

**Allison Arkush**  
***It Won't Be Easy***

**March 21<sup>st</sup> – March 25<sup>th</sup>**

*I am presenting my thesis work It Won't Be Easy for consideration in the 2022 SAAHD awards. I am still sorting through documentation, my hope is that you were able to see it in person. Thank you for your consideration!*

Bio:

Allison Arkush is a third-year Fine Art graduate student at University of Nebraska-Lincoln. She was born and raised in Los Angeles, California where she spent summers swimming in the ocean. In 2010 she moved across the country to attend New York University's Gallatin School of Individualized Study. While at NYU she studied studio art, psychology, and the intersection of these two disciplines; she graduated magna cum laude. During her nine years in New York City Allison taught ceramics classes, worked as a studio technician and later as studio manager, among many an odd job. She volunteered at NYU Langone Hospital's Pediatric Intensive Unit where she and her two team members led the unit's first clay-based art therapy program. Allison has been awarded opportunities to attend and assist several workshops at craft schools around the country. Upon being accepted to UNL's ceramics program Allison relocated to Lincoln, beginning her studies in fall 2019.

Statement for PR:

*[excerpt]* ...I didn't want to reflect on my experience.  
I wanted to take the good ideas  
And run.  
Run away with them, so I might  
Continue to find my own  
"Ceremonies of Practical Reverence."  
And wonder what it would really be like to howl at the  
moon.  
I think you'd be 'crazy' if all this didn't make you want  
to scream.  
But we make art instead.  
I suppose that's why there's always more writing on  
the bad days.  
Why so many great artists die by suicide, retroactively  
diagnosed,  
Scribbling their life (or their madness) away at 3am.  
Causation and/or correlation. Chicken and/or egg.  
Art Therapy begotten by the Industrial Revolution  
And trauma.  
Foggy brained I thwart my own attempts  
To dismiss it all as merely Ironic.  
I miss the earth and the cattails I've never known.  
So alienated from the things that mattered most-

-don't ask me what those things are (I just know we  
aren't cut out for this).  
So I will make these votive objects  
Shrines, totems, relics, idols, icons,  
To/from a society I've never known  
Except by way of my Unconscious.  
Uncanny as the Sandman and  
Proprioception of a lost limb.  
Or the gaze of an orca whale.  
Are these totems my own or  
My make-believe society's  
Plea for Jungian individuation?  
Autobiography, science fiction or daydream?  
How do I translate my research into tangible objects?  
How do we materialize our devotions?  
Societies are shaped, to varying degrees (and  
circumstances) by their beliefs and values.  
For better or worse, into culture and behavior.  
I'm not sure if the artifacts I'm making come from the  
past or the future.  
It's all the same in the cadence of an ouroboros.  
Meanwhile the homopolar motor  
converts batteries into memento mori...



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