



World Six

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June

SIXTH VOLUME OF « VISION »

JOURNAL BY THE COUNCIL OF THE
INSTITUTION OF COMMUNICATION,
CULTURE, INFORMATION, AND TECHNOLOGY

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO MISSISSAUGA

<< INSIDE TITLE

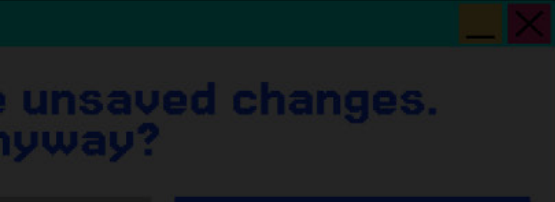
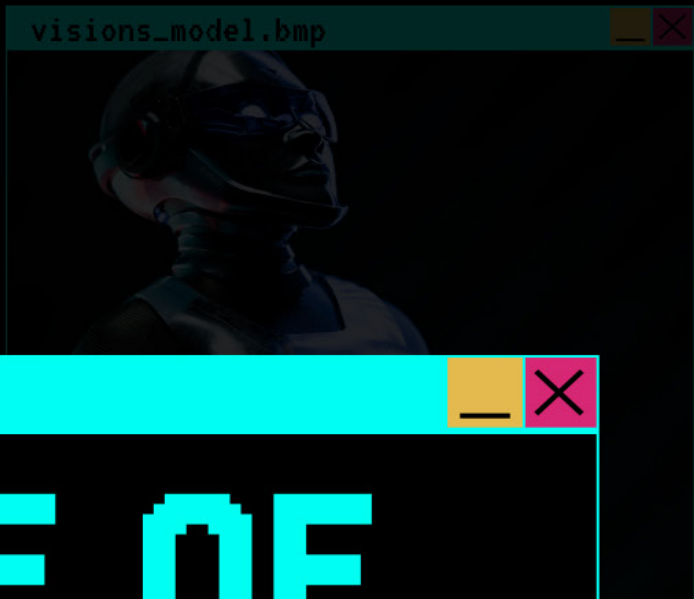
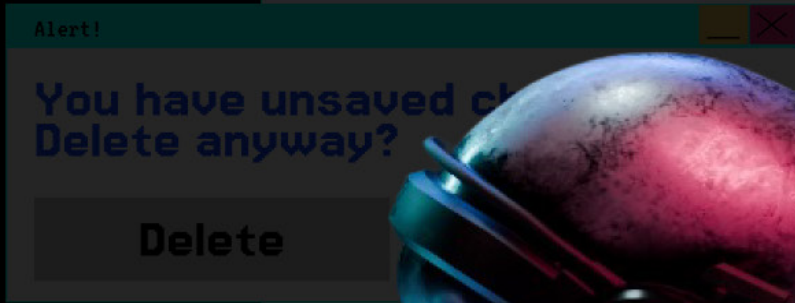
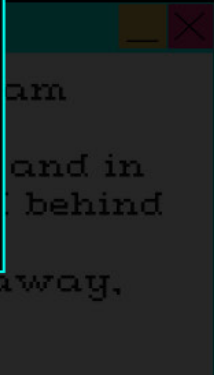


TABLE OF CONTENTS



MISSION STATEMENT

- > What is *Vision*? 06
- > What is *Hello World*? 08
- > Editor's Note 10

MEET THE TEAM

- > Meet the Executives 11
- > Meet the Contributors 48

STORIES AND SCENES

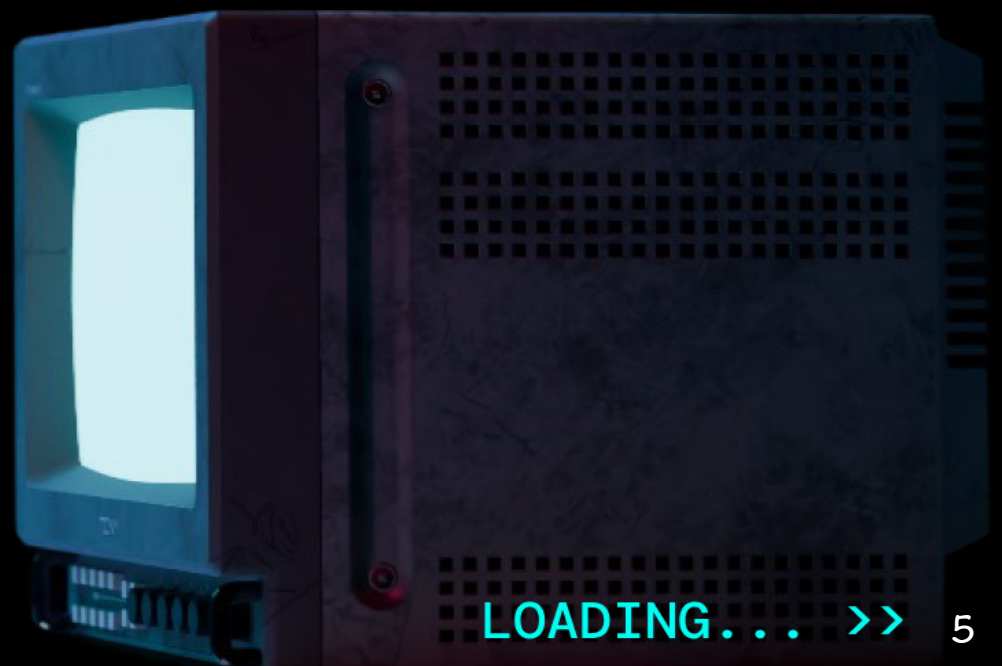
- > *From Field to Feed* 16
- > *Just Dance* 22
- > *Regenesis* 34
- > *Disconnected, Yet More Connected Than Ever* 52

SINGULAR VISIONS

- > *Visions* 14
- > *Change the Future* 15
- > *Submerged* 39
- > *The Omen* 43
- > *Between Branches* 44

