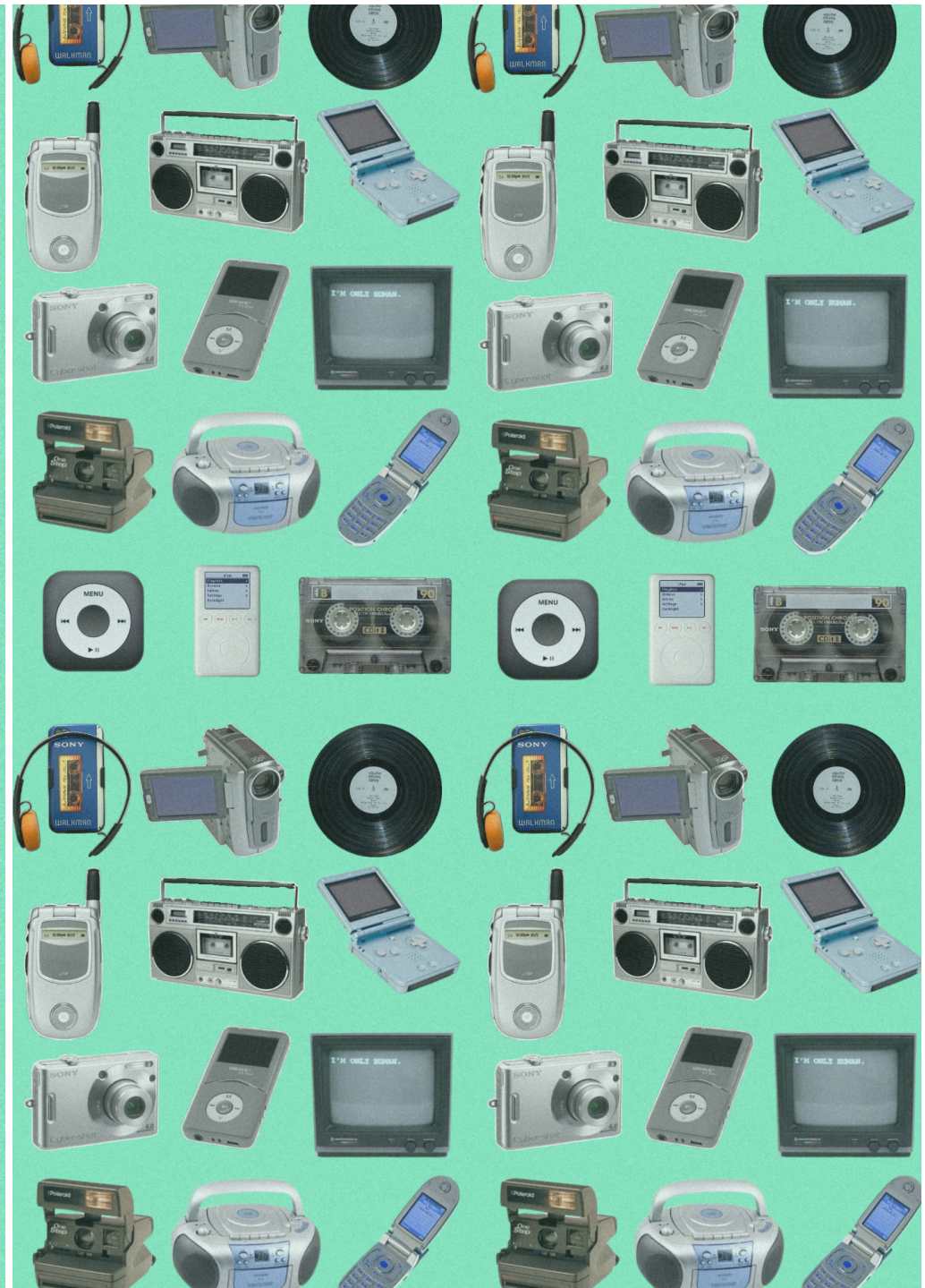


<Chronically Online>  
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2024 Masthead

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TheContinuist.com

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# <Editors Note>

Charles Liu and Kiana Hoang

When we were initially figuring out the theme for this zine, the summer hype around brat was dying down and internet culture was transitioning to the idea of "brat vs. demure". As companies and political institutions were jumping on the trend, it made us reflect on how so many media references to underground culture and sound can get swept up into the mainstream.

We are acutely aware of both the fulfilling and harmful potential of the internet yet it's something that holds a chokehold on our generation. We created this theme as an ode to this: chronically online represents our desire to explore more what everyone thinks of the internet.

Whether it's love, hatred, or something you can't put into words, we want to know about it all. The incorporation of physical media is also really important to us so designing this zine has been a labor of love. We hope this theme and the submissions spark a hint of nostalgia, fear, happiness— something that hits home.

Charles Liu ♥ Kiana Hoang

## The Analogue Antidote: How Gen Z Addresses Their Lack of Nostalgia, Accurate Representation, and Community

Kiana Hoang

In a generation of hyper-digitized socialization, art has become another medium for instant gratification at the hands of our fast-paced changing world.

