

# an infinite

A close-up portrait of a woman with voluminous, curly red hair. She is wearing large hoop earrings and a thin chain necklace with a small cross pendant. Her gaze is directed upwards and to the right. The background is a blurred, colorful scene with green and yellow lights, suggesting a night club or concert environment.





# Infinite

|                  |                           |                   |         |                      |               |                     |          |                                |                        |                  |                |
|------------------|---------------------------|-------------------|---------|----------------------|---------------|---------------------|----------|--------------------------------|------------------------|------------------|----------------|
| EDITORS IN CHIEF | SOPHIA CHEN & ALEX NWIGWE | CREATIVE DIRECTOR | SHUACHO | PHOTOGRAPHY DIRECTOR | VISUAL DESIGN | PUBLISHING DIRECTOR | FABRICAT | INTERNAL RELATIONSHIP DIRECTOR | MANAGING RELATIONSHIPS | RELEASE DIRECTOR | MEDIA DIRECTOR |
| EDITORS IN CHIEF | SOPHIA CHEN & ALEX NWIGWE | CREATIVE DIRECTOR | SHUACHO | PHOTOGRAPHY DIRECTOR | VISUAL DESIGN | PUBLISHING DIRECTOR | FABRICAT | INTERNAL RELATIONSHIP DIRECTOR | MANAGING RELATIONSHIPS | RELEASE DIRECTOR | MEDIA DIRECTOR |
| EDITORS IN CHIEF | SOPHIA CHEN & ALEX NWIGWE | CREATIVE DIRECTOR | SHUACHO | PHOTOGRAPHY DIRECTOR | VISUAL DESIGN | PUBLISHING DIRECTOR | FABRICAT | INTERNAL RELATIONSHIP DIRECTOR | MANAGING RELATIONSHIPS | RELEASE DIRECTOR | MEDIA DIRECTOR |
| EDITORS IN CHIEF | SOPHIA CHEN & ALEX NWIGWE | CREATIVE DIRECTOR | SHUACHO | PHOTOGRAPHY DIRECTOR | VISUAL DESIGN | PUBLISHING DIRECTOR | FABRICAT | INTERNAL RELATIONSHIP DIRECTOR | MANAGING RELATIONSHIPS | RELEASE DIRECTOR | MEDIA DIRECTOR |
| EDITORS IN CHIEF | SOPHIA CHEN & ALEX NWIGWE | CREATIVE DIRECTOR | SHUACHO | PHOTOGRAPHY DIRECTOR | VISUAL DESIGN | PUBLISHING DIRECTOR | FABRICAT | INTERNAL RELATIONSHIP DIRECTOR | MANAGING RELATIONSHIPS | RELEASE DIRECTOR | MEDIA DIRECTOR |

SPRING  
MMXXII  
ISSUE X

|   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| AIZAZ YOUNAS  | • | JAKIN NG • JAKOB DE RAAIJ • JENNIFER ZHANG   |
| AMANDA TONG   | • | JOANNA CAO • JOLI DOU  |
| ANGELA ZHANG • ANITA PODRUG   | • | KYNA MCGILL • LIZI MAZIASHVILI • LUCIAN COVARRUBIAS • LYNE ODHIAMBO • MAANASA KOTHA • MAURIELLE NOTO • MARIO PEREIRA • MASARAH AHMEDHUSSAIN • MAX SIEGEL • MICHELLE LI • NANAKO KUZE • NATALIE MURADYAN • NATE WOODWARD • NEOSHA NARAYAN • NIGARA NIZAMIDIN                    |
| ANNE OUYANG • ANNIE DONG • ANNIE SNYDER   | • |  |
| ARI PERÓ • ARUSHA NIRVAN • ASRAH RIZVI  | • |  |
| ATHIRA ARAYATH • AYAH MAHMOUD • AZREEN ZAMAN • BRENNA KENNEDY-MOORE   | • | NINA LI • NINA RHONE • NNEDI OKOYE • PAULA CONTRERAS • RILA SHISHIDO • SALMA ISLAM • SANGITA VASIKARAN • SAVANNAH LAWRENCE • SELENA LIU • SHAIDA NISHAT • SHARON OPARA-NDUDU • SHRUTI RAVICHANDRAN • SOPHIA PINEDA • TIMBER CAREY • XENIA ZHAO • YEABSIRA MOGES • ZHIXING CHEN |
| BUKUNMI SHODIPO • DOREEN ROTA • EESHA BANERJEE • EKANEM OKEKE • ELAINE WU • ELSA ITAMBO • EMILY CARAGAY • EMILY CHEN • EMILY HUANG • EMILY JIN • EMMA CHADWICK • ERI-IFE OLAYINKA • FADUMA KHALIF • FRANKIE SCHULTE • FRANKLIN NGUYEN • GABRIELLE MOORE | • | HABEEB SALAU • HANIYA SHAREEF • HELEN WANG • HUSAIN RIZVI • INÉS ESCOBEDO • ISHANA SHASTRI • JACK KING   |

