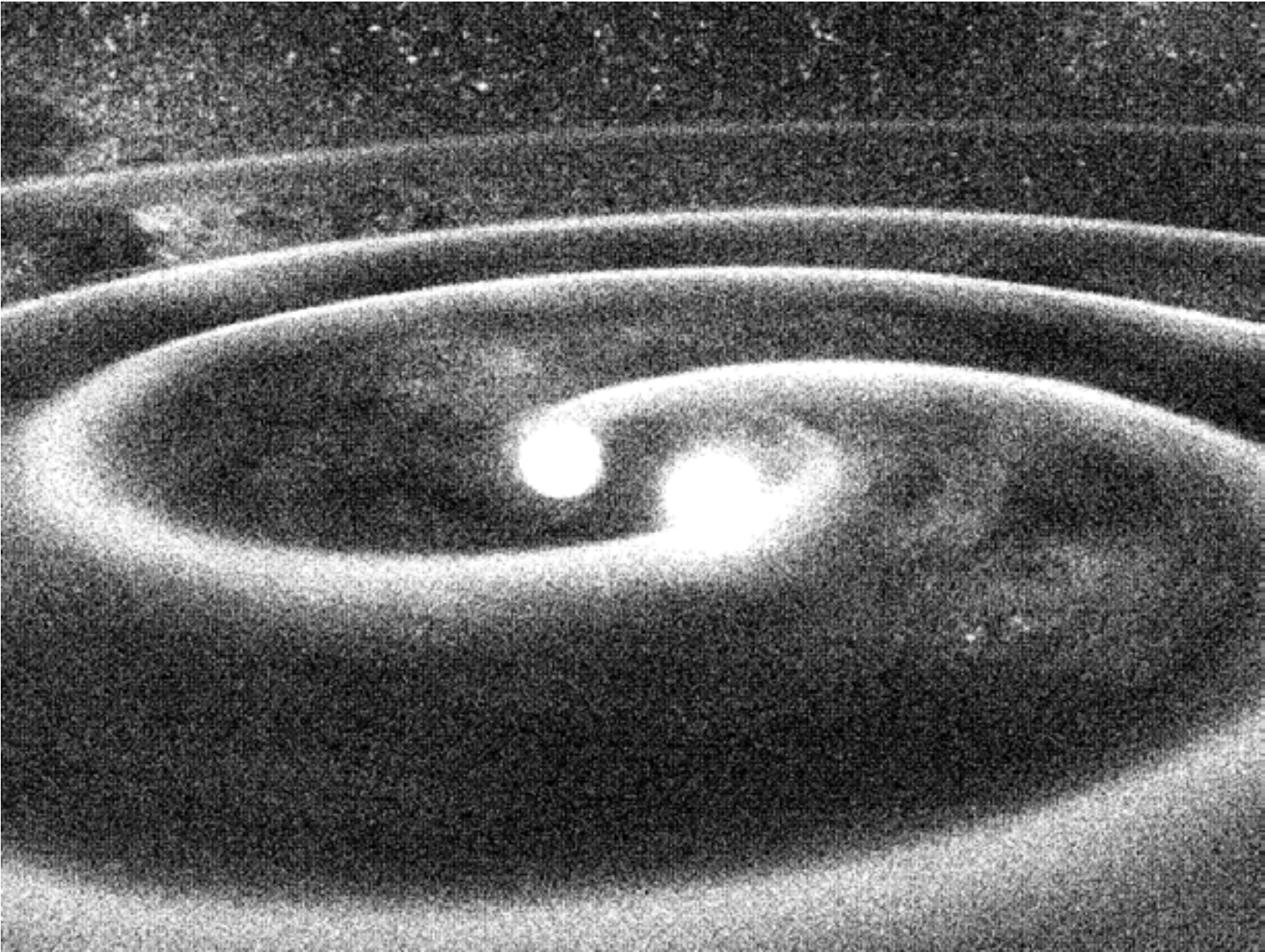


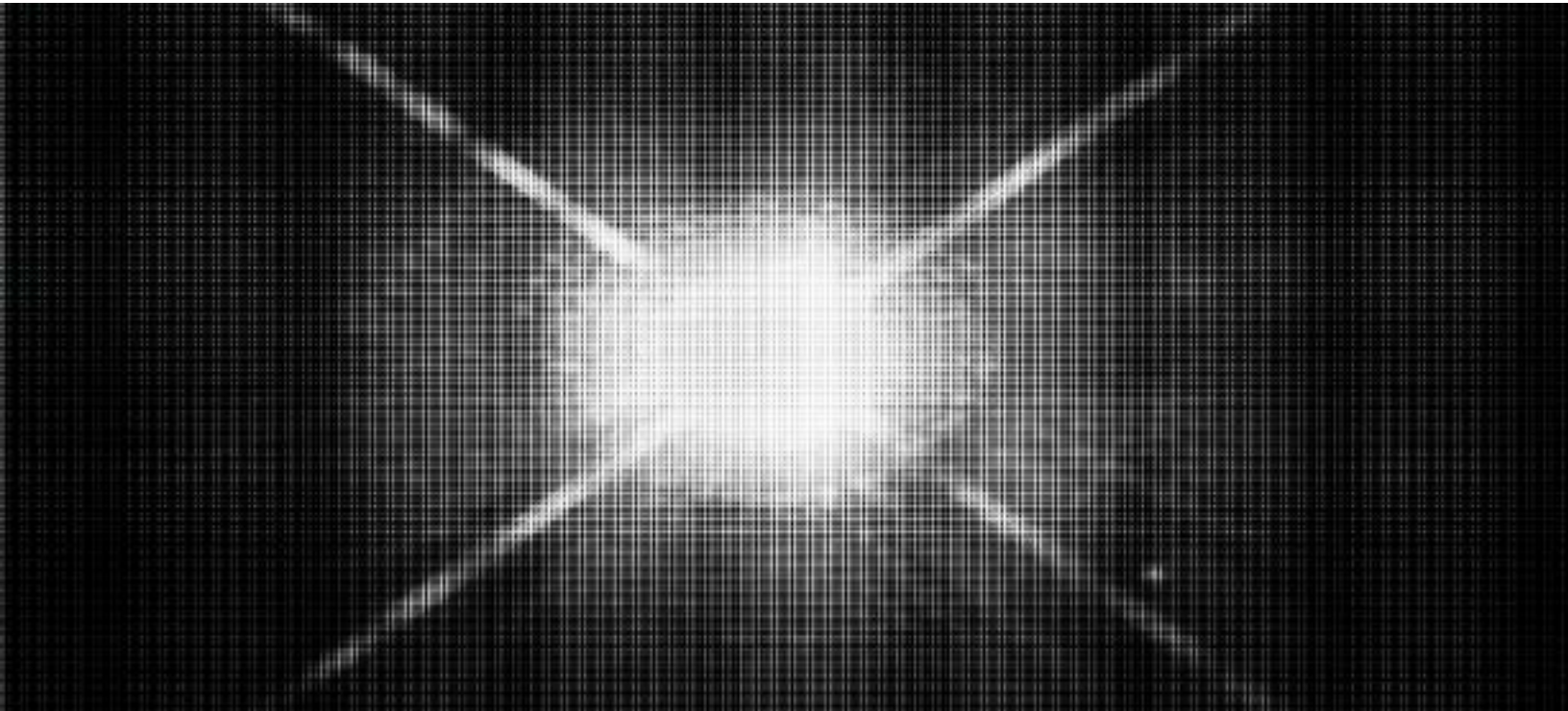


White Dwarf

In *The Fury of Dreadful Winds*, Life, from its humble beginning to its inevitable end, is driven by a single, simple element. It all starts with energy, and it all ends with its quiet depletion. Life, in essence, is nothing but a journey—a fleeting passage through existence. We are destined to fade alone into the void, yet isn't the beauty of the journey itself a celebration of our ephemeral selves? Though we may wonder what lies beyond the threshold of our end, the answers remain shrouded, forever out of reach, much like the mysteries of the stars. A white dwarf symbolizes this final chapter—a star's late stage in its cosmic evolution. Born from stars no more than eight times the mass of our Sun, they burn fiercely, fueled by the nuclear fusion of hydrogen and helium. But when this fuel is spent, the star swells into a red giant, shedding its outer layers in a glorious farewell, leaving behind a dense and luminous core: the white dwarf.



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY NASA/ESA/H.BOND(STSCL)/
MBARSTOW(UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER)



In the observable cosmos, most white dwarfs glow in hues of blue and white—colors that inspire the palette of this issue. Humanity itself mirrors the fate of white dwarfs. Just as they will ultimately cool and dim into “black dwarfs,” a theoretical state that the universe is not yet old enough to witness, so too will our mortal journeys reach their quiet conclusions. Both are dreams suspended in the mystery of time, unknowable and profound. In this issue, we explore this connection—how we, like white dwarfs, transition through stages of brilliance and stillness. Through the design of garments, makeup, and artistic expressions, we interpret the essence of white dwarfs, embracing their luminous beauty and the silent poignancy of their demise. Life and stars alike share a singular truth: their passing is as breathtaking as their existence, and in that, we find meaning.

Tanya Sun
Jan 17 2025





A white dwarf is the end of a star’s story. It’s what remains after the fire dies, after the core collapses, leaving behind dense, quiet matter. There is a strange peace in the white dwarf’s existence—a star that has burned through everything it had to give and now simply lingers, faintly glowing, cooling over eons. I think about that a lot—how something that was once so intense decays into a kind of monument to its own past, both fragile and defiant. There’s a solitude to it that feels heavy but not sad. It’s the kind of solitude that comes with acceptance and a celebration of the natural cycle and destiny.

