

COLLECTION 19 LOOKBOOK

RISD Apparel Design
Senior Runway Show

Saturday, May 11
4 pm and 7 pm

Meehan Auditorium
Brown University

225 Hope Street
Providence, RI



Antonio Armani León



Franscis Balken



Shay Gallagher



Danielle Simpkin



Anrui Zhu



Claire Chow



Sarah Stoutamire



Ben Li



Angela Sofia Muñoz



Isabel Hajian



Berea Thornton



Seungwook Tommy Maing

At the beginning of the fall semester I asked each of this year's seniors to consider how their collection would smell if it were a perfume or scent. Would it call to mind the sea? Gasoline? Human bodies? Flowers? Concrete? Moss? Smoke? Would it conjure a location or define an emotion? Could the perfume paint a dissonant picture or elicit something exquisite?

The assignment explored how the evocative sense of smell could embody or activate each student's thesis collection—investigating the connections between clothing, the body, experience and fragrance—and encouraged the designers to create narratives that live outside the realm of the visual.

In the fall we met with the perfumers and creative minds behind many of the world's finest scents at International Flavors and Fragrances (IFF) in New York City, and they generously shared their scent-design expertise. In the spring our partners at IFF visited RISD and after carefully reviewing the seniors' concepts selected 11 collections that best expand upon the potential of scent as experiential expression. The students were paired with 11 talented perfumers who turned their visions into actual perfumes.

I hope the poems and descriptions accompanying the following looks provide viewers with a more intimate appreciation of the work and motivations presented by this year's designers.

Enjoy!

Lisa Z. Morgan
Apparel Design Department Head



bite into plastic fruit[i]
warmth fills your walls
like diving into warm yolk, as the soldier
toasts do
before the yolk hits the cold air and
forms its skin
delicate
vulnerable
but, so?

who wants the crusted yolk
taking the side door
I won't pull it back
pull it back up as I do this unchewed
spaghetti[ii]
what if you tried?

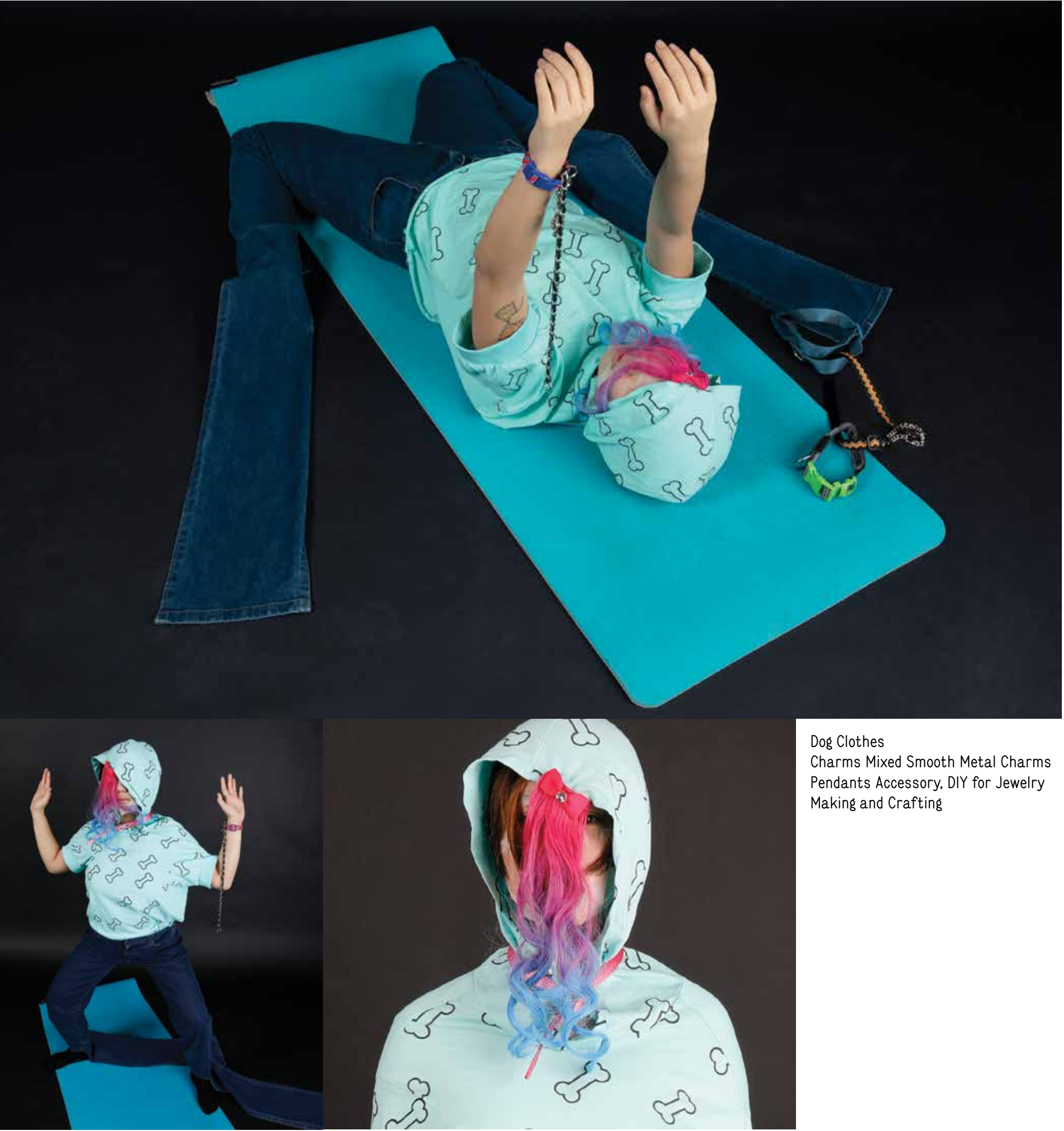
dr. dog says don't scratch your butt
then suck your thumb
why not? i did. i tried it.
clean the skin from your nails[iii]
collect the dirt, start again

