



VERA ARUTYUNYAN

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I was born in Yerevan Armenia, in a very loving and giving family to educated parents, Hrachik and Roza Arutyunyans. My dad was a university dean, my mom - a librarian. I have two sisters that are older and a younger brother. My parents always put a lot of emphasis on their children's education. It paid off because all four of us graduated from universities: one of my sisters and my brother are economists, my other sister is a doctor and I am a geologist. As you see, I come from a very big family where my parents took care and tended not only for their four children, but also for their parents and siblings. Most of my expanded family members stayed with us while attending Yerevan city universities and colleges. Older family members found loving haven in our parents' home and were welcomed to stay with us just as long as they wanted. The unconditional love of my parents, their support and understanding gave me and my siblings a power to be what we are today, to think and walk tall, and to take steps and achieve goals that sometimes seemed unreal. I am a perfect example of the recipient of parental love and support: when I drew a line, they encouraged me to draw a few more to make it a house, when I colored my drawings, they introduced and encouraged me to mix more colors, invisible to most but open to everyone who is willing and striving to see them - colors of eternal love.

My father's death left me an orphan. I never thought that a mature person who is surrounded with loving siblings, an understanding, loving and giving mother, can feel orphaned. That's how I felt, an orphan. My mother and siblings could not bear to see my pain and suggested that I leave the country for just a short while to "get some air" and come to terms with the loss of my father. I followed their advice and ended up in America. My short-term visit to the United States turned into a lifelong commitment to myself to never go back and take every opportunity and chance to stand up on my own and become a person that could have made my father proud. And I did. At first, I would make enough money to pay my rent and bills, then, as I started to earn more, spending became more of a pastime, useless and tiring pastime. I was in a quest of something other than what I represented, who I was and how I lived, something that I knew was my destination, however, I didn't know what it was. And one day, while I was driving from work, tired and worn out, I suddenly drove into an Aaron Brother's parking lot, went into the store and found myself paying for a bunch of canvas, paints, brushes and pencils. It all started that evening when I poured my heart to white canvas and told the story of hurt and pain, despair and sadness that were my companions for such a long time, as long as I remembered myself since that day when I lost my dad. Painting one's feeling on canvas can make it a very long and helpful conversation with oneself, a conversation that is between you and yourself. A meaningful and useful conversation that set me free.

Today, many years later I am not only established as an engineer, but also an internationally exhibiting artist and I am blessed that I can share my success with my close family and friends in America. I am a proud aunt of five beautiful nieces and nephews, and a grandaunt of three wonderful and very gifted grandchildren. I love them all as though they were my own and I feel the same kind of love and attachment from them. However, my greatest dream is to become a world-known artist, a new Arshile Gorky!

I always dreamed of being tall, but throughout the 50 years of my life, I realized that one can be tall in height, but very short in achievements. It is not the height of the person that should be measured and praised, but the deed: the better the deed, the taller the person. I want to be that tall and taller! And I shall prevail!



Desired Result, Oil on canvas, 60" x 48"



Moral Victory, Oil on canvas, 40" x 30"



Genesis, Oil on canvas, 72" x 96"