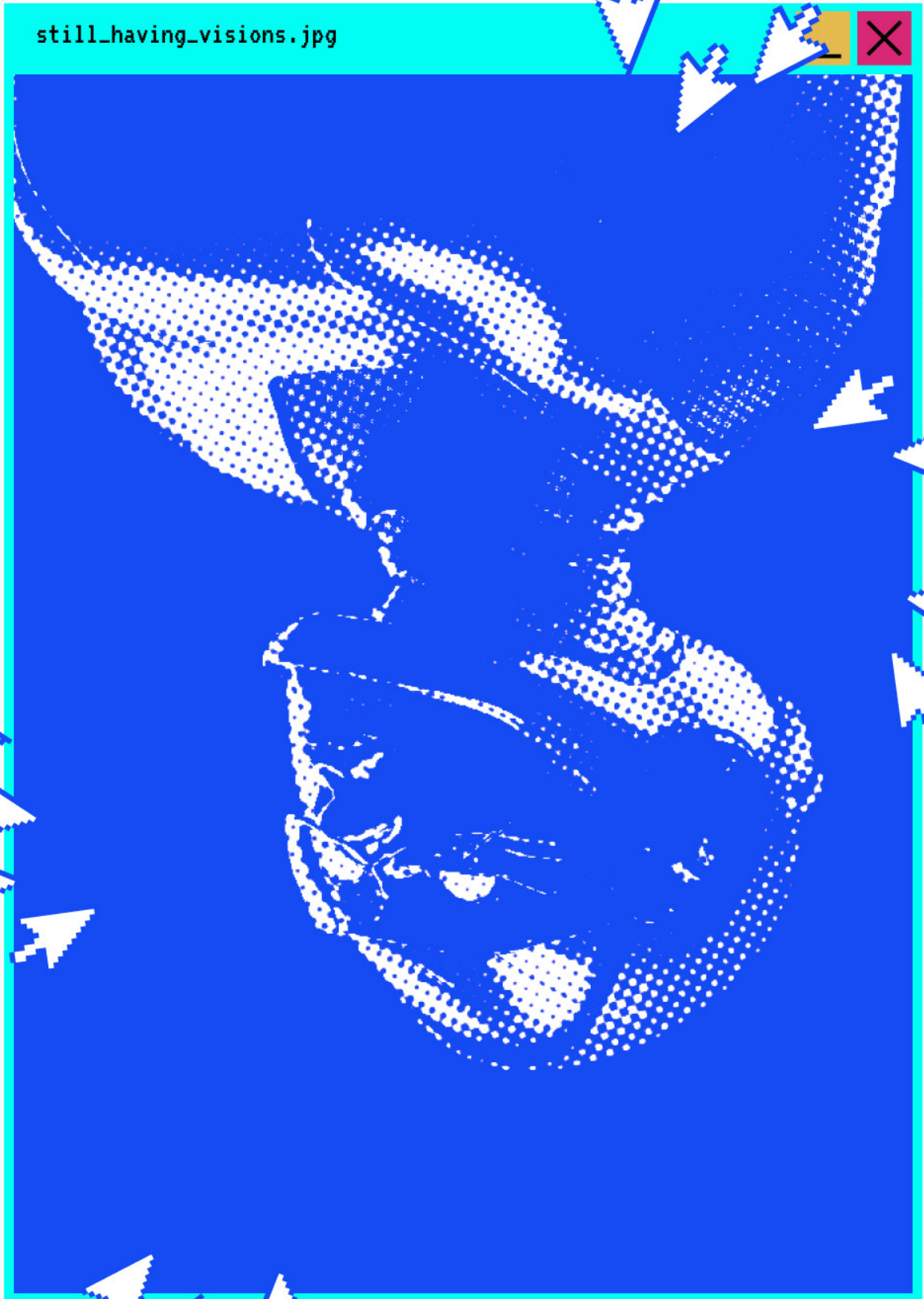
CAPTURED MOMENTS

- > *Joy* (Photo Series) 40
- > *Mustafa Spread* 46



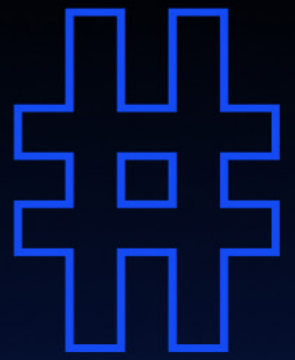
Mission Statement

VISION is a journal by students, for students. Together, we shed light on UTM's creative student body and provide a safe space for creative expression, growth, and reflection. Through thoughtful storytelling, unique perspectives, and an ignited passion for creativity, our journal has something for every student to take away from.



<< MISSION

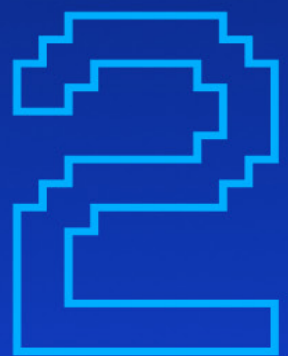
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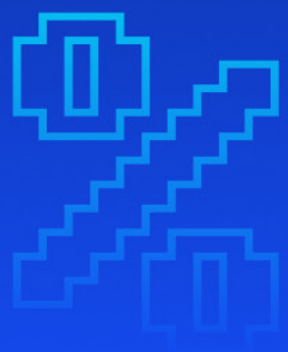
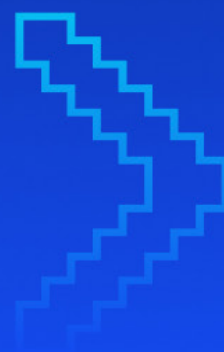
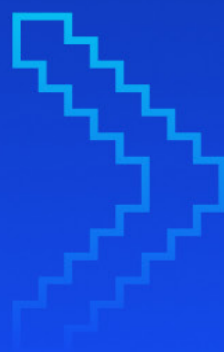
HELLO

WORLD

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PSO



EDITOR'S NOTE >>
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Volume 6 aims to explore the theme of *regensis*; What were once the words to introduce man to machine have evolved into a principal symbol of discovery- a reminder of what it means to click the start button on every era in our lives. In a time of trial and error, we find ourselves faced with the uncertainty of carrying on, plagued with questions that we ask of every new addition to our story. It's time to reclaim the narrative of evolution, and accept each new page as a chapter in our story of life. Let us learn to harmonize the outcome of every step, the way man and computer harmonized once.

@ 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
LOADING... >> 9

editor's note

Hello, World!

Two words that have marked countless beginnings—the first lines of code, the first steps into the unknown, and the first attempts at making sense of the world around us. This year's Vision journal takes inspiration from that iconic phrase, using it as a launching point to explore identity, transformation, and connection in a new age of cyber-natural interplay.

More than a journal collective, Volume 6 of Vision is a journey of creative exploration; it encapsulates all that words cannot convey alone. Each contributor invites you into their world, offering a remarkable window into their perspective, process, and imagination.

This year's publication stands as a testament to the incredible talent, thoughtfulness, and courage of ICCIT students who have lent their work to this journal. We are grateful to each contributor, editor, designer, and volunteer whose time and dedication made this edition possible.

As you turn these pages, we hope you find resonance, inspiration, and perhaps even your own moment of "hello" within the worlds we built here together. Thank you for joining us in celebrating the diverse and dynamic perspectives that shape our creative community.