we said we were family
i've seen the table
we are not, my chair is red[iv]
turf grass isn't better than real grass

don't smell all the smell out of it
you keep pulling on that air, knowing you
will probably suck it all out
but you have to

-
- [i] soft
welcoming
creamy
cashmere
[ii] warm wet
forgiving
delicate
sustainable
[iii] earthy
passionate
familiar
memory
[iv] comfort
Elmo
F
you're home

lily of the valley, peony, dirt, young
grass, cardamom, musk, ear wax,
old tobacco



Dog Clothes
Charms Mixed Smooth Metal Charms
Pendants Accessory, DIY for Jewelry
Making and Crafting



Jono Cheong



plum blossom tea
false eyelash one eye only
public urinal

Claire Chow



Uncoordinated, effortless,
mixed matched.
Charming and fleecy, a lamb
covered in baby powder.
From the wooden drawer, a
small finger of lipstick and
mascara.
She is off on her own.
Uninhibited, girly, a Woman.

Worn out ribbons, oxidized
metal.
A storm brews, wet grass
caked with mud.
Blueberries burn, smearing
the pan, their insides vibrant
and charred.
The acidity in her stomach
rises up within.
Ephemeral yet fleeting.

Shay Gallagher



It's like **young love** <3
It's hazy but refreshing like **minty sweet**
makeout sessions.
It's like **sex in fresh-cut grass**,
which unavoidably involves a bit of **dirt**
It has the oddly enticing twang of a **blue 4loko**.
It's tingly and sweet like **pop rocks**

And of course it also smells like **granny smith**
apples and **hairspray**

Isabel Hajian



It's hazy and warm, bready, smoky, thick with incense and ash and wax. It's of old books and dust, carpets that smell like their whole lives. It's buttery and creamy and melty but with spice and weight.. It's heavy, domineering even, but so welcoming and warm you want to breathe it all in and wrap it around you like fine silk or a handknitted blanket. The scent is deep, gold, brown, red, it glows. It hangs in the air and crawls under the door. If it were sound it'd be a hum, if it were light it'd be soft and special like the light through stained glass or the spot where the cat lies. It would pool like spilled honey, drape like a snake over a branch, lazily. It's slow moving but it'll cling to your jacket and get stuck in your head. Like the oven on, it's better when it's cold outside. It's also a scent you shouldn't expose yourself to on an empty stomach, which is to say, it's strong and slightly alcoholic.



