
Guest Editorial

Beet Juice

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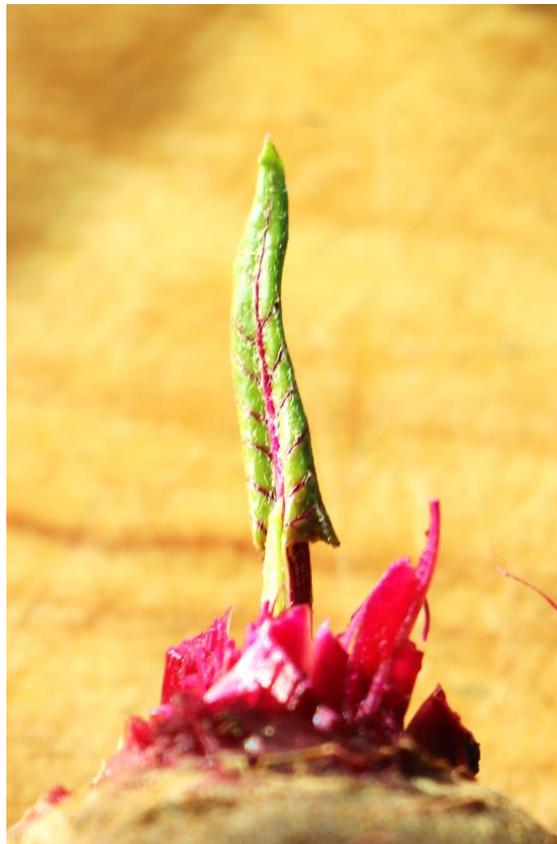
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I'm not trying to describe experience – my own or yours. I'm trying to shape my experiences, my immediacies, into more beautiful shapes and contours, richer colors, full of more vivid memories and vivid dreaming, more alert to the relations roiling under the surface of my “lived-experience.” My own life – any life – is full of forgetting, is inevitably wrought with inadequacy, is inevitably finite, located, frail and limited. Every tradition, every voice, betrays itself when it

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feels itself fully adequate:

The issue today is not simply a matter of making pure choices for one tradition over another, which is psychologically and conceptually impossible anyway, given that there is no such thing as a ‘pure’ tradition. The real challenge is to face the truth that no one tradition can say everything that needs to be said about the full expression of human experience in the world and that what the global community requires more than anything else is mutual recognition of the various poverties of *every* tradition. The search to cure the poverty of one’s own tradition works in all directions at once. (Smith, 2020, p. 334)

And that search only works if those traditions that have been marginalized, silenced, or betrayed come to full voice, not because we might choose this instead of that, but because each voice can only be what it is in the daresay beautifully poverty-stricken admixture of the whole of the breath of things.

The very same be true of any one life, whatever tradition it beckons, summons, forgets, or remembers. *This* is our collective fate, and it includes the fate of Ravens, too, of planted beets and their harvest, of the fail of that harvest or its success. *These* relations –where my living experience, with all its traditional entrails, is exposed to the open wind -- are often buried, forgotten, distorted, marginalized, unheeded, simply fallen for, taken for granted, occluded, distorted, intermingled. And, well, often suppressed, repressed, denied, erased, stolen, subjectivized, objectivized, exaggerated, and so on and so on.

And let me invert this. I’m trying to plumb things *hidden from the immediacies of my own self-reflection* – things lingering in the words we use, I use, ideas we wittingly or unwittingly inherited and this from wherever and whomever. “Neither . . . is it enough simply to ‘let differences be,’ as if there could never be any points of address between them” (Smith, 2020, p. 334). The proof? I live on unceded land *and* I breathe. These are *both* proofs the attention to which will take more life than I’ve got left. That attention can *never* be adequate to the full expression of human experience in the world because that fullness keeps coming.

It is the desire for it to finally fully succeed that is the real common enemy in relation to which we must all marshal our poor little gifts (pre-Latin *pau-paros*, --you can spot the word “pauper” here, involving *parare* “to produce, bring forth” and the root *pau-* “few, little” (See the Online Etymological Dictionary entries under “poor” and “poverty”).

So, I take a picture and offer it here for good reasons that I am too frail to understand all by myself. I think it is beautiful and that may be part of our locales of commiseration and healing. It is not “enough.”

We’ve all become of mixed blood, Earth blood. Beet juice. It’s a joke. Smile. Here we are, all of us. First born. Second born. Indigenous. Exogenous. No one of these locales is fully adequate to the things themselves.

The voles eat up the composted leaves after we’ve sorted the edible beet greens.

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