



HABITUS

V1

SPRING 2025



FROM THE EDITOR

Habitus is a concept developed by Pierre Bourdieu, arguing that an individual's worldview, behaviours, and creative expressions are shaped by their social, cultural, and economic background, along with their lived experiences. Art, too, is shaped by habitus. It does not exist in isolation but emerges from personal and collective histories, reflecting struggles, triumphs, and inherited ways of seeing. Yet, creativity is not bound by these structures—it has the power to challenge and subvert them. It is in this tension between structure and defiance that Habitus finds its place.

This year's theme, Resistance, explores how art, literature, and creative expression push back against dominant narratives. It reflects our habitus shaped by belonging to a generation that has learned that fighting for our rights and the rights of others is essential to creating a just world. Resistance is not always loud; it manifests in both defiance and endurance, in the subtle and the radical. As Ghassan Kanafani said, "He is wrong who says that we are the generation of revolution. Rather, we are the generation who will give it life."

Habitus is the culmination of these subjectivities of our lives. This creative supplement is not bound by academia's exclusivity. Instead, it seeks to be a space where voices—emerging and established—come together to interrogate, disrupt, and redefine. Each piece within these pages carries a conversation, a challenge, a moment of refusal. This is resistance. This is Habitus.

DESIGN • ALISON
EDITOR • SAINKA



VISUAL ART

5

Joseph Liang

6

Alison Wells

7

Sainka Walia

8

Alice Boulianne

11

Alison Wells

12

Nico Vilkoﬀ

14

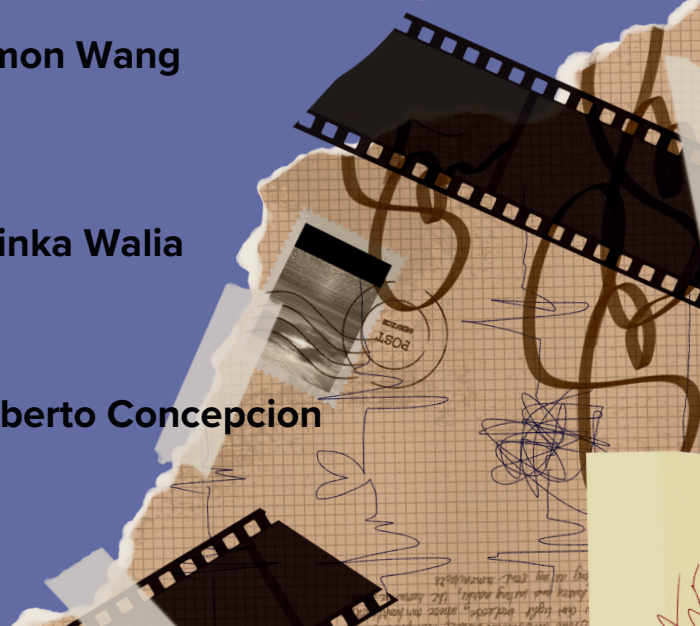
Simon Wang

15

Sainka Walia

18

Roberto Concepcion



WRITTEN ART

9



Alice Boulianne

10

Gabrielle Lepage

13



Gabrielle Lepage

16

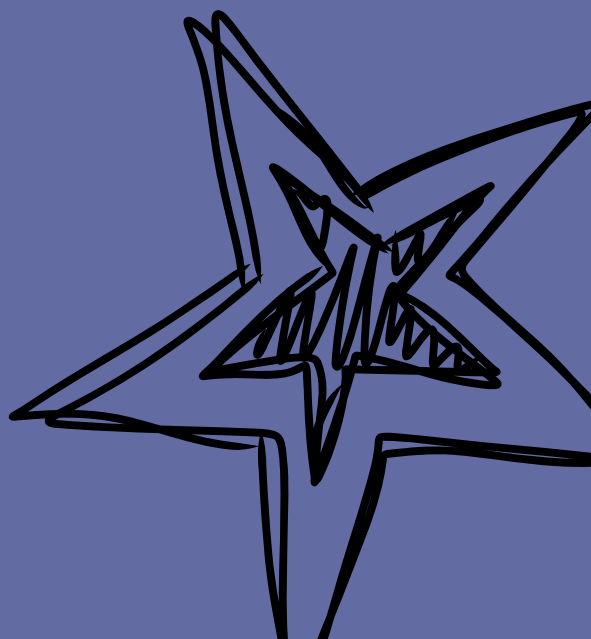
Caroline Sun

17

Caroline Sun

19

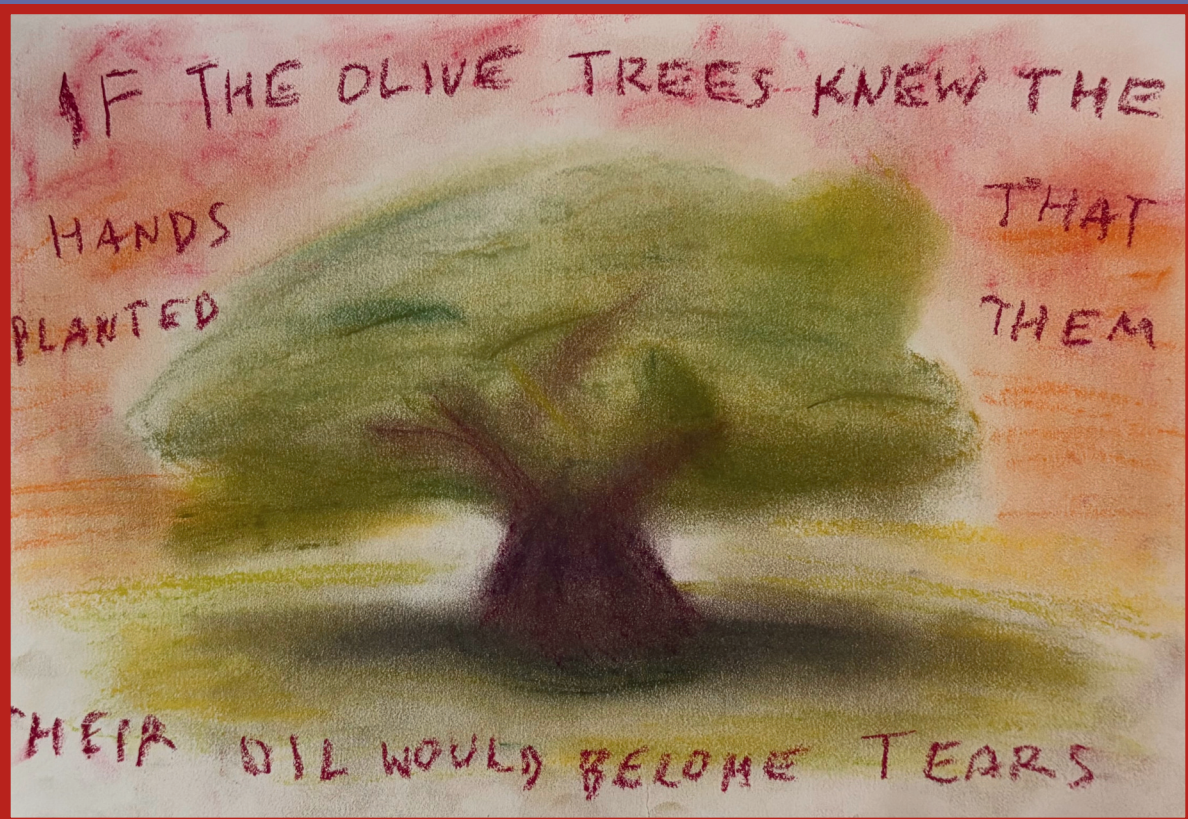
Alix Faulkner



"IF THE OLIVE TREES KNEW THE HANDS THAT PLANTED THEM THEIR OIL WOULD BECOME TEARS"

