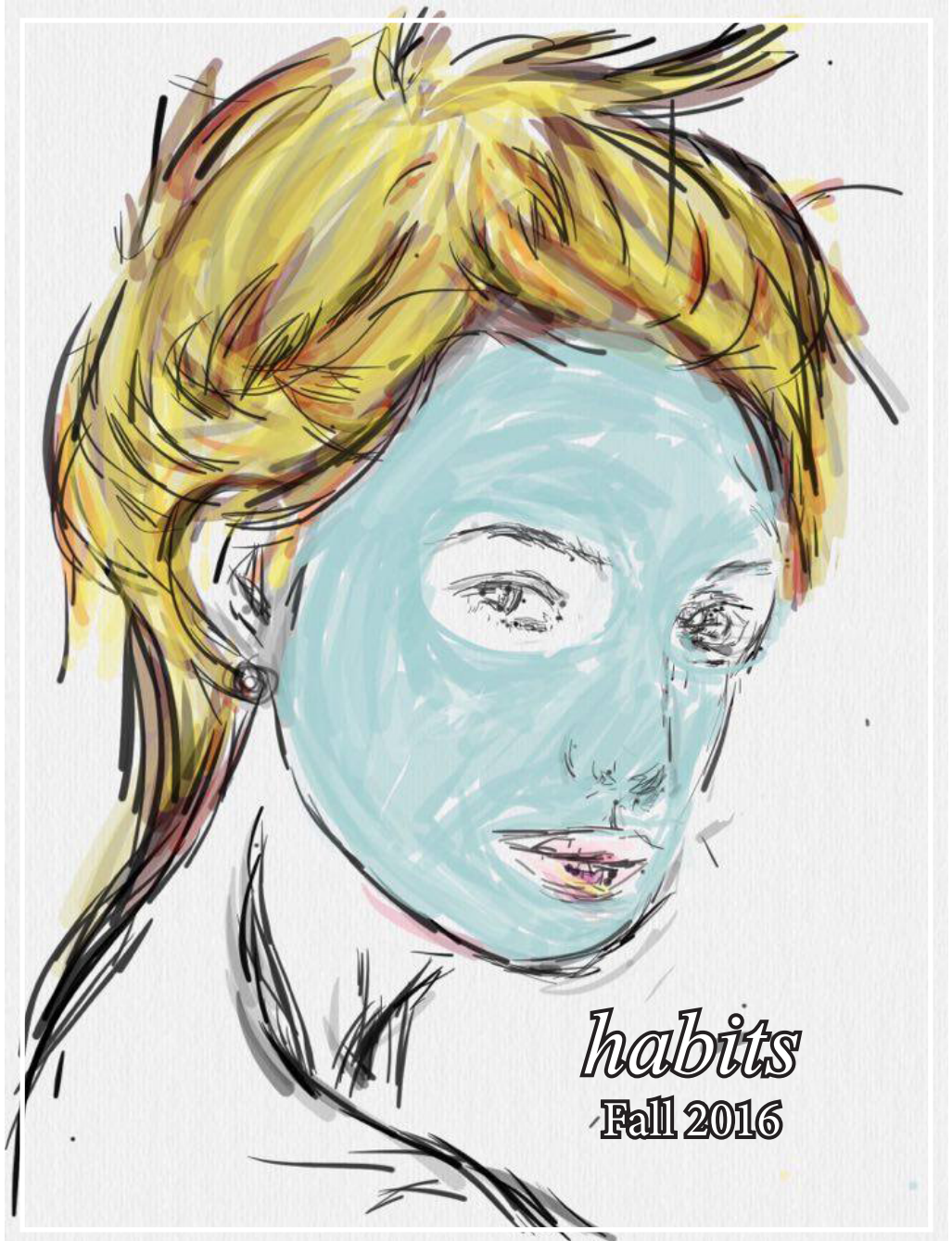


radix

McGill's Student Spirituality Magazine



habits
Fall 2016

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students for students
with support of the
McGill Office of Religious and
Spiritual Life*

the bottom line: "Your beliefs become your thoughts, Your thoughts become your

Habit has long been a point of fascination in philosophy, art, and religion. From Aristotle's *Nichomachean Ethics*, to Marcel Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*, to the *otemae* of Japanese Zen Buddhist tea ceremonies. For William James, even the laws of nature are nothing but cosmic habits. Habit is kind of like the rhythmic template underlying the forms and tones by which the world is created each and every day. It's a fine potentiality, at best, a manual for elevation of every kind.

But, habits can be ruts as well as rituals; "habit is a greater deadener" mumbles Vladimir in Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. In fact, Henri Bergson thought that the true space of art was in the obliteration of the habitual, in the surprise of novelty that ruptures the ritualistic; in tearing away habits a kind of nothingness is disclosed, a force of potentiality through the habit of destroying habits.

