

radix

McGill's Student Spirituality Magazine



(im)pure
Winter 2017

ELVA

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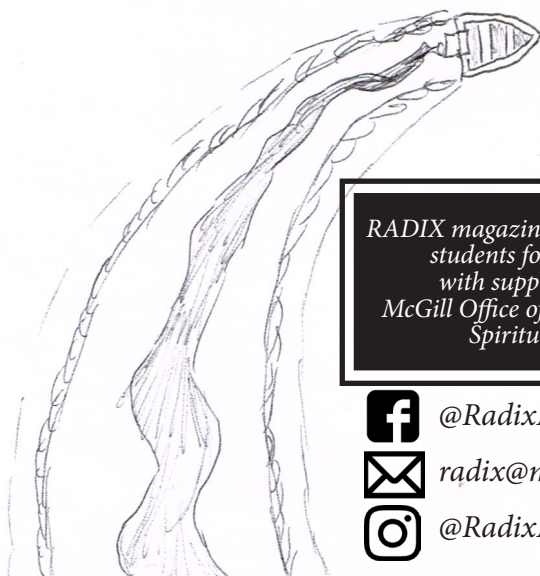
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the bottom line: "I will not let anyone walk through my mind with their dirty

I was recently reading about an eighteenth century medical writer called Nicolas Robinson who devised an obscure “fiber theory” that suggested the differences, or impurities, of the human—like a person’s nationality or even their morality—can be determined by the degree of “stringiness”, or “elasticity” of the person’s bodily “fiber”. Newly elected US President Donald Trump’s recent flurry of wild and plain unkind executive orders are reminiscent of this obscure and archaic medical idea that a “nationality” can be inherently inscribed into the “fiber” of one’s body. As if a child from Yemen is, at bottom, wound from a different type of string to an American. Such parochial, bizarre, and reactionary impulses are in opposition to the principles of inclusivity and social justice of so many small publications, radix included.

This issue is a celebration of the paradox of (im)purity. It is one that belies the purity and virtue inside of impurity and vice versa. For instance, amongst the purest, wisest, and holiest of hearts in Shakespeare, is that of Falstaff, the lumbering and canker speckled drunk, often found parodying the king in Mistress Quickly’s tavern.

Most fittingly, we have first nationer Jean Stevenson’s brief essay on the practice of smudging. There’s also an abundance of short-stories, poetry, art, and photography all grappling with this paradox of the (im)pure. Finally, thanks should go to artist Christina Isaicu for providing the cover’s illustration.

James is a second-year graduate student in English Literature.

We hope you enjoy!

The cover design, called Embrace, was painted by Christina Isaicu, a U2 Cognitive/Computer Science student with a tenacious art habit. You can see more of her work at @christinaisaicu_art on instagram.

James
Co-editor

self-care

Mike Jaeggle

Imagine the absence
of your body, shadows
but no flesh,

the presence of mind,
then the writhing neurons.

Aha, you can't—
it's no object.

So eat your greens,
feed your soul.

the buddhist homeopath

Mike Jaeggle

At the cherry blossom festival,
he realized that love is a koan.

If emptiness is the space between
the woman and the cherry tree,

the distance between the pink-marked bough,
and the florets tenuously cupping the dew,

then the silent regard he held toward her
was as much desire as it was a salve.

*Mike Jaeggle, a graduate student in the English
department, these days likes the scent that follows
rain.*

out becoming impure.” - Friedrich Nietzsche • “The purest and most thoughtful

Particle by particle
You fly, starling kaleidoscope
There is nothing quite like you

The Sun haunts me again
My paranoia of burning dark
Grows old against 35mm
As much as that dust
You left behind

One day, you'll ask me what happened
I'll stumble and tell a foolish joke
And claim that death is nothing
More than a terrifying word

I was too late, though
Building you back up
Is harder than it looks
This time, it's forever.

*G. Sanguine is a Master of Music in composition
student from Antigonish, Nova Scotia with interests
in film and poetry.*

smudging

Jean Stevenson

For Indigenous people, Smudging is one of the simplest ways of purifying ourselves and our space. The Smudge can consist of one or a combination of these Medicines: Cedar, Sage, and Sweetgrass. It depends upon the teachings you have been given and what is available to you. Smudging materials vary from Nation to Nation. Smudging tools that are needed:

- A Smudge Bowl: an abalone shell, a pottery bowl, or a round stone.
- A Feather or Fan can be used to start and keep your Smudge from going out.
- Wooden matches to light the Medicine.

