

# **The Absurd and the Accedia as a major existentials in Cioran's Udemologic Analytics**

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## **Abstract:**

The Cioran's existentials are derivable and intelligible from nothingness with which the Roman philosopher substitute the transcendence. Nonsense of life not purely abstract notion, but a sensitive transcription of absurdity, translates to experience vertigo. This is the refutation par excellence of vertical position of the man, the specific difference to animality. Through the experience vertigo, Cioran links essence absurd lack of end which implied analytically the definition of abyss. Source ontological absurdity is located in corrosive activity of temporality. Cioran makes a difference in degree of boredom banal psychological and metaphysical boredom. The essence of boredom is the void that erases differences and content of things, becoming a foreshadowing of chaos. The most acute boredom remains ascetic boredom, acedia. Boredom monastic is a sterile stagnation of being a eleatics reversed.

## **Keywords:**

Existential, absurd, access, nihilism, nothingness, phenomenology, holiness, boredom, ontology, Dasein, ecstasy, absolute, metaphysical, divine, mystical

## **1 .Introduction**

The existentials are the correlative and complementary term as regards the categories. These existentials refer mainly to the relationship with nothingness, death and the world. This heideggerian phenomenological indication undergoes a

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radical reorientation with regard to Hegel and Husserl, a reorientation that has an echo even in the Romanian space, especially when it comes to Nae Ionescu, who – being a thorough connoisseur of the fundamental basis of mathematics – would be the one to establish its limits in the name of the existential experience.

With Cioran, the distance to logic does not originate in the haughty conscience of a historical phase in European thinking, but rather in the awareness of the inability of abstraction to bring to expression the human organic convulsions. Cioran fundamentally defines not only his existential attitude, but also his cosmological one, suggesting also the possibility - absolutely improbable in our age so very much dominated by science – of a metaphor-grounded cosmos. From now on the use of syllogisms becomes completely futile, and theorems become signs of gratuitous excess. On the other hand, the Cioranian system of thought becomes consistent only in the proximity of what Heidegger had called existentials<sup>1</sup>.

In the present study we intend to analyze two of the main existentials in Cioran's udemiological analytics : the absurd and the accedia.

## 2. The Absurd

The topic of the absurd of the existence in Cioran's work has nothing to do with his substantial nihilism but is rather derived from his intentional nihilism or ,to put it otherwise, it has nothing to do with the absence of the being but rather with the lack of orientation towards the being. We know from Husserl that the orientation of the conscience towards something generates meaningfulness. By contrast, the orientation of the conscience towards the absence of everything, whatever that everything may be, is the equivalent of the annihilation of intentionality itself, a collapse of the meaning. Hence, nihilism is rather a phenomenological doctrine rather than a metaphysical one. On these grounds all the fluctuations and apparent inconsistencies suggested by Cioran's thinking seem to be justified. Failing to understand this conflicting nature, torn at the same time between Non-existence and Absolute, any dissertation claiming academic decency and apodicticity becomes irrelevant at a certain level. In fact, death could not reveal itself as the conclusion of a syllogism. If syllogisms do nothing else but generate conclusions based on pure relations from outside suffering then what is there left to prevent suffering itself from giving up on a logic that is not responsible? Does logic assert too much impersonality, too much sovereignty when faced with pain? Therefore, the formula used by Cioran to give a title to one of his volumes "The

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<sup>1</sup> See Vasile Chira, prefata cărții *Analitica existențială la Emil Cioran/The existential analytic in Emil Cioran's writings*, Editura „ASTRA Museum” Sibiu, 2014,p.15-16.

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Syllogisms of bitterness” no longer appears as a common oxymoron but rather as a protest against an order that denies convulsions.

