

Infinite





ISSUE



8

Infinite

ISSUE 8
SPRING 2021

Editors in Chief	Sophia Chen & Alex Nwigwe
Creative Director	Lizi Maziashvili
Editorial Director	Kidist Adamu
Visual Design Director	Diego Yañez-Laguna
Photography Director	Bryan Sperry
Internal Relations Director	Maria Geogdzhayeva
Web Director	Karyn Nakamura
Public Relations Directors	Mohammed Shafim & Sarah Coston

Contributors

Sofia Torres Bigio
Anika Cheerla
Aubre Decilap
Aniket Dehadrai
Aviva Intveld
Casey Johnson
Diani Jones

Faduma Khalif
Carly Long
Nina Masuelli
Ethan Nevidomsky
Katherine LiYue Pan
Anita Podrug

Alysse Pusey
Emily Satterfield
Isabella Struckman
Irene Terpstra
Luisa Fernanda Apolaya Torres
Liliana Vela
Harshita Yepuri

Special Thanks to The Spinning Arts Club & The Edgerton Center



THE COOP



Letter from the Editors

The last year has given rise to increased attacks of racism and outright violence against Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders. While the national attention brought to these acts have amplified voices of the AAPI community, such attention is often short-lived, with promises for progress only meant to placate. Whether it's through education, protest, activism, or the power of your voice, it is your responsibility to continuously make positive change. Let this be a reminder to always be conscious of the people around you—whether it be their unseen struggles, diverse backgrounds, or experiences unlike your own. Be there to listen, to support, and to call others to action. Acknowledge the shortcomings of the systems you're a part of, and seek to fix their flaws—even if this means fixing yourself.

Where to begin? A question of uncertainty, of uneven footing, of new beginnings and unclear endings: a question we asked ourselves at the start of the semester when we hopped into a standard Zoom meeting, unaware we'd leave it as Editors-in-Chief of *Infinite Magazine*.

It's difficult to feel deserving of the role when both of us are only wee Sophomores. The idea of leadership implies seniority, as only time can yield experience and credibility. Past EICs have assumed the title after semesters of dedicated contribution and skill acquisition—it traditionally represents the culmination of all one's growth and work. In many ways, becoming the Editors-in-Chief was still very much a learning experience rather than a destination, which speaks to the overall principle we adopted for this semester: that Issue 8 would be a process rather than a publication.

That being said, we began with high ambitions (and an even higher count of shared Google docs). After sleuthing through out-

dated Google drive folders from other issues, we naively envisioned something of grandeur. We planned to ~revitalize~ the Infinite community from a semester (and a half?) of being off campus due to the COVID-19 pandemic, and we meticulously flushed out details for club infrastructure (the cursed Detailed Plan, alongside the ramblings of the Issue 8 Prep Brain Dump). We wanted Infinite to be welcoming, transparent, and connected. *Infinite Magazine* has historically had an aura of separation—a bit intimidating, a bit elitist, and more or less creatively restricted by the EIC's own vision. It was a problem we sought to amend as the EICs of Issue 8. Merited by this aspiration, most of this spring has been preoccupied with becoming better leaders—realizing that at times we were propagating a broken system simply because it was the path of least resistance, and that despite how much detail we'd put in the aforementioned Detailed Plan, we'd ultimately have to trust the people around us to help make it happen.

Trust is a ~heavy~ concept (see what we did there?) whose application, per se, is much easier said than done. We had to trust that the hours we dedicated to the magazine would result in something worthwhile, that the structures we had set out to implement as EICs were truly for the better, and that the thirty distinct creative visions of Issue 8 could come together in an amalgamation we were proud of. It's an interesting issue to grapple with (no pun intended)—while creative vision is usually a unique and individual expression, ours depended on blending the different but equally compelling ideas of others.

And so, this semester we learned to trust in others—to trust in the process of other people's creative visions; to recognize the value of diverse ideas, skills, and contributions; and to have faith in others' ability to learn, adapt, and grow. And we learned to trust in ourselves—to trust that we can recover from our mis-

takes; to recognize the flaws of a system we inherited while not making them ours; and to have faith in our own ability to be patient, compassionate, and appreciative towards others and to ourselves.

