

Emil Cioran and Music.
In loving memory of Professor Sergiu Tofan

Associate Prof. PhD Gabriel Balancea
„Dunărea de Jos” University of Galati

Résumé : *Cioran est l'homme des aventures abyssales, on le retrouve comme tel lorsqu'on expérimente la solitude, car il n'y a aucun philosophe qui soit tellement séduit par la transcendance, en refusant totalement en même temps d'y croire. Par un caprice ludique déterminé peut-être de sa lucidité rationnelle, Cioran joue avec les arguments de son salut, il transforme les expériences religieuses internes dans un jeu de la promotion de ses propres doutes, et c'est ainsi que nous risquons d'abolir notre propre dimension. Par conséquence on a l'espoir d'avoir accès seulement à la partielle intériorité de cet athée obstiné et mystique dédié que le vingtième siècle nous a donné afin que nous puissions sonder plus profondément nos propres convictions.*

Mots – clés : *Cioran, aventures abyssales, music.*

When reading Cioran's literary works, one can not but notice an uncanny affinity for suffering which is exteriorized through a perpetual lamentation. Throughout his literary writings the reader comes across a sort of metaphysical lamentation in which the author himself acknowledges his spiritual exheradation like a damned soul who has the illusion that he is knocking at Heaven's Doors without knowing that in fact the abyss opens before him. The greatness of its pathos does not lie in any stoic attitude, but rather in his sophistication and depth of thinking, in his cleverness to build arguments that allow him to convert readers to his own faith, to his own despair. His soliloquies bestir a kind of existential shock, break the shell of the dogmatic man who dwells within us all, claim awakening and inner light, affect his balance and conventionalism, unwarily working in the worm of metaphysical bitterness. His territorial nihilism claims the drain of the reader's despotic consciousness, conceiving it after his own image, inducing despair, imbalance, anxiety, melancholy, the sadness of intellectual refinements, weighing in with his writings out of an acute-religious need, a desire of self-boosting in the spirit of the other, of finding his self in other's lamentations.

Purified of emotions and passions, he ponders and contemplates ardour in his quasi-heretical, non-hermetic writings imbued with a rare intellectual effervescence. Emil Cioran is the perfect example of writer who lacks wisdom, but accepts the dissolution of reason, the voluptuousness of psychoanalysis, the shock of the crisis, of a luke-warm personality. He does so by glorifying his religious like modesty, stigmatizing any spice of divinity, accusing any ecclesiastical institution, showing a morbid suspicion to any saint, and promoting the orgiastic ecstasy provided by music, plenary unchaining creative and restoring energies that lie hidden in a frenzied personality. In this case, knowledge is loss, being affected by fatigue and disgust, which bring about monstrosity, vulgarity, an irremediable platitude that swoons away the depth of mystery, the delicacy of gestures, and the noble character of generosity. This knowledge, irrational I would rather call, transforms the beauty of the world into caricature, grotesque, charade, shaking its harmony, making it ill, distorting it, abusing his intimate senses, for, behold, the twentieth century pessimism seems to have the same destructive capacity as that of nuclear radiation from atomic physics.

Cioran is the new Zarathustra, he recites the new ideology, the new, subversive, anarchic, seductive, contradictory nihilism derived from a torn consciousness, amputated by the unifying element of spirituality, which, in its turn, asserts a negative spirituality, for we create ourselves through illness, in misery we become creative and dynamic, sorrows become explosions, heroism is rooted in despair, love in abnegation and denial of knowledge, and the quintessential is expressed only by unhappiness. Eros denies itself spiritually. Unhappiness, despair become dominant categories in Cioran's perspective, and substantiate an existence voided of any purpose.

