

# Vera Goulart ( 1954)

Born in Rio de Janeiro

lives and works in Switzerland

[www.goulart.ch](http://www.goulart.ch)

Self-Taught artist, she started to draw in 1967 and has developed her artistic activities in drawing, painting, sculpture and installation, performance and poetry, but also in theater (text, wardrobe and scenography). She is showing her work regularly since the 70s in solo and group exhibitions, in galleries and museums of several countries. Currently, she divides her time between her studios in Brazil and Switzerland, where she lives.



ABBAS-( Fotografer ,Magnum Agency)

Republic Museum- Rio de Janeiro-1996

**Title: - The Diary of Vera Goulart- (of the day and of the past....).....text:Vera Goulart-... 10/11/2006**

In my imaginary and, many times, frightening universe, I try to make situations real, ones that, in reality, make me fly in my thoughts. I have my eyes fixed on the possibility of inventing something that will take me to a better and much more poetic World. In these moribund and extravagant Writings, I realize that, in my everyday life, my skin gets thinner and ripens, my thighs get harder with their every day muscular exercises. I see that, in the passing of each year in this planet Earth, I need to hurry with my strolling little bare feet, heading accomplishment. Everyday I suffocate with my usual daydreams. I do not wish that madness turn me into someone concretely real. I do Wish that the absurd takes my soul and make me truly unreachable. In my dramatic and dramatized childhood, IN was always wondering why my cousin would stick toothpicks into the ass of the stray dog called PITO . It was as if he wanted an answer from the poor animal that , without understanding anything, would go to him and caress him, asking for more and more. These canine caresses stayed

IRAJÀ, I would stare in awe at the black begging lady, drunk with her own poverty . This toothless and smelly creature had a black cat in her hands ;she was holding in by the tail , her hands full of callus,and she would beat the cats body right onto the cement of the square. They were continuous and rhythmical bangs , and I could just hear the cats meows....Once more I wondered what was going on and let my imagination go away with me, without censure. Another fascination was to open the cheap white metal cabinet in the living room and see the infinity of glasses sitting there . One day I wanted to see what was inside in one of the glasses one that read POISON... I had just arrived from the bandeirantes meeting .. I was really poking about the silent and inert messes in my mothers house. I took the small glass container and took out the lid!