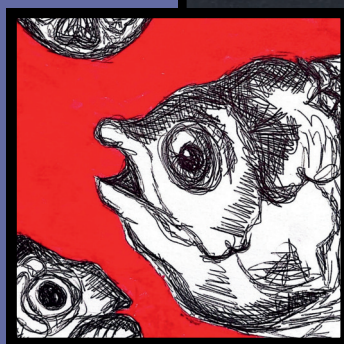


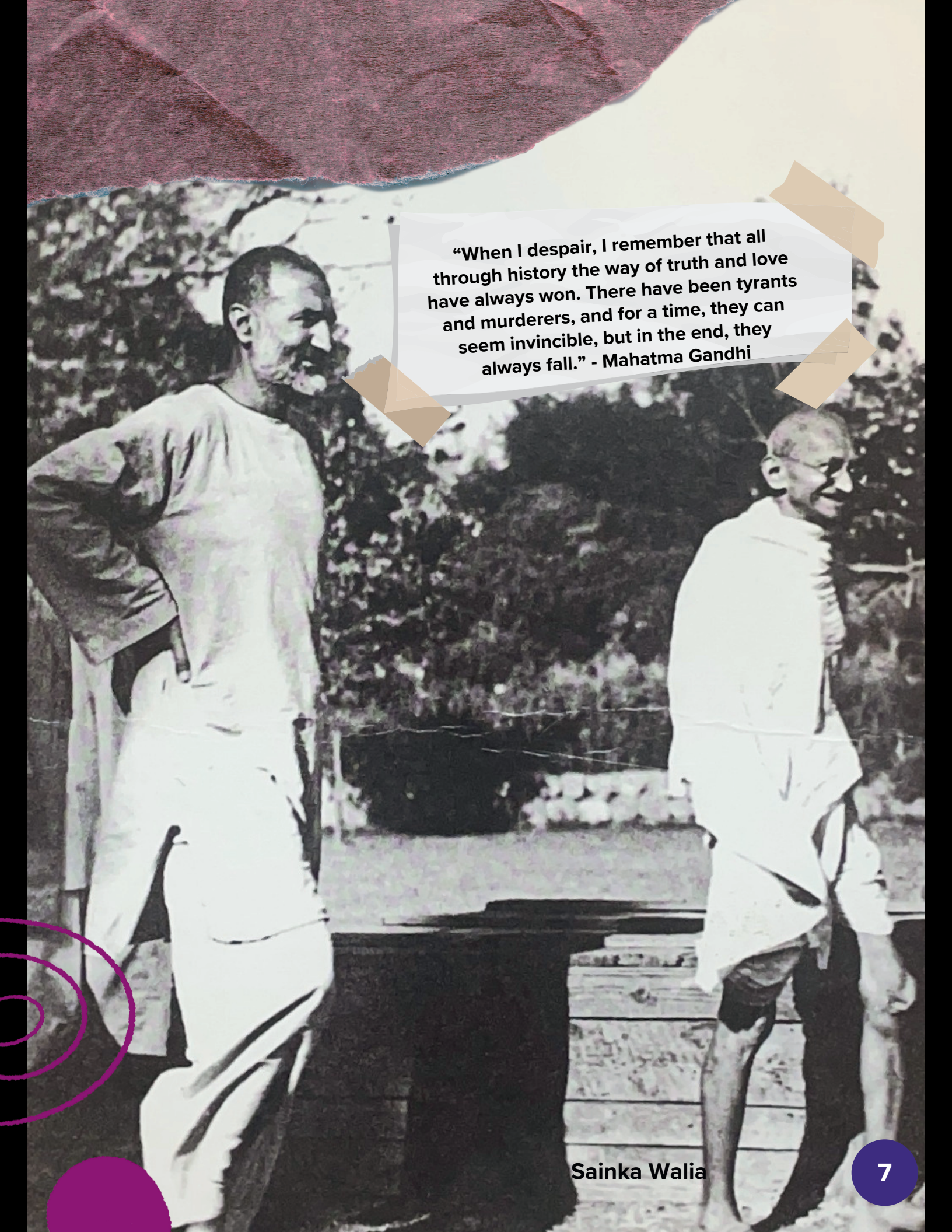
"This is an excerpt from the Palestinian poet, Mahmoud Darwish, 'On resiliency,' as part of his 1964 collection "Leaves of Olive Trees." The olive tree is a symbol of resistance to and an arena of settler-colonialism in Palestine. Olive trees, which are often thousands of years old, are symbols of the deep rooted Palestinian connection to their land, serving important social and cultural functions, and serving as a primary source of income for many. To this end, the olive tree has become an object of elimination for the settler Zionist project. Settlers uproot Palestinian olive trees in the West Bank, while the occupation's walls cut off farmers from their orchards. The olive tree reminds us of the fragility of settler-colonial relations from Turtle Island to Palestine, in contrast to the steadfastness of Indigenous resistance, rooted in their land."