When I think about the white dwarf, I can’t help but draw a parallel to my fascination with the concept of decay and change. Even in fashion, I like to set time as a variable, something that I emphasize. Letting time process the human body—leaving marks, wrinkles, and scars on its form. The process of decay doesn’t erase beauty but transforms it into something raw and honest. I try to highlight these marks of time, these beautifully withered or withering beings. Take my white dress from the project Rustic Womb, for example. It’s open-cut at the front, its edges deliberately frayed, the fabric stained with rust that seeps like old wounds. The dress captures the messy mix of emotions women often feel about birth and pregnancy—pain, strength, and everything in between—while celebrating how our bodies change in their own natural, imperfect ways. It’s both a statement and a question: How do we confront the changes we can’t control? How do we make peace with them? For me, the answer lies in finding strength in the reality of fragility, in seeing beauty in the process of becoming undone.

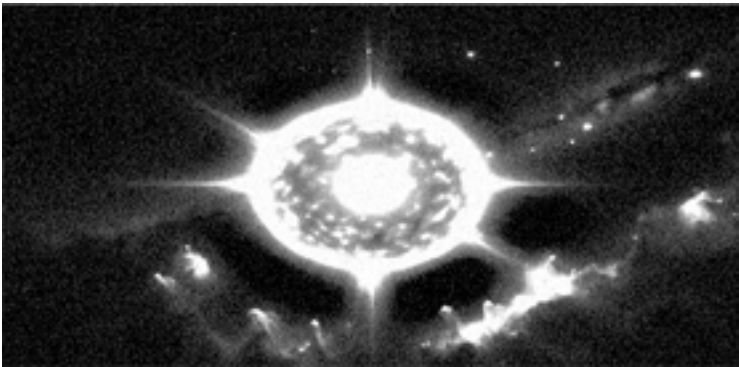
Then there’s the fashion industry, with its obsession with the static, with preserving the body as though it were a mannequin. The idealized images it creates—all smooth skin and perfect symmetry—feel like a rejection of life itself. Fashion, in its conventional form, denies the natural cycle of life. It denies death. It creates bodies that are frozen in time, refusing the imperfections and transformations that make us human. It’s a kind of artificial eternity, polished to the point of sterility. In postmodernism, breaking down the facades that stop us from facing our own mortality feels essential. It’s about calling out the illusions of permanence and control and recognizing that nothing lasts forever—and that’s okay. When we let go of those constructs, we can actually feel the raw beauty of life’s cycles—growing, withering, and growing again. Decay isn’t an ending; it’s a continuation, a reminder that change is the only constant.

And that brings me back to the white dwarf. It’s not just a celestial body; it’s a metaphor for everything I find compelling about decay and transformation. Like the white dwarf, I always seek to capture what lingers after the fire burns out—the quiet glow, the resilience, the beauty that remains. There is strength in accepting the inevitable, in embracing the fleeting and the imperfect. To me, that’s where the real story lies. It’s not in preserving what we once were but in finding grace in what we are becoming.