We want to thank everyone—our amazing executive board, our hardworking spread leads, and all our wonderful contributors—for bringing Infinite Issue 8 to life. We hope you enjoy what we've created together: the issue of Light.

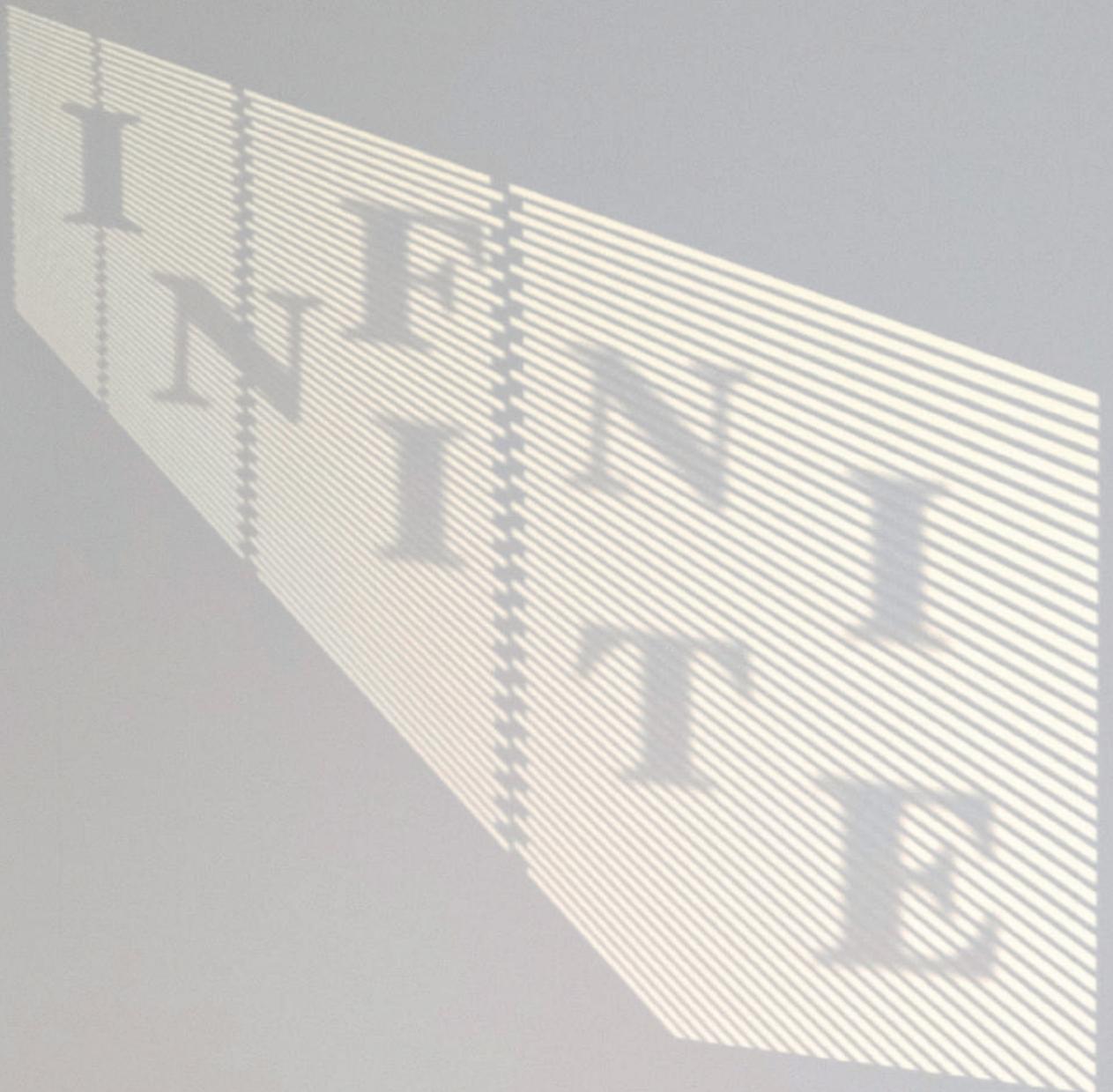


With Love,

Sophia Chen

+

Alex Nwigwe



COVERS

PHOTO Kidist Adamu

LAYOUT Diego Yañez-Laguna

MODELS Harshita Yepuri & Kidist Adamu

INSIDE COVERS

PHOTO Alex Nwigwe & Sophia Chen

MODELS Alex Nwigwe & Sophia Chen



EYE



OF THE STORM

Crown and Cyclone



WRITING Diani Jones

DESIGN Kidist Adamu

PHOTO Kidist Adamu

MODEL Kidist Adamu



my mom used to cut the hair on her dolls
she thought the long slick strands of yellow plastic
would grow to be longer and thicker and yellower
maybe I'm jealous
I used to brush my hair for hours
stretched thin
praying for my curls to be stretched thin
(praying to be stretched thin too)
my eyes clutching their sockets
begging release from fingers convincing delicate braids
nails dancing on oily scalps
from coos and boos and
zip hip hurrahs
because no one's ever satisfied
and everyday begets an introduction,
an explanation,
I wish lying made sore
such sour eyes

because maybe I'm jealous
what am I but another God's plaything granted life?
prim and prude and pure by arbitrary rules
made to placate pathetic pondering
about hypotheticals and fractals and the procedures
by which processes thread in and out
these useless threads how they dangle from slick mouths
and splash into passerby's
swimmers ear making null such dull thoughts
I suppose it's better that way
dressed up, stuffed into tulle and too tight shoes
and tights too
with nothing but sod in your head to muddy everything up
At night do dolls dream of being free?