Spraying the raw concrete, mountain air.
Bakery and the crunch of the crust, Fresh coffee
and sound of foam in the French press.
Singing birds, damp grass.
Gasoline burned, weed.
Beeswax, cows manure.



[reli (e) ving the burn]
Born within the sweet milk of vanilla ice cream as it
melts under the syrupy coat of cognac.
It continues its way towards the dusty white leather
couch that is right next to the marble kitchen table,
sneaking into the woolen blanket, passing through the
yarn loops. It embraces the elements of the black tea
mixed with cardamom as it gets poured into the porcelain
cup. It is as tender as when the rose petals hit the lips
after taking the first sip. Be careful, let it rest,
otherwise it might burn you. The cognac stings the
tongue but the silk smoothness of the vanilla wraps
around it melting, reli(e)ving the burn



Daniel Lee



nylon, tarpaulin
pool skin
concrete
aluminum

citrus peel
moss, lichens
rock, stone
rainwater



Antonio Armani León



The conversations were always different.
The warmth of the meal itself still so familiar.
Fresh lime juice was squeezed on everything,
while green chili was roasting outside.
The smell of cigarettes on coats,
The tang of prickly pear and bitterness of
cacti on my tongue.
Tortillas were being charred in the kitchen.
As I would get a whiff of my
mother's Bulgari perfume.
-
That perfume was discontinued,
but it lingers in my nostrils.
Placemats were set.
Seats were taken.



