

# **NATASHA ZINKO**

## **NATASHA ZINKO FW24 PRESS RELEASE**

In the 1960s, humanity discovered the ultimate form of escapism — escaping the planet. Despite the evident political motivations, the ‘space race’ between the Soviets and the Americans brought enormous attention to our innate and very human desire to expand and explore. Not that long ago, the blackness of the night sky meant certain inaccessibility, now — exciting uncertainty, opportunity, an unimaginably huge expanse to yearn for with great vigour. Here we are, though, sixty years later, still on Earth, brought back here seemingly by an abundance of crises, whether it be our deteriorating environment or evident social issues. It has been twenty-three years since 2001, yet Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke’s predicted future in which space travel via commercial airline flights seems to be nothing out of the ordinary and elegantly dressed stewardesses are no strangers to carrying food trays upside down while weightless appears ever so distant. Disappointing indeed, but the shortcomings of the present have never quite dissuaded us from seeking to improve our future. Therefore, we, the simian optimists, refuse to lose hope and do what we can — we imagine.

For her FW23 collection, Zinko looked inwards at our inner monster; for SS24, downwards at the ground; now, she is looking upwards and forwards, envisioning looks for a future era in which the extraordinary has become the ordinary. Different characters appear, off-duty astronauts wear padded underwear jumpsuits split diagonally by zips and giant jackets with curved spacesuit sleeves; flight attendants dress in neat, short, pastel pink dresses inspired by Kubrick’s 2001 costumes; others wear pure and simple tracksuits with streamlined platform-less leather boots because even in the faraway future, comfort is a priority. As in previous collections, garments are constructed using uncycled workwear and eyes are obscured with 3D printed sunglasses, which are slick and narrow, black and white, this time, following the shape of the face as they bend into a semicircle.

We may not be space-people yet, not yet, but we’re trying, trying hard, and, for the time being, we can certainly pretend.

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