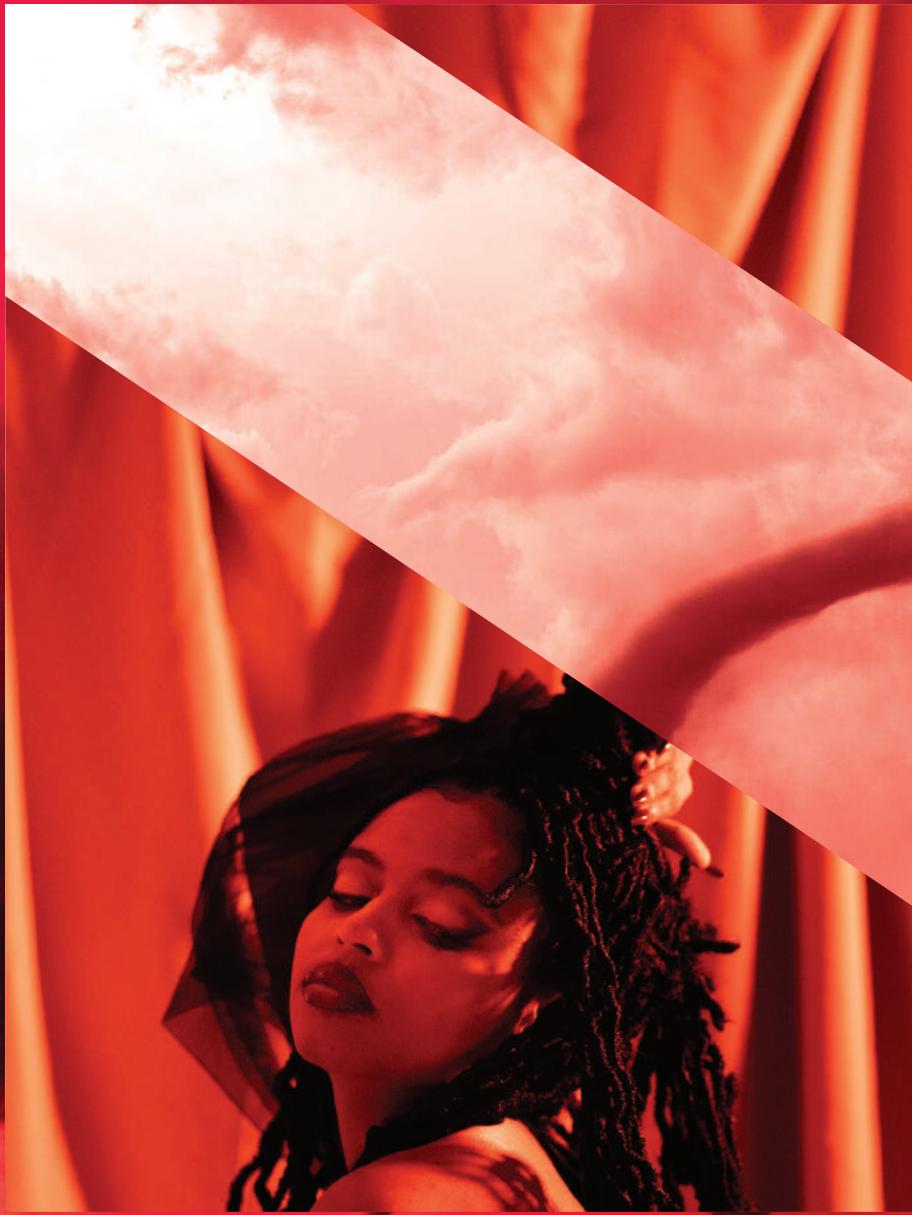




PHOTO John Sirlin, Jason Weingart











WRITING Dr. Jim Bales

PHOTO Amir Chen, Eric Luu, Garrett Souza, Andrew Sorenson,
Nick Venanzi, Jennifer Wang, Yi Yang, Irene Zhou

LAYOUT Bryan Sperry

I
N
S
C
O
P
E



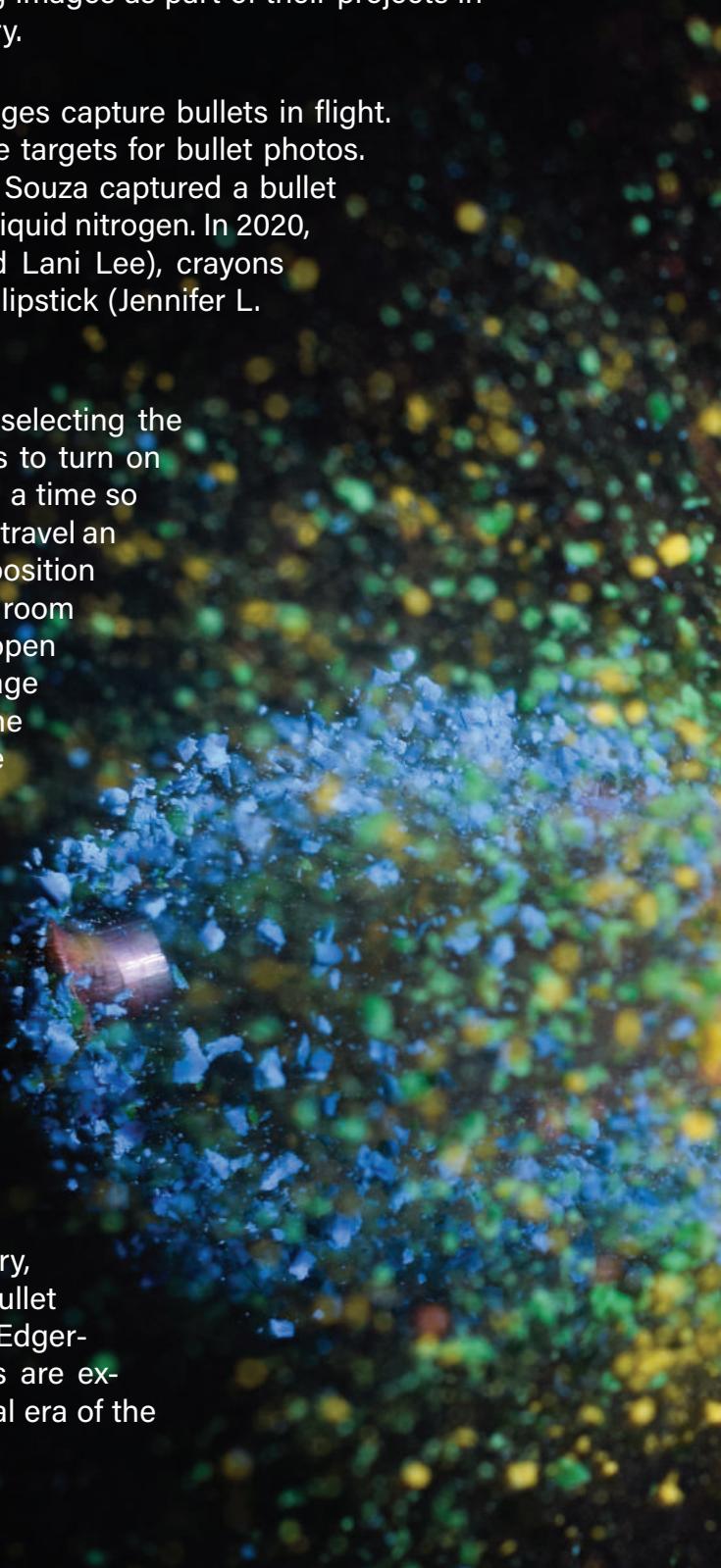
The late Professor Harold Edgerton used strobe lights to create iconic photos of a myriad of events. Every semester, MIT students learn the techniques of high-speed imaging to create their own stunning images as part of their projects in subjects like 6.163, Strobe Project Laboratory.