For this Fall edition of *radix* we received the largest number of submissions for some time. Special mention should go to the poems by Alexander Daigle and Katharine Birkness, and to the very talented Syvill Chen for providing the cover image. Once again the greatest thanks should go to Edward Ross for not only providing us with an excellent poem, but also for compiling the submissions for this edition.

On behalf of everyone at *radix*, I hope you enjoy!

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

James
Radix Co-Editor

The cover illustration, called Her Morning Routine, was drawn by Sybill Chen. She is pretty interesting, but not that interesting. She is in Religious Studies and Islamic Studies.

words, Your words become your actions, Your actions become your habits, Your

an open letter to my habits

Little Green

Dear Habits,

Let's skip the pageantry; you would have known this letter was coming if you cared about me. You could have seen through my facade, and I should have torn it down a long time ago....

My mind awakens, suppressed thoughts fight their way to the front as you stare back at me with unwavering intensity. Your gaze stays throughout my day, dragging away my joy, emotions, thoughts, and love. You steal the words from my lips when I need them most. You trap my thoughts in a little box screaming to get out. Screaming to show the farthest reaches of love and hate. Bubbling inside, I know I can't use you to hide behind. Every time you deflect away my unwanted burdens, you strip me of the path I deserved to be on.

I wish I could read you this letter and see your face contort squeamishly. Then stand up, cry, hug, and tell each other we can work together to overcoming adversity. However, you CAN'T show me you care, you're NOT my savior, and you DON'T know me!

One day we'll meet again, but don't call, don't ring me up late at night. I need to find my feet and express myself with the tools I have. Sometimes I'm not sure whether I should hold on as tight as I can, or drop everything and let it smash at my feet. But you're not making these choices any easier...

Sincerely, Little Green (Non-Conformer)

*Little Green is a U3 student from many places
that likes reading in trees and taking the long
way home.*

habits become your values, Your values become your destiny." - Mahatma Gandhi

it lives within us

Andrea Maltez

In our darkness and confusion,
In our shame, and our guilt and fear,
Which reigns deep and wild...
In this heart of dust,
I glow eternal.
Breaths deep and endless,
Reach the depths,
To the core.
Blood rushing,
Raptured to the heights of love,
Embraced,
Look up and see, it says.
For I am always near,
And here to guide you.

Andrea Maltez is a U1 Anthropology and Philosophy student who indulges in creative arts, wandering, and stargazing.

- “The truth is that everyone is bored, and devotes himself to cultivating habits.”

interview with a chaplain

The answers to these questions are the personal opinions of MORSL Sikh Chaplain, Manjit Singh, and are not representative of the Sikh faith as a whole.

Interview conducted by: G Y H



Manjit Singh
Sikh Chaplain

G Y H: How would you see traditions as important to your faith?

Traditions are mixed up between cultures and religions. It is pretty hard to distinguish one from the other. For example, service towards fellow human beings. This is a very key part of our teaching. Like, when you were at the Gurdwara [an event in the My Neighbour's Faith series] the other evening. Everybody who was working in the kitchen were volunteers and they do it as part of the service and the service has to be altruistic. It cannot be just to say, "Oh I have done this and now people will admire me." That is not the motive.

GYH: Right, you spoke about that when we were there, the idea that ethics are not for something, they are for their own sake.

So that is very important and service towards the less fortunate is even higher. Because our teachings say those who work with the poor get more merit than just looking after well-to-do people. And part of the reason for having this community meal, is it is open to everybody. Because in the old days, because of the prevalence of the caste system, there was no inter-caste dining, people would not eat with the lower caste people. So our movement was to break away from the caste and say that we are all equal.

- Albert Camus • "Sow a thought, and you reap an act; Sow an act, and you reap

G Y H: That was one of the ways that Sikhism separated itself from Hinduism.

That is also very critical. The thing is also with respect for the elderly. This is also not particular to the Sikh tradition, it is also common in most Asian cultures. For example, old parents continue to live in a family with the other children. The system of the old people's home is not there.

G Y H: Why do you think that is different in the western religions?

There is less emphasis on "me," there is a more collective approach to life. The western society emphasizes more individuality and "me." For example, in western culture countries where south Asians have come, parents continue to live with their adult children and they get involved with the grandchildren. There is kind of a link between different generations in the same house.

G Y H: What traditions do you think a society needs to get rid of or which ones should fade away?

One tradition I think is already in the process of being changed is arranged marriages. In the Asian system, marriage is arranged by the family. And the idea of falling in love and then getting married is not prevalent in Asian society.

But now people live in this society and mainstream society practices the value that you should be in love before you marry. And that is a good idea for people to follow. Because you know you have more integration between couples if they already know each other.

G Y H: Are there other things you think it would be important to address? Any other messages to the students?

We have to walk the talk, not just talk and these students should also reflect on this. That whatever we say, we must live by that, because that is the real test whether you mean what you say or not.

