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R. Edwards

University of Saskatchewan

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Abstract

Upon entering the strangeness of the North American prairie, a pioneer remarked: 'I found no path, no trail but only bush and water. Wherever I looked I saw no native land - but foreign.' A strangeness has already preceded this settler. It is the profound lack of unity between a man and his environment, a lack of sympathy with the feelings prompted by the new land. This occurrence is the incessant resettlement of space within which the man finds himself. Such is a now familiar story of exile. De Chirico speaks to the enigma when he says we should live life as if in a vast museum of strangeness, to be struck by the very presence of space and happenings. In so doing, however, we become aware that this space, in its strangeness, is no longer foreign.

Dreamings from Law's Dark Night

Richard Edwards

Where is my bidding place? Where there's nor I or Thou.
Where is my final goal towards which I needs must press?
Where there is nothing. Whither shall I journey now?
Still farther on than God - into a wilderness.

— Silesius

Upon entering the strangeness of the North American prairie, a pioneer remarked: 'I found no path, no trail but only bush and water. Wherever I looked I saw no native land - but foreign.' A strangeness has already preceded this settler⁰ It is the profound lack of unity between a man and his environment, a lack of sympathy with the feelings prompted by the new land. This occurrence is the incessant resettlement of space within which the man finds himself. Such is a now familiar story of exile. De Chirico speaks to the enigma when he says we should live life as if in a vast museum of strangeness, to be struck by the very presence of space and happenings. In so doing, however, we become aware that this space, in its strangeness, is no longer foreign.

The English system of law has reserved the right to impose a legal system upon such spaces by the very absence of existing legal order, an absence of itself.¹ In this regard the Canadian and Australian legal traditions have merged in their treatment of Aboriginal peoples. They share in the determination of law based upon a system of rights. Australian Aborigines have sought to have rights protected by Federal legislation, and Canadian Aboriginal people have pursued this matter through a process of 'self-government'. Freedom and justice are creatures of statute. This paper

wishes instead to take the look back, to see into the shadows, and to dream the possibility of terra nullius and justice. In this glance is the question of the place for legal thinking.

We begin as a moment of time that already holds us to a situation. As modernity, space arises as a mediated geography of ordered measurements. This manner of ordered space provides for the wayfarer even the absence of space itself (Backhouse 1996: 75). Space projects as the extension of an already lived life and extension is that which overflows from its origin. Such is a pure virtual space whose centre is the axis upon which space is itself thought. There is neither nearer nor farther, neither higher nor lower. The danger of modernity's space is nihilism; a nothingness and an alienation to the lived world. Heidegger's poet, Hölderlin, wrote that where the danger lies, there too grows the saving power. Is nothing to save us? If this is so then it seems that we must seek nothing, find nothing and become nothing.

How should one go to this place? The great thinker of nothing, Meister Eckhart, says we must journey poor in spirit. We must leave not only our world behind but leave also the will to leave the world behind:

As long as it can be said of a man that it is in his will, that it is his will, to do the will of God, that man has not the poverty that I am speaking of, because he has the will to satisfy the will of God, which is not as it should be.. If he is genuinely poor, a man is as free from his created will as he was when he was not

Nowhere, the infinite reach to a non-place, appears out of the finite of beings. In between is the place from where the world begins. The excluded middle, the absolute voidness and inconceivable that surrounds and gathers both what is and is not and holds them together, is the mystical destination. The people of the never-never speak of this possibility as *dreaming*. This dream space is the boundless, the *απειρον*. Law, as a lingering of rights, cannot place this space for boundaries are the very annihilation of what is to be freed; the dream. The boundary is to be

thought upon the deeper, and more essential, experience of *place*. Within this search for place is perhaps a more subtle shift in this western metaphysic that seeks something, ultimately an abandonment, that is its own salvation. Heidegger speaks of this place as intimacy:

Man is he who he is, precisely in the affirmation of his own existence... but what must man affirm? That he belongs to the earth. This relation of belonging to consists in the fact that man is heir and learner in all things. But all these things are in conflict. That which keeps things apart in opposition and thus at the same time binds them together, is called by Hölderlin 'intimacy'. The affirmation of belonging to this intimacy occurs through the creation of a world and its ascent, and likewise through the destruction of a world and its decline. The affirmation of human existence and hence its essential consummation occurs through freedom of decision. This freedom lays hold of the necessary and places itself in the bonds of a supreme obligation (Heidegger 1972: 274-5).