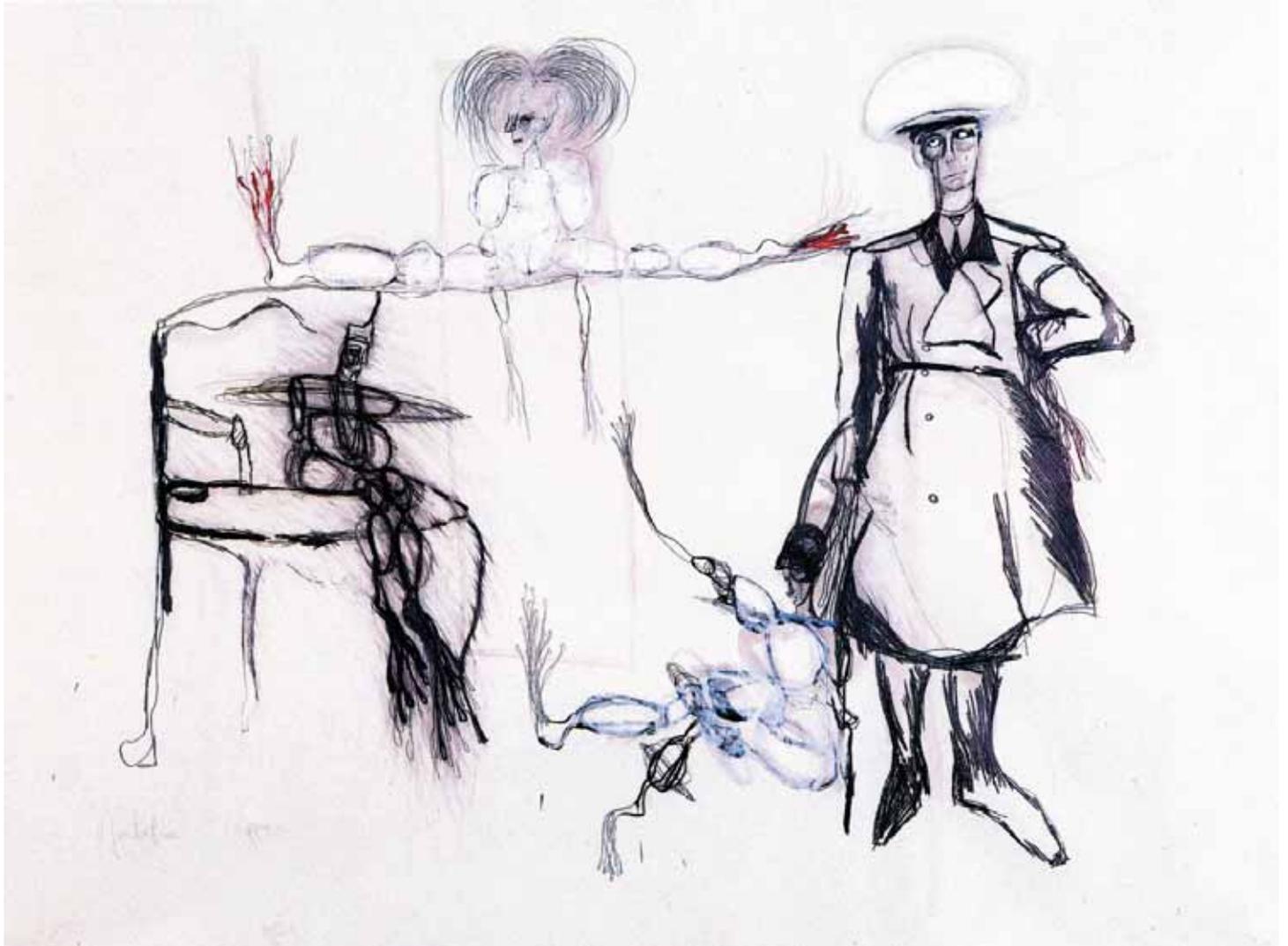


**Vera Goulart- Installation- 7m x 3m**

**2000-**

Right then my father and my adoptive cousin arrived , the one who put totpicks in the ANUS "I made believe "was cleaning the cabinet and suddenly I started to sing an imaginary opera , initiating avant -garde dance steps HILLIBILLY GIRL FROM THE BACKCOUNTRY OF BAHIA ..! I immediately heard the noise of the defective shower , the hot smoke was coming out of the door ... once the door had a broken knob , I once caught my cosin spying on me through the keyhole , when I was putting the famous juvenile TAMPAX..... I wold talk and talk also , alone , in front of the hall mirror..in the same mirror ! I saw the shadow of my mother preparing the bread ..the house smelled of bread! that was the smell of hope , of a life change ! the bread would be sold and the money would be used to buy food and maintain the house. there were also stories about our family ancestors, which were told in a dramatic and absurdly realistic way! the rope beatings that may father had suffered from my grandfather were horrible! and he, recollected them,would DROOL, as if he was living those moments...they were several kinds of HARD rope with different thickness. And he would say he could no longer feel anything and asked his father to beat him even more ! my eyes popped out ! it seemed I really wanted to understand the reason for so much punishment!....I, in fact , was in a world I could not fully understand ..my mother was also tortured by my other grandfather , who was in the military and was born in Pernambuco.. I think this GOULARTIAN DIARY should restrict to these lines only , due to the mystery it holds.

a significant stop in my writing and one that lingers through my plastic work , going round the head of the observers of my creation . A CHAOTIC DIARY ..... white and dark , colored , calm and nervous ..... a creative euphoria and with no concern with the senses.....



Vera Goulart- Drawing 2m x 2m.. title: Germany Erotica!!!! 2002



Vera Goulart-installation „Dreams of a Girl“ (narrative of girl that was tortured by her father ) 200x200x200 Arco Madri- 2005



Vera Goulart- Drawing 3m x 2m title:Mother and son

2003



Vera Goulart- installation

2004



Vera Goulart- installation title: Selfisch 2m x 60cm 2000



Vera Goulart installation title: Friends 1,80 cm x 40 cm 1999