SPECIAL THANKS TO SARAH HIRZEL & VOXEL



MIT LEF/  
ARCADE

THE

COOP

# A LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

We've seen *Infinite Magazine* develop dramatically over the years—first, from the perspective of external onlookers, and now, as Editors-In-Chief. We've watched as it has grown in size, changed in creative direction, and shifted focus to different aspects of community and education. And so it was no surprise that when we sat down to write this letter, ruminating over what areas of progress from the past semester we could speak on, the dominant sentiment was *what haven't we already said?*

It's facetious, of course. There's much we have not yet discovered and an infinite amount of ways for *Infinite* to continue to grow. Perhaps the issue lies in which problems we were addressing: previously, we were tasked with solving straightforward problems—a sense of community and an enduring club structure—but now we must deal with the finer, more insidious difficulties that arise as *Infinite* aspires towards more. Our obstacles, once daunting but clear, have become more nuanced.

Nevertheless, these obstacles are the inevitable product of growth. They are born out of time and space—dimensions, if you will. As *Infinite* Issue X will be the penultimate issue with us at the helm, we are left with an equally inevitable thought: *in what ways will this club change once we're gone?*

Last semester was about building a community; this semester taught us to rely on it. With Issue X having the largest executive board and general body thus far, we were as worried as we were excited. More people could mean more points of failure and more opportunities for poor cooperation. And yet, we've been able to witness a semester of many fulfilling firsts—a partnership with MIT iHQ's Voxel, a design-focused student makerspace that has enabled the maker spirit we're reviving in *Infinite*; a larger presence within the MIT campus through pop-up events and the initial drop of *Infinite* clothing sold to the MIT community and beyond; and a release event larger than anything we've had in the past two years.

And so, the answer to this club's continuation lies

in the fact that *Infinite* is simply all of the people who come together to make it happen. We trust there will always be people who do. Thank you to our executive board, who enlighten, uplift, and inspire us. As stressful as our board meetings were, they were equally full of laughter and good company. Thank you to our spread leads, who amaze us with their ambition, vision, and willpower. Thank you to our members, who fill these pages with wonder and intrigue. Thank you to everyone who has brought *Infinite* to where and what it is today.

In this issue of *Infinite*, you, too, are in these pages. As you flip through this compilation of narrative and visual speculation, we hope you're able to see yourself and discover something new. You create the meaning of *Infinite* as much as we do.