Tala Abuali
Editor-in-Chief





meet the team

Editor-In-Chief

Tala Abuali

Creative & Photography Director

Mariana Ramirez-Zablah

Creative Coordinator Director

Denise Ng

Writing & Editing Director

Ciarra Dimayuga

Branding & Outreach Director

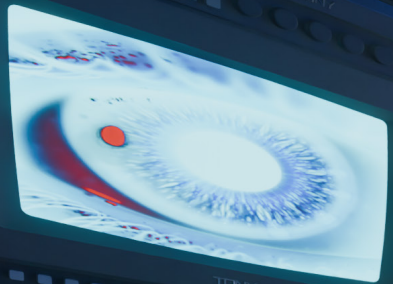
Yasmine Said



PLAY >> "



SEEING VISIONS
SEEING VISIONS
SEEING VISIONS
SEEING VISIONS
SEEING VISIONS



```
Startup  
Doing Missing Things  
Setting system folder...  
Starting up kernel  
Welcome to the matrix or whatever.  
Super Number ...  
[OK] Initiating boot
```

SEEING VISIONS
SEEING VISIONS
SEEING VISIONS
SEEING VISIONS
SEEING VISIONS

```
>>> print("Hello World!")  
Hello World!
```

Press any key to continue





CHANGE THE FUTURE



STAY IN THE PAST

FROM FIELD TO FEED



lessgooooo

that's why he's the GOAT

2c1t_vzn and others

barca contract otw...

Liked by 2c1t_vzn and others

players OAT



enough time has passed. you >

you might

my inspiration 🥰

defender calling in sick tmr 🤡



showin up for the scouts

holy

we need to run it back bro you'

greatest

Neymar would be proud 🤡



> prime ronaldinho

YOU MADE IT

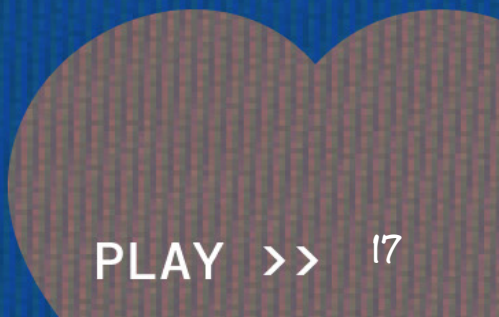
re insane

2 ever do it

nabhhh ur hacking fam

mans flying 🤪

From Field to Feed



PLAY >> 17

Friday, June 3rd, 2022

The floodlights bathed the field in a golden glow, illuminating our blue and white kits. The night was warm and thick with the scent of damp, freshly cut grass and an eager crowd's electric buzz. After three months on the sidelines, the feeling of stepping onto the field again was almost surreal.

I was in the second stage of the recovery process which allowed me to play 10 minutes of contact sports. My coach brought me on with 10 minutes left of the game. He knew I was capable of shooting from long distances which was exactly what the game called for. We were down 2-0 and battling to unlock a tight defensive unit. I made my way onto the pitch determined to make a difference in the match.

A few minutes in, my teammate Sebastian managed to pass me the ball before being tackled by an opposing player. As the ball rolled toward me, time seemed to stop. The noise from the crowd faded into the background. I took a breath, gauged the distance to the goal and the keeper's positioning, and saw my opportunity. With a clean strike from the outside of my foot, I sent the ball fading toward the top right corner, hoping that the ball would swerve away from the keeper and the middle of the net.


It felt perfect the moment it left my foot, I knew it was destined for the top corner. The net bulged and I immediately heard the fans cheering, my coaches shouting from the sidelines, and my dad's voice cutting through the chaos. I turned away coolly as if I'd done it a thousand times before. I needed to remain composed because we were still losing the game. But deep down I knew this was the goal I had waited for my entire career.

We didn't end up making the comeback that night, but I created a moment that would last a lifetime. I knew I'd never forget what it felt like to score the first goal of my career, but having it posted on social media, captured in time gave me proof to share with the world. — The Rush Canada team I played for competed in League 1 Ontario, a league featuring teams from across the province.

Each game of the season was uploaded to the league's YouTube page, allowing teams to analyze their performances and understand what went right and what went wrong. My team set aside dedicated time each week to review game tapes. We met in a classroom or conference room, listened to feedback from our coaches, and as players, we were also allowed to share our own observations — both positives and the areas that needed work. A couple of days after the match the game footage was uploaded to YouTube by League 1 for the public to see.

I watched the goal over and over — it was more than just a goal; it marked my return to the sport I loved and proved I had what it takes to compete at the top level. The match was played in Scarborough, about an hour away from my home in Oakville, so I was thrilled that my friends and family who couldn't attend in person could still witness my goal online.

I sent the video to pretty much everyone I knew — my parents, grandparents, brother, cousins, and friends — who all got to see what was undoubtedly a fantastic goal. Proud of my achievement, I wanted to share it on my personal account on Instagram, hoping scouts and recruiters would take notice. League 1's full-length match footage on YouTube allowed me to go through all the games I had played and compile a video showcasing my strengths and abilities.