If life is for Cioran an unsolvable equation it is obvious that such a valorization does not originate from a biographical deception or from a psychoanalytical collapse. Should he have gotten recourse to shallow psychological arguments, Cioran would have never got beyond the mere condition of a commentator of deceptions. Cioran is more than that because he tries to find a transcendental explanation of deceptions. He does not resume himself to be a simple registrar of deceptions but he goes further and pretends to accede to the principles that instrument deception. Or, the principle which phenomenologically instruments the intentional nihilism (reduction of meaning), seems to be , an early embryo stage structure, hence virtual, of the Absurd. Thus, life as an element of the Absurd, becomes, in Heidegger’s terms, an existential place of Cioran’s phenomenology. The absurd of life is not cut out through a simple teenage decision nor does it originate from a protesting impulse but from what Heidegger calls “being towards death”. “Being towards death” does not necessarily mean death, pure and simple, but it signifies the fundamentally defining orientation of Dasein towards death.

Waiving the privileges of a conceptual language, the terminology strictness of a “chair philosophy” and, at the same time, refusing an argumentative structure grounded on a historical-philosophic revision, Cioran expresses himself naturally and directly as if under the force of urgency imperatives.<sup>2</sup>

The ultimate contradiction would be sooner of a theological nature and not of a logic one. Life has a finality which appears in front of us just as a maximum intentional tension, a real phenomenological collapse. This vision was also present in Schopenhauer’s thinking. Contradictions of will could not have a logic nature for the simple reason that “the “world as willingness” became the source and reservoir of the “world as representation”. Schopenhauer becomes the first philosopher to understand the drama of life in as much as life lacks coherence in its dénouement. Life is absurd because its finality is absurd. Such is the association Cioran attaches to the ultimate meaning of devoutness: “*The Absurd and the Last, here are the two elements the proportionality of which gives birth to the equivocal depth of religion. The reason for this is that it is nothing more than a smile in the face of the cosmic nonsense, a final fragrance over an undulation of nothingness. Therefore, when religion runs out of arguments it gets recourse to tears. Tears only are left to sustain the balance of the universe and to uphold God in the being. When tears disappear, He will no longer be regretted.*”<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> See Mariana Șora, *Despre, despre, despre...*, Editura Nemira, 1995, p. 220 et sqq.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibidem* , p. 80.

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The simple fact of having seen old age, sickness and death had prompted Budha to become too logic, too doctrinarian and too systematic in his renunciation. In fact, the prince leaves the fatherly palace in the name of an epiphany: the phenomenal absurdity of life. Cioran's reproach addresses exactly the lack of gratuity in this renunciation and, implicitly the absence of a real motif for establishing his dissidence from life: *"Is it possible that to withdraw from the world one has to see old age, sickness and death? Budha's gesture is too much a tribute to reality... His renunciation lacks the paradox. There is no merit in exiting life when you are right. – But to live with an inner separation from everything – and, yet, having arguments against loneliness! Budha's path is cut in commensuration with the mortals... The peace of the thoughtful prince would never understand how one can see the way he does and, at the same time, embrace nothingness. Could Budha himself be a teacher? There is too much system in his renunciations, too many consistencies in his sorrows!"*<sup>4</sup>

Given the fact that life nonsense is not a pure, abstract notion (such as for instance, the kantian concept of "nihil negativum"), but rather a sensitive transcription of the absurd, it could be translated by the experience of vertigo. We have here a sheer denial of the verticality of the human being of what specifically separates humans from the animal world. Put against the horizon of the infinity, the natural condition becomes improbable, namely, absurd. Through the experience of the vertigo, Cioran, binds the essence of the absurd to the lack of finality which he analytically assumes in the definition of the abyss. Any attempt to survive the blackout by finding a support to lean against is perceived by Cioran as the dissimulation of the quest for a metaphysical fundament, quest which would eventually prove nothing but a prophylaxis against the fall: *"The dizziness that makes certain people lean against trees or walls in the street has a more profound meaning than philosophers or poets may tend to think. Losing the possibility to keep the natural, vertical posture of man, separating oneself from its natural posture, does not originate from a nervous disorder or blood composition but in the exhaustion of the human phenomenon which implies the abandon of all specific accompanying characteristics. Has one worn out the humanity of the self? Then, one must fatally leave the self defining shape. One falls down without returning to the animal nature because most likely, the dizziness throws us to the ground only to give us further possibilities to rise back again.*