Cioran oscillates so often from individual to general, from particular to absolute and vice versa, that he no longer acknowledges the profound breach caused within the dynamism of his own

adventure. It is this very Icarian flight that unsettles his consciousness, breaks its banks, and ultimately shatters it, for Icarus fell into the nothingness of his own melancholy, and that because of his abruptness, of his frequent ups and downs, of the blessed delusion of winning individual freedom. Cioran engages the man to achieve lofty ideals without providing him with instruments that are vital in getting through the end of the journey. For the sake of change, of overcoming a mediocre existence, of praising higher values, Cioran destroys the man, attacks his quintessence unawares of the fact that the passionate birth of the new man kills him from the very beginning. It is as if, dissatisfied with the invasion of thistles in the crops, the grower knocks down the entire production. Outraged by its own limitations, he doesn't show mercy, he doesn't understand, but suggests the seduction of the ultimate adventure, where absolute freedom is eventually found, he himself conveying freedom a demonic feature. Intrigued by its accidental, circumstantial, apparent aspects, and forwarding a radical transformation, Cioran leaves the man devoid of his humanity, tears its very essence, thus completely and irrevocably changing the human being. His utopia claims verisimilitude, and his ideals require the making of an ontological status.

Emil Cioran challenges the man to live its life to the fullest, to unleash an entire energetic arsenal, to become part of an *enthusiastic exhilaration* or *inner orgy*, so as to be able to cast aside everything opposed to such spiritual pleasures. He compels abandonment of consciousness, speaks of the *sweet chaos of pathos, of terrible horrors and moments of grace* occurred within the inner tragic transformations. Aware of the inner downfall he preaches, Cioran calls for the enjoyment of such experiences. He focuses his entire axiology on the emotions that precede an inner suicide act. The fission of his own human immanency consequently becomes absolute, so that a new man shall rise from the ashes, forged in the midst of the burning inner fires. In the conquest of the new humanity music plays a key role, for it awakens us from the *sleep of matter*, gives us the opportunity for sound asceticism, which reveals the profoundness of the evanescent moments as palpable reality.

Cioran and the ecstasy of music

Few are the people upon whom music had such a profound leaven, as well as the ability to translate these experiences within the framework of the literary agenda. Lying permanently in the key of negativism, an absolute apologist of unhappiness and pessimism, Cioran claims music its cathartic ability to bestir human passions and elevate in a sublime, intensely spiritualized state. If divine voluptuousness is considered by Cioran a bland serenity and devoid of depth, music will be the only reality meant to provide spiritual comfort, to come up to the dignity and greatness of his spirit, a sort of a personality counterweight, hallmarked by tensions, inner torments, and pessimism. Everlastingly indebted to the voluptuousness of suffering, Cioran perceives the art of music and the emotions arising from it as a reality beyond which nothing exists. Cioran converted the divine substantiality into cowardice; the wisdom of the beliefs in God's laws was considered irrational, while the diversity of experiences lived in God's grace is interpreted as a dull existence. That is why he only succeeds to break off dialectally any divine contiguity.

However, this permanent prying of God is so symptomatic, that deep down his soul he constantly doubts the pertinence of his statements. And if Cioran never allowed God to plant the seed of love inside his soul out of the fear of altering its personality, it only happened for he is eternally in love with its imbalance, the refinement of its soliloquies, and the voluptuousness of his own emotions. And since art reflects our attitude towards life, Cioran is passionately in love with music, for music is an abstract fabrication, an emotional and pure movement of the soul that reveals the structure of an ego split by the adversities of a fierce spirit, the quest for a brilliant intellect that quivers in an extricable labyrinth, lost in its epistemic journey. Self-love is reflected in the embodiment of the musical art, this objective recognition causing the unleash of sublime energetic resources from subconscious to conscious, real immanent tension reservoirs which are released from a volcanic personality in order to reiterate the act of communication and communion, for this is the only way he succeeds to express his self-love. In order to support this statement we forward this following quote: [In these moments when you resonate with the space and the space resonates

back at and within you, in these moments of roaring tides, of absolute possession of the world, I can not but wonder why I am not the world?]¹

