

I never wanted to accept the failure of the law to define justice, although I know that there are things that have no definition, in spite of the fact that everybody knows that there are – love, for example. There could be as many definitions of what love is as there are loves, as there are people, as there are forms of love.

Why is there no definition of justice, an almost tangible concept, which we can all experience at first hand – so that I could say: “Justice is...”?

Is it possible to define justice as the limit between truth and lies, between consideration and lack of consideration, between good and evil? The limit between the conscientious and the unscrupulous?

Why am I not satisfied with the possibility of defining injustice, cases of which can be expressed and described down to the last detail? Why does the lack of a definition of justice matter to me?

In the past the rabbis classified justice among the greatest virtues. And they gave it the first place among them, while for Christians it was love that took first place, love, which includes justice. But it could be said of justice, too, that it includes love. But still: justice is queen of everything. Perhaps it is an obsession for those who have encountered so much injustice and it has accompanied them already for more than three and a half thousand years. As the old saying goes: of all things, everybody longs the most for the thing they lack the most. And so for me, still today, and probably without hope of any remedy (because a definition is not the same thing as an undiscovered cure for a fatal disease, which may perhaps be discovered tomorrow), the question remains open – the definition of justice.

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