When we prepare the Smudge, we talk to the Medicine about why we are using it and we pray and have good intentions.

The Medicine that is burned smells nice and creates smoke. We use the smoke to clear away negativity, and when we feel that we need to have a cleansing. The smoke that comes from the Smudge is used to purify our body, mind, and spirit and bring about good feelings.

When we Smudge, we bring the smoke over our heart - lots of love for ourselves; we bring the smoke over our head - so that we may think good thoughts and use our mind in a good way; over our eyes - so we can see what we need to see; over our ears - so that we can hear what we need to hear and that it be helpful; over our mouths - so that we can say good things. We Smudge the left side of our body (feminine side) and the right side of our

with will and energy, and virtue and purity--that I want, not alone with your brit-



body (masculine side). Someone may Smudge our backs, or we can bring the shell around our body ourselves.

When Smudging indoors, open a window, or a door, so that the smoke can go outside.

We can pick the Medicines ourselves; first offering Tobacco to Mother Earth and the Creator, giving thanks. If you ask someone for Medicine, then you should offer them Tobacco first, as a gift of gratitude. If you have to buy it, as urban people have to do at times, then go outside and

make an offering of Tobacco to Mother Earth and the Creator, giving thanks for the Medicine and where it comes from.

Jean Stevenson, Masters of Social Work, '98 (McGill), Muskego Cree from Peguis First Nation.

The above photo was taken by Sara Parks, director of the McGill Office of Religious and Spiritual Life.

tle frame.” - Charlotte Brontë • “Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is



Edward Ross is a U3 student in Joint Honour Asian Religions and Classics from Cornwall, Ontario with interests in paper-craft and spirituality. He is also Co-editor of Radix magazine.

The above photo was taken by Mackenzie Roop.

far above rubies.” - Anonymous • “The astonishing purity of pain, how it will not

I float in my world of waves and tide.
The blue envelopes me.
Dangerous, pure, and clean.

White

I hear someone struggle, their skin aflame.
I pull them to shore.
My dress is stained.

Black

The humans are fighting over my stain.
Their eyes burn with lust.
Dying the stain with their blood.

Red

I try to fight back, I let the waves rage.
But I choke on the smoke.
I will not be able to do this alone.

Blue

Help me fight back against the spreading pain.
The blue turning black and red.
Our moment is now.

Don't let my sisters get stained.

rose

Philippine Rapbanaud

Impure. Pure. Purity of the Soul? Impurity of our Humanity? We are no more. Through the shining sun, our impurities remain forever engraved in the stone. Darkening our spirits to the very core of our beings. But Faith we try to have always, even though the stars and galaxies do tell us to believe in them, at once, we doubt. And we tend to cease believing.

What a pity. Disgraced.

However, the marvel gravitates within you and me, oblivion becomes anchored beneath me and you until the end of times. And we find some ink of Truth in the desired lust for Purity. Longing for that connection, that solace, that gravity of mind that will bring us back at once. Back where it all started. As the many glimpsing polished luminosities of the sublime heavenly vault, we as well do hide our obscurity within our unique creation, until Hope magnetizes us, and we begin noticing the Pure, the Sane, the Magic.

And that is the story of how the Magic kissed her softly. As she remained faded. She rose up from her mystified ancient self, her eyes suddenly shining. Discovering this Purity she had for so long wished for, right when she thought her hopes would let her die, would disconnect her from the light shaded on her passage, pure and impure at once, like Fire dancing in flames, she smiled. At You. At Me. At Herself. She had vanquished the devilry embalming her innards. She had found back that pureness at the core of her Heart. She had finally reached her. Self. She felt mesmerized by so much Beauty. Living in Hell and Heaven, out and within, dreaming, while never really realizing the Fantasy was right here. Whole-heartedly, via Purity and Impurity, Faith and Doubt, Light and Darkness, she rose again. And shined.

than he who imagines himself pure in heart: for his purity, by definition, is un-



Philippine Raphanaud is a 'citizen of the world' U1 Political Science and History student, lost at times on her quest for meaning. She tries her best to discover inner peace in art, and finds solace in wandering the streets of Montreal with a diary in one hand, and her Snapchat stories in the other.

