

corsi d'acqua fluenti tra argini erbosi e paesaggi immacolati sotto la coltre del bianco manto di neve.

Ma la sua cura più amorosa è riservata alla vegetazione — dal fiore alla pianta — attentamente letti e interpretati ne diventano la matrice di testimonianza del suo attaccamento al problema ecologico da lui vissuto con estrema sensibilità.

Traspare e si comprende, come il coinvolgimento con l'incanto poetico a volte superi l'operato portandolo a versioni di simbolismi estetici più tesi a ingentilire le impaginazioni che a virtualizzare la carica pittorica.

Questa però è una constatazione che non ne riduce le qualità artistiche, ma definisce i caratteri che si connotano di grande emotività e naturale espressione estetica e stilistica, con le quali manovra gli elaborati pittorici offrendo saggi di indubbia validità quanto a struttura d'insieme che a semplicità di linguaggio; sempre portatori di un messaggio di serenità, di genuino amore alla natura, di poesia». (Rino Casiraghi)

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**Biography and artistic personality.** *Primo Riva was born in Melzo, an industrious small town in the province of Milan, on 1st July 1936, and lives and works there in via Dossi no. 13.*

*Primo Riva's painting has been born of meditation and a great deal of experience and is imbued with resonances, soft as a gentle breath of wind, and chiaroscuro that is as gentle as modesty. A whole rural world that possesses the most exquisite sensibility for nature enclosed within; tempered by meticulous turns of expression and scarions of pictorial planes. Tones, and especially half-tones, to indicate that the Lombard artist's painting is silently intimate and mystical. It is thus easy to understand how his realism, made up of conclusive, limpid rhythm, expressed in each of his works, is tempered always in peaceful views, pervaded by timid, sincere gentleness.*

*Primo Riva tells us: «The spark of painting was unleashed in me when, still young, I observed my father who, in the evening and on free days, in the house where I lived or in its courtyard, set about painting, portraying internal or external scenes, still life works or personalities. I have always had nature in the blood and seen art in the blade of grass that grows, in flowers, in the varied hues of plants, in crystalline water, in the colour of the sky and in life itself. So, having finished technical schooling, I devoted myself with commitment to observe nature, thus beginning to transfer what I saw onto canvas and giving breath to my tendencies towards paints. Through my pictures, I wish to demonstrate that nature wins and will always win when facing mankind. The self-destruction that Man is embarking upon, in fact, is nothing other than the definitive triumph of nature that does not allow itself to be dominated and overwhelmed and that will one day revert to its perfect biological cycle that will last through time.»*

*His delicate interpretative freedom as far as the figurative is concerned is already something to congratulate. And it is almost superfluous to note how the consistency, almost impalpable, of these visual messages (the prerogative to a very great extent of certain Lombard painting), within the significant and airy linearity of its results, makes us feel disarmed when confronting his works and reaches into the mind and senses, fusing together the mystical sense we have alluded to with his lyricism. He owes this privilege, if we wish to call it thus, to the punctuality of the images that do not admit to ambiguous interpretation; a language, we wish to state, already in itself attesting to his knowledgeable behaviour-pattern with regard to the life of nature.*

*Each farmstead immersed in the snow or summer fullness, each course of water surrounded by spatial horizons that would have been beloved by the poetry of a sense of balance, of proportion, harmony and peace. They are fluid, steamy chromatic notes that speak of diffused luminosity and that certainly constitute a very efficacious testimony on his possibilities for understanding landscape and the reality of daily life. Perhaps for this reason, the weave of his painting does not present vibex whatsoever: there is a whole spread out striking of light in his canvases, a diverse poetry, we wish to say, from that which one is normally used to grasping. (Antonio Oberti)*



PRIMO RIVA, Cascinale innevato.

PRIMO RIVA, Trucazzano: il muli

