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I was humbled after a week of witnessing the full range of “personalities” the Nevada backcountry had to show me—from the impressive wind to the absolute silence, to the rainstorms soon nowhere to be found in an endless blue sky. She moved through her wild cycles despite my audience, and I moved through my own perhaps for the first time without judgement or interruption. I found my nervous system immediately relaxed and that this expression of unyielding generosity is what many of us in modernity have begun seeking (and failing to find) in each other.

Art, nature and religion have historically been our paths towards feelings of interconnectedness and peace, but many people have been failed by the latter, or

Building the World III, gathered ephemera, handmade paper, water, plaster, wood, variable, 2023



The Word Changer, carved plaster block, 9 x 11 in, 2021

born without access to the former two. Nature is one of our most precious and accessible mirrors, and what I believe to be the closest we have to experiencing the divine both within and without ourselves. She is also by no accident disappearing faster than we can keep up.

On my many long walks through the sage brush I thought about how the skills needed to survive in our cities with compassion, somehow echo what is needed to and appreciate the gift of such rugged and subtly beautiful terrain. Feelings of connectedness, gratitude or even witnessing transcendent beauty are of course easier before a beautiful vista or on a mountaintop, but really have nothing to do with what it is we are looking at but rather how we are looking at them. As an artist, I realize this is one of my greatest tools if not my only responsibility. I am eager to take this energy into my practice, creating more accessible windows from which we might view the sublime, and effectively realize it in ourselves.