*The strange feeling of dizziness which unexpectedly assail us wherever we may be and especially every time the distance which separates us from the human nature increases towards infinity, does not reveal only an aggressive presence*

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<sup>4</sup> Emil Cioran, *Amurgul gândurilor*, Humanitas, București, 1991, p. 109-110.

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*of the spirit but also a fierce offensive of all the additions to the constants of the human condition. The reason for this is that dizziness is a specific symptom that occurs whenever we go beyond a natural condition and we find it impossible to share the related physical position [...] But he who comes to be faced with his own self or sinks into the transparency of his own condition, he who remains human only through the goodwill of memory – could he still get recourse to the traditional support, to the pride of the vertical animal and could he still lean against the self when it is long since he lost himself?”<sup>5</sup>*

The ontological source of the absurd is located in the corrosive activity of temporality. More than the Ecclesiastes, the simple contemplation of a face getting old, of the wrinkles construed as prints of evolution, is sufficient to heal us from the daily frivolousness. A “memento mori” shortcuts any conscience that perceives the signs of evanescence and extinction of the human face. A wrinkle covered face becomes a “treatise of the absurd” in itself, an organically elaborated form of the nonsense: “*One starts to be concerned with Time long before reading the philosophers, when, in a moment of fatigue, one attentively looks at the face of an old man. The wrinkles, cut deep by a long series of sorrows, hopes and hallucinations, blacken and fade without a trace against a dark background which the face barely hides, unsecure mask of a painful abyss. Each furrow seems to have embedded time, to have cast rust over the becoming and aged the duration. Does Time not hang from the wrinkles of old age and is not each furrow a temporal cadaver? The human face is used by the demons of time only to demonstrate wantonness. Can anyone look into it with serenity when it is old and cracked?*”

*When the Ecclesiastes is not within reach, turn your eyes towards an old man, his face – as strange as it may be to him – will teach you more than the wise men could do. Because the creases unveil the action of Time more mercilessly than a treatise on futility. Where could we find the words to paint Time’s implacable erosion, its relentless and destructive advance when the open and accessible perspective of old age reveals itself at any corner under the form of a decisive lesson and like a final and binding sentence? Is the relentlessness of children in the arms of their grandparents not a sign of the instinctive horror of Time? Who has not felt in the kiss of an old man the infinite uselessness of Time?”<sup>6</sup>*

The justification of the existential nonsense in the work of Cioran is equally physiological and cosmological. A mere organic disturbance becomes correspondent of the cosmic immensity and silence which surrounds the human drama. An oversized universe and an altered physiology become the originating point for the

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<sup>5</sup> *Ibidem*, p. 43-44.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibidem*, p. 32-33.

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courses Cioran throws at Transcendence. Denying himself the advantages of an ontology which presupposes in "ille tempore" a cosmos untouched by death, Cioran contents himself to describe reality. Since we do not live in such a Universe why should we bother to assume its existence, as Cioran would simply put it. The fact that we have fallen from the divine indulgence is the substance of all despairs, the source of nonsense by excellence.

### 3. Accedia

After the preface to *Les Fleurs du mal* strings all sins, all hell metamorphoses, Baudelaire puts the climax, the apotheosis of nothingness, the ugly. The spleen will be, in fact, an obsession with the whole end of the nineteenth century, reaching the century expressionists.

An important step in the etiology of the Spleen is made by Heidegger in "*Was is Metaphysik ?*". The German philosopher interpreted boredom in the context of identifying the nothingness, not destruction, but of a combination between the two concepts. But the real phenomenology of boredom is made by Cioran, who begins from the difference in degree of common psychological boredom and metaphysical boredom.