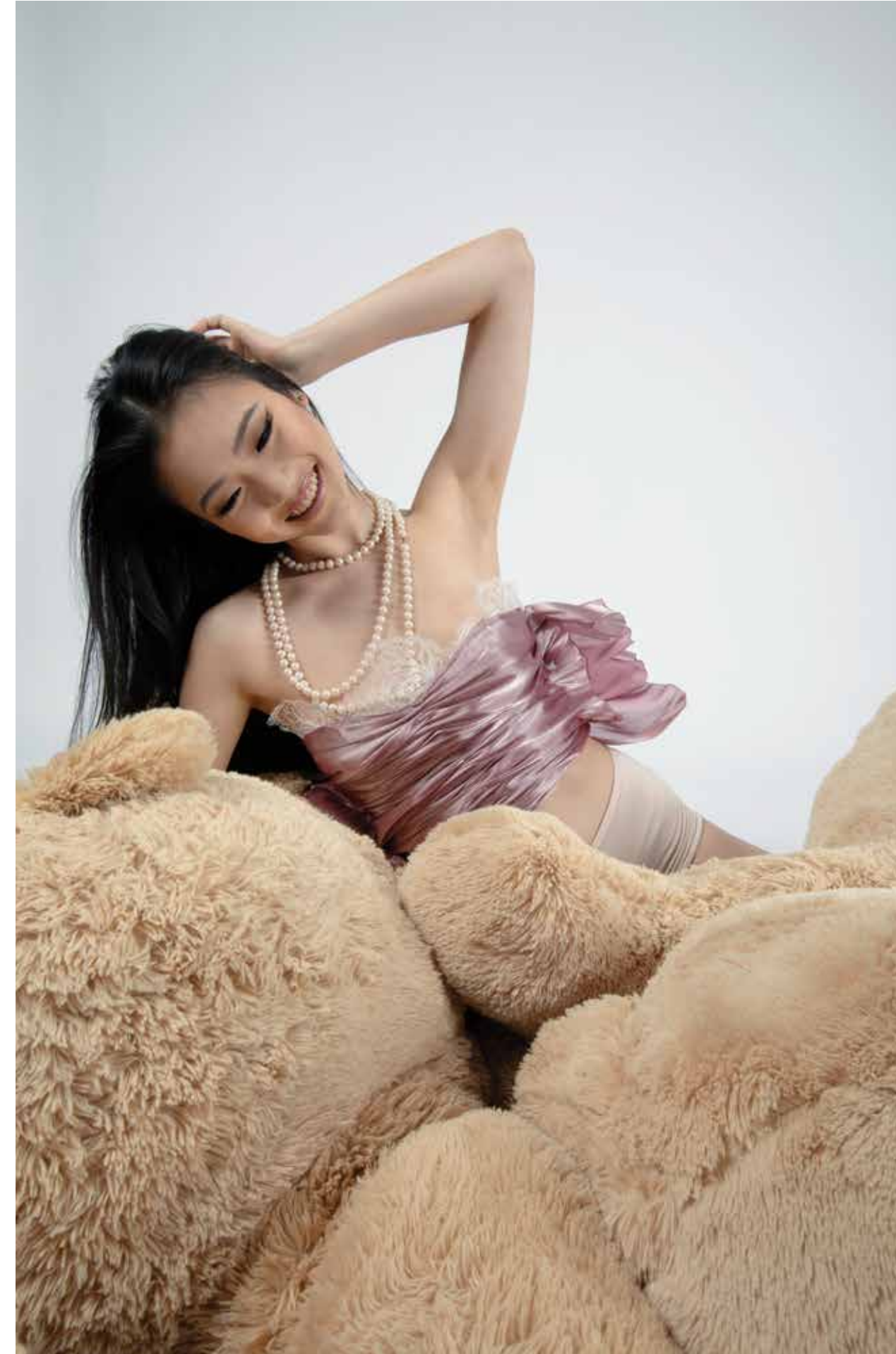
Bite into plastic fruit warmth fills your walls like diving into warm yolk, as the soldier toasts do before the yolk hits the cold air and forms its skin...	Dog Clothes Charms Mixed Smooth Metal Charms Pendants Accessory, DIY for Jewelry Making and Crafting...	Suture Thick Crimson Pomegranate Molasses Hot Heavy Damp Body Salt Water Pine Sap Leather Melted Wax...	1 walk down a dusty path 20 minutes in blazing sun 1 body entirely covered in sweat body 1 truck of leaking gasoline 2 minutes to barter 1 dollar 3 limes...
Glorious facial False eyelash one eye only Public urinal	Uncoordinated, effortless, mixed matched. Charming and fleecy, a lamb covered in baby powder. From the wooden drawer, a small finger of...	It's like young love <3 It's hazy but refreshing like minty sweet makeout sessions. It's like sex in fresh-cut grass, which unavoidably involves a bit of dirt...	It's hazy and warm, bready, smoky, thick with incense and ash and wax. It's of old books and dust, carpets that smell like their whole lives. It's buttery and...
Spraying the raw concrete, mountain air. Bakery and the crunch of the crust, Fresh coffee and sound of foam in the French press. Singing birds, damp grass...	Born within the sweet milk of vanilla ice cream as it melts under the syrupy coat of cognac. It continues its way towards the dusty white leather couch...	The conversations were always different, The warmth of the meal itself still so familiar. Fresh lime juice was squeezed on everything, while...	nylon, tarpaulin pool skin concrete aluminum citrus peel moss, lichens rock, stone rainwater...
The scene happens in a new era of earth, where everything is deconstructed. All the concrete is ruined and melts into the humid ground that is so soft...	Sweet floral Lilies, once yellow, now Pink, Surrounds you, Fills Your Soul ... Warms Your Heart... Making the quiet of solitude explode with feelings of love and...	1. Sal y Limon* 2. Cafe con Leche Tierra Un poquito de Aire Fresco 3. Mora Mango Verde Un poquito de anís 4. Sudor Jalapeno picado... Aguado...	we've learned from landscape: objects in the distance become blurrier, bluer. from birds, that silk spit logic settles like melancholia or any good soup...
One breath will pierce your lungs, chap your lips, and leave your nose running. At first, you will be bundled in a large woolen scarf. Worn for months...	The fragrance mirrors the effect of my wearer's drink of choice, a fine champagne. Light, crisp, and intoxicating, it grows and envelopes the...	Now's not the time to settle, young flame...When the oxygen runs out, Fire always dies (or so we thought.) Forgetful embraces, Once longed...	they gave me a flower. a thickness of fresh, young leather permeated into my fingers as i brushed them through their hair dark and wealthy, like ink and...
Disconnect Verb 1. Break the connection of or between 2. Put (an electrical device) out of action by detaching it from a power supply. Noun 1. a lack of or a...	An interpretation of the elixir of life and vitality. Milk. But only the idea of it. An imaginary substance processed, commercialized and glorified...	Strong impact Cologne Power Punch Attitude Cinnamon Dark scent Warm Bold Rich Languid Cigar smoke Burgundy Velvet Movement Feels...	Your scent memory is so much stronger than sight” Trudi Loren, Estée Lauder’s vice-president of corporate fragrance development. Scent can be a crucial...



