

Edwin Riegger

Biography

Edwin Paul Riegger was born in Live Oak, Suwannee County, Florida. He considers the sea to be his home, and the swamps of Louisiana to be his home away from home.

At a young age, his parents enrolled "Paul" into Greenwood Art Academy in Morgan City, Louisiana where he was trained in oils and acrylics. Mostly, he was self taught in graphite, color pencil and ink. As a young adult he obtained a degree in Industrial Drafting and Architecture. Paul's interest in art began when he was very young. Probably about the time he was able to stay awake during days and began sleeping nights, or is it the other way around? This also may be because when he was born, his parents owned a traveling carnival. All the colorful lights, bright hand painted signs, and tarps were all around and he tried to help his mother when she re-painted the carousel ponies and the kiddie rides.

Paul eventually began painting signs as a way to make a little spending money during his teens after watching a friend of the family paint the name of his father's boat on the stern, the *Captain Jolly Bobby*. Then, a few jobs here and there involving sign and window painting for local stores around the little cajun town he grew up in. In later years, commercial application of paints on aircraft ranging from small Cessna and Pipers to commercial airliners and aluminum hull to steel hull oilfield vessels that ranged in size from 45 foot to as large as 300 foot supply vessels.

When asked what's on his mind when he is creating art, with a mischievous grin and a playful twinkle in his eyes, he might tell you that he was bored at looking at a blank sheet of paper. Or, he may say, to get away from his mundane surroundings, and leave it at that. What he doesn't tell anyone is that it's a need or desire that is above all other needs and wants to create something even if it's a cluttered mess. Even in the clutter, one can find solace and comfort of mind. There are really no words to (adequately) describe his desire and need to create.

When asked about inspiration, he'll tell in a definitive answer: everything that walks, scuttles, crawls, wiggles, hops, flies, floats, flows, sways, smiles or giggles. Basically, everything in life.

How can someone describe a process when that person doesn't really know themselves. Well, usually the process begins with a morning cup of coffee, a quiet corner somewhere and a blank sheet of paper. Beyond that point it gets cloudy for he places himself within the blank page and visualizes a rock, a flower, or a tree and tries to place it where it will fit the best. When doing a stream, he tries to think of the sound the flowing water makes, the way the shadows fall on the surface, and the flow of the surface current. Or, of the fish that swim below its surface, not to mention the clarity of the stream.