fireplace with ceramic logs that see
when a switch was thrown. The mantle contained an enormous array of bric-a-brac including all the little gifts we had given her
such as the loving cup inscribed "World's Greatest
er." There were innumerable family portraits every-
tures of my grandmother as a young girl in the
rno in Russia where she grew up. Stood beside photo-
my father and his four brothers as children
have stepped out of a Lewis Hine photograph.
had a rough childhood; to bring in extra
worked odd jobs like setting pins in a
bowling alley. He had a father he seldom
saw sober when he saw him at all. On
my outings to Brooklyn we would have
lunch at a restaurant called "The
Famous" where everybody in the
place knew Maxie my father. They
had known him when as a young
man his considerable athletic abilities
were celebrated all over Bensonhurst.
He swam across Sheepshead Bay, a great
distance with friends rowing in a boat
behind. He would take on, and
defeat by himself
any two
opponents
at hand-
bell.

And he was a star basketball player with a deadly accurate two-
running shot. That was, of course, before the arthritis had taken
toll. After work with dusk settling in all around us - a dusk
red as meat - we would make our return trip home past
railroad yards, gas storage tanks and amusement rides
Coney Island. Past garbage dumps, sky full of sea gulls, a
shopping malls my father deftly wove in and out of traffic
Belt Parkway. I would gaze outside at airplanes scree-
head as they prepared to touch down at the airport
flights from Europe. My thoughts would wander to far-ou
until we pulled into the driveway of our suburban ranch
I'd run into the house as my father limped painfully by
another day of walking into and out of a cold meat loc
Time for dinner, a hot bath, some television while tally-
sales and finally bed so he'd be ready to start all o
next day stiff as he was I'd have to help him ta
and socks. "Never go into a retail trade," h
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er surrounded all the t
living things.

From my breath would frost the glass. I'd draw little figures and landscapes on this temporary sketch pad until hearing the thud-thud of far doors closing and the crunch of footsteps in the snow. More often than not the pain of the long day and the bone rotting in his hip would be marked on my father's face. Some of my favorite childhood memories involved going along to the store with my father after being awakened from my warm bed "Time to get up son." Our Chrysler New Yorker had a console from the aerospace industry lit up in phosphorescent green. I'd doze in the back seat - the sun not up yet. At the meat market ancient wooden floors were covered with a thick layer of sawdust to absorb the blood of freshly killed chickens and cows. Morris, the dwarf chicken man was already scalding and plucking birds. There was a certain smell of death which creeps up on me to this day. Customers trickled in mostly older women with thick Yiddish accents like my grandmothers had. "Maxie" they would say to my father, "give me a pound lamb chops. Is this your son? Mazel tov, you must be proud. Is the lamb fresh?" I would spend part of these childhood days with my grandmother who lived a few blocks away in a rent-controlled apartment on Benson Avenue. Her building, with a lobby as dark as a medieval cloister, smelled always of cooking. My grandmother's tiny flat on the sixth floor had a fake fireplace with ceramic logs that seemed to flame when a switch was thrown. The mantle contained an enormous array of bric-a-brac including all the little gifts we had given her over the years such as the loving cup inscribed "World's Greatest Grandmother." There were innumerable family portraits everywhere. Pictures of my grandmother as a young girl in the town of Kovno in Russia where she grew up. Standing beside photographs of my father and his four brothers as children. They could have stepped out of a Lewis Hine photograph. My father had a rough childhood; to bring in extra money he worked odd jobs like setting pins in a bowling alley. He had a father he seldom saw sober when he saw him at all. On my outings to Brooklyn we would have lunch at a restaurant called "The Famous" where everybody in the place knew Maxie, my father. They had known him when as a young man his considerable athletic abilities were celebrated all over Bensonhurst. He swam across Sheepshead Bay, a great distance, with friends rowing in a boat behind. He would take on, and defeat by himself any two opponents at hard-ball.

