

Rough Paintings/Raw Emotion

Andrew Wingate

All these paintings have been produced by the desire to purge feelings from myself, or the need to paint to escape them. I have endured a tremendous amount of misfortune in my life. On the flip side, I have also welcomed many euphoric moments as well. Anytime I felt something profound, I would race to a canvas to display it. I spent hours and hours in front of these canvases, crying in immense pain or singing to songs with my headphones on. These emotions would keep me afloat in an ocean of creativity. I would sail across these tremendous feelings, sweeping my brush with colors that seemed to fit the mood. The more I painted, the more I would lose myself. For a few hours, maybe, I'd be gone—on a voyage of thoughtless conviction. I would plummet so deep into these sessions that the pieces really didn't matter at the end. It was the process of letting go of all that's hidden within.

Background

I'm originally from Baltimore, MD. I was born and raised there for seven years until I began my fun-filled journey of house hopping. I would live all over Maryland after that point—from Tilghman Island to Pasadena, Easton, St. Michaels, McDaniel, and more. I think my art has been influenced by countless things I've seen growing up in those places, whether it be graffiti, paintings, landscapes, or even sunsets. A place in which a person is set should be influential if they look around them. Art is everywhere. And in my case, it had become an escape from the difficulties around me. It was all I could see.

Discovering a Passion for Creating

That moment will always fall upon my father. Though he wasn't at all a good parent or a figure I tend to think of fondly, he does hold the responsibility for my obsession with creating. One of the few times I would have with him in my life, he sat alongside my brother and me. He pulled out a piece of paper and pencil and began creating lines. They'd bend and meet, fall to wisps of nothing. He created shades, contrasts, and hues with just lead—using different strokes, pressures, even his fingertip to smooth the gradient. What he did in minutes stuck with me for a lifetime. He stopped working and showed me the piece he worked on with ease mere seconds ago. On the paper, he drew my brother, seemingly a reflection in a mirror. I saw my brother twice, glancing back at him and the paper. My dad created a masterpiece before me with no effort or resources. I was hooked, and something triggered me that day to create. So now I write, paint, draw, tattoo, and take photos. I entangle my heart and my mind daily because of my father. I'm beyond grateful for that.

The Artistic Journey

My journey with art has been a weird one. It's always been something I love to do, but honestly, I never put it at the forefront of what I wanted or believed I was. In high school, I was a wrestler. After, I was a Marine. I had chapters of my life where I had a title to describe who I was. After the Marines, I was an alcoholic. Now, after years of sobriety, I'm Andrew, and I want to be an artist. I would say I've confronted way more challenges than milestones or accomplishments. That, though, is what has allowed me to create as I have. I'm not seeking validation or praise. I want to share my heart with

people and hope that someone looks at one of my pieces and, even if only for a second, stops and finds something they feel.

Artistic Style and Inspiration

My style is difficult to describe. I only picked up painting a few years ago. I found myself in a slump of sobriety, where I needed some discovery. I needed a new outlet, and I always attributed painting to harsh outcomes. Out of all my mediums, it was the worst. But this time, I let go and just expressed. Honestly, I cried sometimes painting these things—laughing or splashing down colors in anger and pain. It wasn't for anything else other than truth. How am I feeling, and what the hell does that look like? These are those paintings.

I am inspired by pieces that make you think or feel immediately. When you are faced with them, you must dissect the meaning from all that is offered, or you're required to remain with yourself and feel entirely. I'd like to think my style falls into that.

Favorite Pieces

I have a few favorites, to be honest. I like "P.O.M.E." simply because that was a piece that showed me I can do more—that I was capable of painting what it is I see. "Raging Rose" is another beautiful piece because of what it represents. It is a painting that symbolizes the loss of my mother and aunt and how the tendency to live a life chasing sweets will only lead to unfortunate downfalls. There is beauty in that, and I made that painting the day my aunt passed away in mere hours. That's how important painting can be. Now, I would say "A Man from Nowhere" is my favorite. It reminds me of myself, and there are a lot of meanings that can be derived from this. Being an outsider, a night owl, a deep thinker, a stranger in most lives you interact with. It's simple yet insanely profound. To me, that painting is purely a feeling rather than an image.

The Role of Art

Art has played a role in my life that saddens me because I'll never be able to return its blessing. It helped a wounded child, as it continues to heal a broken man. And though that may sound a bit bleak, it's not. It has been a beautiful relationship that has renewed me over and over. Art connects me to everything I have ever interacted with. To me, it is the glue that unifies me to existence. Without it, I honestly don't believe I'd have an identity.

Message to the Community

The most important thing to pass along is to express. Express who you are or what you feel. Do it without intertwining any part of you with someone else's story. Tell yours with truth. Express what it is you feel so deeply. Unfold the visuals. Do it with song, chords, colors galore. Scream your presence to the world, letting all know that you are here and, along with you, comes life. Even if so briefly, express it. Create with every single facet of yourself. If you approach anything with the mindset to gain someone else's approval, you have already lost the essence of what matters. Seek only the satisfaction of leaving all your valves open, releasing the darkest and lightest parts you have collected throughout the years. It is only in this way you shall find peace, but also people who gravitate toward your honesty.

Additional Information

I'm 33 and recently completed my Associate of Arts at Chesapeake College. I finished a semester at the Art Institute of Redlands, California. I was a member of the National Art Honor Society in school. I have been tattooing for two and a half years and even created a page called MADE Stories. I have done art all my life, whether it be drawing, painting, writing, photography, tattooing, etc. Painting wasn't a habit I picked up until around 2020-2021, so I'm new to it. I grew up in an awful childhood and suffered a wide range of trauma and abandonment issues. This influenced me to join the Marine Corps right after high school. I served from 2010-2014 on the Silent Drill Platoon. After I got out, I hit a huge downfall. I lost most of my family to passing away, which left me in a weak state. I became a raging alcoholic. After a lot of downfalls, I rose to make myself whole again. I am now seven years sober! This also came along with becoming certified as a personal trainer/nutritionist.

It is my suffering that I hold the dearest. Even though I went through a lot of hiccups, it's those specific things that make me feel and create the way I do. I am both humbled and grateful for everything I've endured. I know without a doubt that art has healing qualities. It has given me hope in a hopeless space. I only seek to give that back to those in need. If it comes in the form of a tear, smile, or even a laugh, I have successfully continued the cycle of human nature: to leave something more than I came with.