Julie Wang

Words, Connections,

Thoughts

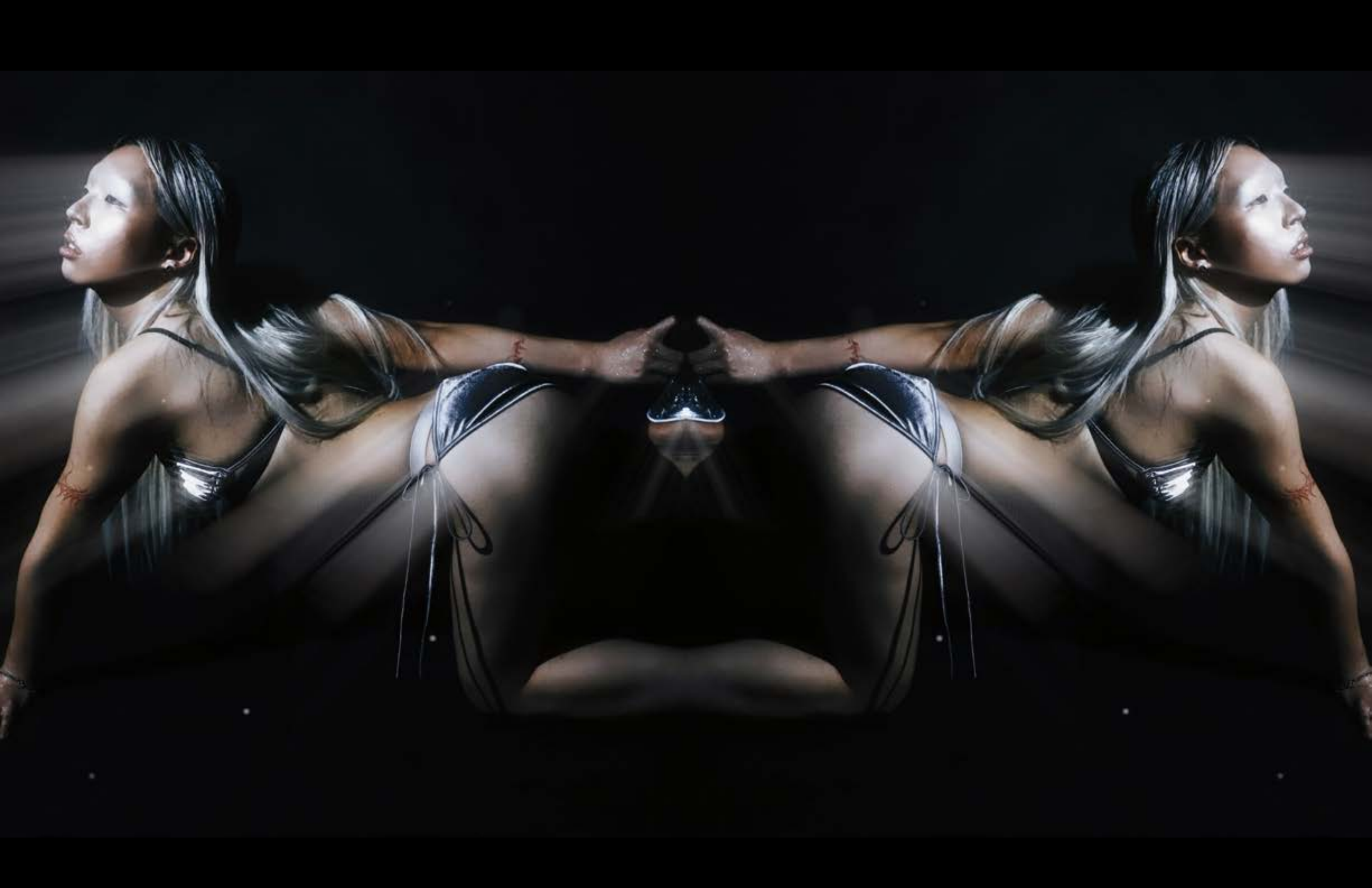


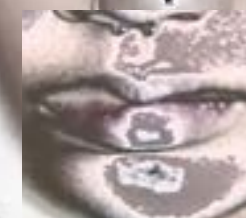
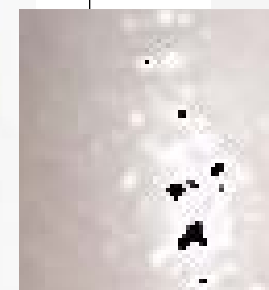
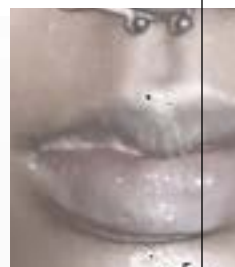


