

Gamlet Zinkivskyi

YELLOW AS PRESENTIMENT



“ЯКЩО/IF/ЕСЛИ”, Ukrainian Art in Perm,
Russia, 2010 (vinyl, acryl)

Persecution, intuition, prescience of yellow. Yellow isn't even a colour anymore; it's anxiety, expectation, the potentiality of an event (love or tragedy). Or just an attempt to understanding what this is all about?

This project started with a girl in a yellow sweater who blew my mind. But it wasn't she who blew my mind, but that "anxious yellow". This is what set me off on my search, my hunt, my presentiment of colour. I don't even know what this is all about. Because presentiment are hard to put into words; either you feel or you don't.

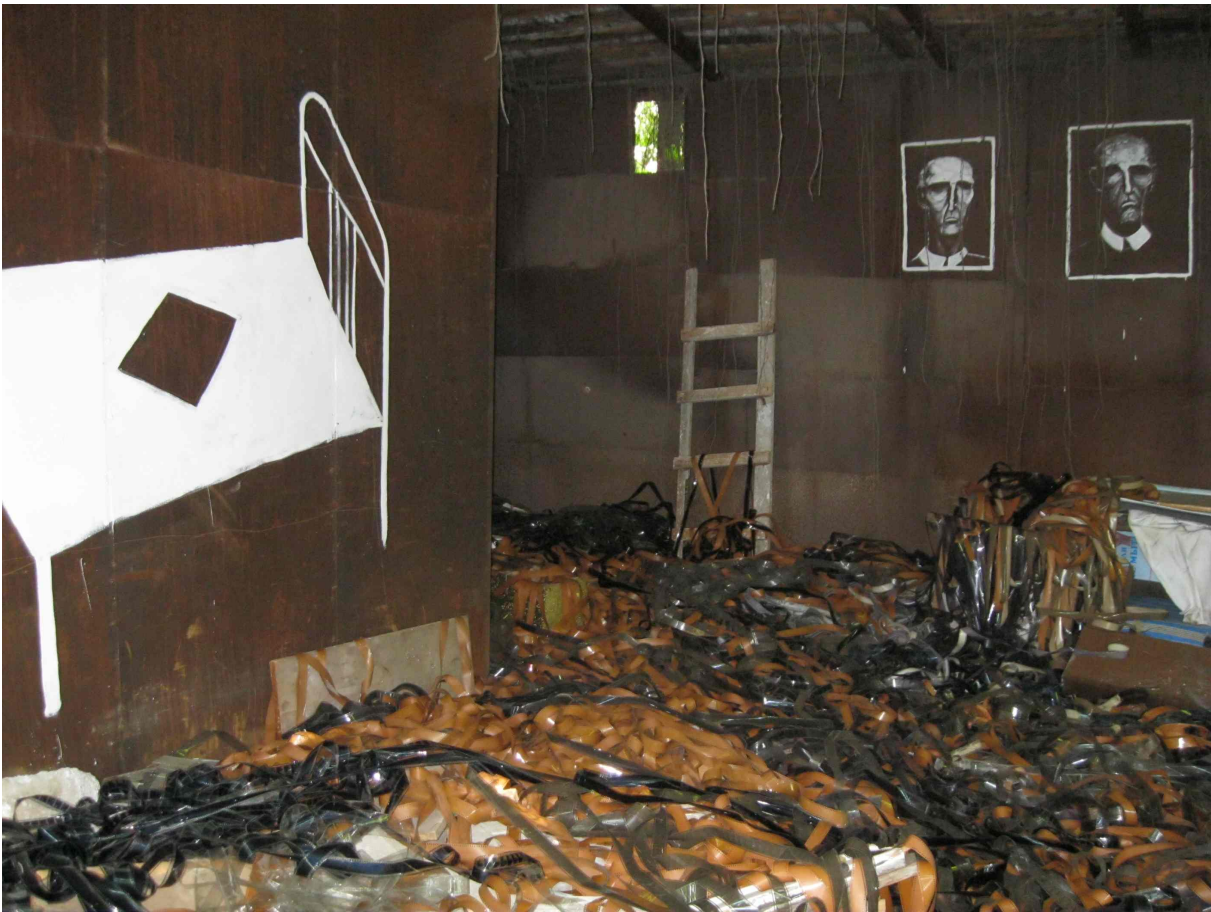
ONE DAY



Art-Kyiv, may 2010, 4x7,5 m (tag-marker, gypsum-cardboard sheet, acryl)