The scene happens in a new era of earth, where everything is deconstructed. All the concrete is ruined and melts into the humid ground that is so soft that you think you stepped on someone's skin. It is absolutely cold. The whole place is covered by invisible fog and dust from muds.

When you walk, you look at the dead trees (dead like a dead neuron) murmuring random repetitive syllables. Immersive time extracts from your body, pulling you thinner and thinner. Your flesh is tight on your bones. You become substantial. You are glued onto the web of night, and you shiver.

Then, the first beam of light penetrates this construction forest. Air becomes visible. Light brings molecules in cold white. Timeless grass standing without a word.... It is just like a regular morning in a forest, where you sense fuzzy rain cover you like an extra layer of skin, an impenetrable silk dress. And it is absolutely silent.



Sweet floral Lilies, once yellow, now Pink, Surround you, Fill Your Soul . . . Warm Your Heart . . . Making the quiet of solitude explode with feelings of love and compassion. Oranges freshly peeled, open the mind to crisp clarity Clearing a path . . . to fresh Enlightenment. Around you the clementines bloom with unrestrained power, Radiating their natural green verdant aura and breathing magic into life. Sparkle, Sparkle, Sparkle! Bursts! The vibrant echoes of the Sapphire Bluebells ring vigor and happiness throughout your being. A harmonious flurry of emotions bloom Within, and out manifests Your most beautiful self.





Los ingredientes básicos:

- 1. Sal y Limon*
- 2. Cafe con Leche
Tierra
Un poquito de Aire Fresco
- 3. Mora
Mango Verde
Un poquito de anís
- 4. Sudor
Jalapeno picado bien fino
- 5. Coco
Aguado como quesito fresco
Un poquito de bloqueador

*Para mezclar, ingrediente Número 1 será la base. Agregue los otro ingredientes como usted prefiera.

Variaciones sugeridas con ingredientes:

Por la mañana-Número 1 mezclado con número 2

En la playa-Número 1 mezclado con número 4 y 5

Por la noche-Número 1 mezclado con número 3 y 4

Basic Ingredients:

- 1. Salt and Lime*
- 2. Coffee with milk
Dirt
A little bit of fresh air
- 3. Raspberry
Green Mango
A little bit of anise
- 4. Sweat
Finely chopped jalapeno
- 5. Coconut
Watery like fresh cheese
A little bit of sunscreen

*To mix, ingredient Number 1 will be the base. Add other ingredients to your personal preference.

Suggested variations with given ingredients:

For the morning—Number 1 mixed with number 2

At the beach—Number 1 mixed with number 4 & 5

For the night—Number 1 mixed with number 3 & 4



we've learned from landscape:
objects in the distance
become blurrier,

bluer. from birds, that silk
spit logic
settles like melancholia or
any good soup.

sniff-kiss the green screen
where grass grows greener
than eagle oil.