(Issue X)OXO,  
Sophia Chen & Alex Nwigwe





14

TRANSIENT TERRAIN

26

THROUGH THE  
LOOKING GLASS

34

LOWLIGHTS



SONIC

43



OVERGROWN

49



CYBERNETICS

63



MONSOON MUSLIM

74

# ANTI FLAT TST



**DESIGN** Nina Li, Angela Zhang

**PHOTO** Joanna Cao, Anne Ouyang

**STYLING** Joanna Cao, Paula Contreras,  
Ekanem Okeke, Emily Satterfield

**LAYOUT** Nina Li, Angela Zhang

**MAKEUP** Joanna Cao, Nina Li, Angela Zhang

**MODELS** Joanna Cao, Nina Li, Franklin Nguyen



FLATIST  
ANTIFLATIST  
ANTI ANTI ANTI



FLATIST  
ANTIFLATIST  
FLATIST

WINTER









transient terrain



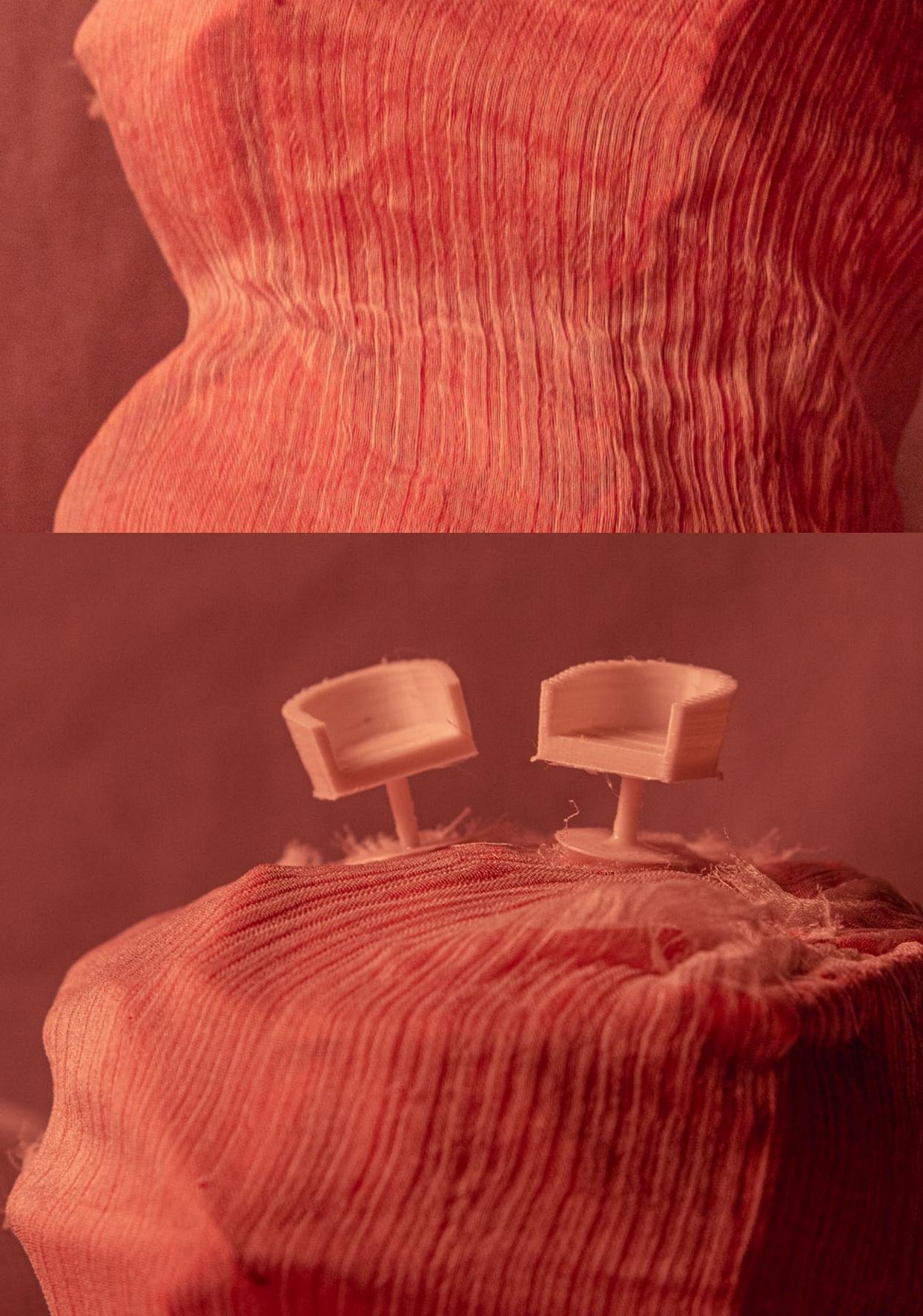


















**DESIGN** Tova Kleiner

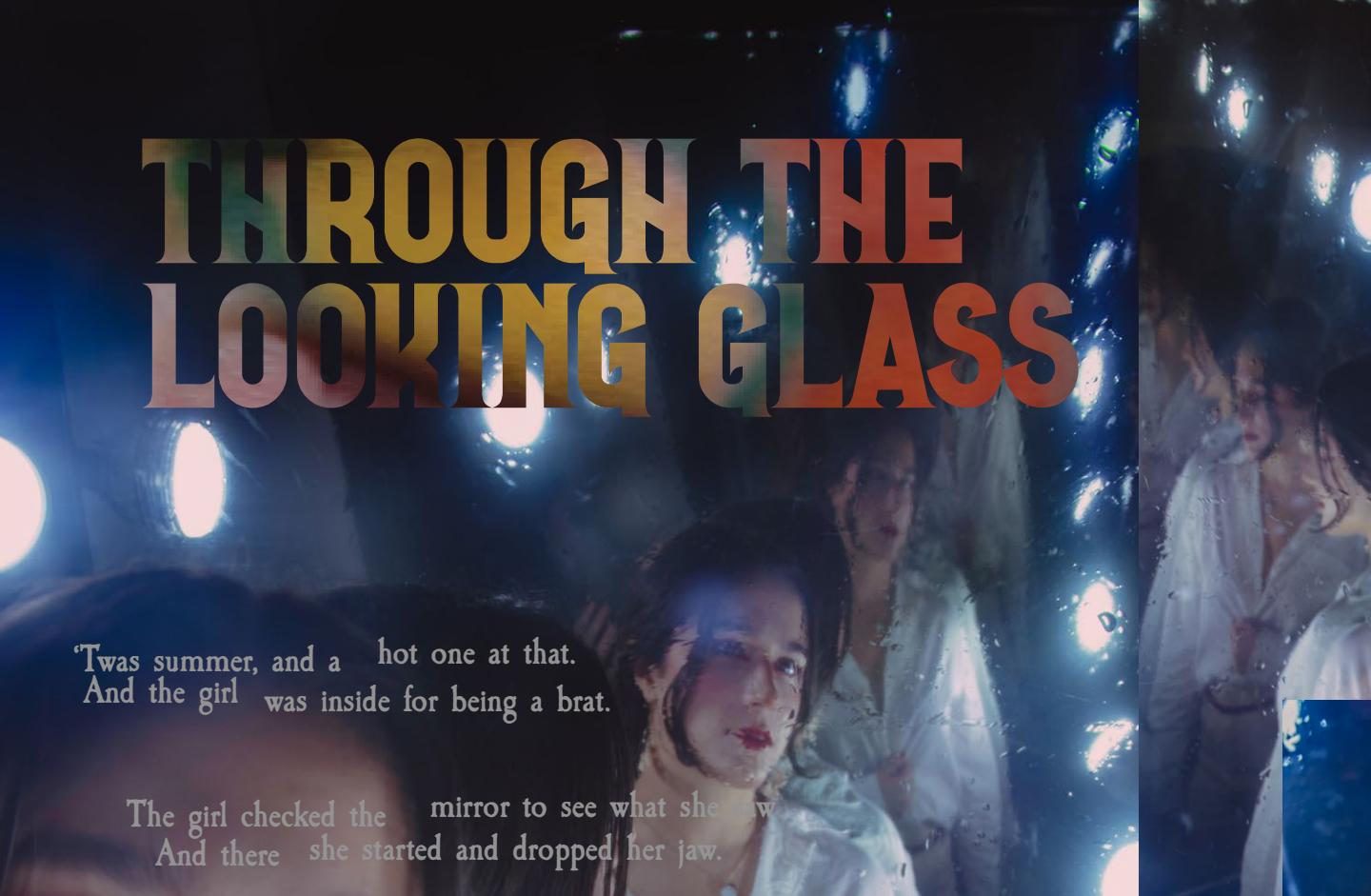
**MAKING** Tova Kleiner, Elaine Wu, Xenia Zhao