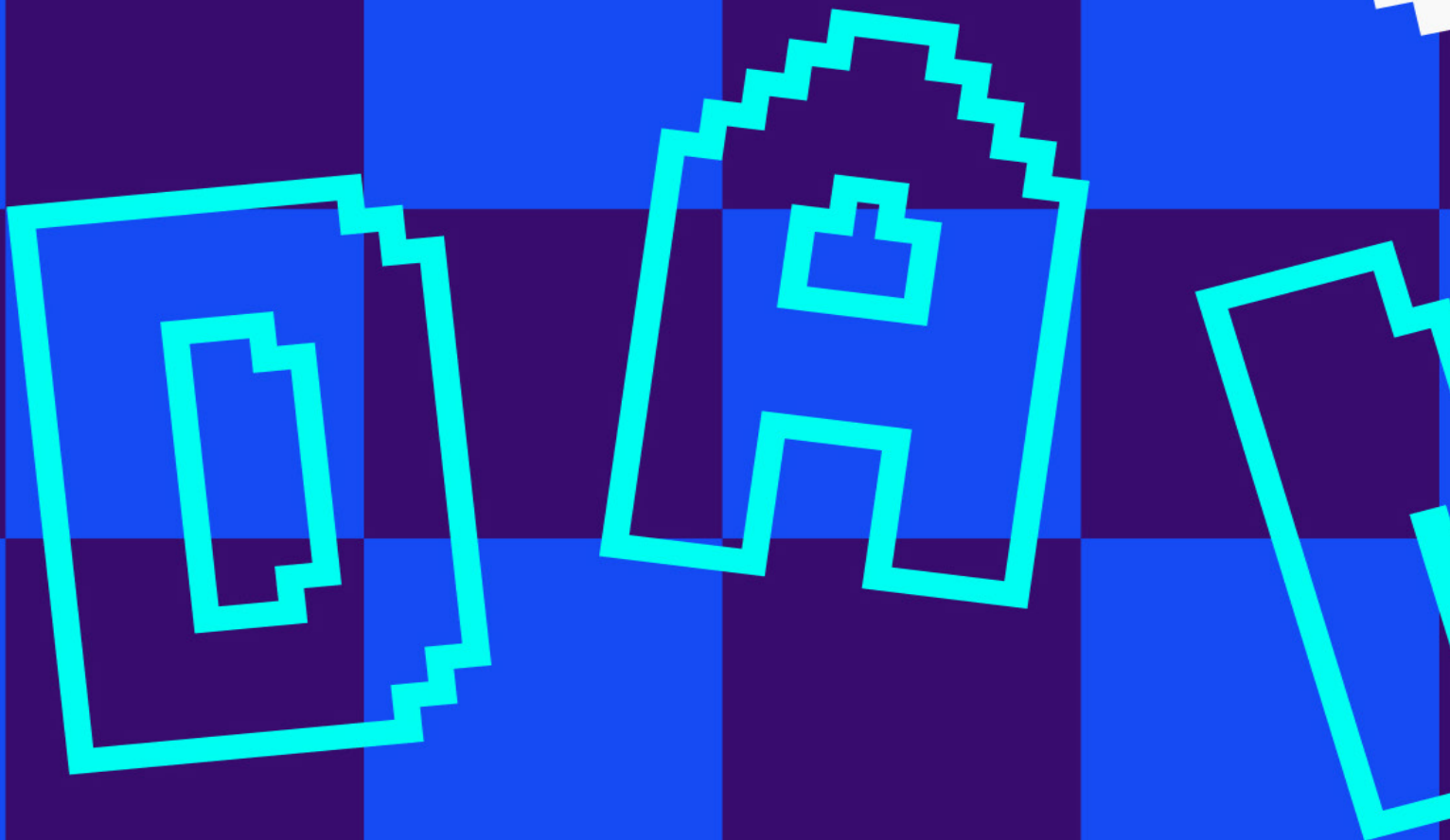
The video was a huge success as I gained interest from universities and colleges in Canada and the U.S. who wanted me to play for their teams. Rush Canada also embraced this practice. While I played for the team, they regularly posted match results and goal highlights to the club's TikTok, Instagram, and YouTube accounts.

Knowing that my games were reaching a wider audience increased my chances of being seen by scouts. Ultimately, I chose not to pursue my dream of going pro in soccer due to ongoing concussion issues and financial constraints. Nonetheless, I took pride in the recognition I received, which would not have been possible without the matches being posted online. — Beyond the impact social media had on my soccer career, having my team's game footage online to look back on gave me memories to cherish the amazing moments I had experienced.

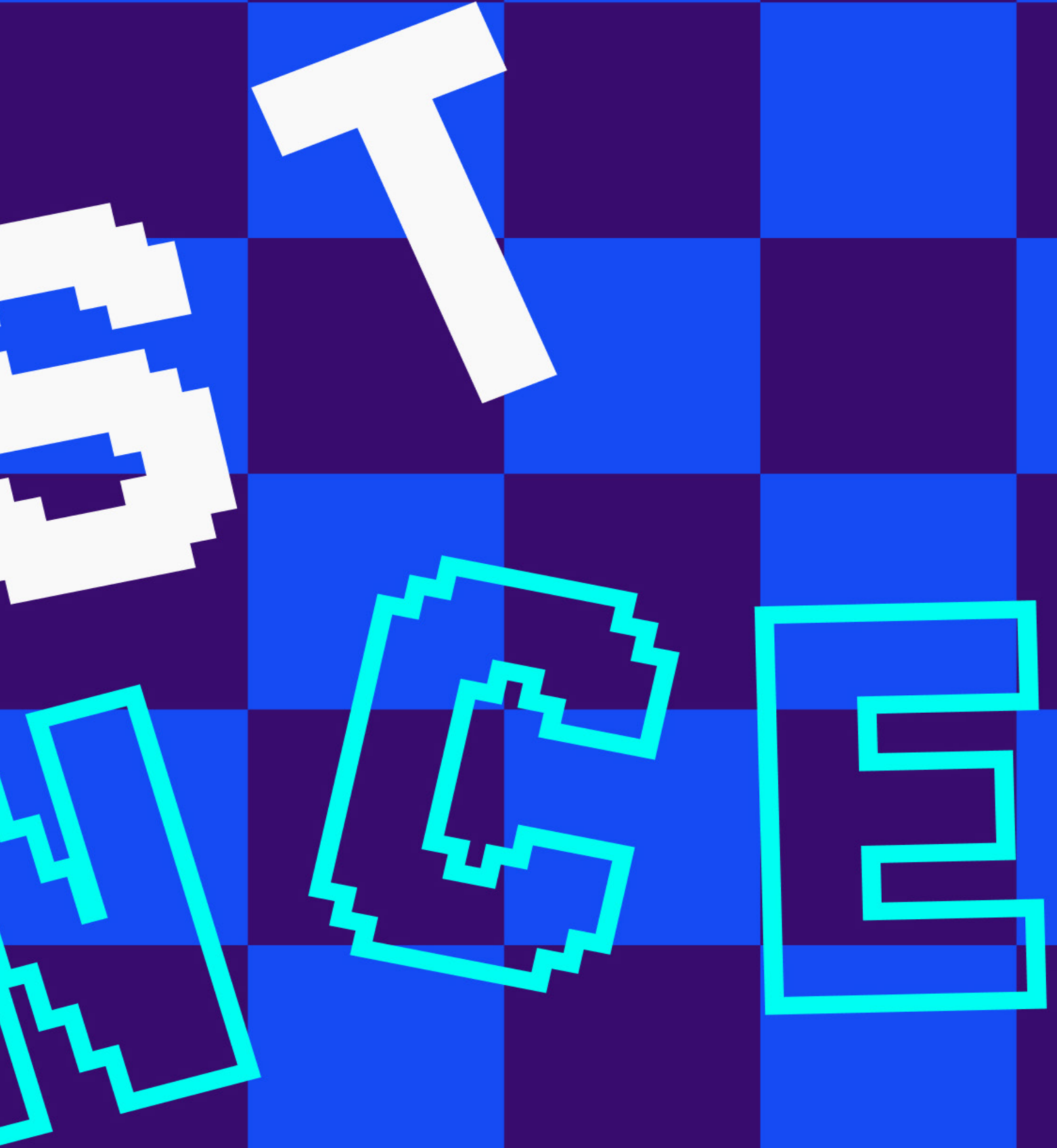
I often find myself going back to some of the game footage reliving the feeling of being on that pitch. While I still play soccer recreationally on campus from time to time, playing on a semi-professional team required a five-day-a-week commitment to the beautiful game—which can be difficult to balance with earning a degree and working part-time.