The above photo was taken by Alexandre Daigle.

assailable.” - James Baldwin • “. . . meekness, love, purity, these are the things that

there

Anonymous

There

There is

There is nothing

There is nothing wrong

There is nothing wrong with

There is nothing wrong with me

There is nothing wrong with me for

There is nothing wrong with me for being

There is nothing wrong with me for being sensitive

reflective

emotional

confused

drained

nervous

overwhelmed

vulnerable

There is nothing wrong with me for being *me*

There is nothing wrong with me for being

There is nothing wrong with me for

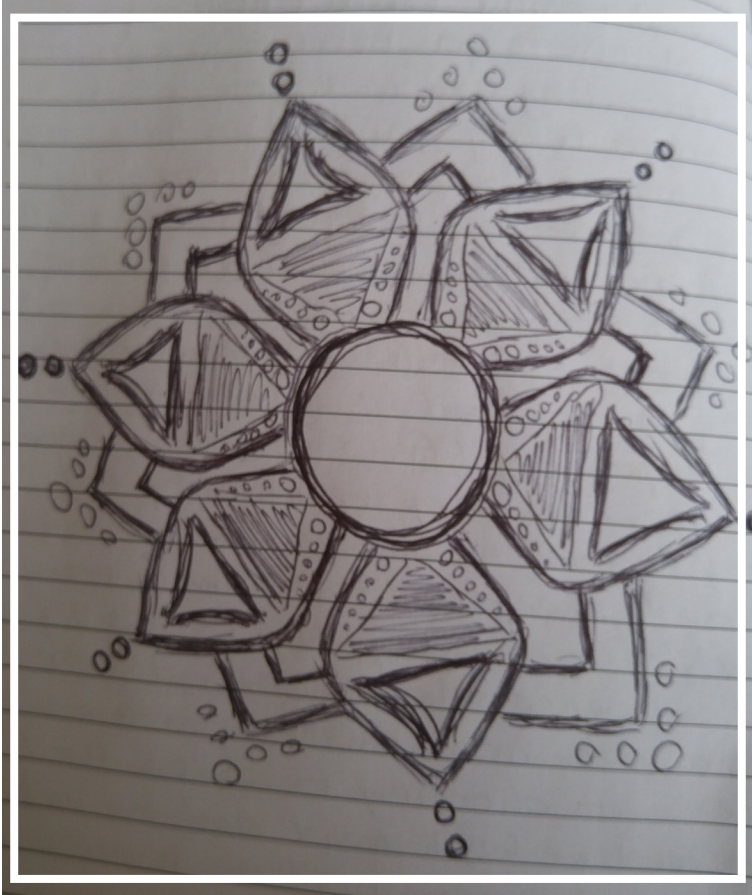
There is nothing wrong with me

There is nothing wrong with

There is nothing wrong

There is nothing

There



tenemos.” - Bernard Of Cluny • “What I dream of is an art of balance, of purity

my clearness committee



David Summerhays
Quaker Liaison

One of the most fundamental aims of my kind of Quakerism is having a pure intention: living our lives in a way that feels right and (usually) makes sense. In Quakerism, we call that a “leading” – sort of like a calling, it is an action that feels right, an act of love, an act in alignment with our whole self, an act of pure meaning.

In my tradition, we have a practice we call a clearness committee. When I moved to Montreal, I was scared. I had a strong urge to go but I knew no one and had no plan. I asked for a clearness committee because I wanted to purify my intention.

So I called the elders of my Quaker Meeting, the people I trust and respect the most – the people whose opinions shake me to my core – and we sat in silence for a bit. The tradition is that in a clearness committee, they just ask questions – no advice, no stories. They

and serenity devoid of troubling or depressing subject matter - a soothing, calm-



asked why I was moving to Montreal, what I expected,
what I was concerned about.

But it wasn't working. I wasn't feeling better. Then I said, forget the tradition: I think I just need to hear stories. I asked them to tell me about times when they had taken a leap. The stories poured forth – of quitting a secure job to study mushrooms, of moving across the country on a whim – and as these stories washed my ears and my heart, I knew Montreal would be my new home.