G Y H: Thank you again for agreeing to this interview.

a habit; Sow a habit, and you reap a character; Sow a character, and you reap a



*The above photo was taken on the steps of
Basilique Notre-Dame.*

destiny.” - Samuel Smiles • “Nothing so needs reforming as other people’s habits.”

all things

David Epstein

If you find yourself pausing, watching, reflecting,
Suck in that choking air and bite your cheek
And in isolation recognize the world around you
Moments that are present,
and every thing that will happen in this place

Some find the stillness overwhelming
Strata of quiet, thick like mud slowly rising up your neck
The acrid taste of it chokes, the silence rings in your eardrums,
So we ask ourselves
Why the encompassing picture shies from focus

We do not halt ever; on instinct we are always in transit
We recognize the risk in stopping - that we may never resume
Bogged down, not making hay,
or perhaps forgetting where we were

David Epstein is a U2 Classics student from Montclair, New Jersey. His interests include photography and hiking.

- Mark Twain • “It is a very inconvenient habit of kittens (Alice had once made

creature of habits

Alexandre Daigle

I am a creature of habits.

I shape-shift into whatever becomes my repeated daily practice.

I am as much the gardener as I am the seed:

From the soil that host my roots to the sun that touches my leaves,

I grow to become the sum of all the parts on which I feed.

I am as much the sculptor as I am the sculpture:

Either soft as a pebble or hard as a boulder, cracked or intact,

I carve and am carved by my own incisive decisions and routines.

I am as much the healer as I am the disease:

Through attentive care or heedless neglect,

I create a place to relax and rest or invite in sickness and distress.

I am as much the master as I am the slave:

Unyielding, persistent, and resolved, I feel strong - I can conquer myself at will.

Slumbered, compliant, and meek, I feel weak - I bow servant to the whims of the wind.

I am as much the creator as I am the creation:

As alchemist of self-transformation and of manifestation,

I can transmute into the purest of diamond or degenerate into the coarsest of carbon.

I am a creature of habits...

I shape-shift into whatever I choose to make my repeated daily practice.

the remark) that whatever you say to them, they always purr." - Lewis Carroll • "It



Alexandre Daigle is a U3 Environment and World Religions student who is seeking a unifying philosophy through the study of science and spirituality, a path currently being manifested through a lifestyle of barefoot farming, solo travelling, and inspirational writing.

will be difficult to break the habits of thinking Abnegation instilled in me, like

my mind's meanderings

Maria Aslam

I have often wondered how it would feel if I could traipse the city swimming on my back? What would be the experience of sunlight filtering through the clouds, through the trees, the air traffic zooming by, the architecture standing tall on the sides, always at the corner of my eyes but never in focus? How will my senses respond to the all-encompassing blue sky and the dancing branches with their multifarious, multi-shaped leaves in my horizon constantly? The dappling of shadows that the moving leaves would cast, the rustle, the sense of the cool breeze and the light, the mysterious, effervescent, all powerful, life-giving source of existence - the light, caressing me. Will my world coalesce into a horizontal plane from the vertical? Will the trees create a ceiling albeit amorphous? Can an architectural plan of the dense shade providing old trees be developed, with leaves falling and erupting at the same time, buds intertwining with the unfolding pupa from its cocoon or the sparrow that is building her nest and the squirrel in a hurry flashes by on the trunk? Can this living microcosm ever be still for a second? Can this living entity, ensconced in the constant rhythm of life, be overlooked? Enamored by the swirling of the leaves, I observe divergent designs running astray, as my mind tries to grapple the meaningful articulation of the penumbra of negatives and positives created by the intricate movement of swaying verdures. Maya breaks my reverie always, with her irritating tug and petulant voice "what is it that you are staring at the sky for in the middle of the road?" I am instantly jolted back to my surroundings, a car closely honks by, and I am rudely catapulted to the reality of being a vertical homo-sapien standing comically in the middle of the street.

Some people talk to themselves, but I am madder still - I talk to trees. I know they listen to me, respond to my mood and my feelings. I am as aware of them as I am of my kids though a tacit reality - but I am sure this is also one of the reasons that my father-in-law thinks I am a witch. Endowed and challenged with a heightened sixth sense, have predicted happenings, they come naturally not as if I have thought about them, it's only when I hear myself say that I realize their presence, the import, the meanings and am held captive to my words.

tugging a single thread from a complex work of embroidery. But I will find new

Enamored by the swirling of the leaves, I observe divergent designs running astray.

In his fascination with trees, Swiss architect Peter Zumthor writes: “it is just a tree and its beautiful. Nothing special – incredibly powerful.” He sums up my feelings of the trees’ absolute presence intertwined with architecture. As from trees I move on to places and then to their innermost spaces towards a journey whose destination is unknown to me.

German author WG Sebald also describes the intangible emotional connection one has with trees: “I feel a bond unites me with these trees; I write sonnets, elegies and odes to them, they are like children, I know them all by name, and my only desire is that I should end my days amongst them.”