Boredom, seen by Cioran in conjunction with the vacuum is not expressly linked to the ecstatic dissolution that involves Buddhist Nirvana, but a continuous state of disintegration of the cosmos, of fluctuations in sensitivity. Vacuum that could be shown without being interpreted could constitute the essence of the boredom that deletes contents and differences between things ,becoming a fore-shadowing of chaos.

Most acute form of boredom, which seems to be an inverted eleatism a stagnation being sterile, remains ascetic bordeom, acedia: "*Fatigue in the shadow of the monastery and the immensity of the void stretched between tissues, a dull sadness and melancholy without eloquence gave birth in the empty soul of monks in the Middle Ages to acedia. It is an eleatic distaste, resulting from the desert heart and world, a religious spleen.*

*Not bored of, but from God, which seems to have left over lonely with all his deserts. Accedia represents all truths which are engendered Sunday afternoons in monasteries in silence and everything that is not vibrant in God. Baudelaire's soul in the Middle Ages.*

*Ecstasy in his early upsurges creates itself a divine scenery, an ideal pastorality, raised to the mystical; eleatic disgust of acedia disfigures the landscape to ghosts and taking away any sap of nature, introduces a lack of taste in the existence of metaphysical excess. A boredom full of venom, which only our mortal curse without grace one can understand. Modern acedia is not monastery loneli-*

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*ness – although each carries a monastery in the heart - but emptiness and fear of a desolated God.*

*In short, there's in the monk spleen a desolation of a wild sky, but it is mitigated by the expectation of a future fullness and all the promises of a possible rapture. God exists, even when dull or absent. Our acedia transforms Him in a wearing of doubts. In any skepticism, The Absolute has a decorative character.*

*It doesn't matter whatever way of destruction you choose. One is buried in a library, another in a pub. The result is the same. Self-destruct mode only shows something for a man. Tell me how you want to crash, to tell you who you are. I mean, tell me what you fill loneliness with: books, women, ambitions. In all, the starting point is boredom and the coming one is destruction. That one wants scattered in pieces of blue and the other in tenderness with worms, what does the curse of human trajectory prove? Symbol of our fate? Worms studded in the sky."*

*From Baudelaire I learned that worms do not have eyes or ears. I never thought about it. I never thought that life is but an ecstasy of worms in the sun. Happiness? A minuet of worms."*<sup>7</sup>

Acedia is reinterpreted by Cioran in the less luxurious terms of daily life. Boredom is only a secular spiritual madness, lack of proximity with the Absolute. An expression of sordid landscape of the city, avenue amounted to an order of lost women, this is the form in which the man of today, infantilized by technology and uncertainty can have an allergic and caricatured representation of disgust. In this secularization of religious boredom occurs what Cioran called "*false procession of unreal hopes*": "*The stagnation of the organs, the happy confusion of the senses, the hardened smile often do not remind you of boredom of monasteries, the heart from which God left, the dryness and stupidity of the monks who hate themselves in ecstatic enthusiasm of masturbation? You're nothing but a monk without pride and without divine hypostases of solitary vice.*

*Earth, sky are your walls of your cell and the frozen air rules only the absence of prayer. Promised to empty hours of eternity, and periphery thrill and the moldy rotting desires to close salvation, you go to a trial without fast and trumpets, your thoughts imagining as solemn procession just unreal hopes.*

*The suffering souls throb once the vaults; you're encountering them. And fall in the world. Wandering monk without faith through the avenue. Order of the lost women - and your own ruin."*<sup>8</sup>

The contrast between "stasis" and "kinesis" transcribed to historical epochs makes the balance to end in boredom, and the despair goes away. At closing, the

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<sup>7</sup> Emil Cioran, *Lacrimi și sfinți*, Ediția a 4-a, Humanitas, București, 2001, p. 98-99.

