

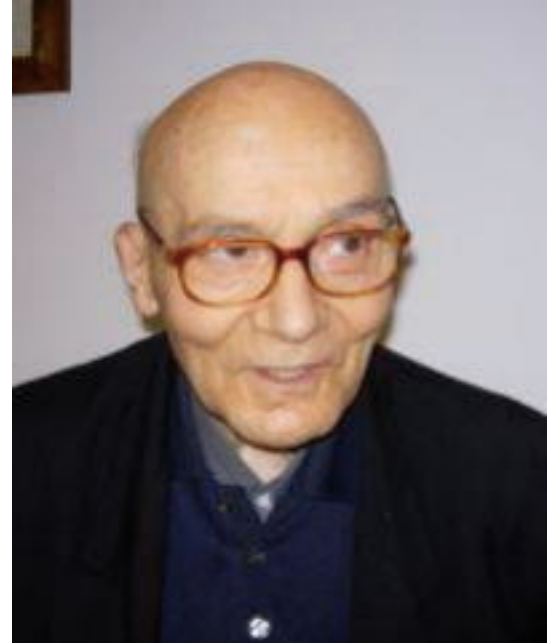
# FIorenzo M. GOBBO

by Girolamo M. Iotti, OSM

Fr. Fiorenzo M. Gobbo was born in Bressa di Campo Formido (Udine) December 21, 1926. Died March 22nd 2014.

Having entered the diocesan seminary, having reached the theology is passed to the Order of the Servants of Mary, and was ordained priest in 1952 in Rome, where he remained for many years in the community of S. Maria in Via where together with the ministry pastoral began its artistic activity, though it was not possible for him to enroll in the Academy of Fine Arts, which he did when he was transferred to the community of Buzzing. He then graduated in Bologna having as professors Romagnoli, Manaresi and Mandelli.

Painter, draftsman, engraver, specialized in fresco, mosaic and stained glass windows. He collaborated with magazines, newspapers and books with drawings, photographs and art criticism studies. Professor of Iconography at the Pontifical Theological Marianum Faculty. Multifaceted author of tireless activity: his numerous works adorn churches galleries and collections of public and private bodies in Italy and abroad. Fr. Fiorenzo always had with a felt-tip pen in his hand and a block of sheets on which he draws his "snapshots". He filled convents with all kinds of artistic achievements. The first realized work of a certain thickness and interest, were the stained glass windows of the Chapel of the Madonna del Pozzo in Rome.



After this, here is what his countryman, Fr. Davide Turollo, writes about him:

“Father Gobbo is a Servant of Mary who has dedicated himself as a kind of apostolate to the mission of beauty, in search of beauty, of communicating in signs and in images at the present time what is the eternal mystery of God. Because he is a religious, and I will even say that he is a humble religious as his is humble painting, at least apparently: modest in itself, and truly Friulian. I call it the laborer; the Friulan laborer and the best on earth. And I'm not going to say, because I have it seen everywhere around the world. And he has the humility of the laborer; in reality, on the other hand, he is a maker: especially when he is doing the stained glass windows, when you really discover the noumenon of things; in fact they are just shadowed. And it really looks like humility, but instead it is simply sincerity; it is truth of relationship with things, with light, with color, etc. He is one who comes from the fields, he is one who comes from humble people, he comes from Bressa in conclusion; Bressa is on the outskirts of Udine. And he has always worked in silence. Did exhibitions in Reggio Emilia, in Rome, in Bologna, in Milan, in Pesaro, he has done everywhere.”

“And all the newspapers talked about it and really talked about it well. Rather they summarized his message: the sense of faith expressed in beauty, in grace, precisely in humility. And this both his teachers and his critics. I saw that too and saw it the adherence between what was the criticism and the reality of the exposed paintings. Of course he did a lot of things, he has a lot of drawings in his study state. there is an Annunciation for example that me over time I would like to have, because it is truly a

whirlwind of ideas that it raises albeit in humility, with lines, because it is a drawing, and a study: and the more it is seen more speaks to you. Since it is an art that born from contemplation, it is born from the intuition of the Christian mystery; and the mystery that becomes word, becomes sign, it becomes communion. This is a praise I say, but of course it must be said with all respect.”

“I don't think you despise anything either when I make the controversy: finally a painting that could stand on the altars, that makes the hand of all those celluloid iconographies, so foolish, like this childish that infests, that rages in our churches. Indeed they speak of a Blessed Modern angelic, in the torment of modern life. It cannot be the comparison; such as when they talk about me like a Jacopone from Todi. Every man is himself. These combinations are not made. Every man is in his time, each of us has his face; therefore the comparisons serve if nothing else from the point of didactic sight, and just, as points of reference, but nothing else. However, of course we others, until now, do not have a modern religious art. Look at those for example how good windows are. I saw them in s. Maria in Via in Rome, I really saw them in reality. When I enter this chapel I immediately feel the invitation to contemplation, the invitation to the seriousness of the mystery, to the participation with the mystery that is represented and that becomes light, it becomes color, where light is like a sword that hurts you. And probably if he continues, because he is still young, he could be an indicator of what he can to express the expression of religious art, to return also to the altars, and also to the churches.”

“Because until now there is unfortunately the divorce between art and the Church, between art and the grace; and this is the overcoming of the divorce that should be fought. We have so chased out artists from the Church who naturally know nothing about Church. Instead, let us put them back into the Church: and by dint of mistakes, said Bacchelli, they will find the way, because it is grace that must guide the hand; and if we do not exclude them from the flow of this grace? So I really don't understand this ostracism compared to modern art it exists on our part, I don't say Church, but I say devotional world, why say Church and say a very serious term; but from that devotional world in which unfortunately those who have no artistic sensibility command. And this is evil. The battle that can make the P. Gobbo, and is another Friulian that really makes a pioneer battle, this is to bring the sense of beauty back to our altars. This is the maximum wish I can give him. Already in the windows it has arrived. Could get even on the altars. And how can it be in our churches, so it can stay even in the houses, because that too is a gap that must be overcome. There is no difference between church and home. The Church is nothing but the set of houses, of the human family that hopes, that prays, that suffers, that enjoys together. And many times a framework both in the Church and in the home is a comfort to our own solitude.”

Translated from:

<http://servidimaria.net/sitoosm/it/storia/art/15.pdf>

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