Having lived in various cities, the vagabond life gets to you, but wherever I found a tree to talk to, or wherever I found a small patch of land to plant one, I also discovered a home. At the last home that I built in Karachi, I planted a *Gulmohar*, a fledgling of a stem that turned into a crowning glory of iridescent crimson, orange, yellow, and red. I remember distinctly loud noises woke me, I checked my phone for the time - still too early to get up - but the voices would not go away. Finally, I stirred my sleep-induced body and sluggishly pushed myself to the source of the loud argument that was going on. My father in law and the poor chap who waters my garden are inextricably linked in an argument, not able to decipher what exactly was the issue I finally butted in: “what is it baba?” He recoiled to the sound of my voice realizing then he had woken me. “He never waters this sapling; it will die”. I stooped down to the *Gulmohar* hardly three feet in height then flailing on a thin branch with sprouting yellow leaves and closed my fingers on the burgeoning stem. “He will live and not only will live but show me the splendors of its crowning glory as well before I leave.” With that, I came back to my bed and promptly fell back to sleep. And before some months had passed - I came to know that we would be moving.

The beautiful crowning glory – ‘the flame of the forest’ - lived to those words and before I parted from that house the flowers bloomed in abundance. In the short span of two years, the tree had matured, reached a height of fourteen feet, a rarity, and blossomed – no actually bloomed –

habits, new thoughts, new rules. I will become something else.” - Veronica Roth

I am sure this is also one of the reasons that my father-in-law thinks I am a witch.

into a kaleidoscope of colours. In constant communion we both prepared ourselves for the parting, I would stare for hours looking outside my huge window, the window casing framing the panoptic view. Unclear whether I talked, walked, or meditated, but sure that I was never alone. It was a joy to open my eyes in the morning to a spectacular view of colours, the dancing branches and swirling of the

leaves and birds chirping. My gardener, who dared not to use the word cut, asked me one day whether he could trim the *Gulmohar* as spinach would not grow otherwise in this season due to lack of light. Needless to say, we didn't grow spinach. Cherishing every minute of my mornings and evenings, I planned tea at the patio and musical dinners that had the *Gulmohar* as the backdrop. Karachi is balmy in the evenings with winds blowing towards the land from the ocean cooling the temperature, an idyllic evening setting with friends and family food and music by us wannabe singers. I basked in the celebration, or was it a farewell, knowing by then that I was moving, nature had already prepared its ground, the parting of ways was imminent. The prophecy had come true.

My association with trees goes back to my childhood, sans television and other gadgets; we the children were confined to the outdoors. The mad heat of summer, the long days, cousins and friends of all ages; we were practically an army of children swarming all over the place. An extended family with an extended version of a mansion within which my grandmother dwelled; with outhouses and other peripheral attachments that comprised of raised plinth, high ceilings, massive doors and windows, big verandahs, courtyards, magnificent staircases, lofts, rooftops, multitudes of egress and entries – a colonial structure worthy of any Harry Potter settings and lush, luscious trees mostly fruit laden. What more could this hungry, active force of juveniles want? We thrived on the outdoors and I always crafted my very own private domain. Being petite and light I took full advantage of my bearing and carved my niche on branches fully aware that others would not trespass fearing that it would give way under their heavy frames. Being a bookworm, I would prop myself comfortably with banana leaves tied with twigs that acted as my cushion, handfuls of fruit nearby, surviving for hours without being

- “The soul grows into lovely habits as easily as into ugly ones, and the moment a

noticed. I hated playing cricket; food was not my concern, the sky was my ceiling, screened by the trees and thriving on fruits was a haven if not heaven in those days. To pick fruits with your hand and eat is a marvel that few have experienced. Sadly, my children have missed out on this activity, on this enduring connection with nature. There are berries that I had picked off trees in my childhood, only to never taste them again after my grandmother's house was demolished. I cried and grieved for months on the loss, until finally my mother took me to the ruins that housed high-rise apartments. Scaffolding loomed instead of the enchanted house and not a single tree survived; I have never been back. Nor have I ever bought berries from the grocery store. Trees are my landmarks that many find hard to fathom.

Technology and its obdurate presence in multiple forms rules our lives today; television and gadgets have reigned over the generations and the abiding connection between humans and nature has fragmented. The sanctity, the importance of nature around and about us, has become overshadowed by the manifestation of concrete jungles that have erupted in the name of cities. Our psyche, well-being, and situatedness; our thoughts, ethics, and morality are all astray. We thrive in transient situations forever on the lookout for WiFi zones and we have entirely disconnected our roots from nature. We turn to mountains and beaches and rainforests for vacation sprees, objectifying nature as a temporary space to experience.

As an architect I have yet to explore Montreal and the touted mega structures. The Miesian square, Safdie's Habitat, and the Olympic relics are all on my to-do list, but my fascination with the parks of Montreal, big and small, has taken precedence. Subsequently, the architecture will have to wait, as my habit for discovering new trees takes hold, for as long at least, as they are not enshrined in the coming snow.