“Salmon offer a symbol of resilience throughout the PNW. Growing up in this region, I’ve always admired the nature of the salmon’s life cycle and often find quick, ink sketches of such.”

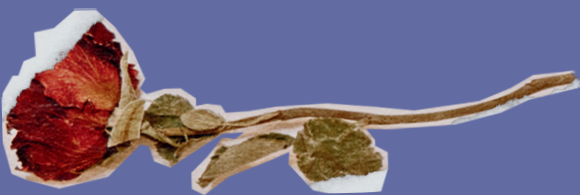




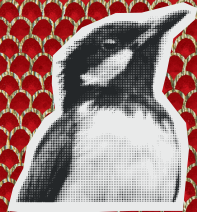
“When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love have always won. There have been tyrants and murderers, and for a time, they can seem invincible, but in the end, they always fall.” - Mahatma Gandhi

SAND MARTIN

THIS IS PHOTOGRAPH OF
MY BODY TO PORTRAY
THE SILHOUETTE OF A
SAND MARTIN,
THREATENED BY
EXTINCTION IN QUEBEC
AND THE PROJECT
NORTH-VOLT.



SAND MARTIN



In memory of 130 000 meters served as fresh dinner to teeth
ready to gaze life itself.

In memory of 142 bird species that must also initiate
themselves to the housing crisis.

In honour of the soft song sighed by the fast standing
Sand Martin.

North-Volt, we will
Not forget you.

For those who do not know, North-Volt is a to-be mega
factory producing lithium batteries that has been approved
for construction on a humid land of 13 hectares in
McMasterville, Quebec. It will engage in massive forest
destruction, and bifurcate the legal obligation of consulting
First Nations communities for such projects.





The photo captures Palestinian resistance and liberation movements within the McGill student body and I hope my word vomit exemplifies the emotions many people felt leading up to the ceasefire but more importantly demonstrates the ongoing commitment to a free Palestine.



"I find the female body to be an interesting subject of study and a physical representation of societal influence and resistance."

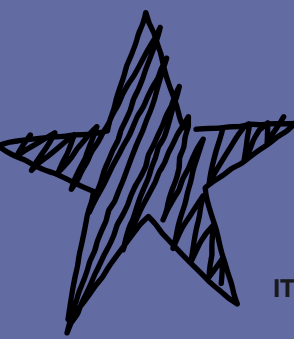


WEEDS THROUGH THE CONCRETE

"Weeds Through the Concrete depicts how life resists our attempts to subdue it. Resistance is a part of the natural world in this way."



The Events of Today



IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO SAY "NO"
DON'T YOU SEE?

IT'S NEVER BEEN ENOUGH.
THOUSANDS, MILLIONS OF US
SHOUTING,

GRATING OUR THROATS, CHANTING THE 2 LETTER WORD.
IF IT WAS A SIMPLE REPLY, I WOULDN'T BE WRITING AT ALL.

REJECTION IS MERELY A PAWN OF CONSENT
DON'T YOU GET IT?

THERE WAS NO CONSENT, NO NEGOTIATION, MEDIATION
JUST COLLECTIVE WISHES ACTIVELY IGNORED,
BUT NEVER SILENCED.

NOISE CANCELLING HEADPHONES WON'T SAVE YOUR PEACE OF MIND
WONT DROWN OUT ANY SOUND AS LOW AS WHISPERS

AS LOUD AS MOUNTAINS

WHAT DOES IT MEAN

TO MEAN WHAT I SAY...

WHY SPEAK AT ALL

IF NOT TO CARRY MEANING

IF NOT TO RESIST

WHAT IS RESISTANCE IF NOT

GROWTH...

EXPANSIVE,

UNYIELDING.