Some of Prof. Edgerton's most famous images capture bullets in flight. Students in 6.163 devise a range of creative targets for bullet photos. In 2019, Amir Cohen, Eric Luu, and Garrett Souza captured a bullet shattering a rose that had been frozen with liquid nitrogen. In 2020, the targets included chalk (Cece Chu and Lani Lee), crayons (Andrew Sorenson and Nick Venanzi), and lipstick (Jennifer L. Wang, Yi Yang, and Irene Zhou).

Taking a photo of bullet in flight requires selecting the right strobe. In particular, the strobe needs to turn on and then off in about half a microsecond — a time so short that even a supersonic bullet does not travel an appreciable distance. We set up the target, position the camera and strobe, and then turn off the room lights. With the room dark, the students open the shutter of the camera, but there is no image because there is no light. The rifle is fired, the strobe goes off, and — for 0.5 us — an image is formed on the camera's sensor. The students then close the shutter, and we turn on the lights and clean up the mess.

How does the strobe know when to flash? By sound. There is a microphone just out of frame for each bullet photo. As the supersonic bullet passes by, its shock wave (a.k.a. sonic boom) strikes the microphone, creating the signal to fire the strobe.

High-speed photography has a long history, starting with Ernst Mach's first photo of a bullet in flight in 1887 and continuing with Prof. Edgerton's work in the mid-1900s. MIT students are extending this creative tradition into the digital era of the 21st century.