Maria Aslam, Post Professional Candidate of McGill is a practising architect, Founder and Chief Editor of the magazine ADA - Architecture Design Art. Her first book; 'Interiors 1' by PIID - Pakistan Institute of Interior Design has been published and will be launched in November 2016. She is currently working on her research to embark on the PhD Program from McGill.

life begins to blossom into beautiful words and deeds, that moment a new

the norm

Katharine Birkness

She's seen this picture before.

A stick mommy, daddy, two stick children. Indistinguishable. Her brother drew it and now it's on the fridge, for everyone to know and appreciate.

She's seen that smile before. Knowing, slightly coy. Her mother wears it when she asks, "what's his name?" and figures she's just embarrassed when she doesn't answer.

A picture show with friends, a rerun on TV. The actor proposed to the actress under the stars. They lived happily ever after, trapped in pixelated eternity.

Her own concrete gymnasium, the home of assemblies and ceremonies. She learned to avoid bananas – to stay innocent.

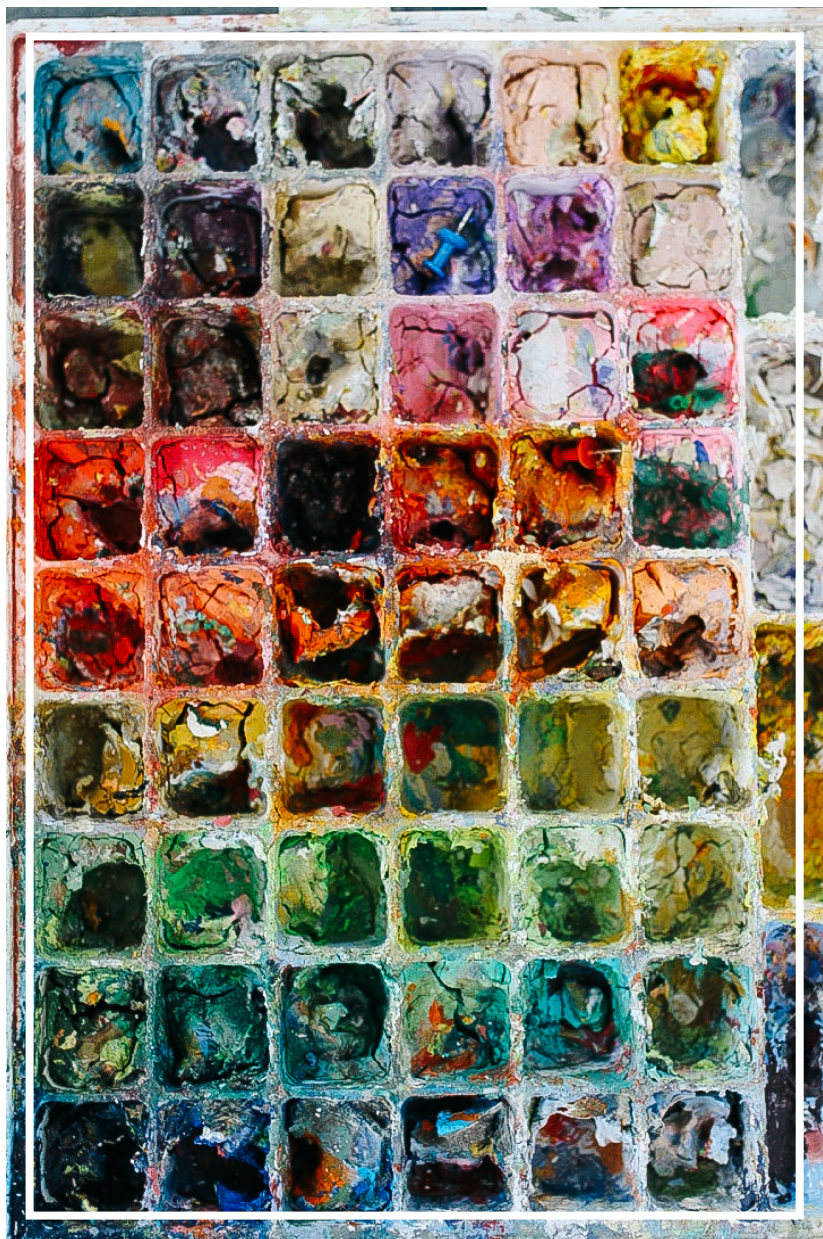
Before she left, the doctor made sure she had enough pills to last her the month. She tried to say that she didn't need them. He didn't understand. She won't fill it.

A room in her dorm where everyone is welcome, any time. A bag of condoms hangs from the door, just in case – male only.

This is the only picture she knows.

