

radix

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Hunger Holiday 2016



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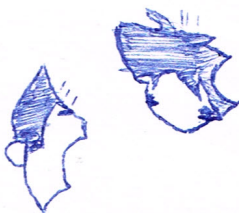
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We might locate two extremities of hunger in the selflessness seen in the face of Dreyer's Joan of Arc as she waits on the stake, and the unspeakable hunger of the Muselmanner of Auschwitz. Hunger can be animalistic and primitive; it can reduce the human to a scarcely recognizable form. Yet, it can also—when we speak of a hunger of the will—spur transcendence and elevated modes of being.

In this issue of Radix we have responses that shift between these extremities, from the encouragement to inhabit “the infinite experiences of your consciousness” in Alexandre Daigle's poem, or Jonah Dabora's brief essay on the “Chán of Eating”, to the primordial hunger described in Emily Szpiro's flash-fiction.

Great thanks should go to Mackenzie for providing the cover photo and to everyone on the editorial board at radix who helped to make this issue possible.

We hope you enjoy!

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

James Reath
Co-Editor

The cover photo, called In the Misty Silence of Decay, was taken by Mackenzie Roop. She 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.

appear to them except in the form of bread.” - Mahatma Gandhi • “Hungry man,

different and the same

Katrina Kardash

Hunger
As indulgence
As suffocation of the pain

Or as craving
For reassurance
To feel worthy, and sane

Hunger,
Self-imposed,
And so simply overcome:

Meet hunger,
Subtle longing...

Not so simple to belong.

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

reach for the book: it is a weapon." - Bertolt Brecht • "The belly is an ungrateful

hungry like the wolf

Emily Szpiro

Wolves ate my grandfather, so my mother always said
“Eat, or be eaten.” This was justification. Survival
is surviving with death, and so I always felt like the
wolf.

Eventually, hunger finds you too. You will die when
the body starves and so you will eat yourself to stay
alive. You grow hair on your face and growl. Hunger
is an instinct, but to die I made it my life.

My mother cried and asked me why I let the wolves
eat me. I said nothing; this was my justification. I was
ravenous, so I ate myself alive.

*Emily Szpiro is a U3 English Lit student who spends
too much time reading and should probably stop
because it's ruining her eyesight.*

wretch, it never remembers past favors, it always wants more tomorrow.”

the initiation

Sally Choy

Before I was initiated, I ate nothing but sesame seeds. I'd found out I could get them for free if I just asked the cashier at St. Viateur Bagel. I was freshly fired from a bartending job and never wanted to work again. So, my plan was: Don't spend money.

I peeked into dumpsters and the occasional trash can, but no luck. So I'd get my sesame seeds once a week, carry them home, and fry them up, add some salt, spoon them into a bowl and -ta da! Dinner!

On my way home from St. Viateur, I'd trickle handfuls of seeds into my mouth and look around. Everything was so beautiful. I noticed little things like a pink feather on the sidewalk, or the way the light gets orangey gold a bit before sunset. My head felt like a balloon.

After frying up and guzzling down my sesame, I'd settle down for some reading. My favorite thing I read at that time was a book of short stories by Hemingway about being a hungry unknown writer in Paris. He would go to fancy art museums and float around with large eyes and understand everything. His brain was full of "unsound but illuminating thoughts" when he was "belly-empty, hollow-hungry" and so was mine. I felt great.

Except for the diarrhea.

One day my roommate came home with a vegan red velvet avocado brownie.

"Do you want this?" she asked.

"Oh my gosh I'd love it!" I exclaimed.

- Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn • "When I give food to the poor, they call me a saint.

“It’s kinda weird,” she warned.

I grabbed it and gobbled it up. I could feel my brain waking up from the misty funk it had just been in. “Wow. That was amazing,” I sighed.

She raised an eyebrow. “When was the last time you ate a vegetable?
A fruit?... Some protein?”

“A while...”

But that was about to change.

My soul mate friend had been traveling the world, but now she was back in Montreal. I floated over to the apartment she was sharing with her brother. Somewhere in that evening of giggles and catching up, I told them about my diet.

“You’ve just been eating sesame seeds?!” they gasped in awe and horror.