Aware of the insufficiency of such attitude, Cioran exonerates and clears himself of any guilt, turning a petty high-mindedness into an absolute form of selfishness seconded by the highest form of generosity in the view of overcoming any inner limitation. And again: [What is music if not a pleasant chaos, whose vertigo is beatitude and undulations, pleasure? I want to live only for the moments when my entire existence feels like a melody...]². We can notice the same intense tension and recurrent ecstasy at Wagner, this type of attitude being revealed in the end of his work *Tristan and Isolde*, when in the famous aria of Isolde, the erotic ecstasy is transposed into an quasi-musical ecstasy, so that in the end to become mystical: [Suis-je seul à entendre cette mélodie aux accents plaintifs si suaves, si délicats, qu'elle dit tout, qu'elle apaise, et fait entendre un chant qui me pénètre en s'élevant, et résonne avec tant de justesse en vibrant tout autour de moi? Retentissantes et claires, roulant autour de moi, seraint-ce des vagues, de tendres brises? Seraint-ce des ondes, des suaves effluves? Comme elles enflent autour de moi en murmurant? Dois-je les respirer ou les écouter? Dois-je les humer on y plonger? Dois-je m'exhaler en suaves effluves? Dans la houle des flots, dans le roulis ondoyant, dans les mélodieuses vibrations, dans la palpitation de l'univers, dans le souffles de Tout, me noyer, sombrer...inconsciente!]³

Cioran describes only the ecstasy which dissolves forms and the materiality of the outer world which turns the human being into a melody with pure rhythm. Is not this an immersion in our own abyss, where the "conscious" completes the "subconscious", where all individuality disappears by taking part in the universal convergence of sounds? Is not this a return to the Indian philosophy according to which the essence of the universe is of helical nature? And again, Cioran, the writer, carries out a spectral analysis that regards these states: [I am beside myself with joy due to the musical mysticism that lies within me and whose reflections unsettle the sweet undulations that melt me into rhythmic immateriality. I lost my substantiality, that irreducible that shaped me, which made me tremble before the world, feeling abandoned in a lethargic solitude, and reached a sweet and rhythmic immateriality, when there is no point in searching for my ego, for my incarnation of music, of pure rhythm extricate me from the common relativity of life.]⁴

Cioran's tendency to transpose the ecstasy of the musical act into a mystical one reveals the very exhaustion of philosophy and music. Cioran asserts: [Ecstasy is corrosive and destructive, because it affects the center of everything; it is the ultimate indiscretion of love. After it there can be nothing, for it puts an end to everything. Ecstasy ends even the endless death. Mystical love is the most crushing example. Why are mystical impulses succeeded by a painful feeling of nothingness, a dryness of consciousness? The ultimate indiscretions of ecstasy – the impossibility of succeeding to anything but madness.]⁵ This is probably one of the most plausible arguments that would delight the advocates in favor of the decline of the art thesis. Wagnerian music, post-romantic music in general, will lay their accounts on the idea of an artistic ecstasy outbreak, erotic and mystical at the same time, in which the man's emotional capacity is enhanced to the maximum through art. The desire has to be of demiurge-like attributes, and passions have to have a cosmic sexuality. The vain assumption of this attitude leads to an egoistic increase that enables the spirit to contemplate itself in a supreme epiphany. Eventually, even Cioran states in the act of [self-deification]⁶ what actually happens when hearing the sound of a majestic organ.

This entire inner combustion has its resources both on the inside as well as on the outside. It is driven by impulses that lie in the memory of each individual. Hence the entire unleashed energy, hence the inevitable decay. For this exercise whose rhythm springs out of inexhaustible megalomaniac distension, an orgasmic perception of the melody and harmony that constantly fails to find a stand, entails the final and absolute exhaustion. The ecstasy of music becomes a morphine shot which softens the decay and degradation of an increasingly tormented consciousness, reduces the metastatic pain that fully overtakes the life of a spirit.

The beauty of art lies in the profoundness by means of which one can touch the climax of inner laceration, misery in disguise of absolute happiness. For [freedom is, according to Cioran, an essentially demonic ethical principle.]⁷ The Saturnian spectrum permanently affects the

subsequently romantic century. Its overcoming will be achieved through the technocratic high-mindedness of the spirit, which becomes the driving source of the new society. Faustian or not, the epoch we live in is the child of such a mentality.