Katharine Birkness is a U1 Cognitive Science student who enjoys exploring cities, the brain, and art.

comradeship, or the inspiration, you once showed yourself capable of. Bear figs



The above photo was taken by Lin Liang.

for a season or two, and the world outside the orchard is very unwilling you



*Edward Ross is a U3 Religious Studies and Classics
Student from Cornwall, Ontario with interests in
papercraft and spirituality.*

standard of conduct is established, and your eager neighbors look to you for a

knock, knock

Edward Ross

In the velvet darkness of night
the wind blows over the rows.
A lone figure climbs over the wall
in order to see what the queen knows.

The lines of houses are mixed
with little organization between.
This city has become a maze,
and no directions can be seen.

The doors are sealed tight
to keep their inhabitants warm.
They wait for long nights and days
as their pains of life lose form.

The wanderer moves past each home
and keeps a close eye for a sign.
A small sound turns them around;
the sight sends jolts up their spine.

Standing right before their eyes
was the house they were looking for.
The figure feels the walls breathe.
Energy is radiating from every pore.

A black piece of chalk in their hand,
the soul marks the door with an X.
They spin their body with a fervour
to show this woman their respects.

The stranger yells words to the air,
“I wish for freedom, Voodoo Queen.”
Knocking twice, they seal their wish,
embracing the fervour of Halloween.

The Hallow’s Eve moon shines above,
looking down at the black chalk.
The wanderer hears a tiny sound
coming from inside, “knock, knock.”

continuous manifestation of the good cheer, the sympathy, the ready wit, the

are you a buddhist?

Katy Dmoski

When I am asked “Are you a Buddhist?” I don’t know how to answer. Religion is not a yes-or-no question. It is not a change that happens in the course of an instant. You are not an atheist, and suddenly a believer. Like many other things in life, religion is a journey and not a destination.

I’ve devoured information about Buddhism in the form of books and documentaries, but I lack practical experience. I have never been to a Buddhist temple. I have never even spoken to a Buddhist, and yet recently, I’ve leaned towards saying “yes”. Learning about this topic has been a life-changing experience in terms of how it has changed my perception and has helped me understand far more about the workings of the world around me. I do not feel like I have “joined” or “converted” to Buddhism, it feels more like I have discovered small, infinite parts of myself that respect and agree with countless Buddhist views.

Regardless of whether you believe in enlightenment, reincarnation or the ilk, learning about Buddhist beliefs can make your life more meaningful, and can make you a better person. Although I do not nearly have enough Buddhist habits, I attempt to keep some of these ideas in mind as I travel through my day-to-day life.

One particular Buddhist view has been incredibly important to me since I first read it. This idea is that we should not reject any of our emotions, as the feelings we experience are ever-changing, and are all important in themselves. We should not cling to certain positive emotions, while shunning and avoiding those that have been labelled as negative. The best course of action is to accept all the emotional states that we experience, as they all serve a purpose, and from them we can improve our self-awareness. Buddhists believe that everything leads a cyclic existence; that everything comes into existence and eventually ends. It is said that one of the paths to enlightenment is to accept this cycle, to let go of anxieties about non-permanence.

Our emotions also follow this cyclic path, and are extremely interdependent. When we feel anxiety, sadness, frustration, anger, grief, and the like, it is our body and our mind telling us to take a step back and make an adjustment to how we treat ourselves. We are often only able to incorrectly perceive the dualistic notion of “good” and “bad” emotions, ignoring the connections between everything we feel, and failing to gain a better understanding of ourselves.

For the past few years, I have struggled with depression, and although I have sought advice from medical professionals, and have learned about mental health

should bear thistles.” - Kate Douglas Wiggin • “The only way we could remem-

We should not reject any of our emotions.

through my various initiatives, this thought is what has comforted me the most, and has inspired strength in me. This too shall pass.

Our lives are made up of a balance of our emotions, our indulgences, and our actions. To deny one aspect of this balance is to lead an unsustainable life, whether it be spiritually, socially, or environmentally.

This leads to how Buddhists' views impact our world views extremely beneficially, particularly when it comes to our environment. According to Buddhists, it is pure human ignorance to believe that we are above nature, when in fact, every living thing is connected on this earth. The denial of this is what has caused our shattered world view, and our inability to see the cause-and-effect relationship between our unsustainable practices and the profoundly negative effects we are having on our earth. The fear of non-permanence is what causes us to make decisions for short-term gain that have long-term negative effects. We do not pay the full price of our actions at the time that we act---if we did, our lives would be very different. Buddhist beliefs bridge the gap we perceive between our existence and the world around us, showing us that we must respect nature, as we are totally dependent upon it.

Originally, I wished to learn more about Siddhartha and his journey in order to cast off the common misconceptions about reincarnation, the concept of karma, and the vegetarianism that is often associated with this religion. I was already an avid yoga-goer, but I did not fully understand the practice on a spiritual level, which Buddhism has helped me do.

Prior to the spread of Buddhism in Asia, there was a religious vacuum in many places, where the current belief system had no longer represented the beliefs and the needs of the people. To me, it seems as though we have reached a similar point in society today, perhaps not a religious vacuum, but a spiritual one. In order to change our ways when it comes to our environmental impact, as well as the disparity and inequality in our world, many of us could learn from the teachings of the Buddha, and by keeping a few Buddhist habits.