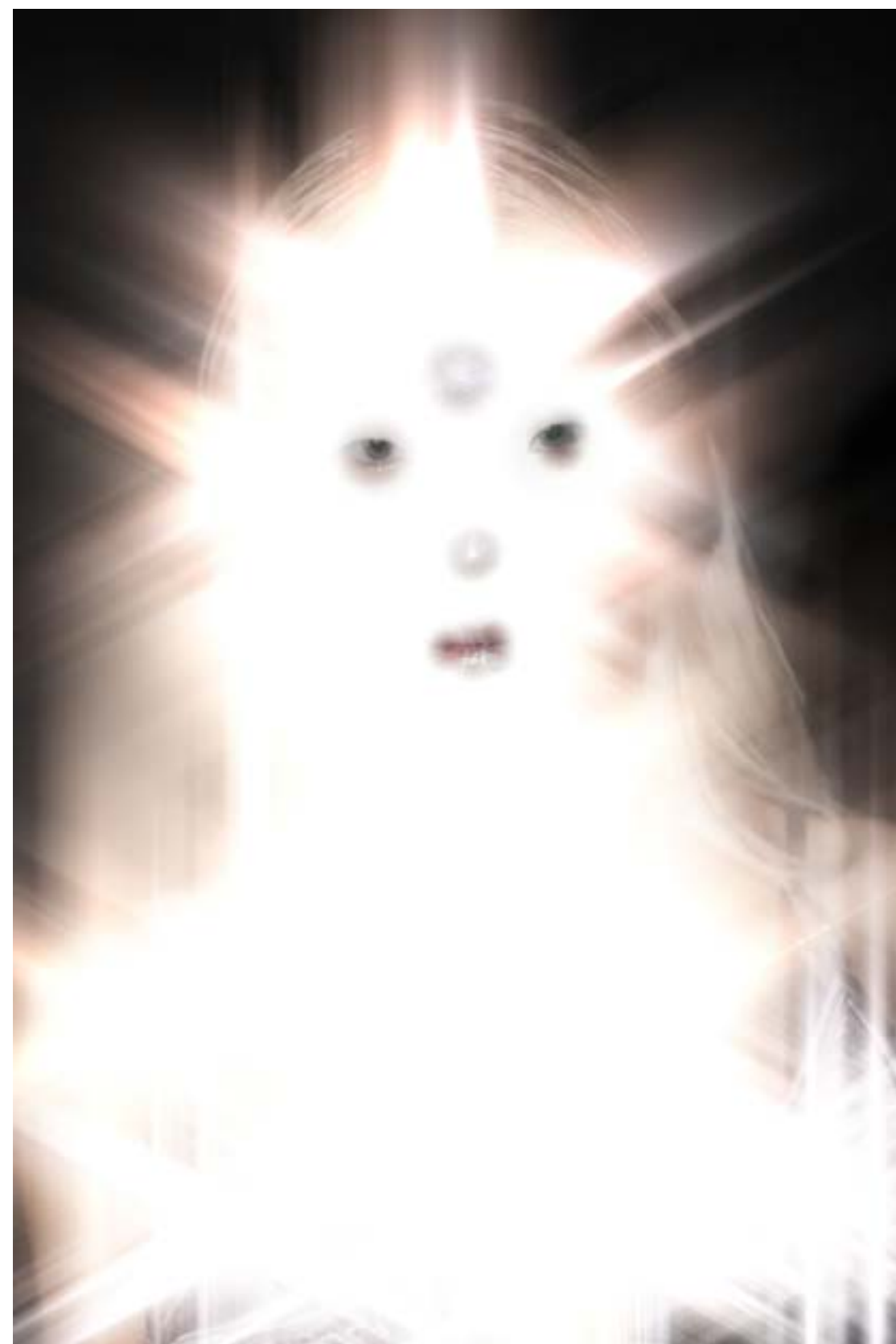






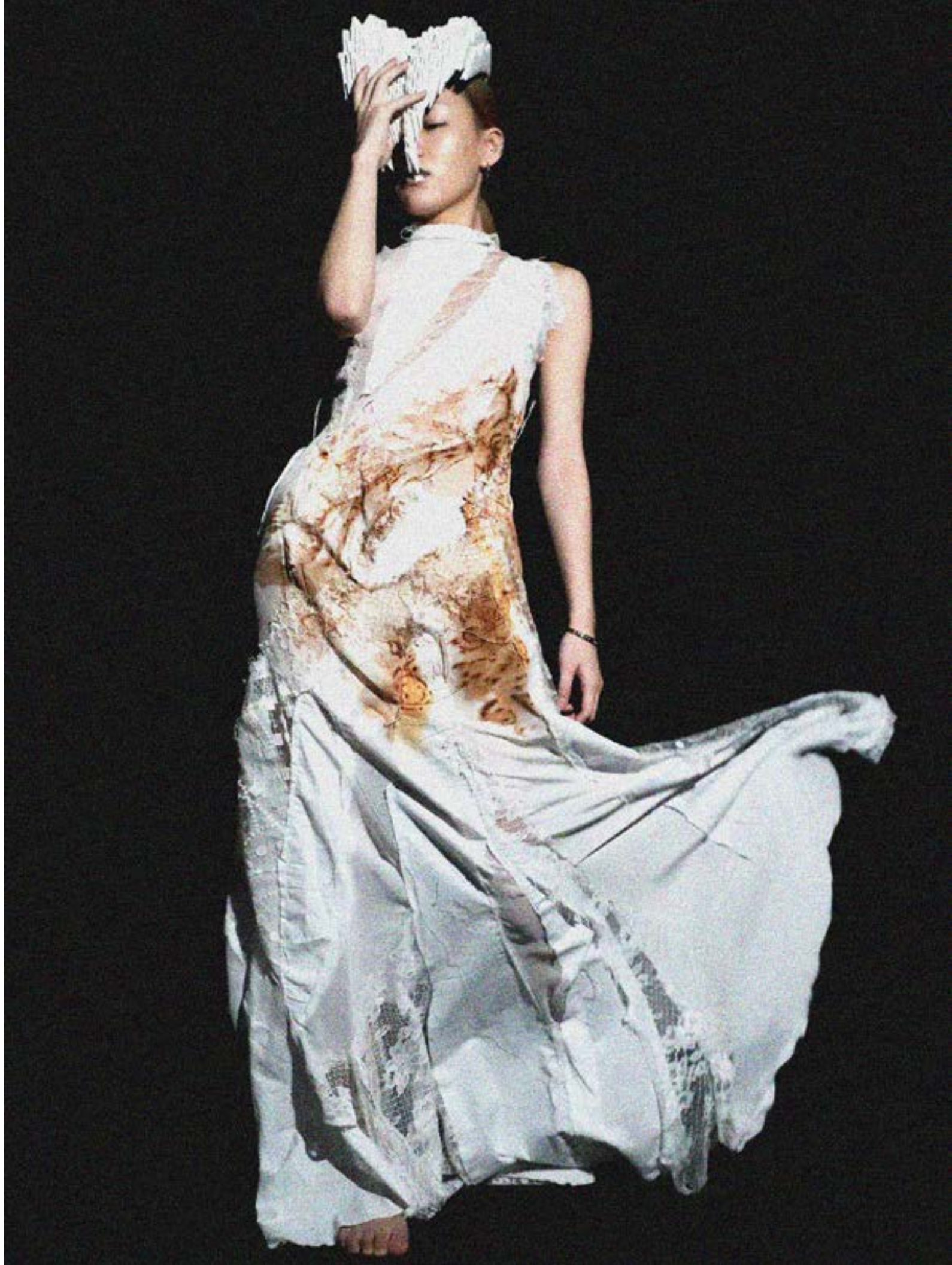