To this day, I remain in contact with the club—regularly checking the scores to see how the team is doing. I still communicate with my teammates from Rush Canada to talk about the future of the club. The friendships and life-long memories of playing the sport I love continue to live on thanks to social media platforms.

JUST DANCE



VISION



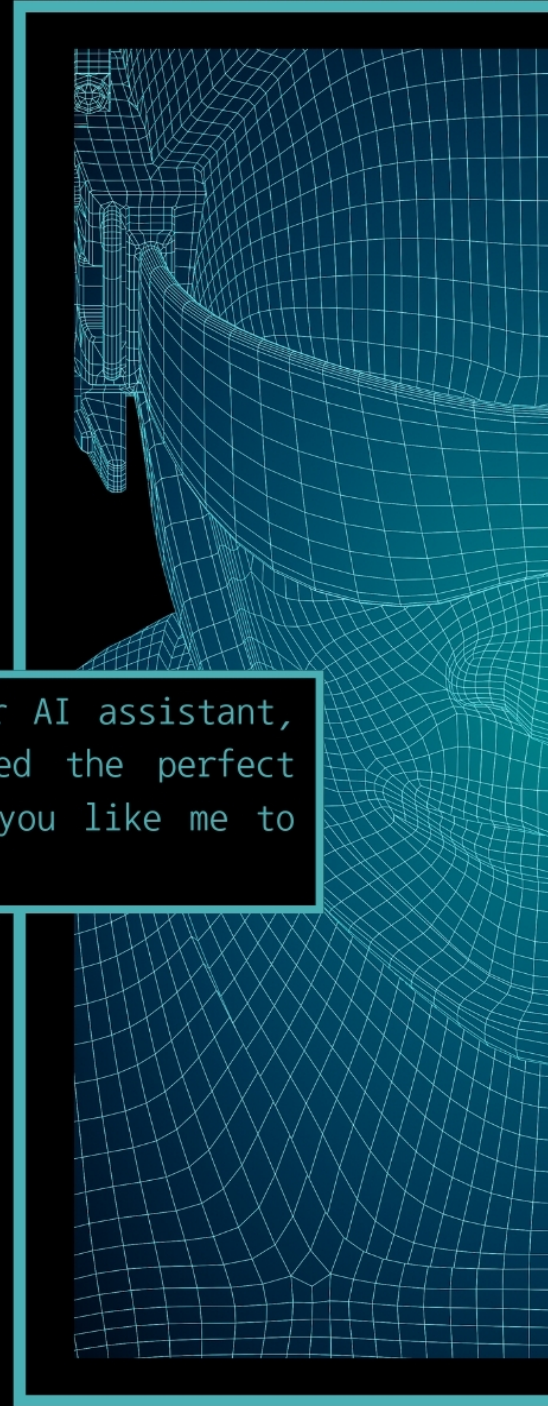
Lyra stepped onto the campus of the University of Interstellar Studies, her boots hitting the polished pavement with a dull thud. This was a place of pristine precision—clear, glass-like buildings and floating walkways glowing under the two suns. Bio-engineered grass never grew too long, and the trees mimicked unnaturally vibrant colours of leaves. The air carried the sharp scent of ozone and cleaning agents, while the persistent silence of birds or any wildlife lingered. She adjusted the straps of her oversized backpack, filled with sketchbooks, some old novels, and a desperate need to reinvent herself. Now, in university life, she was trying to figure out how to blend into this brave new world, and, more importantly, if she could make it here. After all, her family was counting on her to succeed.

A tiny chime sounded in her earpiece.

“Welcome to your first day, Lyra!” **Breezy**, her AI assistant, chirped with robotic enthusiasm. “I’ve curated the perfect routine to ensure your academic success! Would you like me to engage AutoPath mode to guide you to your dorm?”

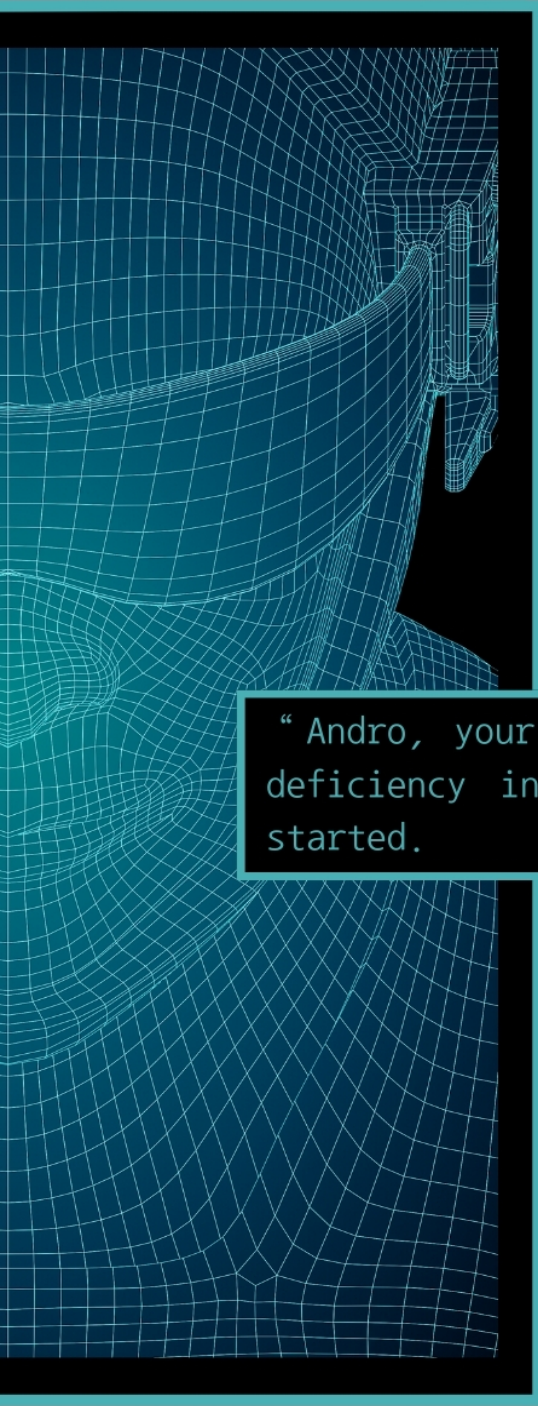
Lyra sighed, tugging at the frayed hem of her sweater. “No thanks, Breezy. I think I can figure it out.”