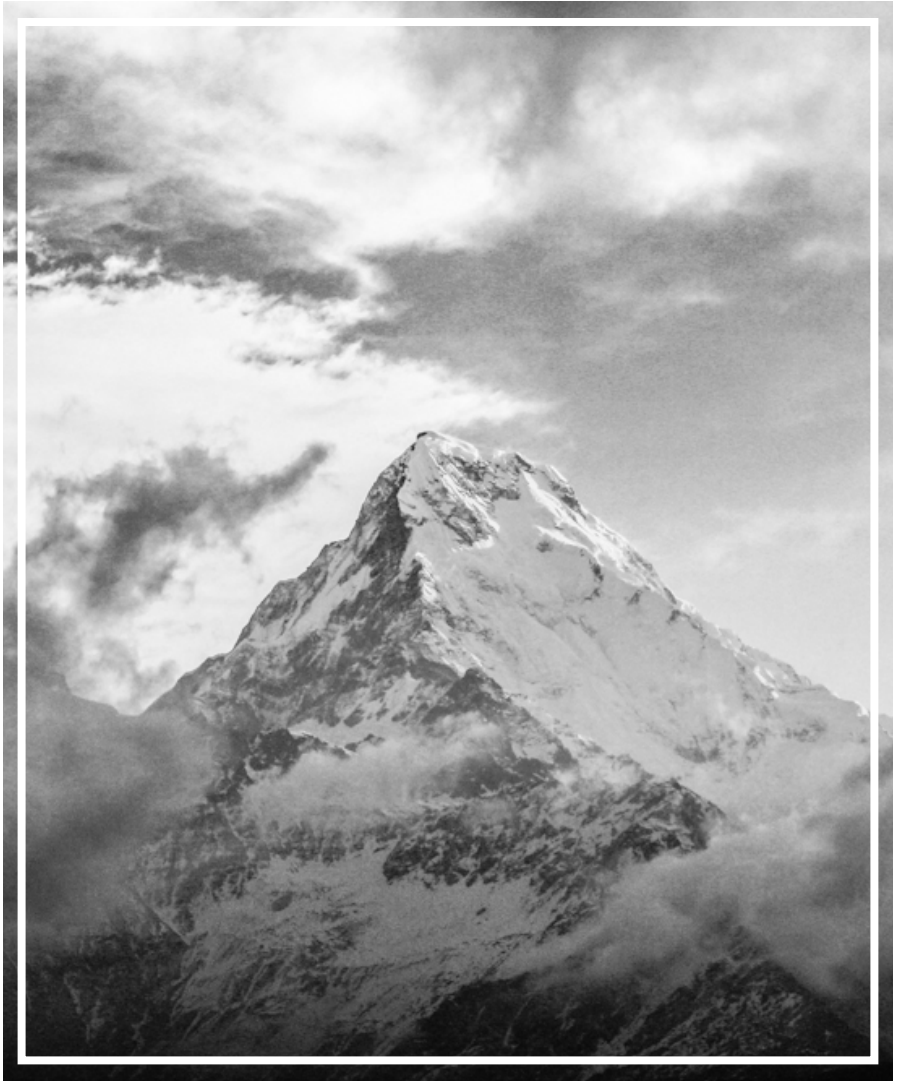
“Yup.”

And that’s when they burst out laughing and said, “Ok, you deserve to know this...” And that was the night I was initiated into the cult of the dumpster divers. That was the night I heard about The Golden Alley.

I’ve never gone hungry since.

Sally is an English Literature alum from Boston, MA who loves riding busses, hiking, and making things.

When I ask why the poor have no food, they call me a communist.” - Hélder



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.

Câmara • “It seems to me we can never give up longing and wishing while we are

the peak of all-oneness

Alexandre Daigle

Celebrate the natural state of your awareness.
Which is in birth, in age, in death - aloneness;
The eternal place of solace, silence, and stillness.

Explore the mystery of your aloneness - its vastness.
From the tallest heights to the lowest depths,
Contrasting sources of light and of darkness;
The infinite experiences of your consciousness.

Learn to stand in your own aloneness.
Not in the state of hunger and lack that is loneliness,
But comfortable in the sole embrace of your wholeness.

Only then you may meet with the other's aloneness.
Not out of neediness, nor to fill void and emptiness,
But rather for sharing an outpouring of richness;
Relate from a place of compassion and loving-kindness.

Alone yet not lonely -
As the tree who stands alone yet through its roots connects to the
entire forest;
As the peak who stands alone yet through its valleys connects to the
entire landscape.

In their all-oneness, taking from none and giving to all;
In your all-oneness, grasping for none and sharing to all.

still alive. There are certain things we feel to be beautiful and good, and we must

the starving self

Manisha Sadana

Solitary, the Queen stood on the dusky riverbed,
Heard the pale leaves whispering to her,
“you don’t belong here, it’s the land of the dead”
Saw the crescent moon reflecting at her,
“I too have the scars on me embed”
Being judged was she, as always,
Just when the waters around overflowed,
And dissolved away her fake pride,
There she was, exposed, kohl eyes now red,
All the elements, taken aback!
Her-self, entirely misread.
“Your majesty, What do you long for?” asked the shooting star,
“You have all the wealth and the bread”,
Little did they know of her plight,
And how her fatal hunger for freedom bled,
All they saw was her perfect dress and the shimmering necklace,
None, her love deprived soul instead,
With a desire to blend in the mother air,
And unite with the aura levitating over her head,
Breaking free the shackles of city lights,
“I will fly into the bare sky, someday” she said.