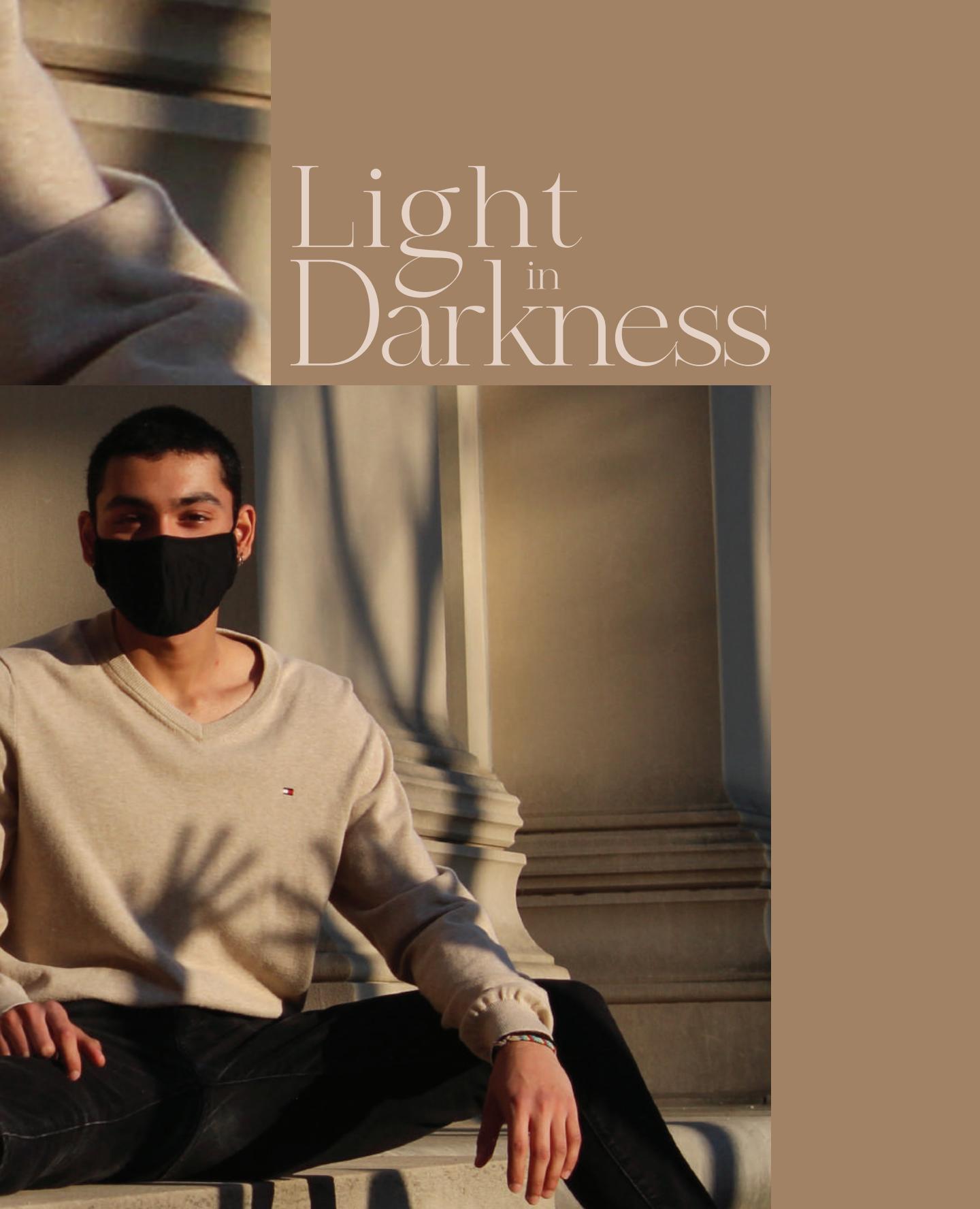






SPREAD LEAD Emily Satterfield
MODELS Aniket Dehadrai,
Luisa Fernanda Apolaya Torres
PHOTO Audrey X
LAYOUT Carly Long