Justice to our existence obligates our continual attention to listening, our continued response to our most intimate belonging to the earth. The German word *Stimmung* expresses this unity of man and land, and its absence. *Stimmung* is the expression of 'a stable `tunedness' of the soul.' For the rest of us, we must think unaided upon the matter of this man face to face with the land and modernity's discord between thought and world.

The intimacy of space is a movement in time. A destiny. With the *beginning* the infinite enters into the finite, a tethering of the eternal into temporal. It is perhaps this capacity to experience the absence of a word, *stimmung*, that provides a point outside of ourselves. This blankness I perceive is an opening to the *απειρον*.

A blind man is feeling his way in the night
The days pass, and I delude myself
that I am trapping, holding back,
what is fleeting —Giacometti

To feel without vision, without seeing what is essential. Hölderlin, in *The Poet's Vocation*, tells of the divine gift of the night 'that we might endure'.

Guided only by reason, we threaten to become too wise. The night veils reason that deludes us to time as the passage of time. Giacometti deified, in sculpturing time, the overwhelming sense of a pervasive space always as a movement. Our thoughts attempt to place space that is no longer under our feet. The Earth is nothing of space.

This aspiration moves us to foreign lands in a longing for eternity whose radical possibilities are inherent in poetic reformation. To be *present* in the world. This timeless time Wittgenstein posits in the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*:

Death is not an event in life; we do not live to experience death.
If we take eternity to mean not infinite temporal duration but
timelessness, then eternal life belongs to those who live in the present.
Our life has no end in just the same way in which our visual field has no
limits (Wittgenstein 1961: 6.4311).

In another time, Shelley realized, remarking upon seeing Mt. Blanc, that 'I never knew I never imagined a mountain'. What was it that he had been imagining all his short life, or as Deleuze puts it, what have I been doing all my life? One does not leave the city to find nature without bringing something with us. Our descriptions seek to capture an ineffable paradise and hold us to it. It is perhaps better put that we seek to find reality.

Stanner relates the Aborigine's recognition of the difficultly white man has of finding his way in the world: 'White man got no dreaming, him go 'nother way. White man, him go different. Him got road belong himself.' The mis-step into terra nullius that white man took is into a dream world that is related to us by James Cowan where the poet is named Sky-Hero:

Among Aborigines the earth embodies a culture of its own. It was formed, after all, by the explicit action of the Sky Heroes at the time of the Dreaming. Thus the land is a geographical icon because its very coming into being is of a mystical order, not a geological one..... In the Aboriginal context this is a 'Dreaming' landscape, an embodiment of mystical realities not easily explained by language. So that when an Aborigine speaks of his 'Dreaming' he is talking about the land as an icon which expresses his mystical attachment to it. His whole being, his cultural associations and knowledge of tribal law, which have been handed down to him from the Dreaming, becomes an extension of .. visionary geography. (Cowan 1992: 16).

One could perhaps say that the Aborigine preserves the poetic impetus in everyday language. This capacity, concealed as a worn out poem within the western tradition, is to experience the creative force of the word. Why is it not obvious that terra nullius is already something mystical? To venture into the mystery is to enter upon another path. Chatwin and Theroux, in *Nowhere is a Place*, speak of barren Patagonia and of the uncanny experience of losing the ability to think, to no longer hear the voice that speaks the who, the where, the what and the why. It is an eerie silence. Hudson, a *peregrino* who speaks of nothing, contends that one should look for nothing and feel the movement in its force. An uncluttered mind is 'open and free to receive an impression of nature as a whole'. Nothing is the suspension of the intellect; a desert:

One day while listening to the silence, it occurred to my mind to wonder what the effect would be if I were to shout aloud. This seemed at the time a horrible suggestion of fancy, a 'lawless and uncertain thought' ... during those solitary days it was a rare thing for any thought to cross my mind... I had become incapable of reflection: my mind suddenly transformed itself from a thinking machine ... something had come between me and my intellect.' (Chatwin & Theroux 1991: 27).