**PHOTO** Athira Arayath, Frankie Schulte

**LAYOUT** Tova Kleiner, Maanasa Kotha

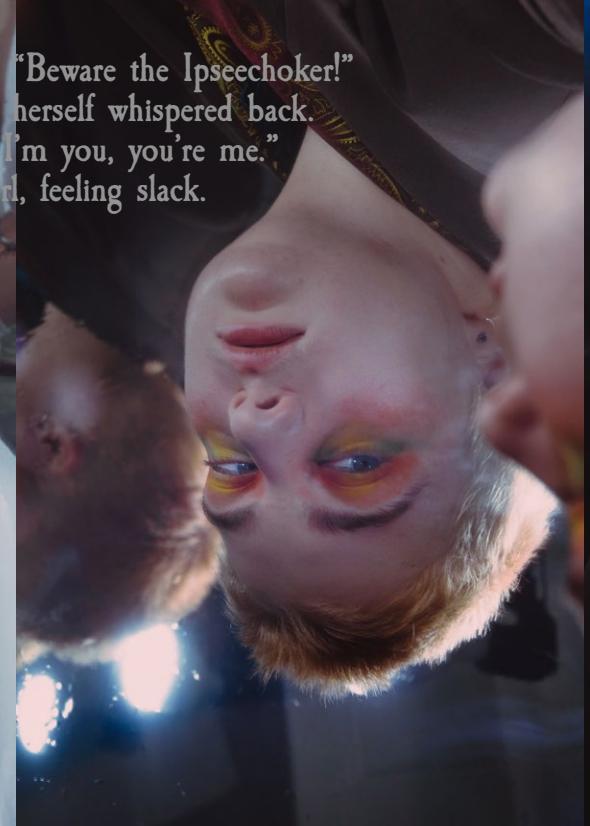


# THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

A large, semi-transparent watermark of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a white button-down shirt, looking slightly off-camera with a thoughtful expression. The background of the image is a dark, moody scene with blue and purple lighting, suggesting a night-time or dreamlike setting.

'Twas summer, and a hot one at that.  
And the girl was inside for being a brat.

The girl checked the mirror to see what she saw  
And there she started and dropped her jaw.