Manisha Sadana is a 1st year MSc Biotechnology student from India. She finds community service and poetry very enjoyable.

and I understood how fragile it was, that the reality was a thin layer of icing on a

the chán of eating

Jonah Dabora

I've always been a fast eater. When it comes to food, it seems that as soon as I see it on my plate, I can barely wait until everyone else is served before devouring it. I enjoy my meals enough, taking in the arrangement of the food, its colour, taste, and texture, but there's something missing. Often times I'll end up fuller than I wanted to be or having been unable to control what it is I was eating. It's rare that I open my mind and think about where my food is coming from or all the work that went into getting that food onto the plate in front of me. To be honest, in reality, it's HARD to pay attention, to open your eyes and to really see the food on your plate. We get caught up in our days or in our lives that often times eating is a secondary function, one that we fulfill because our stomach is grumbling or because we know we have to keep up our productivity.

Another issue is craving. We all get cravings for sweets: chocolate, ice cream, post-night out peanut butter chow mein, soda or a bucket of Halloween candy. There's probably no culinary experience better than one fulfilling their craving and achieving that temporary sense of satisfaction. But that's what it is, isn't it? Temporary. As soon as the square of chocolate is gone, you instantly want another one and then by the time the whole bar is gone, you're already thinking about the next sweet or food you're craving. Where can we find happiness with what we eat? Where can we find a food to fix all of our cravings? Does such a thing even exist?

I don't necessarily think that these problems are ones that are easily solved. I can tell myself to chew slower all I want or withhold on desires, but how long these will last before I cave and revert back to devouring my meals with only minor enjoyment. So where can I, and those with similar problems to me, find a solution? Chán, a school of Mahāyāna Buddhism, has a particular philosophy when it comes to eating that allows one to focus on the moment, on each and every bite.

great dark birthday cake writhing with grubs and nightmares and hunger.” - Neil

But how long these will last before I cave and revert back to devouring my meals with only minor enjoyment.

This summer, I had the experience of staying for a month at Fo Guang Shan in Taiwan. This is a monastery founded by Venerable Master Hsing Yun, the 48th patriarch of the Linchi (Rinzai) Ch'an school. During the visit, I had the opportunity to be presented with an interesting philosophy, something which I'll call: the Chán (or Zen) of eating.

At the monastery, the dining hall is called Zhāi Táng which literally translates to Vegetarian Hall. Although here, we were told to think of it rather as meaning purity. In Chán, eating a meal is part of practice; it allows us the opportunity to be aware of our desires, our greed, and our actions. Usually, if you like something, you want more, more, and even more. So, during the meal, we learn to clear our minds in an effort to prevent ourselves from discriminating and judging the aesthetic of the food on the plate. This is the meaning of the word Purity. When it comes to eating in the Hall of Purity, one clears their mind and becomes aware of all their sensations: from the breath to the feeling of texture as they chew. In becoming mindful of these sensations and the thoughts and feelings they evoke, one can learn to detach from the greedy instinct to eat until bursting and even from the instinct to seek more of the food that tastes better than the rest.

Another important concept here is equanimity. During our meal, we release our attachment to the food before us and thus we concentrate on the physiological process of eating. It's quite simple in concept: after you have enough to eat, you leave. There are no attachments. You learn a sense of patience with yourself where you can resist and even control your urges for more. In Chán, there is no sense of the sentiment: "WAITER, BRING ME MORE OF THIS GOOD, OH SO GOOD, FOOD." But equanimity is more than just going beyond the taste or the aesthetic of the food on your plate, it encompasses your perception of how you eat and what you are seeking to get from the

Something
as simple
as putting
food in our
stomachs
has never
been so
simple.

meal in front of you.

I hope you're starting to see how much deeper the simple act of eating is than what you first might have thought. I'm not implying that you need to do the things I'm talking about to enjoy your food, but maybe with a little practice, you can learn more about yourself and about your body through staying aware of the arising desires you have during a meal.

Now, for those who cook their own food, there is the magic of having it done ourselves which adds to the experience. Putting the time, the effort and the love into the cooking process really makes the meal all the more enjoyable. However, it is so easy to detach from our food and to get caught up in our desires for those sweet, salty, fried foods that will keep dieticians employed for the next millennia. A lot of us have access to healthy foods, but skip these in the grocery store for the easier to prepare, cheaper alternatives. If one is being mindful while eating, then they will be conscious of what they are putting in their mouths. If one is interested in personal finance, it will cost less paying for good, healthy ingredients, than it will to finance chronic disorders like diabetes, obesity, atherosclerosis, to just name a few. Thus, the Chán of eating is about more than just simply watching yourself while you eat, it is about watching what goes into the food you eat in the first place.