Something abides with us in every thought. A sense of oneself. To discover one's body is the situation whenever something is to be done. Man, as one who treads the landscape, is always already sympathetic to his belonging to

this earth. A most remarkable thing however may be the sudden realisation, as we walk, to find the place you have always wished to be. You belong here on the very ground you stand. Freedom in this moment acts as a releasement, a kind of forgetting oneself, from a too pervasive absorption in our everyday situations.

Language must prepare a ground that seizes hold of man. Language must speak intimately, and therefore be filled and guided by love. This is the work in the poem. That is to say, the primordial event cannot recognise itself. In this sense it is only as a showing that the journey can be revealed. This showing is the very life's work of the shaman, the Men of high degree, and the poet. St. Juan de la Cruz re-iterates that creation, the journey of the soul, is always what has already happened.

There is no Bodai-tree
Nor stand of mirror bright
since all is void

where can dust alight? — Hui-Neng

Blanchot wakes us to another night. Night is the disappearance of the world, the overcoming of darkness and oblivion to all things that have appeared. When this night falls, then the *other* night arises: the night where everything has disappeared. 'It is what we sense when dreams replace sleep, when the dead pass into the deep of the night, when night's deep appears in those who have disappeared. Apparitions, phantoms, and dreams are an allusion to this empty night' (Blanchot 1982: 163). Here, the invisible is too visible, an incessant revealing. It is the place where possibility is portent. This place is elsewhere. It is the distance that surrounds us and is the closest.

The journey to the source, Zarathustra's climb over the mountain, is the call to poetic truth. Blanchot again, following Rilke, turns towards the most inward as toward the source 'whose pure silent urging must be preserved.' The true poem does not capture, does not enclose space, but rather lets

the word breathe into existence, and thereby the poet is dissipated 'rhythmically: a pure inner burning around nothing.'

Breathing. O invisible poem!
 World's space which purely and always
 exchanges itself for very being Counterweight,
 in which rhythmically I am achieved.

A gain in space.

A gain and again is space, the creation of the world. Here the *Earth* appears for us as a counterweight to pure breath, a ground *there* upon which the worlding of the world has its place in the exchange of self for space. The poet experiences no mere inspiration upon hearing the word, the voice that echoes from the depth of his soul; the unfolding of the spiritual there-ness is an *in-spiritualisation* of place, the creation of the holy site within which man, earth and world are possible.

No confusion should arise as between the 'noble soul' with the overman, the supreme metaphysical man, who wills the world into its being. The subject who wills is merely a site upon which the happening of the world happens. This happening, *eriegnis*, is the appropriation that wills, and thereby lets come to be, the event of the world upon this earth.² Likewise, without the site, there can be no space for either god or earth to be. All must move to the nothing, the nowhere place.

The epiphany: the infinite made finite, the transcendental made immanent. Where the breath that is in us and out of us by which god lets himself be. The Word, the beginning. Where every breath is at once a prayer and the calling of god to the arrival, a breath that forgets itself as prayer. When god arrives out of this releasement then it is that we are beyond god, to the *via negativa*, the not-God of darkness, suffering and silence. We are, with Zarathustra, beyond the stars. We *are* nowhere.

This becoming, the *stimmung* of place, attunement to the world and the granting and clearing that is a site for god, earth, sky, becomes a holy place:

Everything as it moves, now and then, here and there, makes stops. The bird as it flies stops in one place to make its nest, and in another to rest in its flight. A man when he goes forth stops when he wills. So the god has stopped. The sun, which is so bright and beautiful, is one place where he has stopped. The moon, the stars, the winds, he has been with. The trees, the animals, are all where he has stopped, and the Indian thinks of these places and sends his prayers there to reach the place where the god has stopped and win help and a blessing (McLuhan 1977: 37; an 'old Dakota wise man').