<sup>8</sup> Emil Cioran, *Tratat de descompunere*, în românește de Irina Mavrodin, Ed. Humanitas, București, 1992, p. 114.

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earthly paradise is a fiction that contradicts the foundations of history: "There are privileged moments when consciousness is sharpened, but there never was an eclipse of lucidity so great that man can not address key issues, history is not only a perpetual crisis, but even a bankruptcy of naivety. Sharpening negative states of consciousness - are variously distributed and still present in all historical periods, balanced and "happy", they know Boredom - natural end of happiness, unbalanced and turbulent subject Despair, and the religious causes that arise from it. The idea of terrestrial paradise was composed of all elements incompatible with history, with the space where the negative states flourish."<sup>9</sup>

Cioran's nihilism is not reducible to a classical form of negation. In his case we are dealing with a nihilistic species which is born from the horror of Eternity. It is obvious that such an udemologic position will use boredom as an instrument of deicidal, the transcendent assassination. The most insoluble problem for such a nihilistic is the love for God which is the very core of holiness: "One way to forget the saints is the boredom of Divinity. Then, all religious disorder unearthed - from paradise to Revelation - seem to be the product of significant fatigue or a wandering futile. Once God "used", it is grinded everything he crowned. Saints are only a pillar in his temple. If we break it, it shatters the temple, but only that. Since fall is good to start the tower. Haven gotten rid of God, who stands in our way? Under His ruins angels and saints moan.

*I can represent the Himalayas as a weeping willow, but how hard I sometimes suffer the image of man who loves God! How this happens, only God himself knows, and what use such love has, of course neither does God know. Can one love a desert without oasis? If he won't hear the wild stretches of some lost organ agreements, he would be nothing more than a repository for stray transcendent."*<sup>10</sup>

If boredom can be a defensive weapon against divine seduction, it is still inefficient in front of holy women, in front of womanhood who knows the delight and agony of prayer. When God uses the feminine charm of holiness he becomes victorious and undeniable: "Detoxification from holy women is the hardest thing, because, refusing all emptiness of their existence, we can not evade their divine charm. And if we manage to get over it, even then an ambiguous charm remains that we can't dispense without deviating from the changes of our lives. There is a solemnity in the candor of holy women which invites you to cool your heart, and their smile is shrouded in perfumes that remind us of colors we met in other lives. God is easily done when you are tired of him. Against him there is only one argument, but the final one: disgust. Hard we could grow up in disgust for the holy women, as soon as we have sucked the poison out of tears and we have made them

<sup>9</sup> *Ibidem*, p. 218.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibidem*, p. 71.



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*from their bitterness a world of delights. I didn't take the brunt of holies? And haven't they cried themselves to us as, by our shipwreck, they would avoid drowning? Much of the holy women would have disappeared if tears have altered their course ..."*<sup>11</sup>