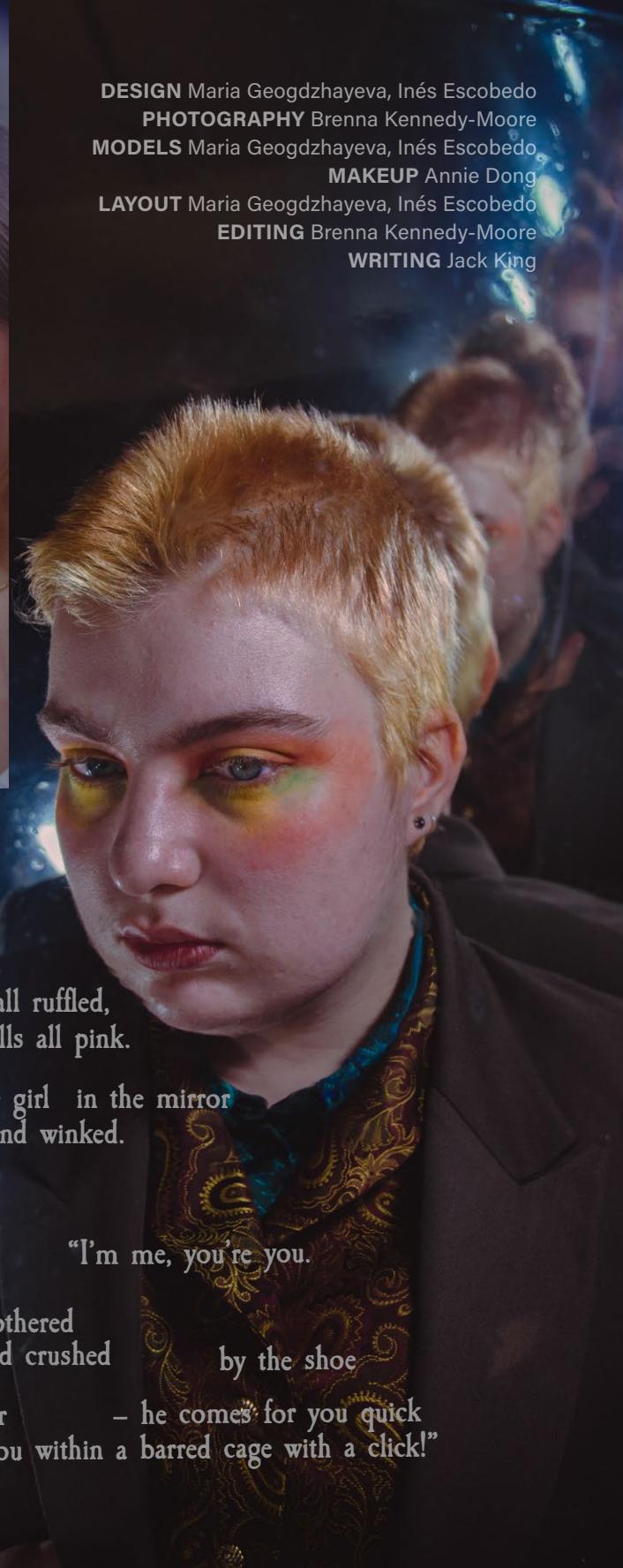
A close-up of a woman's face, looking directly at the viewer. She has dark hair and is wearing a white blouse. Her eyes are a vibrant, multi-colored shade of orange, yellow, and green. She is wearing a small, round pendant necklace with a blue stone. The background is dark and out of focus, showing other people in white shirts.

"Beware the Ipsechoker!"  
herself whispered back.  
"But I'm you, you're me."  
said the girl, feeling slack.





"Not yet," She said,  
Soon to be smothered  
and crushed  
Of the terrible Ipseechoker  
And locks you within a barred cage with a click!"



**DESIGN** Maria Geogdzhayeva, Inés Escobedo

**PHOTOGRAPHY** Brenna Kennedy-Moore

**MODELS** Maria Geogdzhayeva, Inés Escobedo

**MAKEUP** Annie Dong

**LAYOUT** Maria Geogdzhayeva, Inés Escobedo

**EDITING** Brenna Kennedy-Moore

**WRITING** Jack King

Hair all ruffled,  
and frills all pink.

The girl in the mirror  
giggled and winked.

"I'm me, you're you.

by the shoe

– he comes for you quick  
And locks you within a barred cage with a click!"

"So what must I do?"  
the girl said  
with a frown.

Her mirror-self's  
eyes widened,  
green golden and brown:

"Gazinder and whallop  
and flipple and lents."

"Wait!" the girl cried,  
"but that made no sense!"

And then there she was, run ni ng a  
Through a tunnel,  
to a world of a w a y  
beautiful day.

wings  
Her heels sprouted  
little dragonfly things -

And her hands became diamonds  
to smash crowns of kings.