The ecstasy of music abolishes spatial dimensions, allows the expansion of the senses which perceive time in its own profound dimension, as a permanent source of creativity, when the human being has access to its most intimate forum, where the most important decisions are made. This type of sound asceticism that removes the burden of corporality can become, as Cioran puts it, *a feasting death, a drowning beatitude*. By denying the burdens of materiality one can break out from the rigid and implacable mechanics of matter. In the expression of ecstasy everything becomes music, and even God becomes a chaotic musical idea, a sound hallucination, for in the intimacy of such experiences Cioran was able to acknowledge the existence of God under the impetus of a continuously repudiated sincerity.

Cioran and the nostalgia for paradise lost

For Cioran, nostalgia for paradise lost is revealed in music, especially when hearing Bach's compositions, whose dominant feature is transcendence. His music bestirs this feeling without redeeming, develops a tormenting thirst for absolute and perfection, in the same way that ancient sciences promoted a mathematical thinking that hid the corollary of moral perfection.

Tears are the definitive symbols for paradise lost nostalgia. Such is the impact of musicality upon human sensitivity that Cioran, like Nietzsche, no longer makes a distinction between music and tears. The cause becomes the effect; music invades a human being hardened by external conventions and melts away everything. It is perhaps the only moment when Cioran does not undermine his heart impulse towards redemption, when, unawarely, he abdicates before his negativism and admits his being dependent on God in the disguised form of nostalgia for paradise lost, for he also states: [There's no music without the recollection of the nostalgia for paradise lost and decay.]⁸

But, if paradise lost is merely a vagrant memory brought up-to-date by musical hearings, hell is a topicality which deepens even more the desperate need to cling to such memories. The Edenic state prior to any personal experience, is projected within the frameworks of fiction, becomes a mythology substantiating its territorial pessimism. Subconsciously projecting it as a fundamental form of sensibility which resonates ambiguously at the consciousness level, it only conceals a straightforward denial, thus, hell becoming an existential reality.

In Cioran's works, the quest for certainty becomes an ideal, the tensions raised by problem-solving, and the labyrinthine game in the shaws of consciousness are of greater importance than the achievement of any personal truth. It is rather nostalgia than paradise; the strange pleasure of sadness rather than happiness and personal redemption, as God is no longer part of his inner forum. The idea of absolute substitutes God, for impersonality suits better a megalomaniac and becomes a tone of sadness. The denial of a personal relationship with God derives from an excess of personality that understates mystery and spirituality. Cioran indulges himself in a narcissistic bliss which allows him to contemplate his perpetual inner decline, the immanency of this slough becoming the source of his principles. The mystery of divinity is converted into the mystery of personal contemplation. Hence the intensity of the nostalgia he finds in the structure of any song he listens to. Such an attitude foregoes and determines any philosophy; it is absorbed by the subconscious until it assumes a transcendental cognition.

In a moment of disarming honesty, Cioran assigns music a religious essence, for it is the only answer man can give to the heavenly voices. There is a tacit acknowledgement of divine existence in this statement, for which the most convenient means of communication is music, as it meets the attributes of the purest immateriality. It arises from absence, an ineffable regret for something that withholds a deep sadness. In addition to this, Cioran acknowledges that it is not the immediate world that disappoints him, but rather the divine remoteness, and he does it without admitting his nihilist orientations such as denial, solitude and nothingness.

Cioran and the composers

It is regrettable that Cioran did not rest upon a few Mahlerian pages. Cioran's literary and philosophical discourse would have discovered many conceptual similarities or equivalences with the Mahlerian one: the same incandescence of feelings, the same Promethean intensity of the spirit, the same voluptuousness of confidences, the same complex approach of humanity issues, the same symptomatic shade of sadness that thrusts through lyrical creations. But, while Cioran lives in its half-shaded pessimism, Mahler builds up veritable arches of utopian optimism, as a supreme culmination of spirit over matter, as a revelation of an inner, personal heaven of immeasurable exalted amplitude.