“Le bonheur veut tout le monde heureux.”
- *Les Misérables*, Victor Hugo

The above photo was taken by Alexandre Daigle.

ing influence on the mind, rather like a good armchair which provides relaxation

egg

Keah Hansen

There might be an egg
Breaking over in a pan
Blooded and lush and awful
Garlic and butter no avail

I should be delicate and guileless
Of the mews between your feathers
Inside barns, hoary bedrooms
Kicking loneliness out of your legs

I want love, which finds small gain
In this sizzled bloody pan
My garlic was too pungent, spelled
Death of life, this city isn't
A country-home.

Keah Hansen is a U3 English Literature honours student from Nova Scotia. She likes both mountains and art, and you can find her heart most usually at their in-between.

from physical fatigue.” - Henri Matisse • “Iron rusts from disuse; water loses its

If purity is honesty, our mouths have been filled with dirt since we've been
old enough to talk.
If purity is a clean canvas, we covered ours in blood from when we learnt
to walk.
If purity is white light, why do all the colours of our skin still make dark-
ness?

In a world of dust, we shroud each other in smoke, in cloaks of ash.

But with each new life, a flicker, a light.
The embers of a fire once put out but ready to burn bright.
Do we not each hold the history of the other in our chest?

Cradled by soiled hands and dressed in red, we scream the battle-cry of
life.

And such is the cycle of the earth, the nature of rebirth.
Purity can only be found in our humanity, so remember:
One day, your body will feed the children of your enemies.

the question

GYH

In the beginning was the Question. And the Question was. There was nothing for the Question to be about, of course, as the universe was still an empty void. For a moment it was alone, like a tiny impurity in a beautiful diamond of nothingness. But, eventually, something had to come into existence, something the Question could be about. Unfortunately, these somethings, basic particles though they were, led to more questions. And although these new questions were pale imitations of the first Question, these needed to be answered, and so more things came into existence to try to answer those. Particles swirled around to become atoms, and atoms did a dance of their own to become molecules, but all this birthed even more questions, more mysteries to be solved.

And so it went, on and on, complexity growing with each step. Eventually the Universe created complex machines that could respond to stimulus, that could learn and adapt. Machines that might be flexible enough to untangle these mysteries. But true mental prowess, true acts of brilliance, required abstract thought. So the Universe created abstract thinkers: machines made of meat, covered in skin. Machines kept alive through pumps in their chests and gases entering and exiting their bodies. But more importantly, these meat machines were powered by electrical impulses, allowing them to ponder and philosophize.

Their drive to explore was innate and, although they were not consciously aware of it, their ultimate goal was to work their way back to the initial Question. Tackle that and it will all have been worth it.

So, they build cities, industries, and philosophies. They subjugated each other, generally taking turns about who deserved subjugation, who deserved to be praised or punished. That was the beauty of the word “human,” its meaning was so malleable. As long as someone

was at the bottom, they thought, someone else could be at the top. They spread across their planet, but their eyes looked upwards, as there was more to see there.

So they packed a bunch of their citizens into metal capsules, along with copious amounts of fuel and a substantial supply of patriotic speeches. They aimed these capsules upwards and fired them into the stars. Many went nowhere, but some arrived at favourable locations and their occupants spread upon their new home. When they landed in an unfavourable location, the people in the capsules had but three choices: some adapted their new world to themselves, some adapted themselves to the new world, and some simply died.

The outcome largely depended on how patriotic their supply of speeches had been.

Soon, these beings spread from planet to planet, until the entire galaxy was occupied. As more questions were answered, more technology became available, allowing their immense civilization to thrive and spread. It even allowed them to realize what truly drove them. They may not have understood the Question, but at least they understood that they didn't understand it, and that was just not something to be complacent about.

There were, of course, rumours that people had been able to answer that initial Question. After all, how could they not have conquered it, as they had conquered all other things? Some said the Church had glimpsed its truth. After all, that was the purpose of its existence, wasn't it? They had long discarded their ideas of Gods and faith, morality and the Afterlife. The scales had fallen from the eyes of the clergy, leaving only one purpose: to answer that damn Question.

Others pointed to the General, a tyrant whose armies swept through

And so it went, on and on, complexity
growing with each step.

to the fore only when its recipient has no power." - Milan Kundera • "Hunger has



The above photo was taken by Alexandre Daigle.

always been more or less at my elbow when I played, but now I began to wake up

the galaxy, slaughtering billions and burning planet after planet, leaving only ash and silence in their path. Surely, people thought, he had glimpsed the answer to the Question and it had given him a military advantage.