Let's say that you have picked out good ingredients for a recipe you've been dying to try, does chán end here? Interestingly, at the monastery, the kitchen's purpose is to allow the cooks to act as practitioners and practice Buddhism. The practice that is found in the kitchen is for these cooks to learn to transcend their selfish desires in order to cultivate the gift of heartfelt offering. They aren't cooking whilst thinking of themselves, but rather, they think of all the people they will be helping with the meal. Indeed, it is believed that the heart or the spirit you put into something really changes the outcome. Every thought we have not only affects us but also others around us. So, the

- **“Bread, soup - these were my whole life. I was a body. Perhaps less than that**

cooks in the kitchen cook with positivity and love such that the monks and nuns of the monastery can continue spreading their positivity and love to the community.

There it is: the Chán of eating. Something as simple as putting food in our stomachs has never been so simple. Yet because this philosophy may appear strange or new to us, it may come across as a bit complex.

The next time you find yourself at the grocery store, be aware of all those instincts you have. Maybe you went in for some chicken, but found yourself walking up to the cashier with a bag of Doritos, some instant noodles, soda, and a chocolate bar. Maybe it's not the impulse, but rather the price that makes you choose the unhealthy option. Think about where the food you are choosing comes from. Was love and positivity put into its production? Will the love and positivity you put into cooking it allow for you, and for anyone else who eats it, to keep spreading love and making an impact on this world?

The next time you find yourself sitting down to eat breakfast, lunch or dinner, keep in mind each bite. Keep in mind all the effort it took to get that food to you. There was a farmer who grew it, there was a driver who drove it to the store, there was the store owner and employees who kept the store open for you to come and buy it, there was your parents for bringing you into this world to have the opportunity to buy it in the first place. In each bite of food you take, there are so many people to thank for their effort in making it easy for you to take that bite. Enjoy the bite, be aware of how you feel about the food, of how you see the food, of which foods you want more of. Breathe. Breathe in the food's odours and breathe out your anxiety. You don't need to take 15-40 minutes to meditate every day, if you spend the 10-20 minutes of a meal, practicing this, the Chán of eating.

Jonah Dabora is a Med 2 student who walks the path of suffering's end and hopes to share his learnings with others.

even: a starved stomach. The stomach alone was aware of the passage of time."

a kitchen song

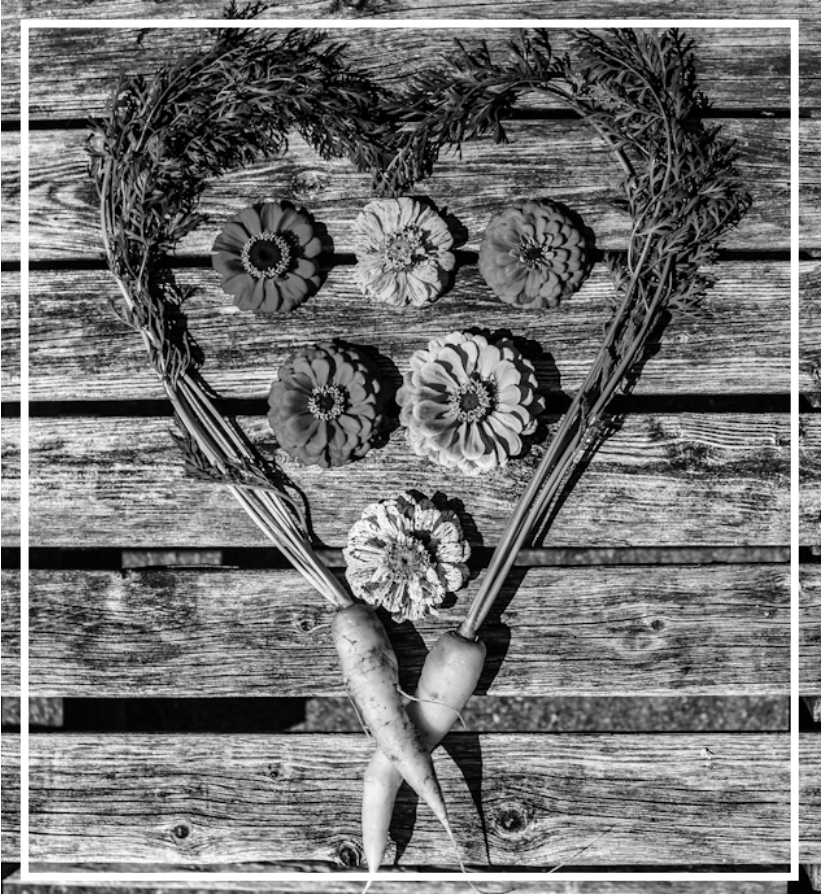
Lucas Garrett

For hunters and lovers,
(and are we ever neither?)
it is hunger that turns the world-wheel,
itself in the jaws of death,
or so it seems, forever.