Boredom is revealed in mystics' proximity as a kind of reversal of ecstasy. Boredom and bliss aspire through different ways to time suspension. Only from here, from this strange vicinity can be made a veritable phenomenology of boredom. If ecstasy is reserved for mystics, boredom, more generous and more accessible, is also revealed to those who haven't come close to absolute, but this claim of boredom to become self-sufficient denies her existence, leading to the absolute that he ignores: "*Boredom is the most basic form of time suspension, such as ecstasy it is the last and most complicated. Whenever we get bored, time stops in tissues; sometimes we hear its stop and savor its quiet torment. The body is then a watch who stops, and knows that he has stopped. In all boredom there is the knowledge of time stagnation, especially since, in that we get bored more, so we are less unconscious. The potentiation of consciousness - and thus our isolation in the world - boredom is the first step; on top of her the loneliness of the spirit rises and hardens. All diseases are based - more or less - on partial conditions and, as such, remediable. Diseases have their place, the one of small resistance, where it settles like in a predestined space. But what is the space of boredom? Where is its natural place? - it must be in all organs, in the privacy of all limbs emptiness that reminds us of underground caves. More. There should be in every cell of our body an infinitesimal emptiness, primal elemental caves and emptiness of our being, which is a void space who tends to expand and to gain ground. As long as this space remains indifferent, we do not know what boredom is. But when he becomes aggressive, fatigue warms the body, much worse than the gangrene of each particular disease. Boredom, one that has caught ground and stretches her dominance across the whole being, glances with contempt and goodwill cancer. Under her name and terror people leave their home and the delightful death tied to it and ventures into the world, to die somewhere under no roof and no tears; teens contemplate suicide in the endless days of spring, and maids without lovers lament during Sundays, as if their heart is a graveyard where the dead can't sleep. From that boredom, organic and vital, without cause or with a remote one, without object besides than a multiplied vague in every moment and multiplied by every perception - is born doubt and passion, spirit disintegration or heroic self-destruction. All life is but a solution to boredom. You try, meaning, to save yourself from it. Melancholy, sadness, despair, horror and ecstasy branch off from*

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<sup>11</sup> Emil Cioran, *Lacrimi și sfinți*, op.cit. p. 70.

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*the massive trunk of boredom; here we find the indifference and its original. There are flowers of melancholy and sadness; I like to think of roots, when it comes to boredom. Especially since she is the first step to eradicating the world.*

*The deeper we get bored, the more we forget the original point, the reason, the effect. Thus, any deep boredom ends up being a state itself and, lifting us from fighting with the objectives, it places us before it, that people are divided on how they get bored and try to save themselves from boredom. However, it is not a religious issue. There are only so many people who are bored without having reached God! They accept this state and, not escaping from it, they can't reach the ultimate consequences of boredom, meaning the final exasperation in the world, which introduces a metaphysical dimension in the ugliness of existence. But once here, boredom has denied herself and overcome the absolute."<sup>12</sup>*

Not only is boredom the foundation of an extremely vast essential and psychological variety, but it transgresses the level of the individual, involving entire collectivities in the eras of historic decline. The moment when the energies of a nation are drained, the moment it accomplishes its destiny, boredom assists decadence. The transition from classic antiquity to the Middle Ages, going through the Hellenist twilight, becomes maybe the first form of refinement and introspection, the first form of abandoning courage and the monumentality of positive metaphysical constructions, in favor of aphorisms with an ethical content. Ethical Schools, the same as different varieties of gnosis or religious syncretism, become inefficient therapies of the inexorable decline, of the fatal agony of Antiquity: *"A people enters decline when it begins to be bored. As long as it does not use the possibilities of its becoming, it becomes automatically active, under the terror of its own values and contents. Too much worship and glory gives rise to a reflexive fatigue, the fatal foundation of boredom. The twilight of a people is identical with a maximum of collective lucidity. The instincts which led to the creation of "historical facts" and their implied glory, lose their resistance, and on their remains, boredom arises. The English are a people of pirates, who, after having robbed the world, started to get bored. The excess of boredom accelerates vital depletion and abjures the taste for life in the crests of vitality. The Romans have disappeared from the face of the Earth not as a result of barbaric assaults or a Christian virus, but a much more complicated, inner, and fatal virus, which affected their core: boredom. They started to have free time, which they could not fill with anything. Spare time is a bearable curse for a thinker, but is a unique torture for a people. What is spare time, if not time without content, lacking substance? Exhaustion of temporality is the defining note of boredom.*

<sup>12</sup> *Ibidem*, p. 102-104.