Light in Darkness











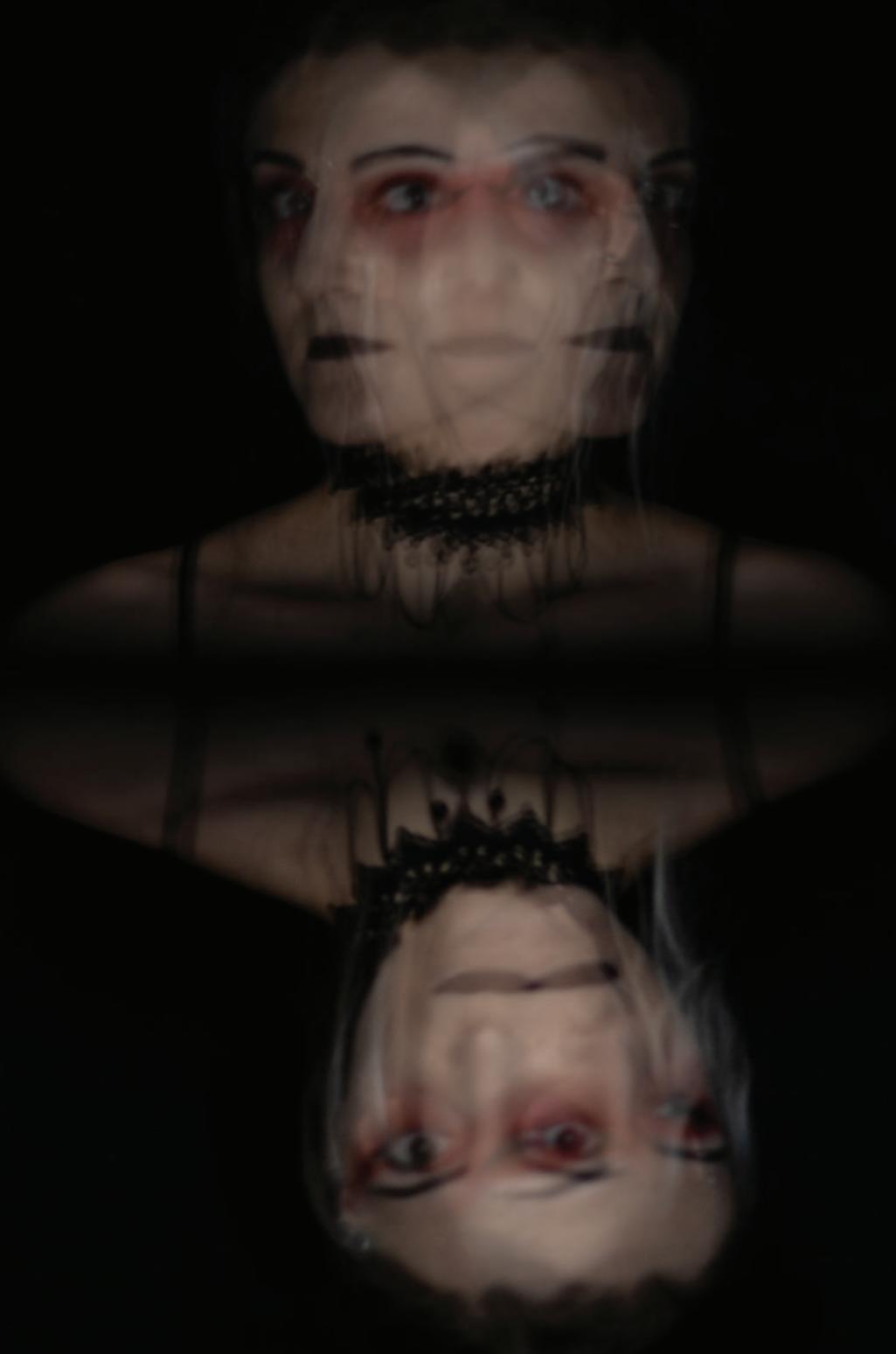








night shift











MODEL Nina Masuelli

PHOTO Ethan Nevidomsky

STYLING Nina Masuelli

DESIGN Ethan Nevidomsky, Nina Masuelli

where is the line







between



introduction







and assimilation?