So, if all shall consume,
and be consumed,
allow me once to cook for you,
and we will dine together,
like our own quiet communion,
or rite of compassion,
amidst this existence
that is sometimes a stomach,
and sometimes a womb.

*Lucas Garrett is a second year Religious Studies
student interested in the commonalities of human
happiness.*

- Elie Wiesel • “Living means constantly growing closer to death. Satisfaction



The above photo was taken by Alexandre Daigle.

only temporarily relieves hunger. Find the balance, and plant your feet.” - Jack-



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

ie Morse Kessler • “It is fatal to look hungry. It makes people want to kick you.”

Torture.

I am caught in an everlasting loop of suffering.
My legs are shackled to this insufferable tree.
I haven't been able to sustain myself for years.

Taunts.

There is an apple hanging on the branch above me.
It is a nugget of pure gold that I long to have.
When I try to grab the succulent fruit, it pulls itself further away.

Longing.

I am sitting in a silvery pool of cool water, and yet I cannot drink.
As if like a sponge, the earth absorbs the precious water when I come near.
My fingers claw at the dry ground.

Empty.

My cravings will never be fulfilled.
No matter how hard I try.
I run as far as I can, but they just keep moving the line

musings on anarchism, capitalism, poverty, and the environment by a man in a crowd

G Y H

I think we should be proud that the throngs of people, mostly students, hoping to cram themselves into the Leacock Building on November 2nd were not there for a party or a social event, but to listen to a lecture by former NSA employee Edward Snowden. To me, that speaks volumes on what people care about.

But this piece is not about Snowden or his talk. Rather, it is about the mass of people outside, a veritable sea of bodies. The slightest move could inadvertently toss someone to the ground, with little hope of them reemerging unharmed. I certainly came close to being crushed by the people around me several times.

What struck me the most, though, were the discussions that were had and the diversity of opinions, particularly when it came to the environment and poverty. With the American election looming large in people's minds at the time, this was understandable. Some argued that the government, with its socialist views, was to blame for the sorry state of the world. The government, hungry for power, was putting the environment and their own greedy interests over free enterprise, not realizing businesses helped lift people from poverty. Remove the barriers to economic trade and poverty can become a thing of the past. Some argued the capitalist system was to blame, because it causes people to hunger for economic growth at the expense of the environment and the poor. The state should therefore tax the rich and redistribute the wealth. The government has to protect the environment and the poor from greedy consumers.

Meanwhile, from the crowd arose the occasional cry in favour of **preferable is not available, the available becomes preferable!** - Israelmore Ayivor

anarchism, but it amounted to little more than simply yelling out the word itself. Unfortunately, no deep discussion about anarchism was to be found in this crowd.

To be fair, pinning down anarchism is nearly impossible and not advisable, as was emphasized to me when I visited the Montreal Anarchist Bookfair this past summer. The Anarchist Bookfair is an annual gathering of speakers and anarchist vendors from around the globe and I felt it would be a perfect venue for me to learn a bit about a philosophy to which I have been only rarely exposed.

As was often explained to the attendees, anarchism is not a concrete philosophy, nor is it meant to be. There is no one way to be an anarchist or an unchanging set of beliefs that should be labelled as “anarchist.” There are no specific methods or worldviews that are “anarchist.” The importance of this concept was stressed many times. While most anarchists agree on certain themes, they largely reject hierarchy and labels. As such, while an anarchist may espouse a complex view on an issue, no anarchist should tell another what specifically defines a “genuine” anarchist and what doesn’t.

I had some fascinating discussions at the Bookfair and was recommended a few books. One particularly interesting book was Anarchy Works by Peter Gelderloos, which explains, as the title suggests, how an anarchist society could function and better deal with the issues society faces.

Thus, this book addresses that third option, the one missing from

The slightest move could
inadvertently toss someone
to the ground

• “In the end, the art of hunger can be described as an existential art. It is a way of



the sardine can next to the Arts Building, at length. To solve the environmental crisis, world hunger and poverty, just remove the state and the capitalist system. Both are tools of oppression and both lead to reckless, unsustainable behaviour. In fact, anarchism generally argues that the conviction that the state is necessary is simply a lie which members of society have come to believe.

When discussing both the case of poverty and the environment, Peter Gelderloos offers some ideas of how an anarchist society could deal with people not willing to comply with the proper course of action, whether helping the poor or being environmentally friendly. However, the book also emphasizes that such cases will not be as common as many assume. For instance, once the state is removed and is replaced with smaller, anarchist communities, it is easier for people to develop an ecological ethos. They will no longer feel any incentives, from the state and the economic system, to pollute. They would also directly see the effects that their anti-environmental actions have on their communities and would, feeling compassion, develop a better way of seeing nature. A similar situation would apply to the issue of poverty. In a sense, once they are made free of the state and capitalism, most people will naturally drift towards a less selfish, more ecological perspective that also cares for those who are suffering from poverty.