I suspect he did perhaps glimpse some facet of the Question, and perhaps its Answer, but it did not give him an advantage. Unless you count blinding rage and anger an advantage. But such speculation, like most speculation, is academic at this point. For one thing, there is no one to think about them but me, now.

I am the last one, the last of the Church, the last of the meat machines and the last of the things that can think and learn. And soon I will also be gone, as the poisonous air enters my body and muddles my mind. My pump will stop pumping and I will cease to be.

But before I do, I decide to write out the answer to the Question. Call it my last cosmic joke, if you must. Where all other explorers, killers, priests and philosophers have failed, I succeeded. Not because I possess any extraordinary abilities mind you. I truly stand on the Shoulders of Giants. Or at least on their corpses. So I begin to write the single word answer to the initial Question in the ash in front of me, but then think better of it. I cross it out and write a more fitting message for the Universe, a summary of its glorious run. I then lie down, listening to my pump as it slows down. As I fade away, I glance at what I have written, the final piece of Scripture, of art, that will ever exist:

BECAU
FUCK YOU

GYH is a student in Natural Resource Sciences. He hails from Montreal.

at night to find hunger standing at my bedside, staring at my gauntly.” - Richard

sundown

Mackenzie Roop

i am standing in the woods
tie-dyed socks in the soft dirt
i flow with the broken blue sequins of my skirt
and the golden sheer of my shirt

a borrowed muddy mug
warm water from an old flowered pot
i clutch it as i climb
tongue wet with peppermint and iron

the boulder is tall
my padded feet small but move swiftly
jumping from perch to pebble
i rise::: to the highest mark
on the Mountain Rock
and i become
Mountain Girl

i realize, i have yet to pay my respects to the land...
a large dark trunk grows up from below where I stand
and towers me
i hold my right hand to its centre,
the waves of twisting scabs open to blink:
a thousand eyed tree is awakened, i
breathe with it, and suddenly
with a sweeping of pink light,
a chorus of dogs cry:
"it is sundown! wake up! wake up!"

a throbbing starts pounding from all around the boulder,
paths between camps shooting with blazing colours
like blood vessels gushing to organs
the world becomes louder, darker and
neon

so i follow my paint speckled paws
back down through the caverns
and into my rainbow rippled tent...

dream twister, shape shifter
i am the Seraph of the Forest.



*Mackenzie is a U3 student in International Development
and World Religions. She takes a long time to walk to
campus and likes to dance along the way.*

heart are needed by one who desires to rise to the divine platform.” - Chanakya



Samuel L. Baranès is a U2 student in Latin American Studies. He is both ugly and beautiful. He posts regularly dirty masterpieces of art on his blog: samuelbaranes.com

The above photo was taken by Julia Coste, a U1 Political Science and International Development Studies student from Paris, France with interests in photography, poetry and human rights.

• “Purity and simplicity are the two wings with which man soars above the earth

The theme of purity is a big one in spiritual circles. Anywhere from chakra cleansing to healing emotional wounds, people calling themselves *spiritual beings* aim to get rid of their impurity, sometimes their ego.

As I found myself on this path at one point in my life, I came to ask myself: why are we so obsessed with purity? Are we cleansing our chakras and lighting-up incense to give life a sense of meaning? To give ourselves a sense of purpose?

We were taught that our soul, God, and his angels are perfect and perfectly pure, so why aim to be alike when we currently aren't.

Yes we have perfect souls, but last time I checked we are humans.
INDiviDUALs.

We are embodied dualities that are indivisible by nature.

We are simultaneously
the ugly and the happy,
the high and the low,
the outside and the inside,
the end and the beginning,
the me and the we.

Now, what if the purpose of life is to become as impure, as dirty and as vicious as possible?

This possibility makes the “spiritual” goal of becoming pure redundant. The spiritual-”egoal” of Enlightenment will fade away as quickly as this present moment. The story will be different this time:

The theme of impurity is a big one in spiritual circles. Anywhere from getting chakras super dirty to opening emotional wounds, people calling themselves *material beings* aim to get rid of their purity, sometimes their soul.

my highest self

Alexandre Daigle

Young, before I was taught wrong
Did I do wrong?
Young, before I was taught right
Did I do right?
Of right from wrong, of wrong from right
Before I had any such notions
Were there ever any questions of purity
Of thoughts and of actions?