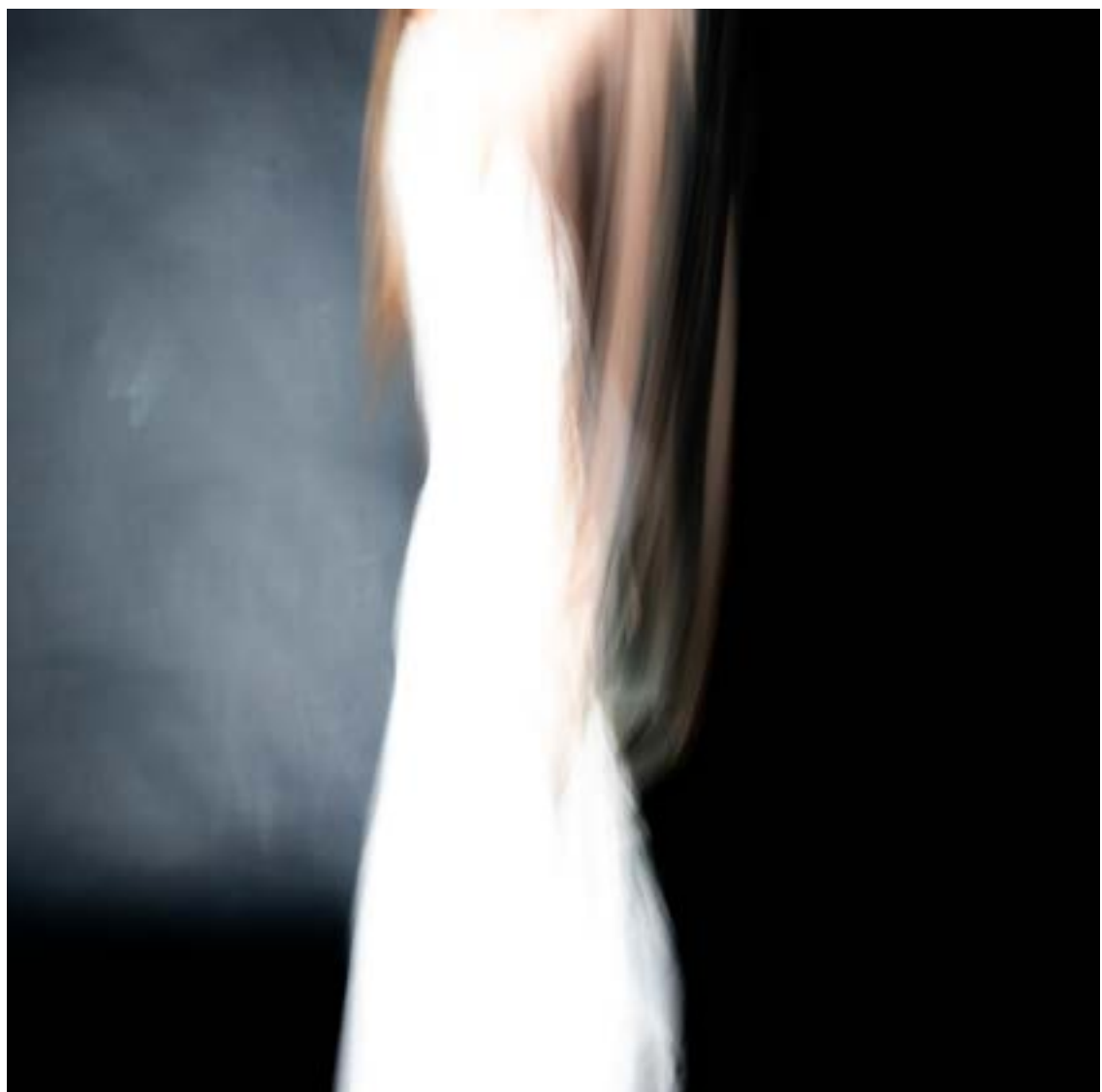