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*Daybreak knows ideals, whilst twilight knows only ideas, and instead of passion, the need of fun arises. The descending curve of a people's fate is repairable through the variations of intensity of boredom. Decadence begins. Irredeemable, grim. Because the intoxication through the Saturnian virus is fatal to all organisms. Peoples die with no chance of escaping, as the isolated individual who languishes while perplexingly or coldly savoring agony.*

*Through Epicureanism and Stoicism, Greece tried to redeem this "mal du siècle", specific to all historical sunsets. Simple palliatives, similar to the abundance of religions of the Alexandrian syncretism. The "Evil" has been covered, falsified or deviated, without canceling its subsurface virulence. Boredom enters the blood flow, or maybe even comes from it. To a people who had it all, it starts to become "ugly", exactly as to an individual who "lived" too much, or "knows" everything. And what can be done to extirpate ugliness from the blood? All the imagined legions of angels together cannot breathe life into the souls touched by the abhorrence consecutive to knowledge and saturation. Only organic boredom exists, that is meat's disgust of its own satiation; and when it dilates to a feeling of life or to a merciless vision, boredom shows us how much meat there is in a spirit"<sup>13</sup>.*

Returning to the more recent history, Cioran says that between the boredom imbued with organicity of the Slavonic space, and that associated with the intellectual refinement of the French salon, there are differences only of nuance. Regardless of the way in which it is consumed, boredom invariably reveals its own corporality and cosmic emptiness. Always behind the diversity of forms that disgust can take, lays a hidden unique essence: *"Between the boredom which smells of earth to the Russians and that refined scent of the English or French saloons, the differences are smaller than they seem, because the source of them both is the same: the inadherence of blood to the world. That it is expressed through low-spun songs, telluric sighs or conversely, through the useless grace of intelligence, the differentiation lies only in refinement, but not the essence. Boredom, in any form, doesn't have at its root the free undulation of the heart, be it telluric or spiritual, an organic antinomy guarantees its unwavering "secretion", its corrosive toxins. That is why there is no boredom which cannot reveal two things: our body and the emptiness of space. The liver absorbs the rays, the kidneys strips its greenness, and the stars rot between gums"*<sup>14</sup>.

Resuming the problem of boredom to its original level, that is individual and not collective, we conclude that the form of boredom from Cioran does not have an organic root, in this major difference consisting between Heidegger boredom

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<sup>13</sup> *Ibidem*, p. 100-101.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibidem*, p. 101.

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and Cioran boredom. There is a true aesthetic Cioran dissolution, foreign to Dasein phenomenology.

### Conclusions

Calling upon a speculative manner reminds us of Meister Eckart or Hegel, Cioran will qualify God as supreme nothingness. Thus, the philosopher of Rasinari subtle moves subtle edge that separates the apofatism of nihilism. On the other hand, negligible difference between the two positions ontological that marks the distance between the revelation of nothingness and of Godhead. This made Cioran become equally sensitive to ecstasy and doubt. We explain such double propensity, mystical and skeptical, which is the source of all human contradictions and work.

Meditation on Eternity or the her privative correspondent, nothingness, turns Cioran's interrogation into a fundamental metaphysical investigation.

Cioran describes the full range acedia and boredom as a form of eleatic, primarily because he does not seem to have a adhesion at the fullness of being, as she affirmed by Parmenides and resumed thinkers who articulated ontological argument. From the damage of Eternity to nowhere and its obstruction by nothingness there is only a short distance. it becomes phenomenon

Thus, nothingness, occupying metaphysical horizons of man, becomes through what I have called existentials. Absurdity, boredom, despair, illness, death, suicide, are all part of the panoply phenomenological nothingness.

There is, of course, about a nothingness which is bordered mysticism, but a degraded form of access to anything. The antinomically status of Transcendence, the contradictions within Cioran desings in the breast of absolute and retraction Transcendence in the own of being that leaves space ontological nothingness, drain meaningless cosmos, history and individual and collective destiny of human . The most important ontological justification remains, however, for Cioran, the ubiquity of nothingness in texture universe and of history, that the whole foundation of the cosmos and life remains suspended in vacuum.

The fundamental nihilism of the this metaphysics remains the first and final justification of the vacuum of sense of the world.