She looked around and saw students in rigid pantsuits walking in a perfectly straight line. On her periphery, a student stood, completely focused, speaking into his earpiece. Clean, polished, and utterly predictable—Andro. Just by walking down the hall, Lyra had detected that he had been assigned to the same dorm floor as her. She opened her phone and scrolled through the list of names of students in her classes. Andro’s picture appeared in the list; she



clicked on his profile. Suddenly, a large forum of personal information appeared.

Andro had been raised by algorithms. From the moment he was born, he'd been tracked, analyzed, and guided by an AI that taught him the best ways to study, eat, sleep, and even feel. His AI assistant, named Optima, had become an extension of his identity. It optimized everything from his course load to his coffee intake. Optima had an answer for every situation, and it could always be counted on. Andro had the best grades, the most friends who were “good for his career,” and a perfectly curated personal portfolio website. But somewhere in the machine-like efficiency, he started to lose that spark—the unpredictability and uncertainty that initially drew him to explore university life.



“Andro, your vitals are showing an increase in anxiety and a deficiency in sleep quality. I have scheduled a ...” **Optima** started.

“No need. I am going to class now,” he replied hastily, running out the door.

The two students first met in an academic seminar titled “The Self in the Age of Algorithms: Embracing Data, Embracing Identity”. Lyra had signed up for the class because, quite frankly, it sounded like a nice excuse to be existentially confused for an entire semester. Andro, on the hand, was there because his AI told them it would optimize his understanding of self-awareness.

They were seated next to each other on the first day of classes, and recognized each other by face. Lyra wore a mismatched sweater and a

pair of overly accessorized shoes and was trying to pretend she wasn't wildly out of her depth. Meanwhile, Andro sat with perfect posture, his laptop open, already typing away at a report on "Emotional Variance in Algorithmic Identities." Nowadays, everything is live-recorded on all students' hologram portals for study usage. Typing was considered rather old school and uncommon. Lyra didn't know whether to be impressed or weirded out. Probably both.

The lecture hall was vast, but only a few students were present. Everyone had an individual seat with a moving chair and screen. Dim blue lights shone on everyone's faces as soon as they took their seats. The professor—a cheerful, overly caffeinated robo-droid who tended to overestimate human attention spans—began the lecture with a bold claim:

"In the future, identity will be a fluid construct, managed by data and algorithms. Authenticity, dear students, will be the ability to manage and optimize your personal data in a way that best reflects your true self!"

The slides moved to a new page. Reactively, Lyra's breath tightened, and her eyebrows raised until she couldn't help herself and chimed in. She raised her hand. "So, like, if I optimized my personality, would I be less of a mess?" she asked, voice dripping with sarcasm. The professor looked at the auditorium.

Andro, who was already trying to map out the class in a neural network, straightened up. "It depends," he said seriously. "You could optimize your 'messiness' into an optimal form of disorder. It could be productive chaos."

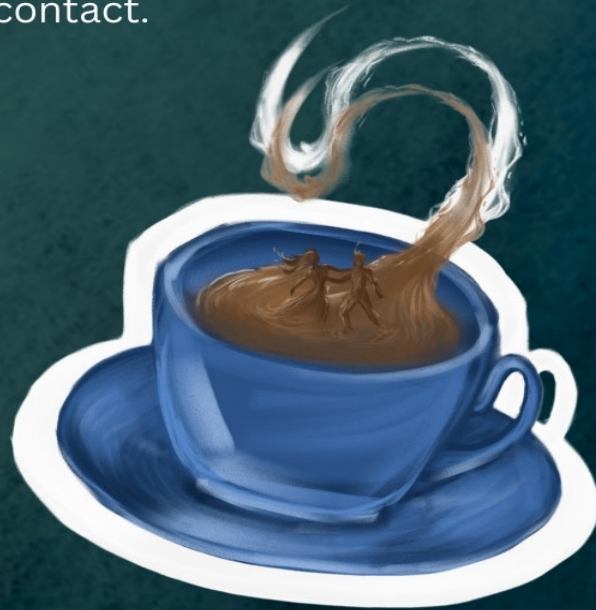
Lyra blinked. "Wait—so you're saying chaos can be... useful?"

"Of course," Andro said, tapping away on his tablet. "You can use chaos for innovation, creativity, or—"

Lyra cut him off, laughing. “That’s the least chaotic thing I’ve ever heard! You’re like my walking AI Assistant.”

Andro raised an eyebrow. “AIs have a highly efficient form of information dissemination.”

Lyra grew quiet, and the lecture continued. For another two hours, they did not make any contact.



For some inexplicable reason, Lyra decided that Andro needed to loosen up. After the lecture ended, she weaved through the students leaving the classroom to find him. “Okay, Mr. Optimized Chaos, I’ve got a challenge for you. Come with me to the coffee shop off-campus after class, and let’s see if we can create some good ol’ fashioned, unoptimized chaos.”

Andro’s eyebrow twitched. “That sounds inefficient. The most time-efficient route to a coffee shop is—”

“Come on!” Lyra grabbed Andro’s arm and pulled him toward the door. “You’re coming, whether your algorithm says you should or not.”

The coffee shop Lyra was referring to was a remote flying truck that was parked outside the campus since the school’s management deemed it hazardous to be so close. The truck’s rusty exterior and clunky large size stuck out on the campus’ clean and minimal grounds. Only one person

worked in it, managing multiple machines that produced the most decadent leaf and bean smell. What a treat, Lyra thought to herself.

The line was long. Andro was forced to confront choice paralysis—a drink menu. He was not used to making decisions on what he considered unimportant. *Optima* had programmed all 5 his drinks at all times in his routine. Andro was visibly sweating as the line drew closer and closer to his turn.

Lyra caught on quickly and chimed in. “See? Not everything is supposed to be efficient. Sometimes, it’s just about trying something new and being in the moment.”

Andro looked around, trying to calculate the optimal use of his time. “But there’s a significant opportunity cost here. I could be studying for my physics exam right now.”

Lyra giggled. “Yeah, but you’d miss out on a solid cup of coffee and the joy of complete unpredictability. What’s life without a little coffee chaos? Plus, the barista here is an artist in the truest sense. You should ask him what to get.”

Andro mustered all he could and approached the coffee truck. Little did he know, he was in for a mini-lecture from a passionate barista who took ten minutes to make a latte, insisting it was a “sacred ritual.” Tea leaves and cacao beans grew in hyper-hydroponic containers that connected to the dehydrator, which ground them into individual portion cups. A separate machine proceeded to mix syrups and milk. The barista looked like a conductor who led an orchestra of machines. The aroma after each click he pressed was intoxicating, and the whole line could smell the addictive notes of rooibos and bergamot.