Katy Dmowski is a first-year Science student from Toronto who is excited to explore everything McGill and Montreal have to offer.

ber would be by constant re-reading, for knowledge unused tends to drop out of

holy habit

Madeleine Gottesman

Habits – my faith preaches them: when I lie down and when I rise, when I go out and when I return. They feed me whispers, offering me familial guidance as I roll aimlessly amongst the other waves.

Sometimes I respond with crashing hostility, because I know I can rise above the petty advice.

Sometime I respond with soft, calm love. I consume my habit to dream with warmth, giving my aimless swimming a sense of purpose.

Imagining a new world in the realm of possibility is my holy habit. Dreaming leaves me vulnerable to our worldly harshness, yet more vitally, open to its beautiful nuances that expand my accordion core.

No longer will the cruelty of others mangle our blue veins into a red.

No longer will we grip our egos as a lifeline.

May our speech habits elevate our fellow folks.

May the notion that beauty relates to everything breathe through me as much as it breathes through you.

This holy habit of dreaming makes me hopeful, motivating me to tread outside hindering habits to chase change: so dream and hope I may.

Madeleine Gottesman is a U3 Political Science and Jewish Studies student from Toronto, Ontario with an affinity for writing and exploring spirituality.

mind. Knowledge used does not need to be remembered; practice forms habits

stagnation

Katrina Kardash

When escape becomes a habit
And longing to flee prevails,
How do we define our lives
Beyond the dream of setting sail?

When nothing seems new
Despite all there is to see,
So much to accomplish
Yet no will to proceed...
When the aimless drift becomes routine
And ambition remains abstract,
How do we begin to define
The lives that we enact?

And as these lives await before us,
Filled not with constraint nor with desire,
How might we decide to move forward
And set our hearts on fire?

Katrina Kardash is a U2 International Development student from Montreal who enjoys learning about religion, taking ballet classes and trying new cafés.

and habits make memory unnecessary. The rule is nothing; the application is

out of habit

Time of the Sun

I guess she has always been like that. Not that her state has deteriorated with age or maturity. Experience did change her. It made her evolve into the person she was meant to be. I suppose there was always something in her resting gaze that unwillingly challenged people of their oblivious ways.

And that was how she set things tragic.

Ironically, she did not believe in tragedies. Of course, she passively enjoyed their aesthetics as any passerby would. But it took her tremendous effort to lose herself in one man's epic narrative to the point she'd have no hesitation to shoot herself a bullet in the brain.

She was really not the sentimental type.

Neither was he.

On the porch, he was attending to his last cancer stick. Longing to break free from excruciating habits. Only to find himself delving into those new habits they'd built together. Once obviously. Twice intentionally. To be honest, at their young age, hardly nothing moved them. Severe underwhelment was her default state. She'd fake memory loss to make things exciting. She'd wear fake tattoos to attract attention although she claimed to love low-key. She was an uncontainable paradox. Her tattoo was a heart-shaped box. She despised people as much as she loved them. She cheered them up. She fucking depressed them. Her British accent was also fake.

He knew.

He had deconstructed all the intricacies of her reckless act.

He didn't care and never mentioned it. Fake was what he liked.

He did carry himself around with some pretentious nonchalance stereotypical from the 60s which under normal circumstances she'd find absolutely abhorring. Or boring. But it suited him and she liked that.

Unforgiving as it was, this odd chemistry was part of their personal everything." - Henry Hazlitt • "A morning coffee is my favorite way of starting

mythology.

It was already late when she arrived.

As always, she looked terrific. She'd get away with a slutty outfit and make it look classy. She felt cold and shy. Behind his cigarette, he greeted her with a casual nod to which she immediately responded by looking away. It made her charm. And everything else from her murdered legs to her pale neck shackled him with mystery. It released him from his misery. She did it so organically. To be honest, when it came to him, she never thought ahead. Never. Although she'd calculate all her gestures under typical interactions with other boys or men.

In the dark, they were two.

Face to face.

Feeling each other's silence.

Finding each other at distance.

He took the first stance.

She followed.

Slowly the unknown became the familiar.

The type of kisses where teeth collide

Out of habit, they grew fond of each other's company. Out of habit, they found comfort, safety, friendship and trust. Deep down, they were both afraid that things became more than mere habits. But how much mental strength did it necessitate to defy the flow of the human condition?

Infinite.

She was way too drunk to rationalize all this shit out.

Anyways.

