

高年
HIWATU





I've developed my own story. There are people that fight each other in a gladiator style tournament of fashion. Those who win the competitions are given glory and fame, and are considered to be the most beautiful of the beautiful. My collection tells a story about being loud, and frustrated, and turning it into a spectacle. The collection is designed by someone who is also a character in this story. In order to win their battles, the designer makes a deal with the devil, and now possesses their power to create something sinisterly eye-catching, but untame.



One day as I was cleaning, I found one of my mom's Hwatu cards loose from the deck, and kept it to myself to keep my family close. As I was developing my collection, I happened upon the card again and decided to use it as inspiration. Little did I know how well it would fit with the theme, as the name "Hwatu" literally meant "battle of flowers."



collection lineup



sketchbook, additional ideas



sketchbook, additional design ideas





NEON GREEN SILK
JUMPSUIT WITH
WOOLEN SHIRT
AND CASHMERE
FANNY PACK

“DRAGON
LORD” HAND
EMBROIDERED

“FUCK YOU AND
THANK YOU”
PATCH PAINTED
ON THE SIDE

BASED ON
SCARMIGLIONE
ALSO KNOWN AS
“SKULL MILLIONE”
ONE OF THE
DEMONS FROM
DANTE’S INFERNO

REST WITH
PLAYFULLNESS
AND BRIGHTNESS.

CRISIS MIX

ANCIENT

RODEO CLOWN

PIERROT



personal hand embroidery
was crucial, to give it the same
hand as my sketches.





THEY ALL
WANT TO MURDER

福王



BIG TEETH

DIGITALLY
PRINTED SCUBA
KNIT DRESS
BARING LARGE,
SHARP TEETH ON
THE FRONT

ON THE BACK,
AMONGST A
JAGGED SEA OF
TEETH "MY HEART,
IS RESTLESS."

WITH A CAPE
TO CHOKE
YOUR ENEMIES

SMILE WHEN
YOU'RE UPSET
CALM DOWN WHEN
YOU'RE CRYING
OUT

JUST LET ME DO
MY THING



MY HEART,
IS RESTLESS.

My mother's an important inspiration to my collection, but she is not prevalently seen in the work. I wanted to show the things I learned from my mom. She's neither a seamstress or an artist, but she still taught me art and things about being a human.

As a Korean woman raised by the Confucianist, Christian ideals of older Korean society, she believed that she was always too quiet, and held herself back. She told me as the year was waning that she had always kept herself from yelling, but now what she wanted to see was for me to yell, let my heart out. Humans aren't meant to set expectations, but to live on, as loudly as possible. Nothing should be taken too seriously, and life is very expansive. Watching her always study and work as the core engine of my family has proven to me that nothing may matter, but everything is to care for.









THEY ALL WANNA
MURDER

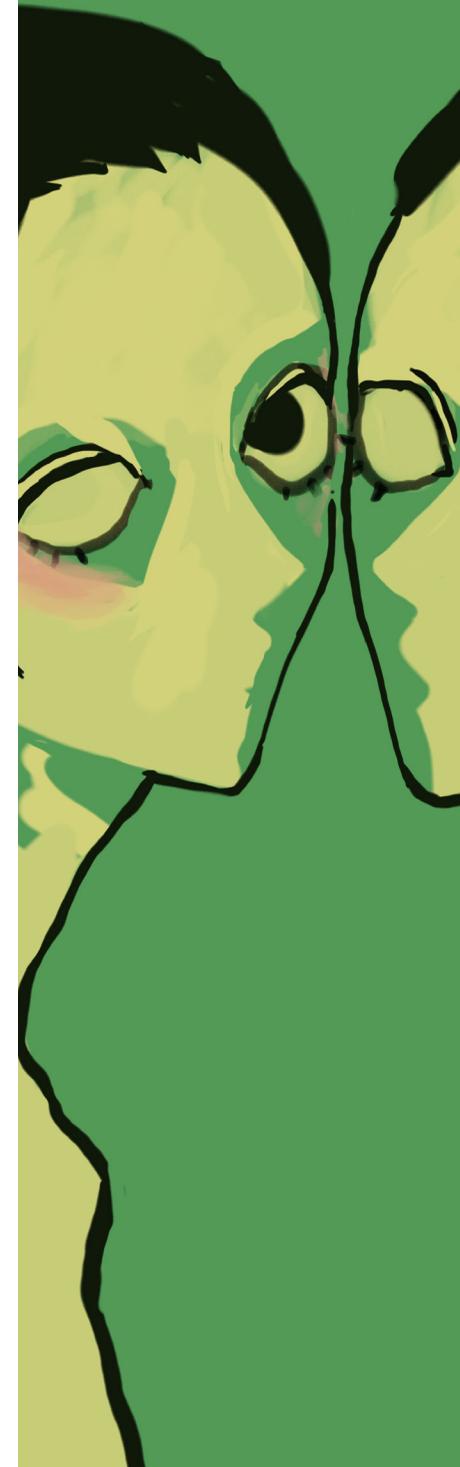
THE FOLKTALE OF
THE RED AND BLUE
DOKKAEBI

DECALCOMANIE

WHEN YOU LOOK
IN THE MIRROR

CAN YOU SEE
YOURSELF
ANYMORE?