YOU THROW US A BONE

BUT OUR HUNGRY MOUTHS ARE SUDDENLY UNGRATEFUL

WOOL RIPPED FROM OUR GLOSSY EYES

NOT ENOUGH

NEVER ENOUGH

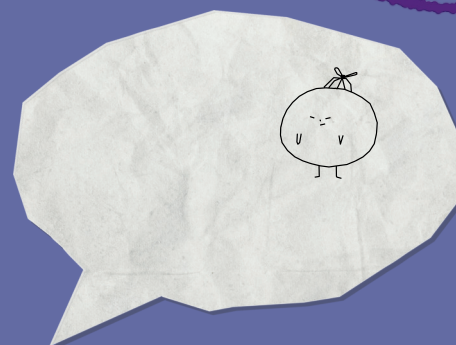
THIS DISTRIBUTION HAS NEVER BEEN

REASONABLY EQUAL

EMPTY CUPS ARE COLLECTING ON THE TABLE

DESPITE DEEP,

PLENTIFUL WELLS



THOUGH THE FIGHT NEVER ENDS IN OUR MINDS AND SOULS

INJUSTICES REMAIN STILL

WHAT COMES BEFORE RESISTANCE

OUCH,

HOW CAN I ILLUSTRATES THE PAINS

THE HURTS

THE WINDMILLS OF LOSS

HYDRAULIC DAM BARRICADES

SILENCE

IS AIR SILENT? NO,

AIR CARRIES THE VOICES THAT HAVE REACHED

MOSTLY DESENSITIZED AUDIENCES AND THE FEW

STILL LISTENING

DON'T STOP SHOUTING

"RESIST SOME MORE"

SAYS THE WIND

EVERY TUG-A-WAR ENDS EVENTUALLY,

EVERY EMPIRE,

EVERY TOWER TOPPLED.

THE WRITING WAS QUITE LITERALLY ON THE WALL

DON'T BLAME ME FOR IGNORING DEFACED PUBLIC PROPERTY.