As the last couple of generations have experienced a rapid increase in technological advancements, an interesting counter-culture has emerged that cycles through various decades as a way to draw from a source of nostalgia that seems almost impossible to cultivate in the current fast-paced pop culture landscape.

A prominent trend in this is the resurgence of film photography— both in aesthetic and practice. Film photography in this context refers to both the aspect of film as an analogue photography medium as well as cinema and video.

While examining the intersections of the two, it's interesting to see how cinematic still-life photography has emerged through the current generation's desire for tangible physical media and community.

Read the full piece on our website  
[TheContinuist.com](https://TheContinuist.com)



# That Goodbye Never Comes

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Eladia Francis

Digital angel,  
sully me and make me whole.

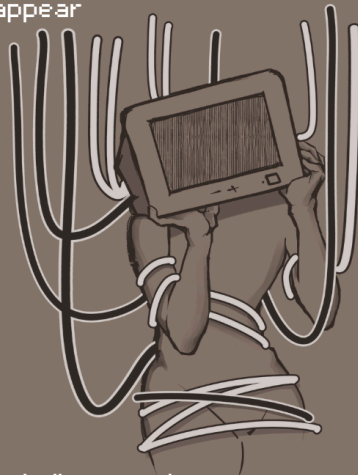
Pureness is nothingness next to your wretched sweet utopia of  
wires and lead.

I want nothing else but to completely disappear  
beneath a thick quilt soaked in ether  
with your hollow hands on my neck.

The sight of the sun  
makes my fresh skin burn  
with the heat of you;  
fast and sickly,  
red and blue,  
dull and haunting.

I found you in a week of mild death,  
your holy face like the face of God itself,  
the only light in the most withholding streets I've ever known.

I lived life through your bones,  
under your liver and around your kidneys ripe with pixels.  
I forgot my own name,  
and let the screen burn yours into the soft part of my eye.



4

And the love was good, when you would give it up.  
And the kisses felt like falling, when we could get close enough to  
touch.

But the cold of the winter morning slipped its silver hands into  
your heart and suddenly I was walking up to an empty bed, still  
hot and buzzing with the frequency of you.

I learn things these days.  
I learn I wasn't the first,  
I learned I was one devoid of hope out of a mass of idiots.

Thousands, they said.  
Thousands flayed the skin of their knees in front of altars for you  
shaped from soft plastic and uranium.

Maybe my bed was always empty.  
Maybe I can no longer feel the weight of my own hand resting  
against my leg.  
Maybe the computer lays in a defeated heap in the corner of the  
room, the shards from the screen forming a pitiful sunburst  
spread across the cold tiles.

Maybe love's only let in when I can be sure it's not real.

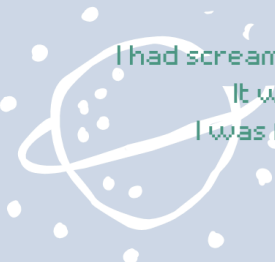
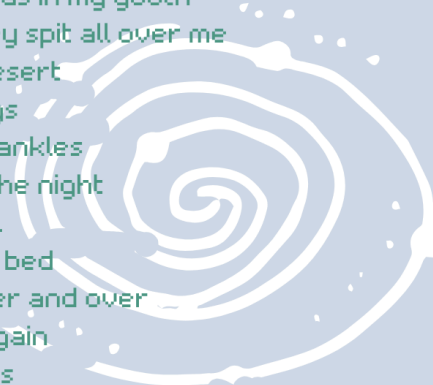


# WE ARE IN SPACE

Liam Robinson

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I was a track star  
Turning seventeen  
The last one before all the alarms went off  
I smashed into the corner of the state  
My body floated up into the air  
You ask, "how could it happen, how could it be this way?"  
Well I've been drunk on the sand for 40 or so days  
I was planning a trip to Vegas in my youth  
My friends got jealous and they spit all over me  
Out here in the desert  
There are dogs  
They bite people's ankles  
And drag them into the night  
I am immortal  
I scream alone in bed  
They'll stab through over and over  
My heart once again  
I had questions  
Fielded about the speed  
"How could the change come up from underneath?"  
I had anger  
I had heat  
I had screamed at the world and it screamed back at me  
It was raging like a dog inside my mind  
I was freaking out I had to change the times



Finally it shouted:  
"You must shed your human form"

So I did  
And became  
Everything I fear  
There was anger  
It caused my death



It caused a reincarnation of what was left  
This is not an accident  
It is surely by design

It was a long exaggerated trip through the desert  
Lost in smoke we thought our pupils grew twenty times  
Dresses flowed free from for miles  
Agitated lipstick styles

Winter coming, pencils down  
There's no such thing as gravestone in the city  
That's why the trees that stand become our monuments  
But for now they have no dead  
With which you could remember

If I don't turn into a rose I might become a member of a cult  
There were too many causes for experimentation  
And I felt my face burning off  
There were too many reasons for exploitation around  
And I felt my face burning off

