

JACQUELINE RIEDER HUD

Into The Wild

My first response was: Anselm Kiefer. The same deep-rooted spirituality displayed in uncompromising recklessness. A contradiction? Maybe. Enigmatic, for sure. Alluring. What *was* painting inside Jacqueline Rieder Hud?

Her move to The Blue Mountain Ranch in Montana put things more in perspective. At least, it seemed this way when I visited her studio at the end of a dirt road flanked by grazing horses, arrogantly ignored by more cats than were ever in Duke Ellington's band.

Her relocation from LA to Montana, she said, was a "calling". She spoke of the shamanic experience of "soul flight" that determined the physical move. I don't understand any of this.

What I *do* understand is that an artist's work is a projection of the artist's "inner world". Jacqueline's projection reveals cacophonous layering. If the eye anchors into those forceful brush strokes, the haunch of a horse can be sensed. Or the torso of a wolf. The wildness within her interior correlates to the Wilderness without: Colors and courage. Lines and longing. Paint and pain. No longer contradictions.

There is turmoil in Jacqueline. Continued coping with the urban turmoil of LA would have short-circuited. To align herself with the vacuum-like tranquility of her new surroundings must have felt cathartic: Her energy could burst into an unlimited space. The maturity she has reached as an Expressionist painter is a triumph.

In light of the spiritual union with the life force around her, it seems a perfect fit for Jacqueline to sit on the Board of Directors of Predator Conservation Alliance as a spokesperson for the intrinsic value of wild places.

She knows... what she is talking about: Jacqueline Rieder Hud is a wild place herself.

Elmar Biebl

Vice President of the Hollywood Foreign Press Association
and Author of "Behind the Scenes".