This was the ultimate irony I was struck with as I delved into this topic. Anarchists, who are portrayed as people believing in nothing and seeking only chaos and destruction, actually have a great deal

looking death in the face, and by death I mean death as we live it today: without

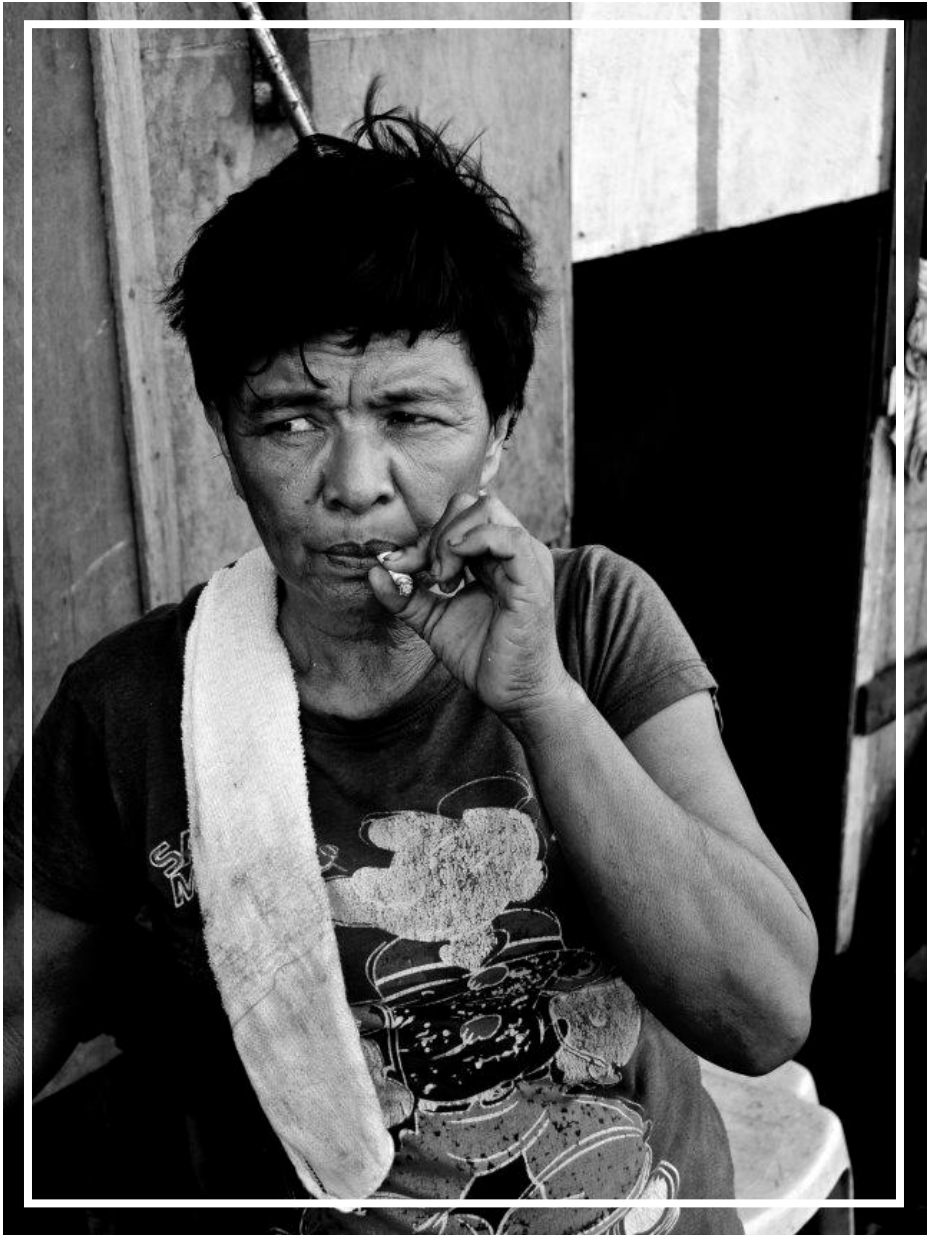
of “faith” and respect for the individual human. By “faith,” I don’t mean a belief in the supernatural or even necessary a belief in the face of contrary evidence (so-called “blind faith”), but more a confidence in the compassion and abilities of humanity. In anarchism, an individual person is decent and capable to its core, the reality of this must simply be allowed to flourish. A stateless, egalitarian society is a way to enable this.