All things speak of the *via negativa*. To be an essential part of creation; to both be created and be creating. Creation dwells from itself, nothing. When the White man introduced the world-concept into terra nullius, the capacity to let creation be fled. Blanchot recalls in another sonnet:

To sing in truth is a different breath
A breath around nothing. A stirring in God. The wind (Blanchot 1982: 144).

What has the poet, and the philosopher, heard in this saying? Dare it be said that God is becoming manifest? The word is a sign that the gods have passed. A breath around nothing. To speak and be spoken in a voice by which 'I am' becomes a rhythm. God is stirring the breath around nothing. Eckhart, in his sermon on detachment (*Gelassenheit*) calls us to be this breath:

The nobility of the soul that is detached is so great that whatever it looks upon is true, and whatever it asks for is granted, and whatever it orders must be obeyed (Eckhart 1994: 139, in 'On Detachment').

'My God'. This breath 'forces God to its being'. God must give himself over to himself. Man needs nothing. And nothing needs man. What is the object of pure detachment? 'It aims at a mere nothing'. It is towards the nothing that there is the greatest receptivity. It asks for nothing and so it is free

from prayer. The breath. The different breath that sings out of the other, disappeared, night, the dreaming. Here, as the Desert Fathers implored, we become a prayer that forgets it is prayer. We breath around nothing.

The early Wittgenstein's most poignant remark in the *Tractatus* was that it is not *what* is, but rather that anything is at all that is the mystical. The mystical is the existence of the world and place as such. In the encountering of the terra nullius, we hear the echo of our own limitations. We are mistaken. The mistake, a wrong turn, is not to hear what is being said, not grasping what is:

We did not think the great open plains, the beautiful hills, and winding streams with tangled growth 'wild.' Only to the white man was nature a 'wilderness' and only to him was the land 'infested' with 'wild' animals and 'savage' people. To us it was tame. Earth was bountiful and we were surrounded with the blessings of the Great Mystery. Nor until the hairy man from the east came and

with brutal frenzy heaped injustices upon us and the families we loved was it 'wild' for us. When the very animals of the forest began fleeing from his approach., then it was that for us the 'wild West' began (Chief Little Standing Bear, quoted by McLuhan 1977: 45)

In this attunement which rebounds upon us, to our own self, is the unfolding of a new world for this nomad who has been brought near to us, and in our nearness is formed a great distance. In speaking, the man of the land has become lost to it. For we are not merely the projection of speech, but in language we are in dialogue; we are in a nearness that already makes otherness a precondition of speech. Yet, there is heard in this place no native land. Hölderlin speaks of this loss:

A sign are we, meaningless
Painless are we and have nearly
Lost our language in foreign lands.³

Nearly, but not quite our language in foreign lands. The source of the injustice is this mis-naming the 'wild' where otherwise paradise rests. In

mis-naming is a misplacing. This near loss points to a recollection of what is lost. The foreign land is named with the arrival, and as such, the dwellers of terra nullius are lost to memory to appear somewhere foreign. To be foreign is to encounter distant space; to experience the meaninglessness of the meaningless sign. If the very ground is nowhere then how could I ever be? The question, fundamentally posed by Rilke to the gods in *Orpheus*, Sonnet 3:

Song, as you teach it, is not desire,
not suing for something in the end attained;
Song is existence. Easy for the god.
But when are we?

When is Man? Man is *homo*, human being, whose essence is *humanitas*, humanity or human caring. In human caring, *humilitas*, is that which is lowly, near to the ground. Humility, or nearness to the ground, expresses man's innermost possibility to be what he is. Human. It is this appropriation to be what we are that leads us to a wandering upon the earth. When humility is, then listening is made manifest to the soul. For Eckhart, this intellect is the ground identical of man and god:

I have spoken of a power in the mind. in its first manifestation, it does not apprehend God. It does not apprehend him insofar as he is good, nor insofar as he is the truth. It penetrates into the ground, it pursues and burrows, and it apprehends God in his oneness and in his desert (*einoede*); it apprehends God in his wilderness (*wustunge*) and in his own ground (Schurmann 1985: 114 from the sermon '*In diebus suis*').