dress: Jaded London/ boots: Rick Owens

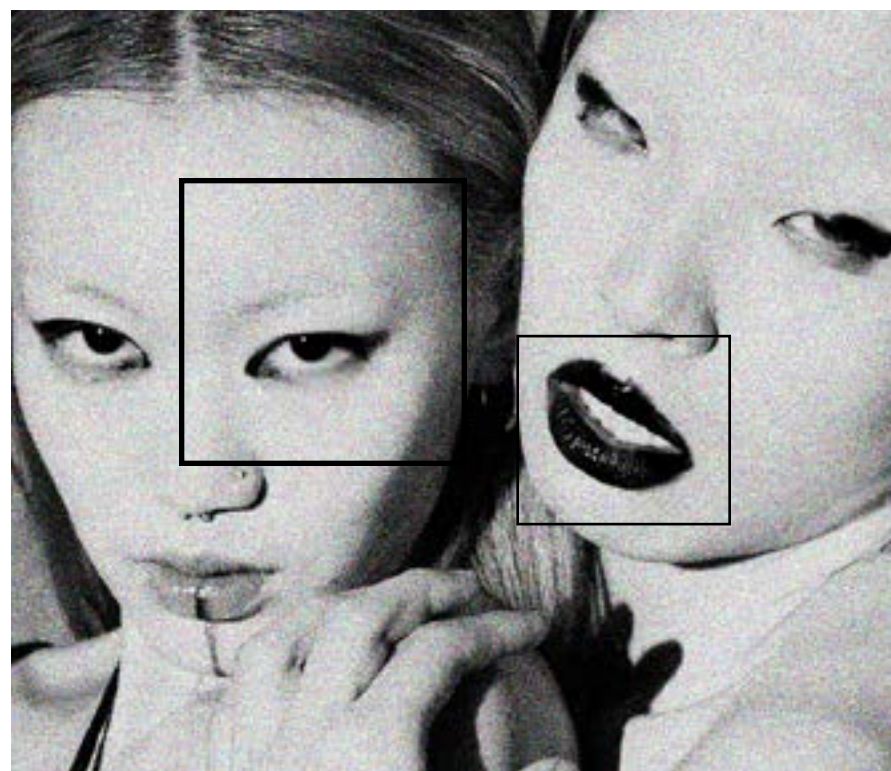








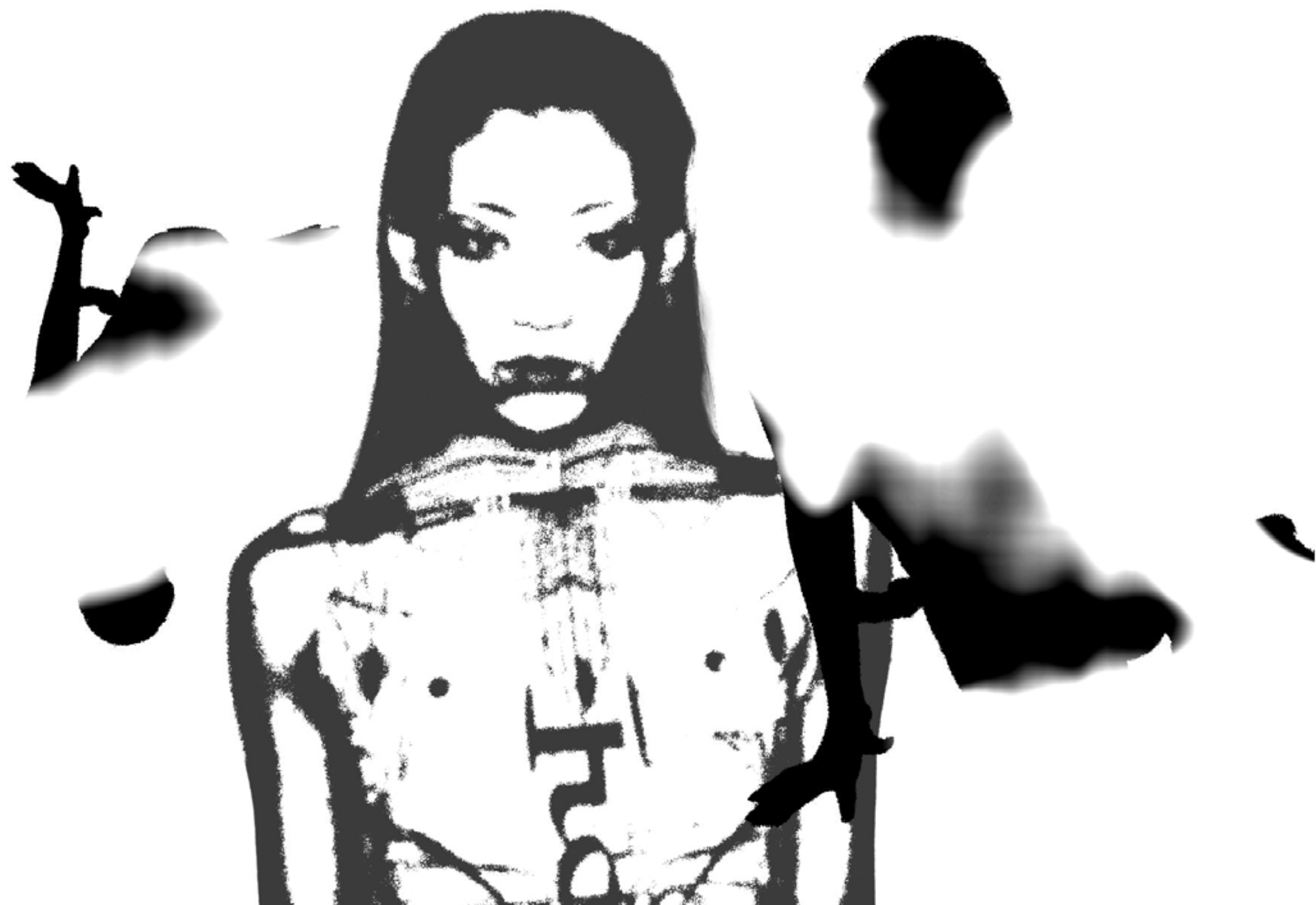














top by chiweng



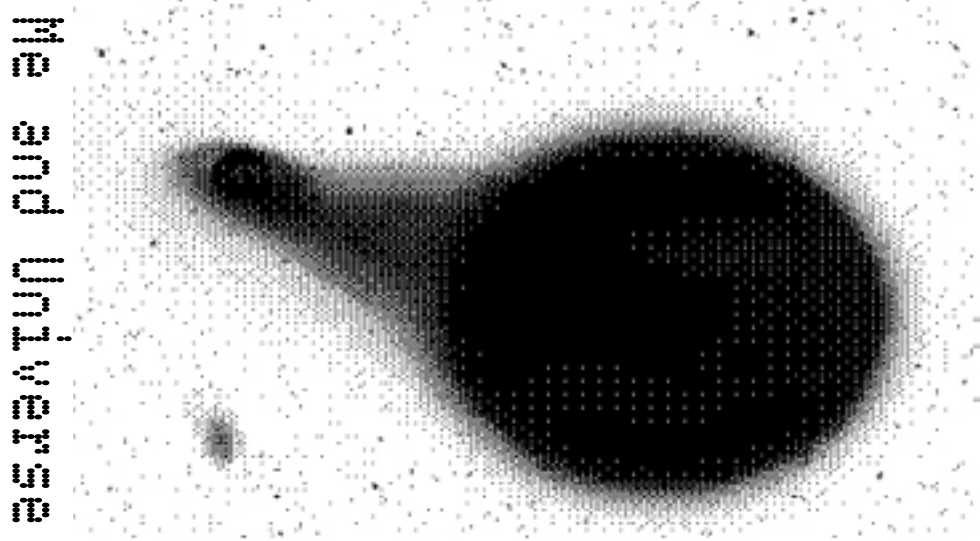




top: Rick Owens
bottom and headpiece: microfungi







Mercury Chen

“Whenever I can’t sleep and find myself staring up at the night sky through my window, I often fall into an illusion of eternity.”

Though the knowledge in books tells me that the universe was born from a great explosion, that the Earth we inhabit is but a speck of dust in the vast cosmos, and that one day, this Earth too will meet its end, I can’t help but drift into a grand, operatic narrative whenever I gaze into the sky. It feels as if everything is distant, immeasurable, vast, enigmatic, profound, perfect, and unchanging since time immemorial. The destruction described in books feels like nothing more than an allegory—a nihilistic theory woven from explosions, fragmentation, radioactive chemicals, and apocalyptic fantasies. It seems as though it will never truly arrive, or at least, not in this lifetime. Yet, it lingers like a forewarning of an eventual end, constantly reminding me that doom and ultimate death are inevitable.

Time itself seems endless—perhaps even meaningless—when confronted with these thoughts. This fate appears to have been set in motion long before time could hold any significance. The destruction of the universe, as depicted in scientific allegories, seems like a mere random point in an infinite cycle, a single moment after which new loves, entanglements, and stories will inevitably arise.

Whenever I think about this, I begin to feel drowsy, as if my body is slowly transforming into a puddle of water or a drifting cloud, my consciousness dissolving into the slackened weight of my body. It feels akin to a night by the sea, where the ocean and sky merge into one seamless expanse.