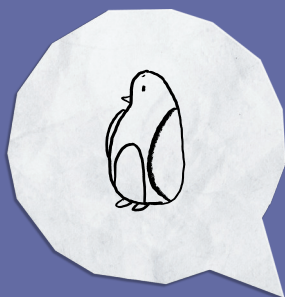
DESPITE CHAOS,

THE PEOPLE PERSIST

BUT HOW REASSURING TO KNOW LIFE CONTINUES,

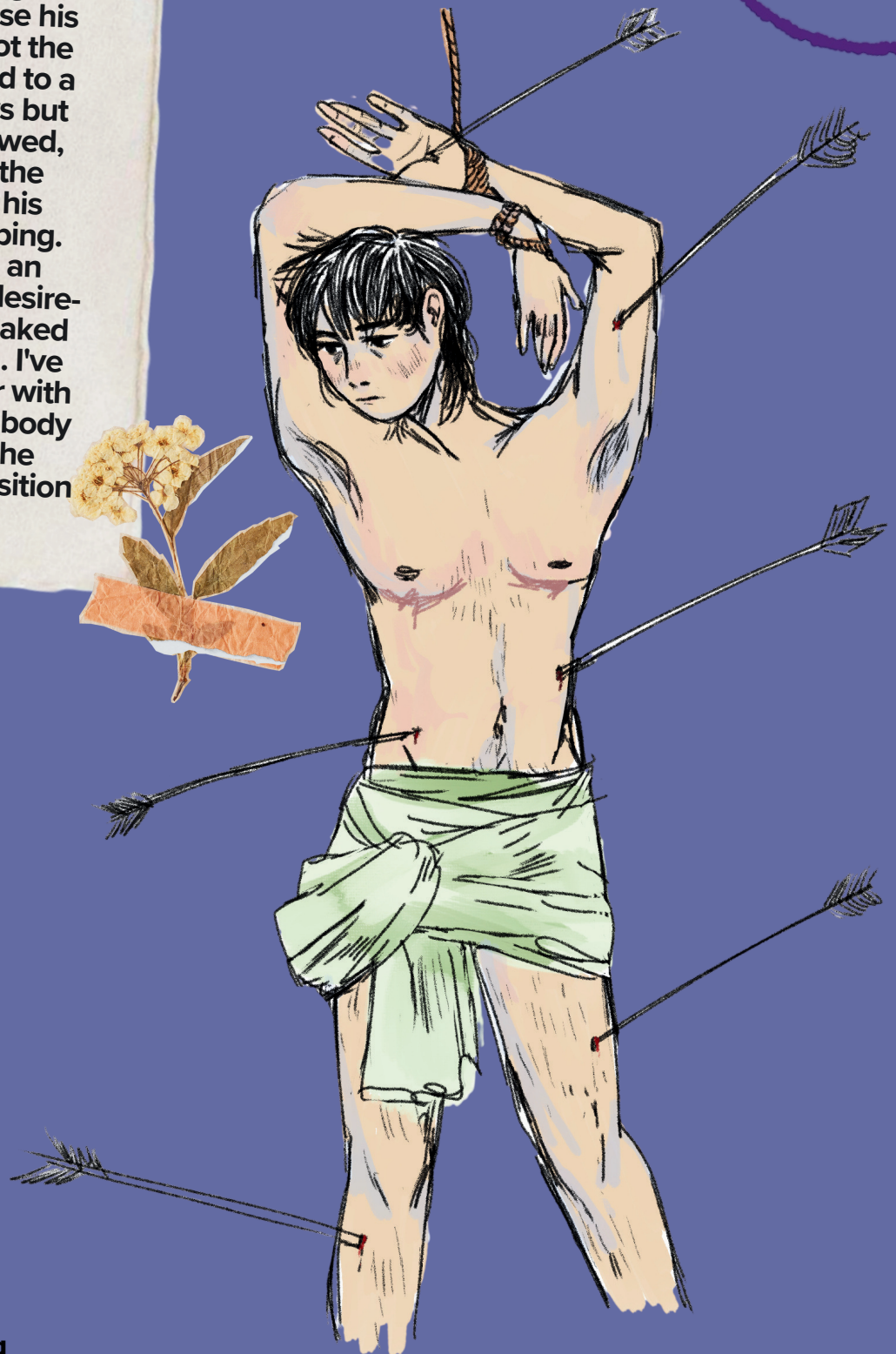
FOREVER CHANGED,

BY THE EVENTS OF TODAY.

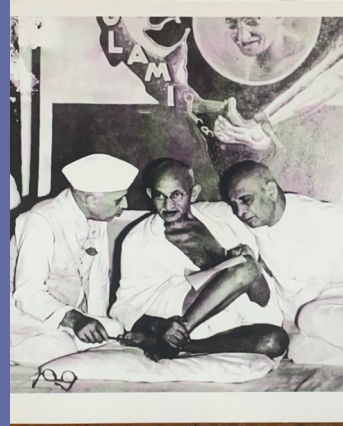
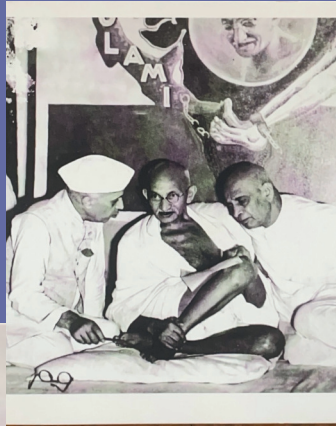


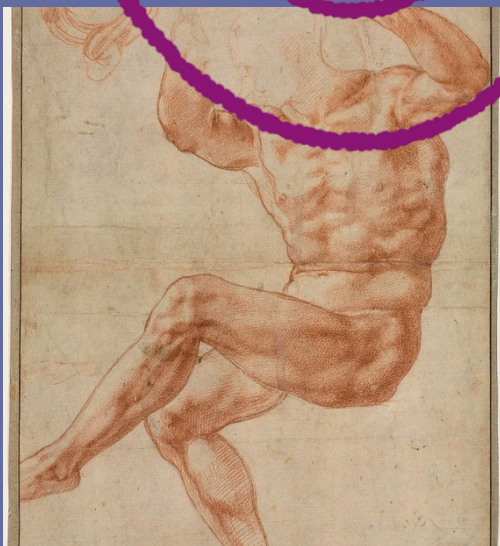
SAINT SEBASTIAN

“Saint Sebastian is interesting as a symbol of resistance because his moment of martyrdom is not the scene of his death. He is tied to a tree and riddled with arrows but survives and remains uncowed, continuing to advocate for the things he believes in until his eventual execution by clubbing. He's also a bit of gay icon- an embodiment of homoerotic desire- by virtue of being a mostly naked and heavily penetrated man. I've rendered him as transgender with visible top surgery scars and body hair to push back against the people who find medical transition to be grotesque.”



