### BRANDON WHITTAKER

PORTFOLIO



American artist living in Porto.

His art is inspired by the awareness of emotions in a rapidly changing world - often a somber realization.

This series explores the relationship between opposing mediums and how fluidity influences final perceptions.

In the end it's all just big words, art is meant to be felt.

Reacted to, pleasant, sometimes conflicted.

### BIOGRAPHY



BRANDON WHITTAKER b.1989 Washington, United States Lives and works in Porto, Portugal

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### Started in 2017, with 4 different finished layers. This piece has been an evolution. From the original self portrait to the final stage this piece showcases the many chapters of the past 8 years. Watching, studying and adapting this piece is considered to be a labor of love disguised within a love hate relationship. The Watchers peer from behind the scenes. No one knows who they are - but they have been with us from the beginning. Peering into the observers space from a complex, layered script. Where are we going and who is watching?

## THE WATCHERS

d: 165cm x 145cm
series: lucid in
a somber world
medium:
acrylic,
charcoal, oil
pastel, Japanese
calligraphy ink,
gold foil on raw
un-stretched
canvas



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It's not often we start from the top. I think the gold we all seek is really at the bottom. An inversion of the hourglass, a potato in the ground with roots evading the soil to reach the sky. We stand atop the gold we cherish so dear - it's a regression. Regression through time, trial and evolved manifestations.

d: lllcm x 107cm
series: lucid in
a somber world
medium:
watercolor,
acrylic, charcoal
and gold foiled
paper on unstretched canvas

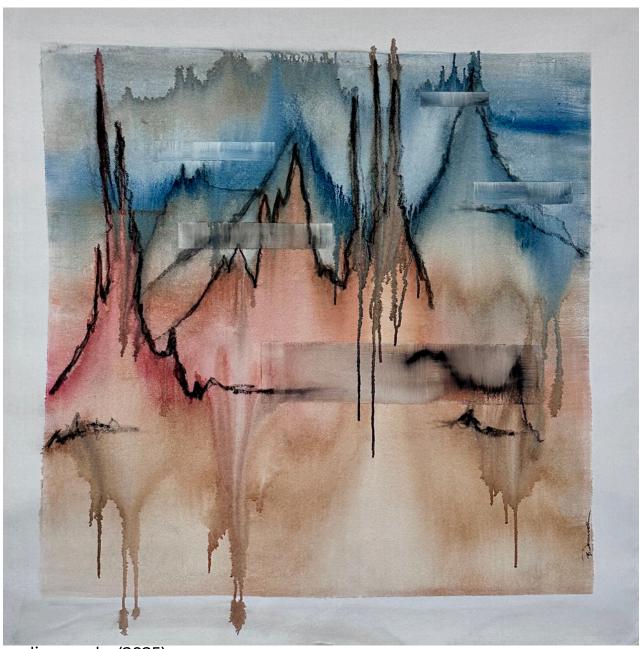


the sorting room (2025)

# THE SORTING ROOM

When we compartmentalize our emotions, trials, confusions and disbelief - we create a process in which we organize and prioritize. Our hurt, pain and confusion, our responses to the world around us find temporary solace in these small boxes. This small room where we attempt to sort through what gets archived and what gets put on display. What is sold and what is traded.

d: 107cm x 107cm
series: lucid in
a somber world
medium:
watercolor,
acrylic, charcoal
and oil pastel on
un-stretched
canvas



scaling peaks (2025)

valleys. Clouds of censorship - everything bleeds together to create one dreamy slumber it feels like these days. A place where panic dissipates into a numb, tranquil slow motion.

Taking in the expanse of it all. One headline at a time.

## SCALING PEAKS

d: 107cm x 107cm
series: lucid in
a somber world
medium:
watercolor,
acrylic, charcoal
and oil pastel on
un-stretched
canvas



passion and rage (2025)

Passion - often confused or walking the fine line of Rage. To balance the beauty that is hidden in Passion against the overwhelming urge to Rage at those who don't see it from your perspective. The crimson line running between the both. Especially in this world we all struggle through today. Finding Passion and learning to craft Rage into something understandable. Relatable. Worldly. Mind over heart or heart over mind?

# PASSION AND RAGE

d: 62cm x 106cm
series: lucid in a
somber world
medium:

watercolor, acrylic, charcoal, oil pastel and gold leaf on un-stretched canvas



big brother (2025)

### BIG BROTHER

Always watching.
Watching each
other while being
watched. Freely
selling our daily
routines and
personal insights.
Poor we are while
we make them rich.

d: 48cm x 105cm
series: lucid in a
somber world

### medium:

watercolor, acrylic, charcoal, oil pastel and gold leaf on un-stretched canvas





to risk it all (1&2) (2025)



to risk it all (1)



to risk it all (2)

# TO RISK IT ALL (1&2

Life is no easy task. In all of its beautifully deranged splendor and candid trials - each chapter we write into that big book of life is solely ours to author. I believe each switchback, each peak and every valley is part of how we become unique. Resilient. Scattered along each journey are the gold nuggets. Keep looking for them nuggets.

d: 55cm x 104cm
series: lucid in a
somber world
medium:

watercolor, acrylic, oil pastel and gold leaf on canvas, wooden dowels and embroidery thread



I'm sick and tired of being FUCKING TIRED. We all are, no? I suppose I find solace in knowing that the daily pains are not mine alone to carry. We carry them as a whole. As a universal tribe.

Although each day is unique to the next - we all can empathize with being Fucking Tired.

## FUCKING TIRED

d: 66cm x 60cm
series: lucid in a
somber world
medium:
watercolor,
acrylic and
charcoal on
canvas



whatever! (2025)

### WHATEVER! You wake up, get out of bed and are ready to take on the never ending list. Last check in the mirror and out the door. Looking cute - spilled coffee all over your white shirt. WHATEVER! Arrive at the office and the internet is out... Putting your lipstick on as you get shoved by a stranger walking past. WHATEVER!

### WHATEVER!

d: 106cm x 106cm
series: lucid in a
somber world
medium:
watercolor,
acrylic, oil
pastel, charcoal
and copper
soldering tape
on canvas

I started showing an interest in the arts as I was enrolled in my first theatre class. Un-extraordinarily it progressed extraordinarily to 8 years of classical ballet, special effects and makeup courses. While landing at 15 years of age in the fascinating world of paints, mediums and countless abused and disrespected quality paint brushes.

The black sheep of the family and baptized in depression, in my search for an authentic way to express complex juvenile emotions and experiences - I found my savior. I found what saves lives. I found art. So began the beautiful torment and brutal monsoon of overpriced art supplies. Beautiful unstructured chaos.

This place I find myself in is foreign yet predictable. Exciting but numbing. Assuming the risk to be myself as an artist without lending an ear to uninvited or distracting voices has been nothing more than humbling, confirming and evolving. This is me. My thoughts and worries. Trauma and rejoice. This is my revelation within the walls of my minds church.

I hope my art reaches who needs to see it. Feel it or rage with it. I hope it can continue to pay the debts of unscheduled therapy sessions. I hope it helps to save the isolated when the silence is deafening.

One blank canvas after another, layered with angst and victories - making sense of a juxtaposed existance.

Finding lucid moments, at times, within a seemingly ever growing somber world.



# S T A T E M E N T