

## Tanasis Fampas a Monumental Painter of the Fragility

**Motto:** *It was a time, in the city on the coast, when, I brought a painting in my collection, a hundred of arts amateurs wanted to have a painting from the same Painter. More than that, even if they had nothing in common with the arts, discovered that it wasn't possible to live without.*

If I were Erwin Kessler, I would start to say how sour the apples are, how uncolored are the colors and how very beautiful are the painting works of the painter with two home countries, Tanasis Fampas. Or, if I were Paul Șușară, Andrei Pleșu, Amelia Pavel, Ruxandra Garofeanu or any other Arts critics formed at the school of the Romanian Art critic, I were coming with biography data and I would include the artist in groups and artistic currents. But I am coming from an esthetic- cultural- scientific space and enter into the world of arts through the Gate of Friendship.

As the first love will last for ever, so the first painter is not to be forgotten, further more when this one took from the beginning the role of Master and till you are to obtain from him a painting you were forced to motivate why you wish to get that painting. As a matter of fact, the things connected themselves from the beginning due to the fact that the first remark I made to him was that the cycle of Fragility led me to the Madona with the Infant, a fact which shocked the Artist. As a magic point,

the confessions about his creation starts from here. The Maternities have nothing else than Madonas, the role of Madona being taken by Teodora, his wife, which has given to him two daughters: Effy and Konny.

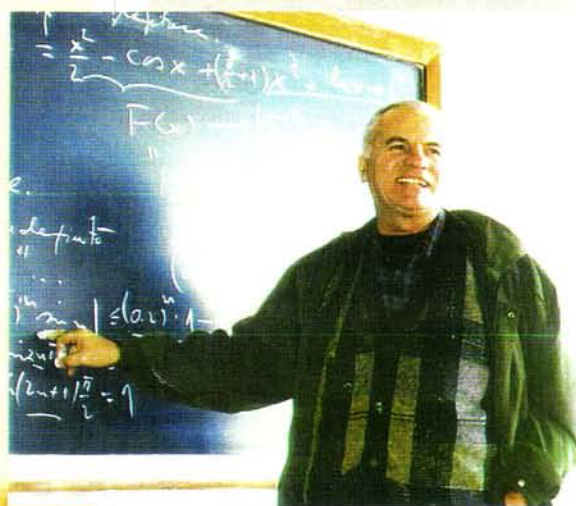
It is said that the occurrence exists where the ignorance dictates. But when it comes about an artist born in Greece, with the school started in his home country and finished in Romania, by option of historical circumstances and spiritual affinities, the order doesn't leave place to hazard and that may be seen in the Artist's biography as well as in his artistic creation.

I opened his door in the period when his exhibition at the Arts Galleries of Bucharest Municipality was the cultural event number One. Living in Hotel Majestic, which got the advantage to be clean and in addition, across the street was the Faculty of Mathematics of Bucharest University, where, each Tuesdays, under the guidance of the academician Romulus Cristescu, problems of Topologically Arranged Linear Spaces were discussed, the passage from the abstract order to the esthetics has been a simple haphazard element. But, how many conditions, how many "and" followed so that the event of meeting him happened, it's to cover the chapters of a book. So that I will only present sequences from a discussion in the Studio, at the beginning of our friendship which I also made with our last discussion (when I made also an album of pictures), in the Studio, with the occasion of the publishing of the book Tanasis Fampas. A destiny which should not be otherwise.

**(IMP)** : I returned from my dream on high cliff of the sea shore. And on the lat silences I was you where you coming from.



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**(TF)** : If I finish a painting I am not signing it unless it passes to a collection. I have two signatures to distinguish between the birth name from the universal one.

“The gun got a single bullet and instead of food I got the word mother. I shoo the last bullet towards the sky and an explosion followed like at the birth of the world. In the place of candor, fragile beings appeared ...”

“This is the meaning of work for me. It's not necessary to mix on the palette. I would loose the state and the rhythm of creation. At this lot I am working for a quarter of a century. I don't finish any work. I start it, I leave it, I bring it back after a lapse of time. I have no color preferences”.