This desert is prior to man, God and world, for they are created in it. The humble man is drawn into it 'without a why', without purpose other than that such is his proper place; the earth. The penetration of this ground, the apprehension or breakthrough to the unity, is the harmony or *stimmung* of place. We are footprints in the snow. This attunement fulfils not only man's own nature, but also lets Being be. When man fulfils his nature as listening, serenity responds.

With Song is heard a saying. For the Aborigine, the saying of the *Dreaming* is a cosmology that creates at once the creators and the created into an epiphany of *presence*. Every hill is an ancestor, and every ancestral track is a songline. In this saying we are walking to an experience, a movement, that takes us beyond. The way to what is said is in the saying itself. We cannot get directly at this as something thought because we are already in the saying. We are *Song being sung* and we do not stand outside of this saying but in a listening. It is our creation. The Earth sings. The rock speaks. In this speaking is all that ever was and is. presence and absence. This gathering, which draws together that which belongs to the saying, is the happening of the authentic experience of what is in the saying. Listening to the *Song* is to listen to what is thinking and in that, to undergo a certain experience. To undergo an experience is no longer to be of one's own making. We receive a gift and must, in effect, endure it and submit to it.

We cannot be certain of what will befall us. In this submission, this journey into the night and the mystery, we cannot be sure we will emerge. Indeed, it is written that one must die to emerge.⁴ This experience not of our own making is also that we ourselves are not of our own creation. This is to submit our subjectivity to the place from where it comes, to return the gift. The act of creation is then, in its innermost truth, an act of faith. Faith is the presence of the present. We are because we are. And in that we are, we *are* dreaming.

We are not yet. Hudson's attunement to our chattering intellect is that thought constitutes a lawlessness and an uncertainty. Yet in such chattering today is the speaking to and of the law. The law as such is present only in absent harmony. Tatanaga Mani, a Stoney Indian of the Canadian Plains, spoke of a law lost to the white pioneer:

We were lawless people, but we were on pretty good terms with the Great Spirit, creator and ruler of all. You whites assumed we were savages. You didn't understand our prayers. You didn't try to understand. When we sang our praises to the sun or moon or wind, you said we were worshipping idols. Without understanding you condemned us as lost souls just because our form of worship was different from yours.

We saw the Great Spirit's work in almost everything: sun, moon, trees, wind, and mountains. Sometimes we approached him through these things. Was that so bad? ... Did you know that trees talk? Well they do. They talk to each other and they'll talk to you if you listen. Trouble is, white people don't listen. They never learned to listen to the Indians so I don't suppose they'll listen to other voices in nature (McLuhan 1977:23).

Blanchot speaks to the 'essential solitude' that separates man from the world. In order that one can experience the world as something, albeit nothing, there is a necessary negation of being and a consciousness. We are already placed outside where we are. It is a view from nowhere, the distance of the abyss. This view from nowhere, a lost place, is the soul's severance from the origin. Tatanga Mani saw this lost soul:

Hills are always more beautiful than stone buildings, you know. Living in a city is an artificial existence. Lots of people hardly ever feel real soil under their feet, see plants grow except in flower pots, or get far enough beyond the street light to catch the enchantment of a night sky studded with stars. When people live far from scenes of the Great Spirit's making, it's easy for them to forget his laws (Blanchot 1982. 144).

That night flows into day. Whose laws govern this exchange of endless space and time? That in which I see nothing is a non-speaking but not a silence. The hills are the ancestors of others and do not recognize me. The sun does not guide me but reveals only what is foreign. I long for the night that hides my own exile and spacelessness. The exchange of the familiar and the foreign that occurs in the anxiety of being towards this source is governed by the mystery. To submit to the mystery:

Only so far as man, ek-sisting into the truth of Being, belongs to Being can there come from Being itself the assignment of these directions that must become law and rule for man. In Greek to assign is *νεμειν*, *nemein*. *Nomos* is not only law but more originally the assignment contained in the dispensation of Being. Only the assignment is capable of dispatching man into Being. Only such dispatching is capable of supporting and obligating. Otherwise all law remains merely something fabricated by human reason (Huxley 1961: 66).