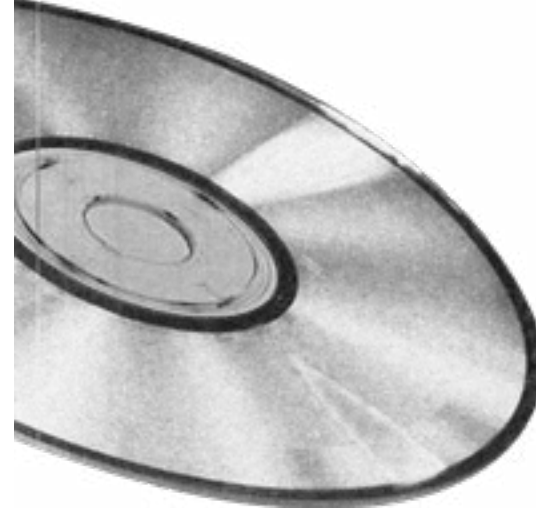
In these moments, I am strangely overcome with a sense of connection to the universe. My awareness and body seem to dissolve into the cosmic nebula, breathing in sync with the universe’s pulse. It’s as if a beam of light pierces through my brow, linking me to galaxies far beyond. My body begins to spin, to sink, and then gradually loses sensation—like an electron undergoing nuclear fusion or a cell dividing in meiosis, its fate unknown but potent enough to spark a cataclysmic explosion in some parallel world.

It might sound like a regretful severing of the physical self, or more plainly, a hallucinatory brush with a near-death experience. Yet, in this moment of consciousness flickering between realms, I feel an unprecedented calm and serenity. The noise of the 3D world—the battles of life and death, the endless cycles of evolution and daily repetition—flattens into a panoramic photo, tucked away and forgotten in some distant corner of an album.

The light filtering through the curtain begins to blur and expand, spreading outward as if preparing to swallow both my body and my consciousness. It feels as though I am being swept into the tides of the cosmos, pulled by gravity, colliding and merging with meteors, particles, or dark matter—splitting, fusing, transforming, becoming something entirely new.

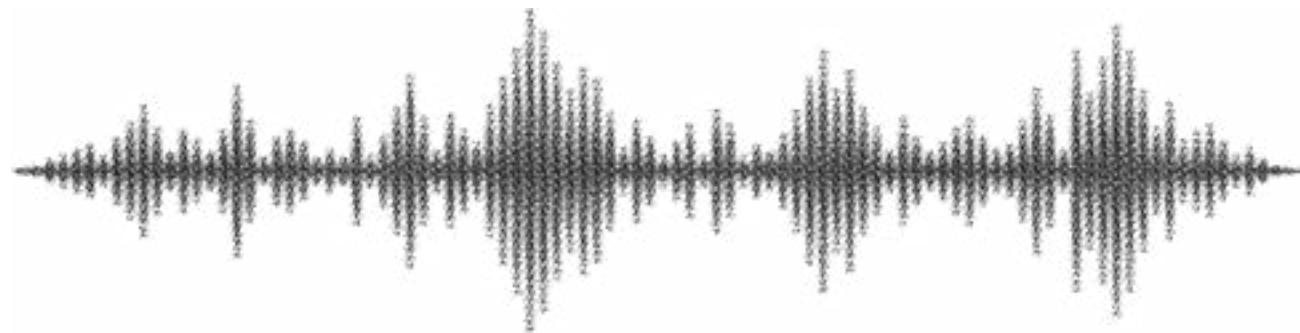
The body will perish, just as the stars will burn out. To revel, shout, radiate, and shine before inevitable extinction—celebrating decay within the grand cycle—creates a poetic parallel that binds me to the celestial bodies beyond. Molecules, cells, flesh, planets, stars, the universe itself—they resemble nested dolls, each containing and being contained, an endless interplay of existence. Like a molecule adrift, I now float with the tides of starlight through the boundless cosmos.

In this moment, I have become the entire universe.