When we think about anarchism, most of us still see savagery and muddled thinking. We see the people simply shouting the word in a crowd. Instead, we should focus on the faith it has for human beings. If this image of anarchism is emphasized, not the tearing down of society (although this is a key point as well) but the belief in the potential goodness of people, I think anarchism can be an important aspect in discussions on social issues like environmentalism and world poverty. As I mentioned above, I am still a beginner when it comes to understanding the field of anarchism, but I do hope those with this perspective are brought to the table to discuss the pressing issues in society. Who knows, maybe it will turn out that the solution to many of society’s problems will be to get rid of society itself. Stranger things have happened.

GYH is a grad student in the Economics for the Anthropocene (E4A) program. He strives to encourage an open exchange of ideas between individuals from different faiths/worldviews and advocates for an ecological economic system.

The illustration on the adjacent page, called Hunger Blind, was drawn by Mackenzie Roop.

God, without hope of salvation. Death as the abrupt and absurd end of life”



*Photograph by Mackenzie Roop taken on
Smokey Mountain, Philippines.*

- Paul Auster • “Hunger has always been more or less at my elbow when I played,

On ne naît pas ainsi, on le devient; The divine in me salutes the
divine in you

The moral connotation of food as “smart” valorizes eating as an ethic, a state of being in the world as right or wrong, good or bad, where particular consumptions may be regarded as sinful, as if to a body proper redeemable by compulsive work-ethic. This is my demonstration, a tribute to pierce beyond layers of doxic hypocrisy shading the alienated from that stigmatizing language intruding body and mind.

May your means and ends be radically othered, each pleasurable before knowing the other in united harmony.

May no presupposition of appropriate ends symmetrically determine your means.

May you spontaneously engage and enjoy,
rather than engage to enjoy.

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

but now I began to wake up at night to find hunger standing at my bedside,

what is love?

Yi Tian Xu

She looked at me in disbelief and threw at me one of the hardest questions in existence. “Why do you love him?”

Why? There could be a thousand reasons as there could be no reason at all. She might be as old as my mother and believe that all the sacred texts she read throughout her religious life held complete depiction of the Truth, but she might not have a fate of experiencing pure love, and might not have the best perspective to judge others’ relationship. I could tell her that I had my own reasons and that she would perhaps not understand them. But from the tone of her voice, she wasn’t looking for a simple answer.

“To be in love with him,” I started while searching my words, “is like a child raised up in an agnostic family, not knowing where to go, what to do, who to play with. Not knowing why we need to go to school, do homework, listen to our teachers. Why we need to get good grades, go to college, get a degree, find a job, or work for money like slaves. Not knowing why we need to find a partner, build a family, have kids and embark them on a life that mirrors our own. Why so many of us have to spend more than half of our lifetime in a cubicle office or in a relationship that is no longer desirable? Why can’t we go explore the world beyond the boundaries of our imagination or beyond the confines of our computer screen? Why are we born with so many possibilities, yet in the end, die with so many regrets? Why are living and being so isolated, alone, and all of this? These questions tormented me for 22 years and it is not until I met him that they started to become clear. Everything became dense and connected, as if I could look into his eyes and see the reflections of distant stars and galaxies; as if I could hold his hand and feel the weight of the universe against my palm.”

I took a pause to look at her to see if she was still following. Then I added “that’s why I love him” to make sure that she got the point she wanted.

staring at my gauntly.” - Richard Wright • “Some people prefer eating dessert to

She opened her mouth but took a small delay to make a sound. “So you mean: he became your reason to live?” The way she spoke “live” almost sounded as if the entire world was mocking me.

“No. He is my source of power. To be clear, my love for him, is more about my love for this relationship than him alone. It’s the love of being with him, the lifestyle, and the energy exchanges it entails. Through togetherness, we reflect each other’s weakness and empower each other to change and grow. It is this perfect complementarity that give us the sense of completeness, awe, and enlightenment. Him alone is just another aimless mediocrity in existence; we together, can create miracles.”

She paused, mouth still opened, as if out of arguments. Her eyes gazed at the space behind my left shoulder while gently shaking her head, until she teared up. “But you two cannot be together! It is against the law of God—He will burn you in Hell!”

Maybe it was the tension in the conversation, or something in it that reminded her of her first love? That relationship she’d forsaken a few decades ago in order to conform to her religious practice and her family’s expectations. I didn’t know the details, but whatever happened, I wouldn’t let it repeat on me. There were things that I saw to be just different perspectives, but there were also things that I believed to be truly important. One of them was that, if God existed, this was probably what He really wanted to see in everyone.

“God will do what He has to do. I am not afraid of Hell, I’m only afraid that I don’t have the chance to admire all His creations.”