Old, after years of being
Served moralities on a plate
Of being fed different dishes
North, south, east, and west
A moral compass at risk of being corrupted
Of spinning into aimlessness
Can I ever go back to that place of innocence
That pure, unconditioned, clean slate?

The master quest so begins
The map is vast, many indeed are the paths
Questioning... to conform to any
Is such my purpose, my destiny?
This purity of youth – alas lost voice of the past
I wonder now: how would it guide me?
Here, ears to present, seer to self, clear I hear
“Align your journey onto your spirit’s track!”

Thus, in my higher self
I place all my faith
As a hero ready
To face the door of fate
Compass in my hands, crosshair on my heart
Pointing straight to my true north
Resolved on such path, vigilant and awake
Hence with pure intent – I set forth!

once was light.” - Saim Cheeda • “Purity engenders Wisdom, Passion avarice, and



Thought the wise does well to tell
Alignment is no happenstance
Challenges and dangers are not just stuff of tale
That demons will try to scare me
That temptations will try to sway me
Yet, I'm not at their mercy
Will power! Such is the sword I carry
Sharpened to cut through trials and difficulties

Whether doomed to rust or blessed to shine
Neither is left to chance
Right or wrong, pure or impure
On the path to source – all dualities blur
In the end my daily deeds shall speak for themselves
But not before I have spoken for myself
From this place of eternal youth
A science of silence in a temple of truth

My Highest Self

Alexandre Daigle is a last-year Environment and Religious Studies student expressing his experiences of spirit and nature as visual story-teller.

Ignorance folly, infatuation and darkness.” - Cyril Connolly • “Anyone who wants

to know

Yi Tian Xu

“*This* is the only way to know”, he said. This was probably why I did not want to know. He kept repeating the same rituals and prayers, without even wondering about the possibilities beyond the light of his candles and the faces of his idols. If you asked him why he had chosen *this*, he would tell you that he simply enjoyed the sense of belonging and the passions that he shared with his community. If you asked him the stories behind the symbols and their correspondence with our daily life, he would falter, refer back to his books and pretend to cite something meaningful. If you discussed other cultures and knowledge systems with him, he would list all the arguments supporting the supremacy of his view and neglect anything beyond his awareness. Blinded by his pride and ignorance, he knew nothing.

“Soon you’ll understand too”, he said. He often suggested that I read more and even referred me to his colleagues. Humble at first, I started my own research on his view and the more I learned about it, the more I saw the flaws. His system resembled a game based on assumptions and paradoxes often taken by faith. Any unexplainable phenomenon was excused by the limits of logic or the lack of data. Everywhere in his discourses, he recited the same unproven statements like some universal truth. “As for why *that*, we may never know.” Nothing more could he add except that *it* was an unresolvable mystery.

“There are other ways to know.” There were bits and pieces of knowledge scattered across the world, and perhaps some of them were the keys to decipher his mystery. “We only need to

to look at sunlight naturally wipes his eye clear first, in order to make, at any

open ourselves to other ideas and connect everything together.”

“*This* is the only way to know”, he repeated, “and *it* says so in this line.” The reverence he showed when diving into the pages of his book was reserved for that act. When he turned back to me, that sense of respect died, leaving only a stare of annoyance and disgust. “You are simply human; don’t let yourself be fooled by intellectual impurities.”

I despised how he spoke the word “human” as if he thought he had already transcended its meaning. Books were written by humans, history was recorded by hands; why did he believe only the works of his authors and qualify mine as nonsense?

What he needed to understand was that I saw all words as purely words and all ideas as fragments of human knowledge, and that any evaluation of their value was subjective. Whether written in ancient scriptures, directed by thought experiments or tested empirically, *they* all existed and were all valuable to know. Any preferential attachment was based on the biases in one’s knowledge space.

Of course, like everyone else, I had my own preferences and biases. For instance, I preferred to embrace our intellectual diversity and to understand the reason behind each idea’s existence rather than convert everyone to one idealized mindset.