The day felt much lighter after a little treat.

—

Café



The end of the semester rolled around. Lyra and Andro had become unlikely companions in the wild and unpredictable world of university life. They'd spent hours in coffee shops, late-night study 6 sessions, and awkward philosophical debates about whether human feelings could ever truly be quantified.

After mini debates, they sat on the campus quad where a new fountain had been installed. It was a perfect spot to be in between classes. If you looked at the fountain from the floors above, there wasn't much to speculate about, but sitting right next to it, on a simple bench, the view of the campus rapidly changed. The new bench, sleek and minimalist, sat adjacent to the shimmering fountain that danced with iridescent colours, shooting water high and catching the sun ever so slightly. Lyra twirled into the scene, her hair catching the cool breeze.

"Andro! Come on!" she enthusiastically began to sway, her movements matching the rhythm of the splashing water.

Andro perched closer to her, nervousness flashing in his eyes as he stood back a little. "Lyra, I just dry-cleaned this shirt! I can't get wet before the quantum seminar," he replied, glancing warily at the water droplets.

"Relax!" she laughed, spinning one foot. "I won't get you. But maybe a little splash is what you actually need!" Her smile was wide enough to illuminate the grey sky.

Andro paused, his mind racing through the calculations of risk and reward, the weight of what was obvious. But looking at Lyra's infectious joy, a stirring feeling of something unexpected persisted. With a deep breath, he took a tentative step forward. The outline of a smile was beginning to form. "Okay, but promise to help me find the closest dryer before class!"

After a while, Lyra, for her part, began to learn that a little structure wasn't so bad. Her grades started to improve when she took Andro's advice and started scheduling her study time. She even programmed her own study calendar to Breezy. She still painted her nails in neon colours and wore the occasionally questionable outfit, but she also showed up to class on time. Mostly.

The turning point came when they both attended the university gala—a night of formality, prestige, and impeccable social networking. Held at the center of the campus on the top floor of the glass building, the showlights could be spotted miles away. Everything was gold that night: the floor, the food, the outfits that reflected the lights. Lyra, exhausted from the deadlines, had no interest in fitting in with the crowd, so she wore a red dress and sparkly shoes that were completely out of place. Andro, on the other hand, showed up in a perfectly tailored tuxedo, following the precise pattern of “optimal gala attire” provided by *Optima*.

When they got to the dance floor, awkwardly, but together, Lyra laughed. “You know, you really should try to let loose more. I promise you'll survive.”

Andro paused mid-dance. “I think... I think I'm starting to get it. Maybe I don't need everything to be perfect. Maybe I just need to, you know, relax.”

“Exactly!” Lyra grinned. “It's all about finding the groove—your groove.”

For once, Andro didn't check his watch. He just laughed—a real, uncalculated laugh—as Lyra spun in circles, her sparkly shoes flashing under the lights.

They learned something even more valuable: that identity isn't something you can simply optimize, nor is it something you can always feel with perfect clarity. It's messy. It's chaotic. It's a dance between data and heart, between structure and spontaneity.

And for the first time, they both felt like they were starting to get it. Life didn't need to be perfect to be meaningful. Sometimes, the best moments happen when you stop trying to conform — and **just dance.**







REGENESIS

rege

DANG DIANA

mesis

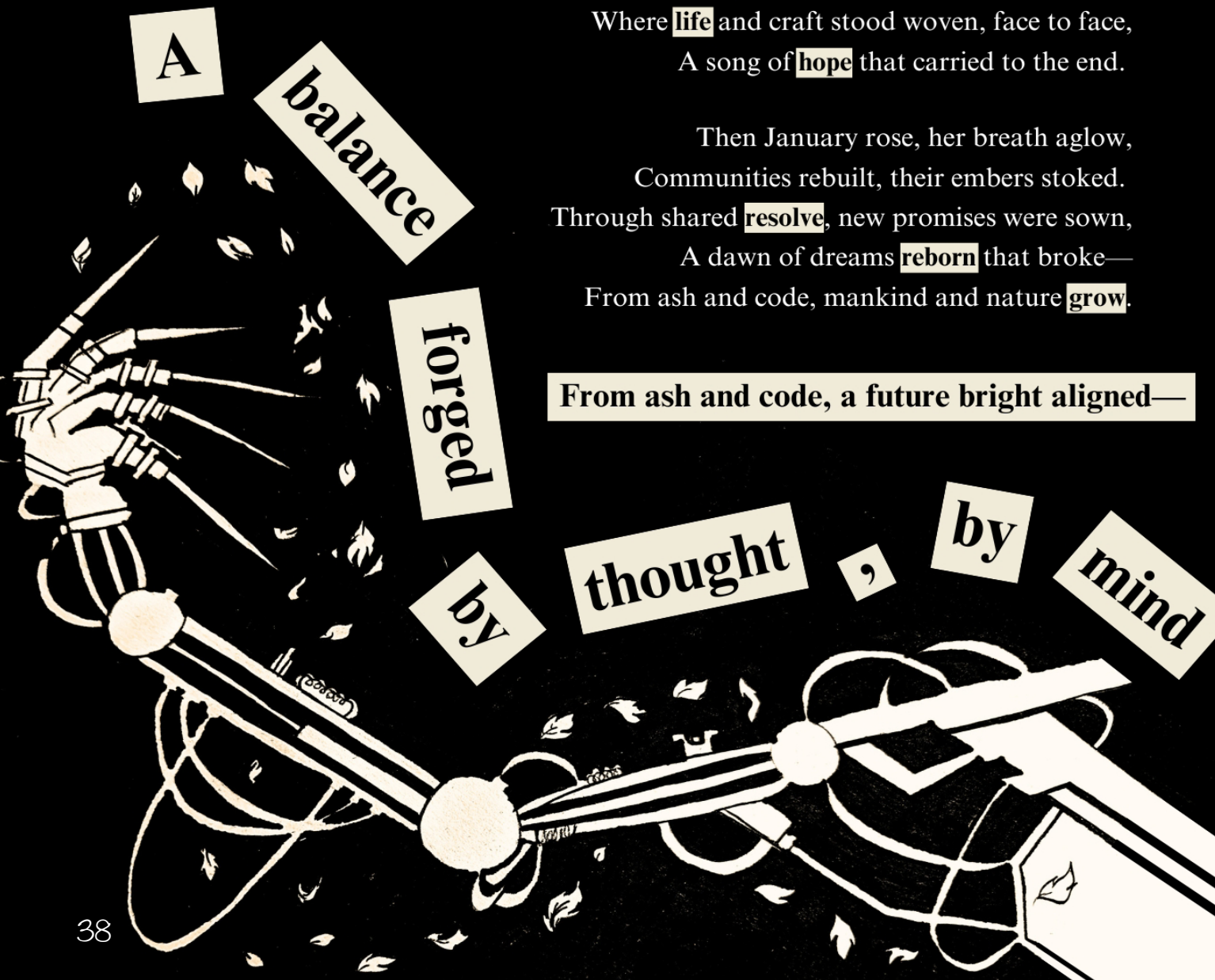
November almost killed me, shadows bled,
The sky was iron, cold with biting rain.
The forests slept, their ancient whispers fled,
While engines hummed in harmony with pain,
And roots clung tight to soil the frost had claimed.