*Time of the Sun is a U4 psych student.
She loves to draw. Sadness is her creative
muse.*

the day, settling the nerves so that they don't later fray." - Marcia Carrington • "I

filling

Mauve La Framboise

Me again, in front of the fridge
Roaming over the sparse selection, each weighty choice
I pick out pasta I cooked for three days
Beautiful white linguini rubbed in melted butter and garlic
Each packed in a separate Tupperware, foresight of portion control
And I shatter this vision; obfuscate my image
I crash up against my body each second they spin
In the microwave, I feel dizzy
It's 22:00

I eat looking away
External apparition, I internalize this shame with a fork
Marauding my society under the motions of social media, alone
I flip through Facebook, swipe on tinder
Who taunted me once for my chicken legs and scraggly arms
I want to push these arms away from me when I feel their heaviness
Discreetly I hide the bowl(s) and strategize
My plan of attack to minimize the appearance of this corporeal
affront
A tangible setback
It's 22:30

What part of me is filled?
By this galumphing gorge
It stretches my stomach painfully
Expanding rather than expounding
Won't fill the lack I feel
Padding the edges- I think these tendrils
Of gluten might make me sensitive
To that boy who wouldn't look at me
Or that unflinching need to fulfill and appease
Smelting an image of a happy and wholesome girl
It's 23:00

insist on a lot of time being spent, almost every day, to just sit and think. That is



And I lie on my back and lie to myself
Of my obvious volition in this act
My plans to exercise in the AM and
I hate eating breakfast beforehand anyway
Now I'll count out a restricted expectation of calories
Compensate for this momentary slip, this loss of self
I'll feel light as a breeze tomorrow, cooing
Airy and bright to others, my head will float
Golden with curled tendrils shaking and filling
My smiling eyes in the mirror convince me
I'm okay, never mind the incessant counting
It's 0:00

*Mauve La Framboise is a U3 Theatre student
who feels invigorated everyday by brave words,
mountains and earth-caked veggies*

*The above illustration was drawn by Gal Sandaev,
a U3 Education student with an interest in ab-
stract portrait art and doodling.*

very uncommon in American business. I read and think. So I do more reading



The above photo was taken by Lin Liang.

and thinking, and make less impulse decisions than most people in business. I do

to talk with my parents

Anonymous

Here, in the honesty of a poem, were you to ask me
What I wish for, at this point in my life, I wouldn't say
The things that I spend most of my days running towards
But simply, and with difficulty, I wish to be able to talk
With my parents. To tell them, when they're able to listen,
What I think and feel, how I live, what I hope for
And what I find important. Even in disagreement,
Understanding is possible. Growing up, we didn't
Have the habit of sharing stories with one another.
When we did speak, it was to warn of the things in life
That can go wrong. It's hard work now, hard for me
To tell you the story of my life, to step into the space
Between us and fill it with the truth that I live.
Hard for you to have a different picture
Of a life you think you've known, and far from the
One you'd dreamt of when I began my
Life with you. Sometimes we dance in the space between
And there's no pain, no one leading, just unspoken
Joy that to spend time together
Can be so easy. Other times, between us
Is a chasm showing the inadequacy
Of the bridges we've worked to build,
That don't reach the other side when launched
But crumble into the depths between us,
So much farther we have to go and try.
On paper, in the lines of this poem, to be able to talk
With my parents is a small wish, when there's already
So much suffering in the world. Yet I don't know
Why, in my life, it feels like one of the most
Important things I can do, and truer work
Than all the work occupying my days.

it because I like this kind of life." - Warren Buffett • "The chains of habit are too

habits of breath

Krista Liberio

To notice,

Lungs irregulated by anxious inhalation
Return from the extended to the embodied

Metaphysical pain.

This body, my suffering
This mind, my choice

Breath under conscious control
Owning novel presence

Finding exit.

Return to live
Accept to leave

Descend into senses
Submit to the beyond

A numbness.

Now secure, at visible ease
Comfortable, at disposal

To breathe.

Repeat;

*Krista Liberio is a pupil employing the
ethnographic method by perspective of a
daughter, friend, and spirit.*



The above photo was taken by Alexandre Daigle.

vation is what gets you started. Habit is what keeps you going.” - Jim Ryun • “The



The above photo was taken by Diamond Yao, a U1 student in Sustainability, Science & Society and Computer Science who is trying really hard to live up to her name.

fixity of a habit is generally in direct proportion to its absurdity.” - Marcel Proust

It's happening again
Incessant mind tinkering with the space
Beyond what's real
Really?

Wont
It's that, maybe
That tinkers within itself
This mind is playing tricks on them.

Oh, it's my habitual nature to look
Into people's eyes and see
A story unfold
Like fire.

Maybe they
Had a good or bad day
This bus rattles along at such a pace
That both are probably true
At least in here we can
Pretend

Love
Could live inside
This stagnant tunnel
Those two, there, walking so far
Apart, they could catch each
Other's eye and
See...

Really?
Real is what? Beyond
The space...

It's happened again.

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

- "If breaking a habit has been hard for you to do, hard for you even to face, then

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! The last Zen practice of the term will be held on December 2nd.

anything that can destroy you in the course of time." - Alejandro Jodorowsky

HUNGER



Poems

Reviews

Stories

Photos

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Drawings

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Opinions

Articles