MODEL Harshita Yepuri

DESIGN Kidist Adamu

PHOTO Kidist Adamu



FLAIR
&
FLAME











PHOTO Spinning Arts Club, Anastasiia Alokhina

PERFORMERS Kristina Kim, Jose Lebraun, Juan Gil, Ellena Popova

LAYOUT Karyn Nakamura, Alexandra Nwigwe

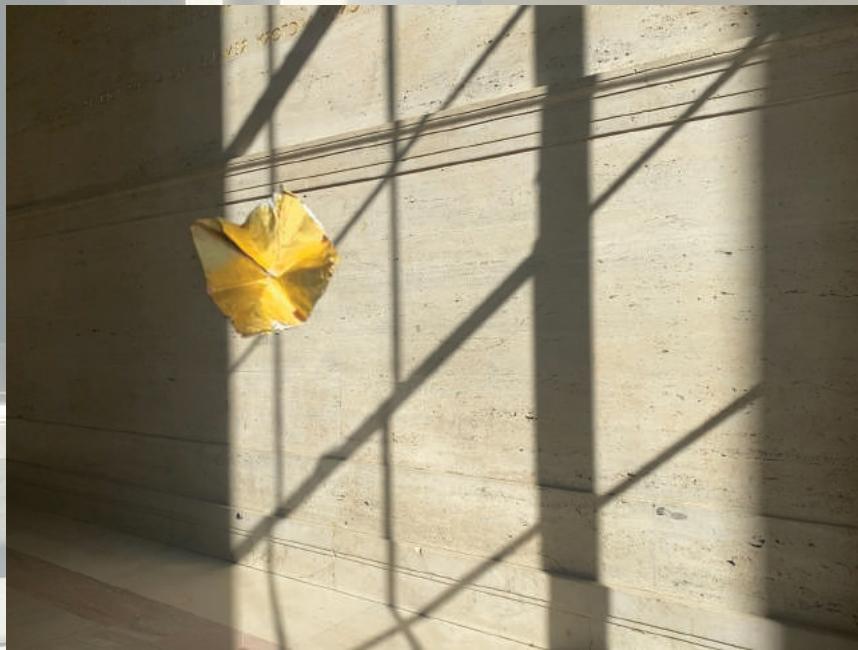
VICTORY
RE

*Follow
the
Scout*











MODEL Alysse Pusey

MAKEUP Maria Geogdzhayeva

PHOTO Maria Geogdzhayeva

EDITING Isabella Struckman and Maria Geogdzhayeva

DESIGN Maria Geogdzhayeva



bimbo rights







DESIGN Liliana Vela

PHOTO Irene Terpstra

MODELS Katherine LiYue Pan, Anita Podrug, Irene Terpstra, Liliana Vela

STYLING/HMUA Faduma Khalif, Katherine LiYue Pan, Anita Podrug,
Irene Terpstra, Liliana Vela







The flashes are dazzling me, killing me...



DESIGN Lizi Maziashvili

WRITING Sofía Torres Bigio

MODELS Anika Cheerla, Ambre Decilap,

Aviva Intveld

PHOTO Bryan Sperry

STYLING Lizi Maziashvili



Our
wan-
ing patience
and disordered time
perception ensuing from
this pandemic era has caused
many of us to bathe in sen-
sory overload. You are not
alone. This phenomenon started
long before the pandemic, how-
ever. The never-ending nuisance
of transportation noise, the
ringing of the phone in the morn-
ing, all of the lights (all of the
lights) have expanded to overwhelm
our sensory stimuli. Technology now
acts as an alternative to boredom.
Sometimes we wish we lived decades ago
when silence wasn't a rarity.

As
de-
sensitiz-
ing as it is,
we live in a society
that prioritizes scruti-
ny over love, instant pleasure
over long-term work and gratifi-
cation. The revolution that we know as
technological advancement has only exacerbated
the constant need to do something, to feel some-
thing. Meanwhile, the meaning of feeling is losing more
and more substance every day, reduced to a commodity
easily transmitted through a screen. But can it really be
transmitted through a screen? you numb?

Does the PROJECTOR, IPHONE, CANVAS, ZOOM combination make you
laugh or make you numb?

A close-up photograph of a woman's face and hands. She is wearing a green button-down shirt and a pearl necklace. Her hands are clasped together, and she is holding a small white photograph of another woman's face. The background is dark and out of focus.

*My
face is
not a com-
modity; neither
is yours; neither is
theirs. The scars on my
skin, on their skin, are art, but
they're not for sale. And you can't
buy them.*

Unless we say so.

ray by ray, pixel by pixel...
ray by ray, pixel by pixel...



IT ONLY WILL
IT ONLY GET WORSE AS WE GO?
GET WORSE AS WE GO?
IT ONLY GET WORSE AS WE GO?
IT ONLY GET WORSE AS WE GO?



On the one hand, commodification of photography is inevitable. Any rising market is going to use technology to its advantage- and what better way to do so than with visual stimuli? After all, you're reading this magazine. But when does it become too much? Where is the line between admiration and worship? When do we cross the limit? This is the moment where we choose what we value more: mental sanity or instant gratification.

Here's a toast to the future of our technology, to the headache we constantly have, and to the normalized perturbation of our everyday lives. May the latter diminish to the extent that we no longer have to feel bad for the generations to come. Maybe they'll get lucky, maybe they won't. I know my choice. Do you?



STOP!





@infinite_magazine

<https://infinitemagazine.mit.edu>