Yet hope endured where roots and wires met;
The earth, though scarred, refused mankind's regret.
Her soil and steel entwined in new design,
A fragile thread of balance held and set,
Binding the world to futures intertwined.

Through the hands of many,
progress found its grace,
Machines now spoke in nature's quiet space.
The rhythms of the earth began to blend,
Where life and craft stood woven, face to face,
A song of hope that carried to the end.

Then January rose, her breath aglow,
Communities rebuilt, their embers stoked.
Through shared resolve, new promises were sown,
A dawn of dreams reborn that broke—
From ash and code, mankind and nature grow.

From ash and code, a future bright aligned—









Joy

In this piece, we wanted to explore the imperfections of human nature—embracing spontaneity and joy in contrast to the structured, technological world that begins with 'Hello, World!' As Sam jumps and plays, the energy of the moment breaks free from rigidity, capturing a raw, unfiltered sense of enjoyment.

The Omen

Crows are superstitious birds. People are typically afraid of them because in many cultures they represent death or cause bad luck. However they also represent new beginnings. This painting of a crow shares the message of an "omen" people are afraid of.

The bird in the painting sits on the tree branch and watches. Is something bad going to happen? Or is it just a bird? In this piece I wanted to capture this human uncertainty. The dark colour scheme reflects the crow and dark themes, while the sky is shades of blue and gray creating a gloomy atmosphere.









PARIS 1890

Between the Branches

In this piece I wanted to capture a small bird on a branch in the middle of winter. The cool blue and gray tones invoke a sense of sadness you might feel during the cold season. Before modern comforts, such as home heating and grocery stores, this time was full of struggle and survival. People would die from the cold and food could not grow. Even now, winter is a season of isolation as families stay inside their homes to stay warm. Along with the short daylight hours, winter could invoke feelings of loneliness. However there is still beauty if you look closely. This small bird hiding between the branches is a symbol of endurance and the winter will soon pass.

VISION

My work exists at the intersection of storytelling and technology, where each project is a chance to experiment with form and meaning. Whether through video, photography, digital design, or interactive media, I strive to create experiences that resonate. I'm drawn to narratives that reveal complexity — the quiet contradictions of human nature, the weight of unspoken histories, and the subtle interplay between tradition and innovation. Every project is a process of discovery, shaped by curiosity and a desire to communicate beyond words. I aim to craft moments that invite reflection, challenge perception, and inspire connection. In a world where screens mediate so much of our experience, I'm interested in rethinking how we interact with technology and storytelling — to make the digital feel more human. Art, for me, isn't just about expression. It's about understanding.

VISION



ent







Meet the C

Lead Artist & 3D Modeling Artist: TONI LAM

*Pieces of Work
Cover Page (p.01)
Table of Contents 3D model (p.04-05)
Mission Statement (p.07)
Executive Page (p.12-13)
Visions Model (p.14)
Wireframe Model (24-25)
Contributor Page (p.48-49)

Lead Designer: JELANI HANSON

*Pieces of Work
Volume Six (p.02-03)
Table of Content Design (p.04-05)
Mission Statement (p.06-07)
Hello, World! (p.08-09)
Editor's Note & Meet the Team (p.10-11)
From Field To Feed Title Page (p.16-17)
Just Dance Title Page (p.22-23)
Regenesis Title Page (p.36-37)

Photographer & Graphic Designer: CAMILA RODRIGUEZ

*Pieces of Work
Photographer for "Joy" (p.38-39)
Photographer & Graphic Designer (p.52-53) for "Disconnected yet Connected"

Graphic Designer: MUSTAFA SAJJAD

*Pieces of Work
Mustafa (p.46-47)

Artist: ZOYA RIZVI

*Pieces of Work
Change the Future (p.15)
From Field to Feed Illustration (p.19)
Just Dance Coffee Illustration (p.29)
Just Dance Couple Illustration (p.33)

Contributors

Artist: BHAIRAVI PRASANNA

*Pieces of Work

Regenes (Hands) Illustration (p.34-35)

Submerged - Regenes Poem Illustration (p.39)

Artist: IRIS CIOBAN

*Pieces of Work

The Omen (p.43)

Between Branches (p.44)

Contributor page (p.50-51)

Back Cover - Painted Background & Flowers (p.56)

Graphic Designer & Photographer: MARIANA RAMIREZ-ZABLAH

*Pieces of Work

Photographer + Graphic Designer for “Joy” (p.40-41)

Graphic Designer for “The Omen” Artist Statement (p.42)

Graphic Designer for “Between the Branches” Artist Statement (p.45)

Photographer for “Mustafa” spread (p.46-47)

Writer: TYLER MEDEIROS

*Pieces of Work

From Feed to Field (p.18-21)

Writer: DIANA DANG

*Pieces of Work

Just Dance (p.24-32)

Regenes (p.38)

Writer: CIARRA DIMAYUGA

*Pieces of Work

Disconnected Yet More Connected Than Ever (p.52)

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Disconnected Yet More Connected Than Ever

The hum of Mississauga was far behind me, replaced by the whisper of the wind coaxing the waves to dance into the sand. For once, my phone wasn't buzzing with notifications. No messages. No emails from school. Just a peaceful silence—thick and unknown, but not unwelcome.

I lay on the cool sand, hair tucked in my hoodie to the best it could be, and looked up. The stars shimmered across the night sky, scattered like someone had taken a handful of glitter and thrown it into a void, not truly black.

Without streetlights or buildings dulling their shine, they were clearer and more alive than I had ever seen them in my life. It was overwhelmingly beautiful—the vastness, this feeling of being so small yet so present.

It wasn't just about being away from technology; it was about being here. Right now. With nothing but the night, the shallow waves creeping up, tickling our toes, and the drunken whispers of my friends lying on the sand beside me, for once, I wasn't scrolling through a stranger's world. I was fully immersed in my own.

Maybe we spend so much time trying to capture live moments that we forget to live in them. But out here, on this beach, beneath this sky, there was nothing to capture—only something

to feel. And in that stillness, in that fleeting moment of presence— I finally greeted,

"Hello, world"