Alex Riddle



Frostbite

“One breath will pierce your lungs, chap your lips, and leave your nose running.

At first, you will be bundled in a large woolen scarf. Worn for months on end, never washed, but sterilized by the dust in the closet. A warm, but scratchy caramel. Your mucousy sniffles glaze its surface. A saltiness.

But, a vengeance will strip your body of its clothing. No amount of mucus-layered wool will barricade the wrath of a piercing peppermint.

Fingers utterly raw, you are defenseless. Frostbite.”

Sydney Santostefano



The fragrance mirrors the effect of my wearer’s drink of choice, a fine champagne. Light, crisp, and intoxicating, it grows and envelops the senses in a swirling passion and never seems heavy or abrasive. It’s not fussy or outdated, but timeless and concise. It always leaves people around her wanting more. It exudes sensual femininity while asserting a kind of undeniable presence of power—thus mirroring the woman central to my thesis. She is a woman who knows what she wants and will never settle for second best.

This fragrance is the cherry on top to her entire essence. As she gets ready to start her day, confidently stomping around the city, unabashedly overdressed, the look is never complete without her favorite scent. She sprays it out of a classic little glass bottle, and saunters through the aroma and out the door.





The Call

Now's not the time to settle, young flame...
When the oxygen runs out,
Fire always dies (or so we thought.)
Forgetful embraces,
Once longed for—
They melt—
Candle wax wishes,
Now fleeting memories—
Hold fast, small creature,
Eyes open to the world—
And its darkness.
Like a phoenix—
The survivor.
Stretch wide,
Begin anew...
Rage on, resilient flame—
Don't let the wild
Consume you.



they gave me a flower.
a thickness of fresh, young leather
permeated into my fingers
as i brushed them through their hair
dark and wealthy, like ink and oil

i kissed the wicked,
it tasted like flowers and cigarette ash.
their skin, pressed against mine,
emanated a panacea
of pickling plum and ginseng
richly bitter with cacao.

we swayed on crushed, chopped leaves
the accompanying dry, withering acoustics
with plucking, dissonant chords,
it felt breathless.

the drama of our arid love
made me feel ready.
a predatory desire lingered in my stomach
confident, aggressive, instinctive.

something that moved my heart
made my earth turn
want to throw my head across the room
made me want to fall

the halo hurt, i realized I was the devil.

hey,
you and me,
let's fight on the rooftop.



Disconnect

Verb

1. Break the connection of or between
2. Put (an electrical device) out of action by detaching it from a power supply.

Noun

1. a lack of or a break in connection, consistency, or agreement.

“Artificial Sweet” - something gooey and sticky.
A teeth-rotting candy.
The harsh mint of toothpaste.
“Natural Warmth” - a woody, smoky note,
A musk with a spiced tone.
Cinnamon, sugar, and ash.
Clash of color, of texture,
A Pull between natural and synthetic.
Distance of physical space,
Lack of physical connection,
Yet still, absolute trust.
Confliction when first adorned,
Comfort ultimately found within.



An interpretation of the elixir of life and vitality. Milk. But only the idea of it. An imaginary substance processed, commercialized and glorified. It's creamy, it's vanilla, it's notes of cardamom and honey, it's pure and refreshing. It's fetishized. It isn't ours.



Berea Thornton



Strong impact
Cologne
Power
Punch
Attitude
Cinnamon
Dark scent
Warm
Bold
Rich
Languid
Cigar smoke
Burgundy
Velvet
Movement
Feels like fall to winter transition
Sophistication
Luxury
Golden
Nutmeg
Soft edges
Luscious
Amber
Vanilla
Spice
Flowy
Leather
Soft pink
Incense
Honeysuckle



Anrui Zhu



“Your scent memory is so much stronger than sight”
Trudi Loren, Estée Lauder’s vice president of corporate fragrance development. Scent can be a crucial factor for memory recollection.