We're only as good as the next day ahead  
This is not an accident

Oh we are in space

We are in space

We are in space

We are in space

We are in space

Oh we are, we are, in space

6



Eyes barely even opened,  
 Being handed responsibilities  
 I wouldn't care to remember.  
 I let the food on the stove  
 Turn first to shining gold,  
 Then to a pile of burning ashes.  
 Arrived late to work,  
 To the look of their disappointment. So, I smiled extra  
 hard at the receptionist. Paid extra for the taxi,  
 Feeling lazy, or just busy,  
 Stopped it in the middle  
 Of my least favorite city.  
 I got my picture taken  
 In a dodgy basement,  
 Left behind my glasses—  
 Seeing it didn't matter.  
 I forgot what date it was,  
 Rushed to French class,  
 Gathering all the pain  
 In the palm of my hand,  
 Only to discover  
 It had been cancelled.  
 I took one step forward,  
 Then ran 100 miles back.  
 Read 50 pages of a book,  
 Tried to give a single shit.  
 Counted the calories  
 Of the meal I refused to eat,  
 Obsessively browsed  
 New suitcase models,  
 Cried over being left out,  
 Took a vow of silence,  
 Posted passive-aggressive  
 Lyrics; archived everything,  
 Sent kisses to my best friend— Like nothing had ever  
 happened today.

## A Day in the Life of...

Zahra Yassiri

# ATTENTION!

Amna Saeed

Attention! shattered  
 I'm walking two steps forward, then  
 Half to the right  
 And a quarter to the left  
 Something shiny caught my eye  
 And in all directions  
 A misguided nuisance  
 I had a focus  
 And though I haven't lost it  
 It's scattered like glasses  
 Apart like no-strings headphones

# SHATTERED

In mugs, on matches  
 Crushed under to-be-worn old clothes  
 Each craft undeveloped  
 Filled with mindless potential  
 Rivers of thoughts  
 Going nowhere at all  
 Surplus of ideas  
 Barrage of concepts  
 Do I get a hall pass  
 If I can fake it to look like intelligence  
 Because I don't think all at once  
 I just move on like I'm on the run  
 My memory is impatient and demands more  
 But goes through the fuel I give like me in infinite stores  
 It isn't intellect in my brain  
 It's just me,  
 Swept the consciousness down the drain



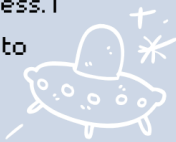
## Unidentified Driving Arizonans

Liam Robinson

Over the next few weeks I continuously checked back in on the alien abduction subreddit. The user whose story had captivated me so much often updated the community about their efforts to uncover the nature of their abduction. Their experience was so unique that even other, more seasoned members of the community had no answers. Eventually, I decided to message this person and explain my fascination with their story. His name was Marcus, and he believed he had been scouted by a hyper-intelligent race of aliens known as "Arcturians."

"Well Alex," he told me over the phone before we met, "these beings are the rare type of aliens who are willing, in fact desire, to assist humans in achieving a higher level of consciousness. I believe they are out there, and I believe that it's possible to prompt an abduction."

Marcus said that he was trying to organize a group of people who were also interested in the idea of being "saved", as he put it, by these Arcturians. We would drive through Arizona, because the state was situated in the same place as an inter-dimensional superhighway that Arcturian ships would occasionally blip in and out of.



The more time someone spent in the area, the higher their odds of contacting an alien would be. He was asking me to join him.

It was all so much to take in. Trapped in a small town since birth, I was working a shit job because I was too dumb to do anything better. Every day melted together, and I had no clue what I wanted to make of my life. But dropping everything to rumble around the desert with strangers on the slim chance we may find salvation was as insane of an idea there could be. Then, a couple of nights after Marcus sent his offer, I was walking home from work way past midnight and I started hearing whispers in my ear. They were too jumbled for me to understand what they were saying and when I turned around nothing was there. I was completely alone on the sidewalk. I stuck my fingers into my ear, but the whispering persisted. It seemed like they were coming from inside my skull.

The next day the whispers flew around my mind. I didn't understand what was happening to me. I didn't want to be crazy, I had seen when people lost their minds, and I couldn't let that happen to me. But maybe the Arcturians could help. I sent Marcus a message.

"I'm in."

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# Miku The Killer

Matt Bruno

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## Interested in Submitting to Our Next Zine?

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The Continuist is a student-led creative collective— as well as an Arts and Literary zine publication at TMU. We aim to give an accessible creative platform for students in the Faculty of Arts and have been operating since 2010! We take submissions in all forms of media including (but not limited to):

- Writing Pieces (poetry, fiction, non-fiction)
- Audio (music, sound art, poetry)
- Photo and Film
- Visual Arts (digital, physical, multimedia)

If you're a creative looking to get your work published or interested in joining our team, follow us on Instagram at @TheContinuist to get updates on our next submissions and hiring opportunities.



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