This is a monologue of a madman, who's walking through the city. When you listen to people like this you tune in some wave and keep walking, you don't reflect on how this monologue has started and how it will be finished. In this installation the text has sense, not the beginning or the end. I started to wright it from the middle to the up and then from the middle to the top. And in fact you don't need to read it, because the text turns into a pattern, a background for a man, for the author himself.

WALLS OF FORGOTTEN PREDECESSORS



Kyiv, june 2010, (enamel, metal, film)

Installation, together with Roman Minin.

The portraits of our or stranger's predecessors, who might never existed. Film is a story of lives, naturally complicated and tossed. This is a kind of symbol of our lives; we don't remember names and faces of our predecessors; we forget not only their stories, but our own biography.

FRAMEWORK OF ISOLATION

Donetsk,
IZOLYATSIA.
Platform for
Cultural
Initiatives,
August 2010.



Installation made of iron cages 2x2x2 m and rubbish, 10x20 m in general. There are three rooms in the middle of the labyrinth, containing everyday objects. They symbolise someone's lives, reflect them. You can walk around them, look at them, but you can not step inside. Isolation is some kind of ghetto. Isolation gives birth to it's own world; that's neither good nor bad. The project is devoted to this issue, which you can face and make your own conclusion.

HEROES OF LABOUR



Kharkiv, street-art, 2010 (rusted iron, enamel, from 15x25 to 50x80 cm)

Sometimes I walk through the city carrying a can of an enamel and when I find some rust (could be old doors, screwed windows or just iron fence) I draw on it heroes of labour. It's dead, outdated concept, which completely lost its point with the collapse of Soviet Union. You can work for yourself or not work. I believe in people who work just because they like it. This project is about them, Nameless heroes of labour.

TIME FOR REFLECTION.



Special project in PERMM, 2010, Museum of Modern Art, Perm, Russia

THE LETTER WITH TOMATOS



Non stop media-V festival, 2010, Kharkiv

THE BOOK OF DEADS



Kharkiv, 2010, series of 30 works

STREET-ART
HI, MAN

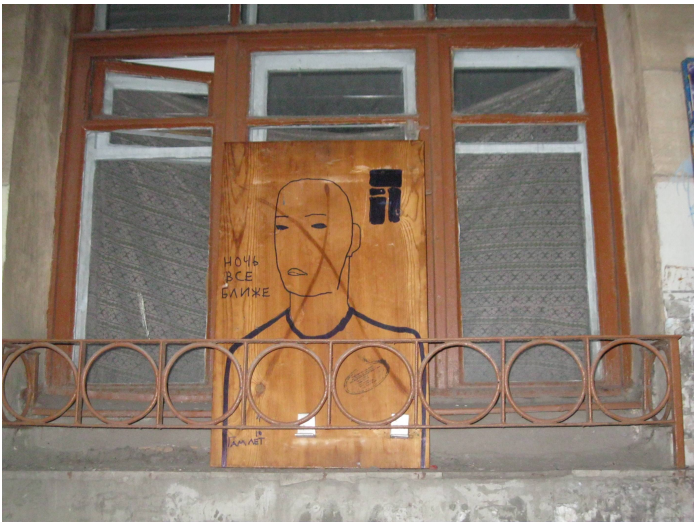


SCISSORS ON PUSHKINSKAYA



Kharkiv, 2009

STREET-ART
PICTURES IN CITY



STREET-ART
THOUGHT WILL COME



Kharkiv, 2010

STREET-ART
THE LETTER



Kharkiv, 2010

VINYL



JOSEPH BEUYS'S WALK



SHOULD THE WORLD BREAK IN. Curator Adam Nankervis aka Museum Man,
in Ludmila Bereznitska & Partner Gallery, Kyiv, 2009