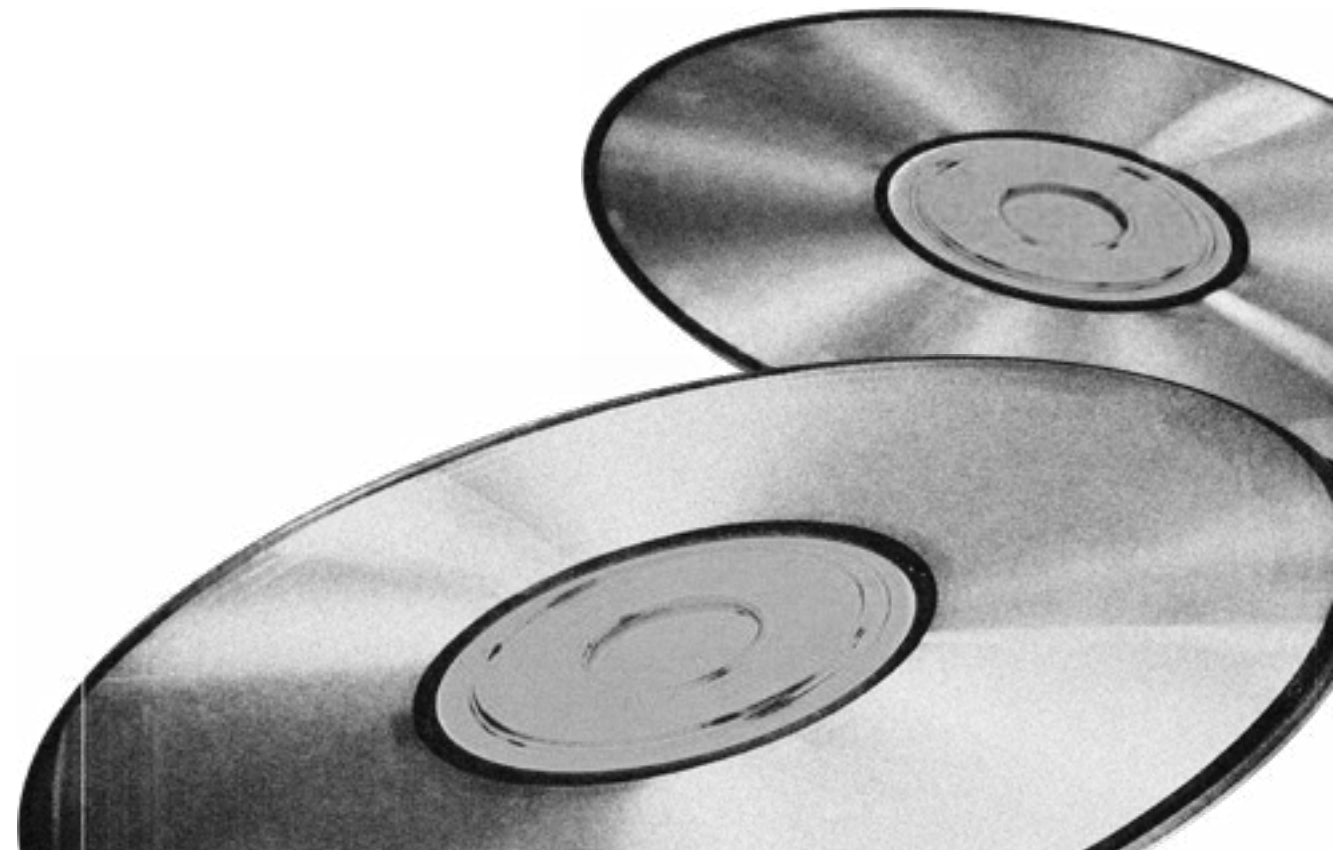


THIS IS

WhiteDwarf



rport - voljum
Mado - Fellsius
Boring Angel - Oneohtrix Point Never
Image - Magdalena Bay
Oedipus Orca - Theme From "Oedipus Orca" - James Dashow
Guidance - Samuel Organ
Open - James K & Yves Tumor
Manners - Arca
Polynomial-C - Aphex Twin
Alive - Arca
Eusexua - FKA twigs
Goodbye, Goodbye - μ -Ziq
Tha - Aphex Twin
Remember - Fellsius
Intro (The Full Horror) - SOPHIE

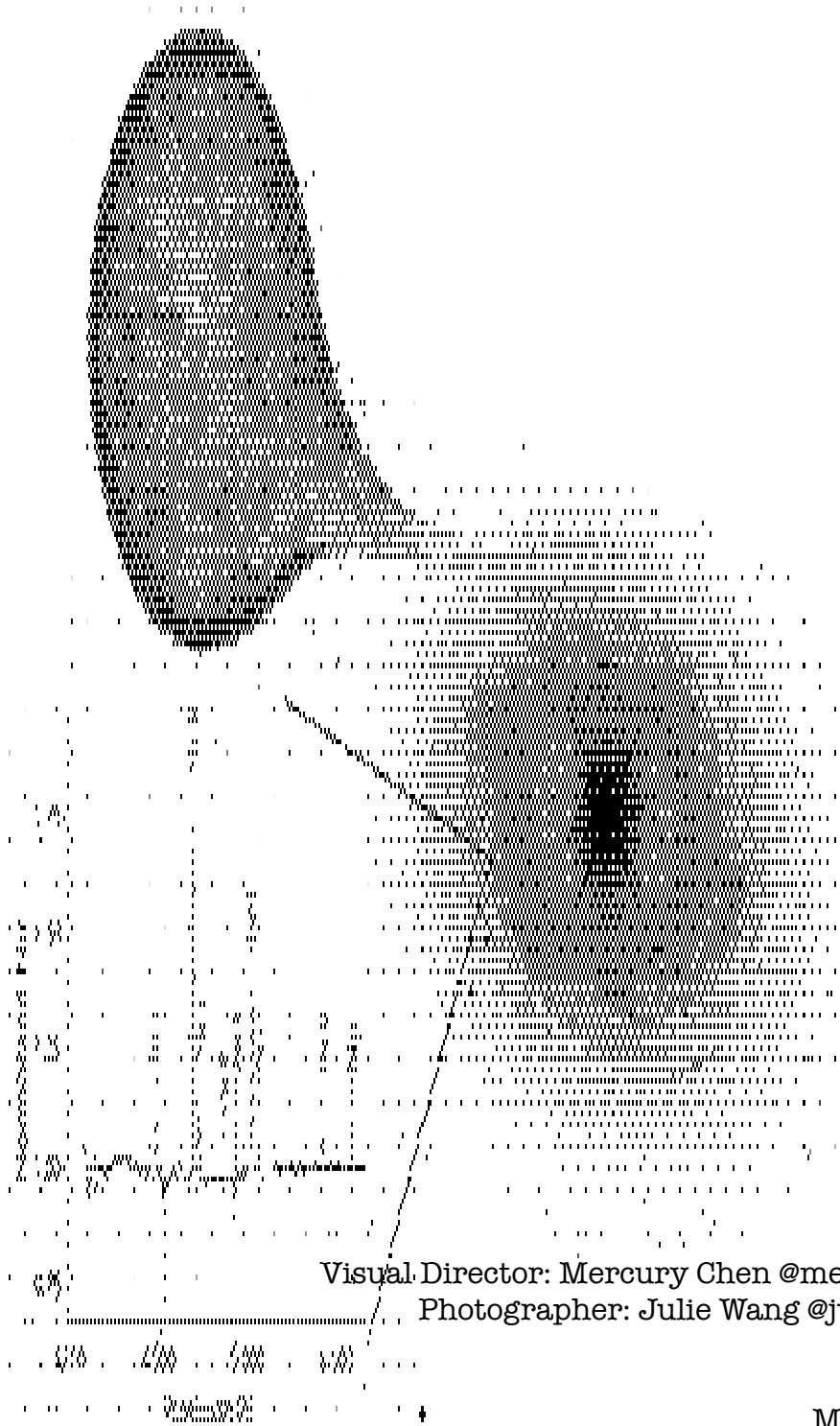


Life is a delicate, fragile thing — irreplaceable in its beauty, yet fleeting in its nature. It is a moment we hold tightly, even as we must learn to accept that it will one day slip from our grasp. All things must come to an end. When every spark has been spent, life’s final moments radiate a soft, white light—a quiet glow that falls gently upon us, inch by inch, revealing the faint shimmer of new possibilities waiting to unfold.

No matter what the future holds, life remains an endless enigma. Behind its dazzling brilliance lies an eternal rhythm—the cycles of endings and beginnings, of cause and effect. And so, together, we carry this fragile hope as we unveil Issue 2: White Dwarf. Guided by curiosity, we step boldly into the unknown, ready to embrace the wonders yet to come.

I don’t want to lose you, but I know I must let you go. As much as I wish we could stay by your side forever, I wish even more for you to find your own way—to discover your own light, your own brilliance, and shine in ways beyond imagination.

And so, with a full heart and hopeful spirit, we bring to a close our second issue—White Dwarf.



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