Our project is not to know *about* law, to drift on the periphery, but to become it. Eckhart expresses this thought as knowing the divine: 'How should you do this? Without image, without mediation, and without likeness. If I am to know God in such an unmeditated way, then I must simply become God and God must become me.' Man must belong to the call, must sing out in the silence of Being with the *gifted* voice. This is the law. This law is language and the limit of language is given to us in our being. This limit is *ethics* and listening to the limit is our highest duty. We must listen to the trees, the place where god has stopped. What we are asked to do is to lose our language and submit to it.

What is it for God to be-come me? To come to nothing is the site where origins arise and end. All origins, all creations, are from God and God is present as creation. Eckhart places goodness as a creative power; 'Goodness is neither created, nor made, nor begotten, but it is only productive, and it begets the good being.' (Heidegger 1976: 238). The good being is God and likewise, Justice is God. To become God is to be just and to be just is God. All *difference* to being just is man as such. Man is the difference. When a man becomes nothing, then there is no difference between the man, justice and God. This is where difference is reduced to an identity, and identity is coincidental to itself. Man, with *right*, becomes the difference from God.

Compassion places us alongside the other in a togetherness that gathers and holds. The hold is justice. Yet justice is always from the source. It is the unsayable and unconditional. Gathered in language from its source it

arrives as a way to be that both flows from the sacred site of its origin, and at the same time lets the site reveal itself as a site. The *Djanggawul* sisters, the mothers who gave birth to the first people in a pre-existent world, give the eternal form of the land:

We ourselves shall go there, *waridj* Bralbral, go by
ourselves, putting our footprints all along the beach
We ourselves are making the country, putting a
sandhill there, putting our footprints (Shurmann 1985: 66).

The taking-place of sedentary existence is to destroy the work of the Sky-heroes, to erase the trace of sacred footprints. To erase the footprint is to erase the ontological order of the place itself, and the subjectivity of those who dwell in and are created by it. The earth always hurts where the white man has been. Historical man is the fall of language, the ruin within which dreams can no longer sing. The dwellers of terra nullius now exist. There are no more beginnings. The holy place is vanquished.

To dare to dream is the decisive, motivated step. It is a step that asserts the poetic potential of Being and is the pilgrimage to the holy site. It is the *act* of prayer. The question that legal thinkers must ask, the only question, is this: Where is *there* love? This care of the *there-being* (Da-Sein) is heard only through the practice of the perfection of life detached from itself, the state of love within which neither I or thou are present but instead only the attunement of the there, the *place*, that is the state of grace. This grace is the perfecting of language, which we know as prayer, within which the destiny is revealed to us. This intimate, and inward, affirmation of the gift of the song, which Heidegger has called the freedom of the decision, 'lays hold of the necessary and places itself in the bonds of a supreme obligation' such which grants humility and compassion that we might become it. Eckhart says: 'Compassion means that God sets the soul in the highest and purest place which it can occupy: in space, in sea, in a fathomless ocean, and there God works compassion. Therefore the prophet says: `Lord, have compassion on the people who are in you.' This entering into the desert sets free the soul in grace and its space is

bountiless. Compassion is the breath that fills all space as the breath of the divine and is the purest form of justice.

And yet justice knows nothing of our laws. Our thinking is not in keeping with the mystery. The chattering of rights speaks as a lawlessness. It is not face to face with creation and, therein its corollary, death. In avoiding creation death is avoided. We never are. For each of us, the responding to the call of Being asks us to find a unity between thought and Being, between thinking and thanking. To give thanks for being is the greatest homage. To thank the world for the way it is is to feel the love that is in all creation. It is prayer. In this thanking is the door to compassion that remains ever open so that the spirit of the place may enter. Emerson, in his essay on Nature, asks the essential question: How are we to live? If possible, in forgiveness, the entering into the for-giveness of being, the affirmation of letting-be. It is man's essential form as the lowering of oneself to the ground, *humilitus*, that calls upon the ground to be what it is. It is to redeem and restore the earth to its original form. Our journey then is to the place where we are, for-given. Faith is grounded in God by believing in creation. Every act of justice must be revolutionary because every act of justice is a new creation.