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

the main course. These people have never been really hungry.” - Vera Nazarian •

the feeling of strength

Anonymous

I like the feeling of strength. I want to be the girl you walk by and your body is forced to sway a little bit because my aura radiates orange and red and confidence. I like to hear the click of my heels as the floor changes from carpet to tile. I want to see a head pitch up from a cell phone and look at me even as my headphones blast a soundtrack that makes me feel like I am directing my own life. I want to feel like my body is strong, like I could go be batwoman if I wanted to. I'd like to drop and do pushups with ease and kick someone's face in with my knee-high combat boots if my heart desired to. I know that I can't actually do these things, that in reality I can barely touch my toes, but it's nice to imagine that I can. I keep my body on the surface level of strength, an emptiness that leads my mind to wander and fill it with muscles and pure will. I try to do what I know I am capable of doing, keep myself clean and alert. I shower, I sweep, I stretch, I journal, I think, I read, I cleanse. Eating does not deserve a place on that list. Eating makes me feel like I am filling that hole with something that isn't pure, that isn't worthy, that doesn't make me stronger. Sandwiches don't make me a better person. Food brings me back to reality, where my body isn't that of a goddess but just a mortal who is lazy and unmotivated and makes stupid decisions. And reality can be a lot to deal with three times a day. So sometimes I just decide to opt out. Trade a meal for a bit of a headache, a dash of exhaustion and pinch of productivity. In return I get to keep that hole open, ready to be filled with something more exciting, more interesting, something that will bring me the strength I truly crave.

“We have not reached the consensus that to eat is a basic human right. This is an



The above photograph was taken by David Epstein, a U2 Classics student from Montclair, New Jersey. His interests include photography and hiking.

ethical crisis. This is a crisis of faith.” - Jean-Bertrand Aristide • “We were born



The above photo was taken by Alexandre Daigle.

“beggars, we will live like beggars and we will die like beggars.” - M.F. Moonzajer

Still like still life.

One, or two, maybe
Three would make it right.

A slithering oesophagus
Takes your dearth,
Drags it through the mud.

Tongue tied and weak,
You say nothing.
Sorry? I apologize,
I think your mouth said “Hungry.”

And those weeping willows,
Primordial pillars of doubt,
Care for you, trying to
Keep us all from falling
Into the Sky.

Sorry? I apologize,
Thought your mouth said “Hungry.”
This cardboard cut out of
The Sun tastes oddly
Like the real thing.
It distracts me from you.

I turn to you, finally,
And say, “Why
Not eat then?”
It was time three winters ago, it’s late now.”
You, weeping, turn to me, and
Your heart says
“Hungry.”

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

• “Neighbours complaining about someone’s dog making an awful racket. You

larco

Samuel Baranes



Title: *Larco* (July 2016) Acrylic

Artist: *Samuel Liam Baranès*

After 2 weeks of intuitive messages telling me to go paint, I finally decide to go to the studio after lots of resistance.

Setup: 3 am; Underwear only; Loud trap music; Abusive masturbation; One Peruvian cigarette; Four colours; black, red, yellow, purple, (and some gold).

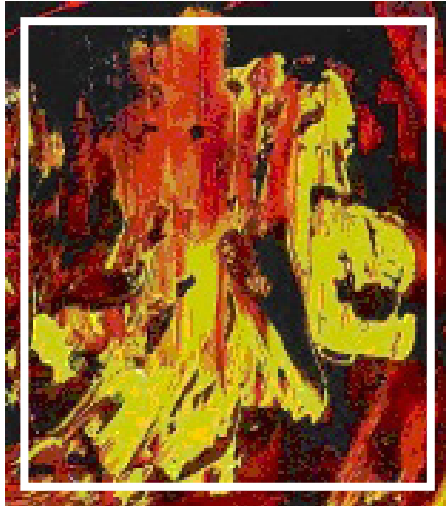
could hardly blame the poor beast, its owner had died in her bed at least a fort-

I think black, I breathe black, I need black paint everywhere now.

- 1) Black.
- 2) I write in purple on the side: Larco, the name of a street in Lima, Peru where I hung out every day.
- 3) I write “Satisfied?” on another side.

I wish she was still with me. Can one’s hunger ever be satisfied?

I guess not, that’s the whole point of hunger isn’t it? I keep painting until I can’t add more paint without messing up what I’ve already done.



Jackson Pollock said that when you paint with the unconscious mind, some creatures might show up in your painting (I’m paraphrasing). I discovered the Lion’s head a few days later when I turned my painting sideways because it wouldn’t fit on my wall the standard way.

For every unsatisfied hunger; springs a desire to rise higher.
Wisdom substituted the food on that self-destructive inspirational night.

Keeping that fire inside, that hunger, only led me to suffer.
My solution of last resort was to set my inner-lion free, before it kills me.

*Samuel Liam Baranès is a U2 Economics student
from Montreal with interest in conscious-unconscious
creation.*

night before and there hadn’t been much left of the old girl worth eating.” - James

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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.

(IM)PURE



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Radix McGill's Student Spirituality Mag

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Due Jan 20th 2017

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