“Over the layers of thinking of Greek inheritance, the spirit of the Romanian space settled. The pain, assembled all of them in the sentiment of the longing of Penelope in touch with the melancholy of Romanian folk song”

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aspiration, wish, hope, suffering, pain, assembled all of them in the sentiment of the longing of Penelope in touch with the melancholy of Romanian folk song”

**(IMP)** : I was entering with Nikos (where may the Greek mathematician be now? The Master of Science examinations began in Bucharest and finished with Peressini in America), by '78 in the Galleries near the University to see the exhibition of a Greek established in Romania. The color palette and the monumentality, sending to the Byzantine iconography and the Artists gentleness are the data of calling to visit Tanasis Fappas.

**(TF)** : I finished practice works in the Danube Delta, in Tulcea and Babadag. I got very good teachers. Layers of thinking and of living are superposed over the skeleton received in the school with Camil Ressu and Darascu. I am proud that I got them as teachers. In the fourth year of study I attended the Monumental Arts with Stefan Constantinescu, a very good professor. Graphics I learned from the late Jean Steriade.

also made engravings and lithography with them.

I pass my life experience on the canvas, without hurry, without the feeling of wear, with the conscience of each moment's singleness. Surely, if I missed the culture of Romania, something else must have been born, not what you see now. I don't lack neither the chromatic, nor the technique. The allegory of liberty and victory, maternity, fragility, teenage...

The palette for me is a piece of work. I don't need to prepare the color on the palette. My temper doesn't allow this waiting time. The overlaying solve the tonalities. I don't want to be taken out of my state of mind. Everything is prepared on the painting work. I have here hundreds of works begun 10-12 years ago. I don't finish a piece of work, It has to rise in a harmony. I do not force the time. I am preoccupied also by the subject, but also with the space near the subject. It's not to be made by a preconceived movement. The line and tint need time.

I am signing a work only when it passes into a collection. See that Fampas and Fappas are the



two signatures. In Greece I sign as I was born Fampas. Abroad I am signing Fappas as I was registered in my documents when I arrived in Romania.

I remember the two paintings I retained from the exhibition. They stayed in the Studio for two weeks before I considered to sign them.

Menelaos Ludemis (the author of the book *A child count the stars*, friend of the artist) wrote: Tanasis Fapas has manages to connect two cultures, two home countries: Greece of his ancestors and Romania of his youth and creative maturity. He manages to introduce into his works the two different climates. The one of the country he was born and of the country he is living in. The face of the temples protecting caryatids, the face of the Romanian village women, faces that define his identity, forming the eternal woman.

**(IMP)** : I happened to arrive at his place on the Greece National Day. I went to thank him for

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the book his wife, the teacher Teodora Fampas wrote with love and thanksgiving, the book we were due to present at the Festival Unifest in Constanta, at the "Ovidius" University on the 13th of November. Here is a bitter-sweet confession of that time, which comes as an interesting adagio to our conversations.

**(TF)** : I have this satisfaction about Greece that in my native village, at the foot of the mount Pilion, the primary school belongs to the Fampases, **THE FAMPION, MUSEUM** with 8 statues in marble, one hundred paintings, 5 monuments and glass cases with copies in clay of the statues and the tombs dedicated to the years of war, one of them being dedicated to the heroes of the air (it is placed on the precincts of the airport in Tessalia). I never placed my works to other regions, except the places where I left a short history, my forced participation to the civil war. After so many years the reward came. Of course, I felt many times that, tenth of years after the war had ended, for the killed patriots nothing have been done. This feeling was even more heavy because I arrived to be among the few of the survivors. I come back a little bit to the glass cases which contains publications, over 20 dictionaries coming from the Fampases, who, after three



generations before me, had been lovers of the arts, painting and music. Icon painters and sculptors of wooden carved temples. And this great classic guitar professor, Dimitrie Fampas, who continues to exist through his children, Dimitrios and Eva.

My creation is large and scattered all over the world. Only Romania, my adoptive mother, is deprived, because of the very few paintings held in collection, due to my honesty towards the people who invested in my works buying at Gallery quotas: W.R. Oats (Memphis, USA), Zygos (Athens), Carra (Geneve). Now I wish to donate to some important museums of Romania, at least to the museums I had once visited. Do you remember the exhibition of 1978 in Constanța's Museum ?

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