OR ARE WE JUST
THE RED AND BLUE
OGRES









HEDONISTIC
TENDENCIES
EXACERBATE
EXASPERATE
WHAT



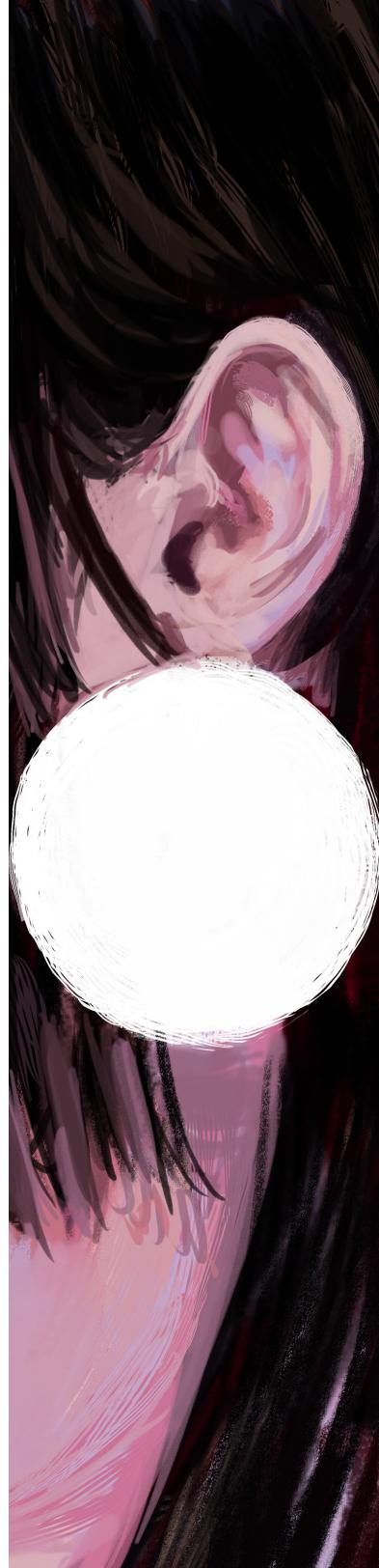
HIGH RISK SILK
WOOL AND
DIGITALLY
PRINTED RIPSTOP
WITH YELLOW
FEATHER
EMBROIDERY

JUJAK
THE VERMILLION
BIRD

THE CARD I STOLE
FROM MY MOM

A YELLOW BIRD
WITH RED TIPS

I REACH OUT
FULL WHITE MOON
PASTED ON A RED
SKY
LIKE I'M
PROPOSING TO IT











RED MOHAIR HAND
KNIT
WHITE CHENILLE
EMBROIDERY

FIRE DRILL

LIKE FIRE

DRIPPING IN A
LONGING RED

PHOENIXXX



FIRE DRILL

GOOD MORNING

GOOD NIGHT

ski gloves

TULLE & TEARS





SKELETAL RIBCAGE
GRAPHIC DIGITAL
PRINT ON SCUBA
KNIT WITH RED
SILK WOOL TIES
AND WOOL PANTS
WITH SILVER
+ GUNMETAL
HARDWARE

**YOUR SKELETON
BOYFRIEND**

HAS
BLEEDING RIBS



digitally illustrated engineered print







I was selected to be one of 11 students to collaborate with **IFF** in the realization of a perfume based on my collection.



DESIGN.I.V.

Dead Ego is the perfume concept I came up with for my collection. It is in the perspective of a designer who makes the deal with the devil to create clothes that can murder; but falls in love with them. I wanted the wearer to fall in love and immerse themselves in the sinister romantic evil and see the duality of it, the lightness of being entwined of an inherently sinful creature.





After countless prayers for success, glory, fame, and beauty - you decided to face the higher being and fall backwards into the wicked's arms. In courtship, the devil has given you a flower.

It's an immersive romance with the ethereal being. A thickness of fresh, young leather permeates into your fingers as you brush them through the devil's hair, black and wealthy as ink and oil.

When you kiss the wicked, it tastes like flowers and cigarette ash. The devil's skin, pressed against yours, emanates a panacea of pickling plum and ginseng, with richly bitter cacao. Swaying on crushed, chopped leaves, the accompanying dry, withering acoustics with plucking, dissonant chords feel breathless.

The drama of your arid love makes you feel ready. A predatory desire lingers - confident, aggressive, instinctive.

The deal of the flower has been struck, the devil's power is now yours.







SHIN.Y