**"Evil unchecked
grows, evil tolerated
poisons the whole
system."
– Jawaharlal Nehru**





IF I WERE (NOT) A MAN

As a cis woman, I often get frustrated when I think of how much easier my life would be if I were a man. But, on the other hand, as a woman, I can see many things that others are oblivious to. I believe women carry more wisdom because they see things in a different light. They unknowingly gather knowledge about the way the world works because they often do not benefit from the established system and need to think of ways to manage in a reality where they are disadvantaged. What's more is that they are required to have more patience and virtue to be willing to persevere through the trials and tribulations before they get to where they want to be. So, no, I do not wish I was born a man. If I were a man, I would miss out on the richness of life I could not even fathom the existence of. I'd get bored and too cozy in my ways of doing things because I don't need to question the way things work as they often work in my favor. In this life, I want to experience all the complexities I can possibly experience and, only then, find myself in between.



"I wrote this bit because I found the resistance theme in my everyday interactions with other women when appreciating all the extraordinary things we experience and do without getting the recognition that people inscribed in history books obtain."



THOUGHTS FROM MY ROMAN HOLIDAY



While I was solo traveling in Italy last December, I found myself in an emotional quandary. At one moment, I thought, "Everyone around me is with either friends, partners, or family, so they must be looking at me with pity." The other moment, I told myself, "Who would have thought five years ago, I would be where I am today, walking the streets of Rome and Florence, as if I had no care for the rest of the world."

At some point, I stabilized around the middle of that thought continuum, no longer giving a thought to the people who assumed I was surely with someone to share the large plate of creamy carbonara I just paid for. The trip was my reward for having decently managed to live abroad for a semester but also for all the years during which I stood by myself, searching for something. Rather than being a physical object, this "something" is more like a state of mind or an aggregation of experiences and ideas that guides me to live, one day, a life in which I feel most accomplished: not in the sense that I have done something of worthy of recognition and praise, but rather the knowing that I've lived my life exactly the way I want to live it.

As I contemplated the end of my semester abroad, I know that, when I get home, I will find my childhood bedroom in the same exact state in which I left it, and that nothing much will have changed since I was in Italy, except for myself.



"This prose originally consisted of two separate thoughts I had rewritten in my journal while being on exchange. I believe it resonates with the theme of resistance as it speaks to an individualistic determination as well as a defiance toward the idea of what we might perceive as the right way of being and how that shapes who we become."



A GENERATIONAL CRISIS

-- Roberto Concepcion

"This photograph captures Jean-Baptiste Carpeaux's famous sculpture "Ugolino and His Sons." The stressful interaction among the bodies signifies this family's impending doom. This piece relates explicitly to the second quote, by which the descendants of Ugolino, the people kneeling and lying down, are willing to sacrifice themselves for their father's life."



ALONE WITH A FRIEND

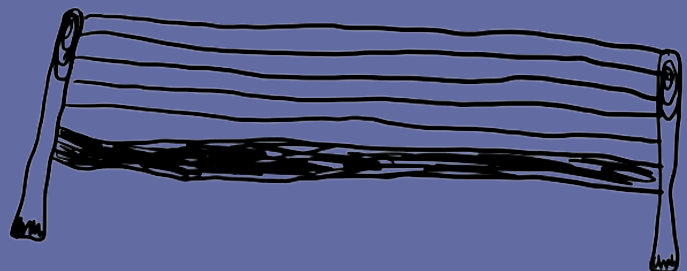
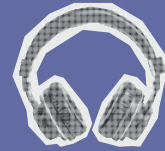
Today Mia pointed at a tree,
'Look there!' she said,
And a tree I did see.

Small and dainty,
Frail and lost.
Or tiny but powerful,
Soon covered in frost.

I love this sweet tree,
Though small and wry.
Green leaves and red berries,
I let out a sigh.

I sit here, on my bench,
Alone with a friend.
Just thinking about life,
And when it will end.

For me,
And my tree,
And dear Mia too.
Just us on a bench,
Enjoying the view.





MCGILL SOCIOLOGY THANKS YOU FOR VIEWING OUR



INAUGURAL

CREATIVE SUPPLEMENT