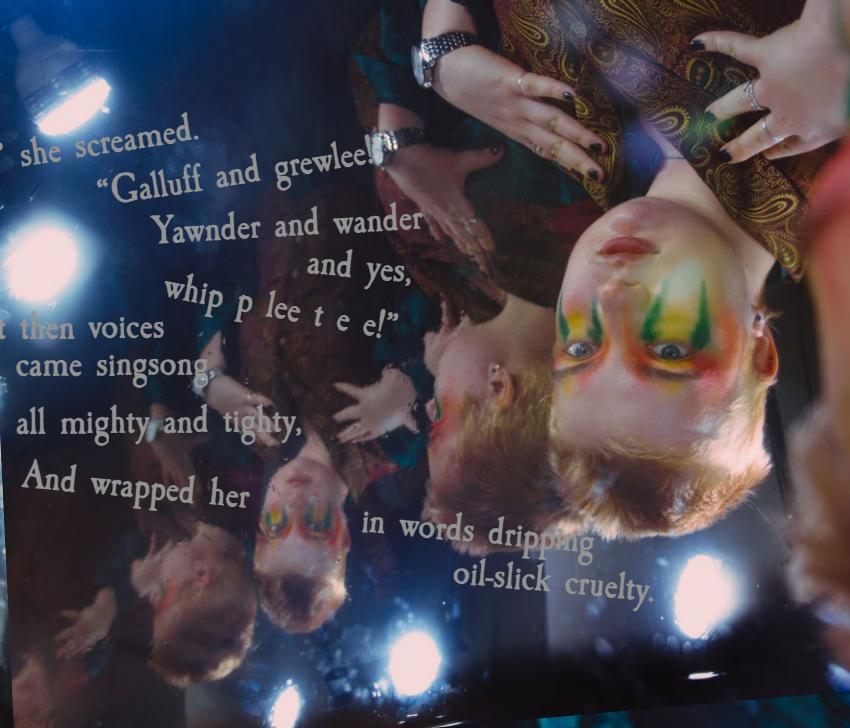


"Gimble!" she screamed.

"Galluff and grewlee!  
Yawnder and wander  
and yes,  
But then voices  
came singsong,

all mighty and tighty,  
And wrapped her

in words dripping  
oil-slick cruelty.



"Weird and wrong and MAD  
as a hatter!"

They snickered and laughed  
and she wanted to sh at t e r.



So off she then ran to a hole in  
the ground,

And jeeby  
by heeby  
you won't  
believe  
what she  
found.





Glass cages.

Perma-perfect frozen girls -

Their light beams bent through

Transparent lies and

Echoing whispers...

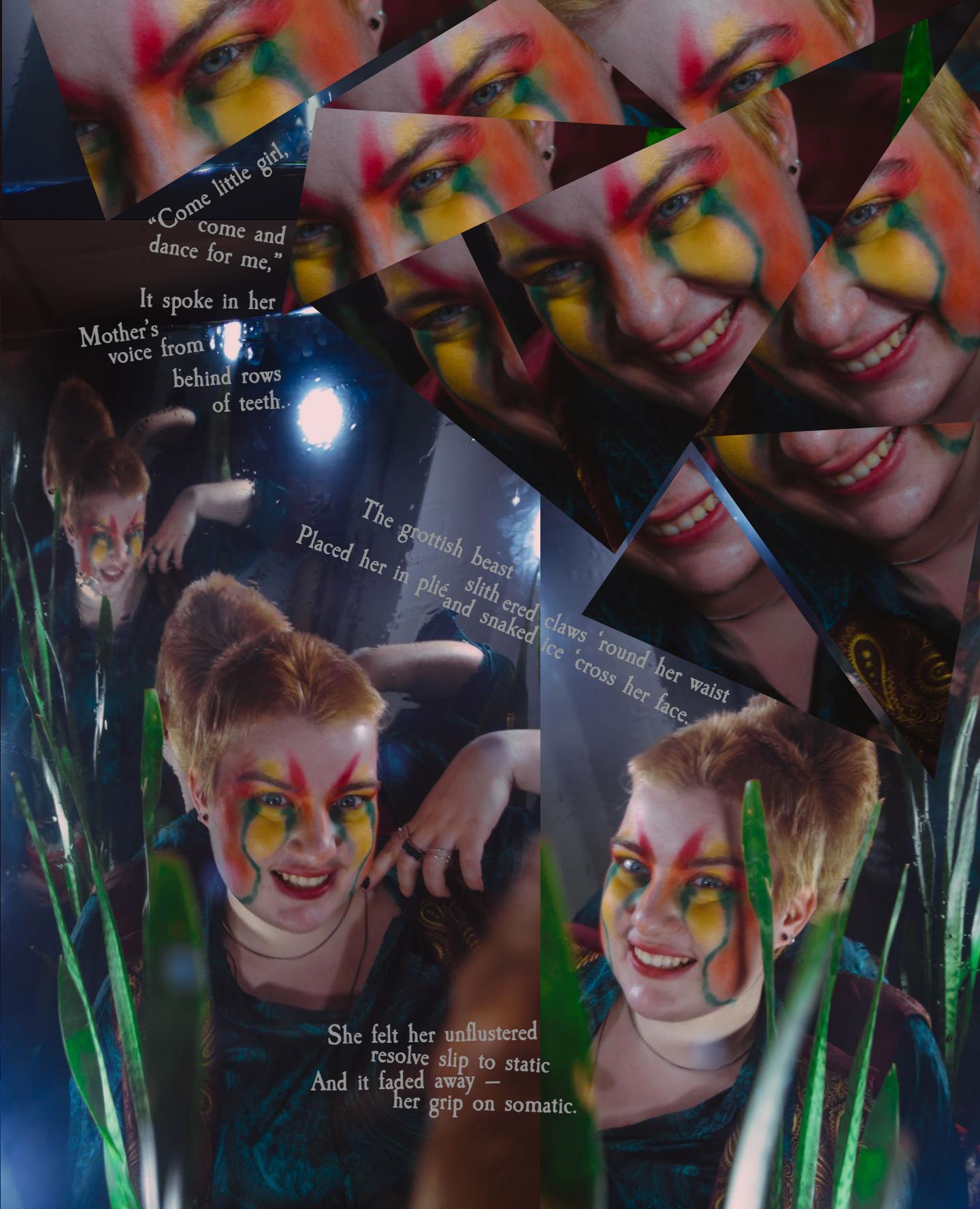
Arms up, mid-dance.