I could be exerting influence simply by the action of sharing my preferences. This was why I also preferred to keep them to myself. Though, maybe as I scribbled my story or when I insisted on my reluctance in adopting his beliefs, I had already committed an attempt to change one’s view? Perhaps, this kind of crime was minimizable, but not unavoidable. Perhaps, this was just the way life works? Or a paradox that will never be

rate, some approximation to the purity of that on which he looks; and a person

I recognized not even a tenth of of them, and for the ones I knew, I only knew them from the critiques in various anti-scientific evangelist literatures.

his book on the table facing me. He might have sighed quietly, though I heard no sound. Or perhaps he did not. The thought that I did not hear him sigh raised a slight feeling of disappointment in me. Then, I was quite surprised to also notice an expectation for him to sigh in me. So, I imagined him sighing. Yet, it was not enough. I looked around in search of new arguments. *Dogmas of Experimental Reasoning*, says the title of the book, printed in capital letters on a glossy cover. What kind of dogma led him into scientific evangelism? I wondered. I continued staring at the glossy cover and my thoughts gradually shifted to the time when he would finally tell me to leave.

It was after looking at the gloss for some time that I remembered that I had not read that book yet. Neither had I read any book he had suggested to me. The last thought struck me like ice water pouring down on my head. I stood up as if awakened from a doze and looked around at all his bookshelves and tables. Among all the titles I scanned through, I recognized not even a tenth of of them, and for the ones I knew, I only knew them from the critiques in various anti-scientific evangelist literatures.

resolved?

“Leave me polluted by intellectual impurities,” I said, trying to stay modest.

He sat back on his chair and turned his head towards the only window of his office after setting

I had never looked at the original text, I realized. I had never heard *it* from the original perspective. We were both the same: closed-minded, ignorant and insolent. I knew nothing either.

“What’s the matter?” He stood up too, and had one hand on my shoulder. For the first time, I saw his stare devoid of annoyance and disgust. Instead, it radiated concern and care. He was worried about my sudden, unusual behaviour. It was not a pretense. His legs fired in the same way as when someone heard another crying for help. His arm caught my body in the same way as when someone sensed another falling. I could tell, because it was human instinct - it was pure authentic care - the same humaneness in both of us. At that moment, all our intellectual boundaries seemed to have collapsed. No more conception disparity. No more urge to influence. No more preferential attachment, embracement of intellectual diversity, and whatnot.

No more who-was-right or who-was-wrong. Nor who-was-more-right-or-more-wrong. They all faded like history washing away our archaic beliefs, and only humaneness kept shining its light upon every corner and crevice of the world. Care provided the ground between us where we could find agreement. It empowered our freedom to value and our desire to know. This was how I realized that I cared to understand him.

I picked up *Dogmas of Experimental Reasoning*. “Can I borrow your book?”

Yi Tian Xu is a first year master student in Computer Science with interest in philosophy and spirituality.

“Alas, all traditions lose their primal purity and we all fail our founders.” - Karen



In 2008, Heydar Ensha went to South Dakota with his father.

The above illustration is called Stagnance: An Apathetic Inauguration by Krista Liberio, a pupil employing the ethnographic method by perspective of a daughter, friend, and spirit.

Armstrong • “One must be a sea, to receive a polluted stream without becoming

middle eye blind

Heydar Ensha

I will choose to call this love.
(this smaller part of the larger whole; this part that I can see; I will call
this love)

choose what caves you'll crawl out of,
and what caves you'll emerge in.
tell me what caves I live in.

don't fly too close to the sun.
but still fly.
best not deny what is you.
(you can fly, right?)

name No anchors,
now leashes they are no longer in your service.
(though they are still yours)

build your echo chamber air tight
lest new voices leak in.

your poison, your battles,
pick what you'll look down upon
and when you choose to see it.

I will follow these idols
until I find that they are false.

how many ways will we see
to account for our eyes?
there are variations of the familiar that can seem alien or other.

mine the parts that fit.
(rejecting the larger whole based on a smaller part may hurt more than
help)
((that apple may be rotting but that bite there looks fine))

classifieds

Radix is looking for Volunteers.

Like what you see?

Believe in student creativity, and inter-faith collaboration?