And he was a star basketball player with a deadly accurate two-handed running shot. That was, of course, before the arthritis had taken its toll. After work with dusk settling in all around us - a dusk as red as meat - we would make our return trip home past railroad yards, gas storage tanks and amusement rider of Coney Island. Past garbage dumps, sky full of sea gulls, and shopping malls my father deftly wove in and out of traffic on the Belt Parkway. I would gaze outside at airplanes screaming overhead as they prepared to touch down at the airport after long flights from Europe. My thoughts would wander to far-away places until we pulled into the driveway of our suburban ranch-style home. I'd run into the house as my father limped painfully behind. For him another day of walking into and out of a cold meat locker was over. Time for dinner, a hot bath, some television while tallying up the day's sales and finally bed so he'd be ready to start all over again the next day. Stiff as he was I'd have to help him take off his shoes and socks. "Never go into a retail trade," he would caution me. I think he would have liked to be a gardener surrounded all the time by green, living things.

The Lesson

My Father
Jeffrey Wolin

Student Exemplars



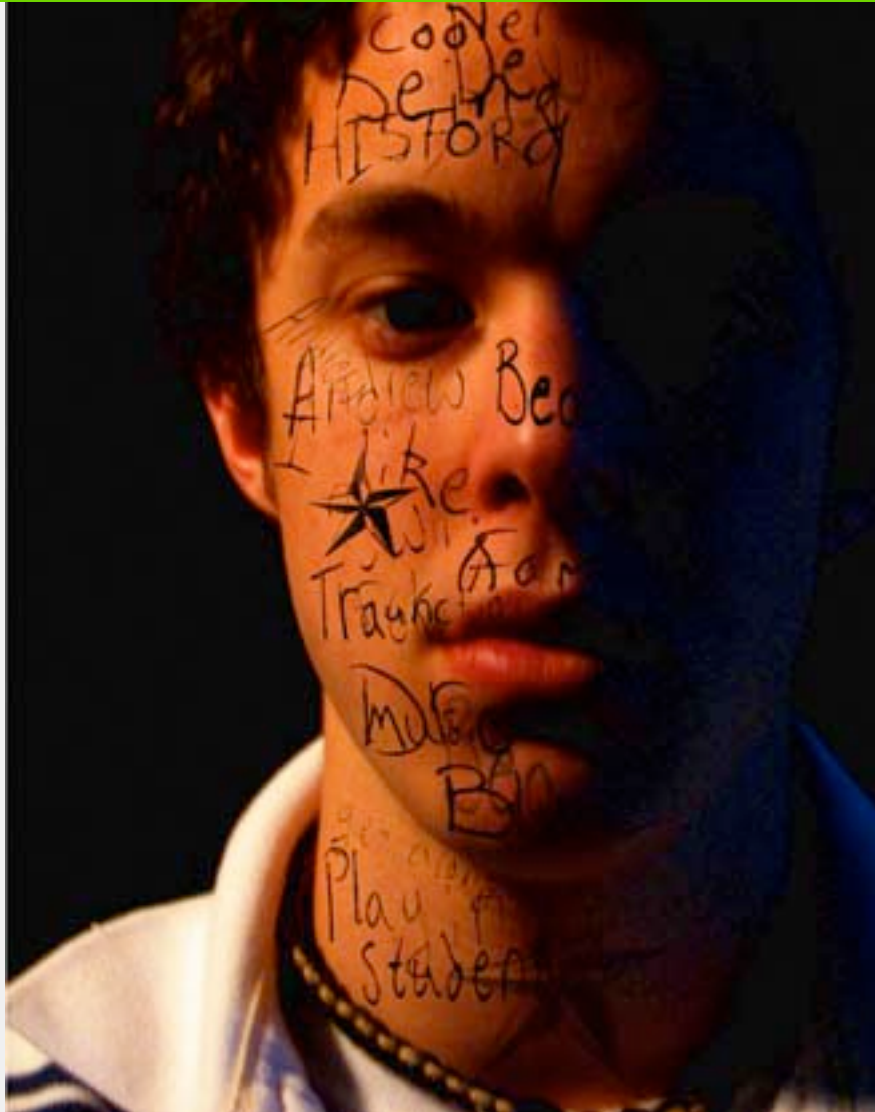
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