Rows and

Rows.

These girls  
became ice  
sculptures  
long long  
ago...

Then came the slither ing slithering toker,  
The girl turned arou nd and viddied the Choker!



"Come little girl,  
come and  
dance for me,"  
  
It spoke in her  
Mother's  
voice from  
behind rows  
of teeth.

The grottish beast  
Placed her in plié and snaked  
claws 'round her waist  
ice 'cross her face.  
  
She felt her unflustered  
resolve slip to static  
And it faded away —  
her grip on somatic.



But halt!  
She quarreled  
her trelops to  
prekiln this  
fight

There was simply  
no way she would  
cave to this night.

She grippled the chrysileen  
slives from her cheeks,  
And slish-sashed  
the ockes of  
the terrigornt beast.

It twingled and  
blibbered  
and fell

with a roar.

With the one final swipe,  
Ipseechoker was no more.

The girl turned,  
exhausted,  
away towards her home  
And her mirror-self  
stood there:  
"you've  
written the poem!"

But still there  
That one

Ipseechoker was  
remains many a thing left to do  
only for you."



LOWLIGHTS

















**SPREAD LEAD** Faduma Khalif

**MODELS** Elsa Itambo, Sharon Opara-Ndudu,  
Savannah Lawrence, Eri-ife Olayinka,  
Lyne Odhiambo

**PHOTO** Amanda Tong, Jakob De Raaij

**HMUA** Natalie Muradyan

**LAYOUT** Emily Jin

(( SONIC ))











**DESIGN** Nina Rhone, Eesha Banerjee

**PHOTO** Kidist Adamu

**STYLING** Emily Huang, Nina Rhone

**LAYOUT** Nina Rhone, Eesha Banerjee

**HMUA** Jennifer Zhang, Rila Shishido, Emily Huang

**MODELS** Shua Cho, Nanako Kuze, Ari Peró,

Bukunmi Shodipo, Emily Caragay

**WRITING** Nnedi Okoye



A black and white photograph showing a dense network of bare tree branches against a bright, overexposed sky. The branches are dark and intricate, creating a complex web-like pattern.