Help us do it better! We can always use help in marketing, web-development, research, distribution, writing, layout, and much more! Email us to join the community. radix@mail.mcgill.ca

The McGill Office of Religious and Spiritual Life (MORSL)

MORSL, a proud member of McGill Student Services, is located in the Brown Building, suite 2100. Please feel free to stop by our Meditation/Prayer Room any weekday from 10:00am to 4:00pm! You'll find a full-spectrum light therapy lamp, CD's for guided relaxation, a serene space with floor pillows and meditation stools, and some suggestions on how to meditate in different traditions. Take time for some serenity! Stay connected with MORSL on Twitter @SpiritualMcGill or like us on Facebook: [fb.com/morsl](https://www.facebook.com/morsl)

Newman Centre

Newman Catholic Centre, 3484 Peel Street, is a home away from home for Catholic Students. Visit www.newmancentre.org to find out more about this centre for Catholic spiritual, social, and intellectual life on campus!

The Rabbit Hole Café

The Rabbit Hole cooks up vegan lunches every Friday at 1:00 p.m. Drop by, pay a toonie, enjoy the company and eat up! All proceeds go towards maintaining this Yellow Door program (3625 Aylmer) along with their Food For Thought student food bank, sponsored by the McGill Office of Religious and Spiritual Life.

Mid-Week Quaker Meditation

During the academic year, the Montreal Mid-Week Quaker Meeting meets every Wednesday, 17:30-18:30, at McGill's Newman Centre, 3484 Peel Street in the Ryan Library (2nd floor, end of the hall). For the rest of the year (summer and winter breaks and exam periods), keep an eye on our Facebook group (<https://www.facebook.com/groups/mtlmidweek/>) as the location may change from week to week.

Winter Coats Needed!

Donations of clean winter coats in good condition are desperately needed for the Winter Coat Project. Smaller donations can be dropped off at MORSL (Brown Suite 2100) Mon-Fri 10am-4pm and large bags of donations can be dropped off at the Newman Centre, 3484 Peel Street, 10am-2pm on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Please mark all bags clearly as "Winter Coat Project" and drop them in the Newman lobby via the lower entrance.

Orthodox Christian Students

Join our twice-monthly student meeting, Orthodox Christian Fellowship! We also have monastery visits, picnics, and movie nights. Contact McGill's Orthodox chaplain, Father Ihor for details: ikutash@gmail.com.

Mondays at MORSL

The Office of Religious and Spiritual Life hosts "Mondays at MORSL" – a variety of free Monday-night events, including art therapy, yoga, zen meditation, Quaker meditation, Om meditation, talks on World Religions, Orthodox icon-writing workshop, movie nights, and more! Like us on facebook at fb.com/morsl to find out more or email morsl@mcgill.ca.

Midnight Kitchen

Every day of the week at 12:30 pm in the SSMU Building, Midnight Kitchen offers free vegan lunches to students. Bring a tupperware container, and indulge in some vegan delicacies such as their famous vegan cakes.

McGill Interfaith Students' Council (MISC)

Are you passionate about promoting interfaith dialogue on campus? Join MISC to have a chance to work with faith groups and promote inter-community dialogue and religious diversity! Work on the Council to make collaborative events like the Annual Interfaith Day happen and advance religious literacy and harmony on campus. For more information, contact: jonahwiner18@gmail.com

classifieds

The Jewish community at McGill

Visit www.hillel.ca, www.chabad-mcgill.com, and ghettoshul.com for information on shabbat meals, holiday celebrations, educational programming, and fun social activities!

My Neighbour's Faith Series

This series of monthly visits to Montreal's places of worship provides a guided experience with various world religions being practiced in Montreal. Email morsl@mcgill.ca to join the mailing list.

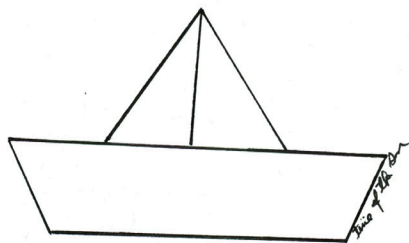
Local Gnostic Community Meetings

The Holy Grail Narthex is a study group of the Apostolic Johannite Church. We gather for fellowship, study, discussion, ritual, and generally uplifting times. Please feel free to get in touch with our lay leader, Jonathan Stewart, at holy-grail@johannite.org or at 514-437-2948 for further information, to get details on upcoming meetings, or if you just want to chat.

Weekly Zen meditation

Every Friday morning at 8:15am, McGill Zen Buddhist chaplain, Zengetsu Myokyo, offers guided Zen practice in the Birks chapel (3520 University Street, 2nd floor). Must arrive early or on time in order to join!

EVERYTHING NOTHING



Poems

Reviews

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