What is required of us is a precision of the soul by which hunger is separated from desire, possession from love. It requires an analysis of the feelings by which we give ourselves over to right. The *stimmung*, the silent intimacy by which all that is is in the breath, is the dissolution to the one out of the manifold. The farmer to the field, the Aborigine to his sacred site, the painter and the canvas. All these are the possibility to create a space within which beings each may arrive within a unity. The injustice of the mis-naming terra nullius is that we ourselves have no spiritual name. We are unsung. In undergoing an experience with language, and therein encountering the overwhelming of the dark night that leads us into *Dreaming*, we gather recollection and think back. Hölderlin has already laid this path:

Much, from the morning onwards
Since we have been a discourse and heard one another
Has human kind learnt; but soon we shall be song
(Hölderlin's Celebration of Peace, as in Heidegger 1976: 135)

Justice is inevitable. In our thinking here upon the path of the *Song* that revels in the *Dreaming* we enter into an appropriation, an imperium, of what is before us. Our footprints open to the appropriation as we ourselves are already appropriated to it. Yet in this appropriation that is the concealed event of the difference we draw near and with it we ourselves are present. We are walking. We are the becoming of the *song* that gives shelter as a place within the *Dreaming*, and hence we are at once creating and created as to the real that is present to us. Thinking is thinking us. Presence. The poetic voice is speaking silence.

The speaking of law is a prayer, a call for justice. It is only in a still moment that disregards all notions of justice, of truth, of right and wrong, that law's rationality as the prayer that has forgotten that it is a prayer is revealed. A prayer for divine intervention against the banality of our everyday concerns and the tragedy of our existence. To be master of the earth is nothing and in this, man was misplaced as a beginning. Natural law or legal philosophy cannot attune us to our proper place. Yet in nothing God is most revealed to us. In this, Eckhart spoke of overcoming God. We, likewise, must pray to overcome our will for justice to find justice.

Dreaming is the flashing light of the silence of the place where the world gathers to speak. What rings in the singing of law's *song* is a song of songs, the justice, that belongs to the *dreaming* as part of our original creation and possibility, and is re-called as *song*. Western science has inaugurated a thinking that places the song as the actual. In this actualization, man abandons thinking towards what is near as the nearness itself. It is to mistake the divine with the material such as to see the material as the divine. What is miraculous is that *there* anything is at all. Yet man's essential purity, the beholding of the mystery, is present for those who live with faith. Only nothing matters.

- ⁰ The author would particularly wish to thank Alexander Carnera Ljungström for his encouragement, and for showing me during the editing of this article that I am not attached to words but to thoughts.

Bachelard (1994: 189) quotes Milosz on the immensity and intimacy of space revealed in the daydream: 'I had the feeling that I was looking into the ultimate depths, the most secret regions of my own being it had never occurred to me that I could be so pure. My heart burst into singing with the song of grace of the universe. All these constellations are yours, they exist in you; outside your lovethy have no reality! How terrible the world seems to those who do not know themselves.'

- ¹ The effect of this dissipated space is captured in the life of the Austrian madman Adolf Wölfli, a schizophrenic artist who constructed intricate works representing urban space while inside of a mental asylum. Resettlement within the asylum then is not contingent on any movement in 'space' but on the pictures and magazines that flow through Wölfli's mind creating the appearance of an exteriority.
- ² See Alexander Carnera's illuminating piece (1997).
- ³ See Del Caro (1991) from the Second version of Mnemosyne at p.93.
- ⁴ The story of Chris McCandless, as told by Jon Krakauer in *Into the Wild*, is a young man's abandonment of contemporary life and his Empedoclean leap to the wilderness. The beauty of his life is captured by a farewell picture wherein he 'looks as serene as a monk going to god'.

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