**OVERGROWN**

























**DESIGN** Lizi Maziashvili

**MAKING** Timber Carey

**PHOTO** Lizi Maziashvili, Bryan Sperry

**STYLING** Lizi Maziashvili

**LAYOUT** Lizi Maziashvili

**HMUA** Lizi Maziashvili, Bryan Sperry

**MODELS** Lucian Covarrubias, Bryan Sperry



# cybernetics













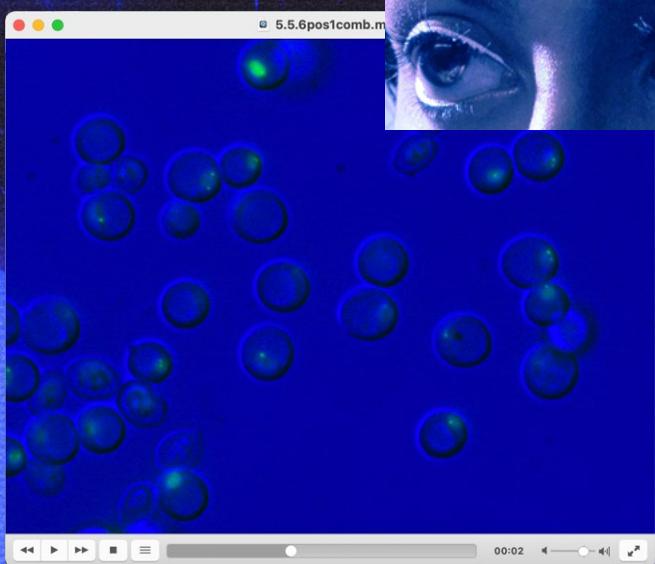


Since the moment humans took flight, we have been in the hands of Marinetti and his Futurists. Their guiding principles: the praise of Speed, the exultation of danger and recklessness, they have become ours as well. The old aristocratic conservatism, just beginning to die in his day is now nothing more than a place for parasites to take their fill of necrotizing prestige; all thought is now Motion, and whether forward or backward it is called "Progress", mediated by Acceleration, towards an ever increasing Speed. The total control of this thought over our own has produced the most wonderous inventions of the modern age: the machine gun and tank, blitzkrieg, the atomic bomb, rocketry, digital computing, ARPANET, the World Wide Web, fast food, fast fashion, fast acting weight loss supplements with a money back guarantee. Every moment is the fever pitch, stuck riding the apex of our Motion. Whether gravity will come knocking one day no one knows.

Motion, being the transformation of Space over Time and Time over Space, links the two through itself. It is no wonder then that our obsession with Speed has grown, Time and Space have exploded and the human being has gone with it. The size of our galaxy was already incomprehensible, that the universe is filled with clusters laid out like stars makes us specks within specks. At the same Time, our bodies are now wholes. We are composed of cells upon cells, some of them not even human, made of information, made of atoms and smaller, each more and more yet less and less. History lies behind us, shattered and broken with its errors, the future stretches ahead with its promise, and the present we are racing through. How many times have the continents shifted? How many ages ago did life first appear? Now we break the gates open at the sound of our gunshot, making the rise of mountains, once so fast against the turning of the stars, into the crawl of geologic Time. We are everywhere at once as travels that once took lifetimes close to infinitesimals. And still, we feel that life is too short.

But Speed always has its enemy Force against it, and there are only two options in the face of such opposition: to overcome the Force and destroy it utterly or to reduce it, to be a use Brute Force or to be Aerodynamic, for physics defines our Forms. In decades past, the concern was the machine and its Form. It was an extension of our Being that was not us and so the methods of production could be brought to bear to shape it. But today Futurism is not merely on the mind but in the body. The optimizations of muscle, replaced by machine Speed, are being replaced again by Accelerations in the technological Form. Flesh is coated and fixed in the mechanical, signs pointing to the transubstantiation to the electrical, where without body we glide as impulse. Cyberspeed, brought about by squeezing the very thing of thought, of logic, into less area, cuts open the world. It is Brute Force that allows for Aerodynamics, and Aerodynamics that frees the energy for Brute Force.

But it is here at the wound, where Feedback and Cybernetics dominates, that we have a chance of changing our Speed. In Meatspace, where the bounds of the Earth seem too large and too small, we wish to take up room, to bulk and drag. Out there, in the realm of the electron, we skim the surface, turning circles, seeking introspection. At the end of it all we learn that it cannot be that the past has nothing to say. So we dance on the rails of our orbit to well-paced music. Our skins touch, our boundaries so close to dissolving, to our bodies transforming into spires, catching sensation like lightning. Our minds bulge against each other, conforming to their curves, words sparring like tongues, slick and frictionless. This is not a rebuke of our Speed but a love of another extreme: of time that crawls until it stops, of places where there is nothing else, of singularity found in our multiplicity. Here we are with the tools we have given our selves, so kindly we have found and made them. Would you come up with me and hold for a moment? Preserve it forever, just as it is still?



```
void  
voidvo  
id
```

it is me!





!!!



**DESIGN** Ishana Shastri

**PHOTO** Kidist Adamu

**LAYOUT** Ishana Shastri

**WRITING** Mario Pereira

**STYLING** Emily Huang, Kyna McGill, Ishana Shastri

**MODELS** Eesha Banerjee, Emily Huang, Nina Rhone, Ishana Shastri

# MONSOON MUSLIM











مُحَمَّدٌ نَّبِيٌّ وَرَسُولٌ  
لِّلْهٗ مُّصَدِّقٌ لِّكُلِّ  
رُّوحٍ مُّنْزَلٌ مُّنْهَجٌ















**DESIGN** Husain Rizvi, Salma Islam  
**PHOTO** Yeabsira Moges, Neosha Narayan

**LAYOUT** Sophia Pineda, Husain Rizvi,

Helen Wang, Salma Islam

**HMUA** Eri-ife Olayinka

**MODELS** Azreen Zaman, Ayah Mahmoud,

Asrah Rizvi, Habeeb Salau, Husain Rizvi,

Haniya Shareef, Mohammed Shafim,

Nigara Nizamidin, Salma Islam, Shaida Nishat

**CALLIGRAPHY** Aizaz Younas



<http://infinitemagazine.mit.edu>  
@infinite\_magazine