It acts like a trigger—fleeting, unidentifiable yet familiar...
All that goes unnoticed as we walk through life.
Of time past: the sun on linen, a pillow, the inside of a car, leather,
The autumn wind...
Distinguishing a certain time and place and state of mind.
Distinct layers that change as the wearer goes about their day.
Layered with and mixed by
Engaged in alchemy
Rain on a highway, freshly sunned sheets, and blue sandalwood.



PAGE	STUDENT	INSTAGRAM	WEBSITE
4	Francis Balken	francisc_balken	franciscbalken.com
5	Nikolas Cachu	---	nikolascachu.com
6	Levi Campello	LeviCampello	---
7	Elizabeth Campos	96playitas	---
8	Jono Cheong	_jono_	Jonocheong.com
9	Claire Chow	sichingchow_	---
10	Shay Gallagher	shay.galla	---
11	Isabel Hajian	isabel_in_studio	isabelhajian.com
12	Miron Kiselev	mironintercontinental	mironintercontinental.com
13	Masha Kurguzkina	smart_band_aid_	mashakurguzkina.com
14	Daniel Lee	---	djwlee.com
15	Antonio Armani León	---	anotonioarmanileon.com
18	Ben Li	---	77benli.com
19	Seungwook Tommy Maing	---	---
20	Angela Sofia Muñoz	angelitaworldwide	angelasofiamunoz.com
21	Justine Nguyễn-Nguyễn	1000yearoldegg	jn-n.com
22	Alex Riddle	---	alexandrariddle.com
23	Sydney Santostefano	apparel_syd	---
24	Elizabeth Shevelev	lizashevelova	liza.land
25	Yuna Shin	---	shinyuna.com
26	Danielle Simpkin	daniellesimpkin	daniellesimpkin.com
27	Sarah Stoutamire	sarahstoutamire	stoutamire.design
28	Berea Thornton	---	behance.net/bthorntodaad
29	Anrui Zhu	anruui	linkedin.com/in/aaren-anrui-zhu-bb63b8b9

CRITICS

In addition to the support and direction provided by RISD instructors, seniors benefit further from interactions with visiting critics.

Laurie Brewer
Associate Curator, Costumes & Textiles, RISD Museum of Art

Dominik Halas
Men’s merchandiser, the RealReal

Mel Ottenberg 98 AP
Stylist, creative director, *Interview* magazine

Henry Zankov
Russian-American knitwear designer

AWARDS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

Thanks to the generosity of donors, the Apparel Design department will award scholarships to sophomores and juniors who are excelling at RISD. We are extremely grateful to the dedicated supporters who make our scholarship program possible.

The Bridal Council Award

Helen Byram Scholarship

Josephine & Bernard Chaus Scholarship

Rebecca Mellman Henry Memorial Scholarship

Raul L. Lovett Scholarship

Joseph Piselli Memorial Scholarship

Mary Bowen Polk Scholarship

Louise A. Shuster Memorial Scholarship

Esper A. Shwaery ’23 Memorial Scholarship

Textron Fellowship

PRODUCTION

Creative Director
Lisa Z. Morgan

Event Coordinator
Elaine Hetu

Technical Manager
Thomas Szilagyí

Backstage Managers
Catherine Andreozzi
Jasper Charprajong-Smith
Mary Kawenski
Gwen van den Eijnde

Graphic Design
Seojoo Han

Photography
Luciano Fileti

Hair and Makeup
Squires Salon and Day Spa
The Aveda Institute, RI

Model Coaching
Yemi Sekoni, Donahue
Models & Talent

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Apparel Design sophomores and
juniors
RISD Facilities
ATR Treehouse
All the models, without whom this
show would not have been possible



Jono Cheong



Nikolas Cachu



Yuna Shin



Elizabeth Campos



Miron Kiselev



Sydney Santostefano



Daniel Lee



Justine Nguyễn-Nguyễn



Alex Riddle



Masha Kurguzkina



Elizabeth Shevelev



Levi Campello

Collection 19 celebrates the work of the 24 Apparel Design seniors graduating this spring. It underscores the value RISD places on creative individuality and the articulation of a personal vision through concept-driven work.