However, the composers he frequently mentions are Bach, Mozart and Beethoven, Wagner, to whom we could additionally mention Haydn, Brahms, Schumann and Chopin.

In Cioran's perspective, Bach is the poet of sublime spirituality, Mozart the music officiant in paradise, and Beethoven, is the one who explores the tragedy of immanence. He is also providing his readers a carefully selected list of songs that are to be listened when trying to overcome depression. Bach and Mozart's music is endowed with essential attributes that can help those who fight against depression. Why? Because music means living, even if temporarily, in that very space that belongs to the subconscious. Through music, we are delusively becoming the ones that we should actually be, that is: pure, honest, unselfish human beings, void of the shell of selfishness.

Bach's music becomes a crusade, by means of which the man conquers the paradise; it implies tension, a winding evolution, escapement and discontent with the world, but, above all a thirst to conquer a purity that is no longer dwelling within the soul of the man, a purity that he once had a grasp of but lost out of a regrettable error. Bach is the man who beholds eternity through the eyes of an earth-born human being, for eternity is an infinite number of human moments, not a timeless perspective, or a moment of actuality. This entails the immanent tension of Bach's music. Time is a palpable, material, measurable presence, which, despite its infinity, gives us, in accordance with Baroque aesthetics, the delusion of transcendence and depth of appearances. There is no longer a sacred time, but a time of divine delusions.

In Cioran's perspective melancholy is an essential part of the human nature, which is characteristic of the creative spirits. There is nothing new regarding such subject matter, for there was an interrelation between melancholy and a tragic personality since the Renaissance. There are eloquent examples in Torquato Tasso, Gesualdo da Venosa and Albrecht Dürer's works of art. While Schumann and Chopin build their aesthetics around corollaries that admit the voluptuousness of suffering, sorrow or lamentation, Beethoven takes exception to them. This attitude creates an incompatibility with Cioran, who ventures into an ocean of sadness, discarding any trace of resistance, breaking off barriers. The energy that outbursts from the depths of a Beethovenian personality derives from self-conceit instead of humbleness. His heroism derives from a Promethean attitude that seems to defy universal order. The cause of Beethoven's suffering lies in its rebellion against a relentless destiny. Similarly, the source of Cioran's suffering lies in his having accepted the voluptuousness of a decadence containing the germ of dissolution, which consequently leaves behind delusion and uncomfortableness. The confrontation with impersonal forces gives rise to sublime experiences and eternal artistic outcomes.

The sublime can not be limited to mere aesthetic realities. It symbolizes a transcendental tension, the eternally awareness of the myth of Sisyphus, but every time at a different level of empiric cognition; an accumulation and enrichment of the inner life, an internal combustion that ultimately urges the overcoming of the human condition. And what experiences generate such events if not the contemplation of death and heavenly nostalgia? Cioran credits Bach with these rich sources of sublime. The sublime goes beyond the spheres of the aesthetic, his existential condition being contingent not on the intensity of inner experiences, but on the capacity to allow aesthetic experience to resonate at moral level or to live in the shadow of existential constraints, and to be in a constant search of valuable resources, vital for obviating their burden, of overcoming the immanence of an authentic becoming and transformation. The sublime subsumes aesthetic

experiences, the extension of transcendental struggle, until converted into the ecstasy of a sacred experience.

Consequently, Bach's music *generates divinity* in its purest essence, not within the meaning of its revelation as it might be generally thought, but in the sense of the Bachian art deification. While philosophers were trying to find convincing arguments to evidence God's existence, unawarely of their associating God with an idea or concept that needed substantiation, Cioran, similarly, was struggling to find divine existentiality in the experiences entailed by Bach's music. The famous phrase *God is dead!* seems to gain a foothold in Cioran's expression, to whom [God exists ever since Bach...]⁹ And here he is making seemingly contradictory statements in a clash of quasi-heretical ideas: [Bach is everything. And what is this everything? God himself. For in Bach's music there is nothing but God. Pantheism, without the substantiations of music, is nonsense.]¹⁰

It is true that Bach's music puts tormenting passions to sleep, but the violins are not necessarily archangels' sighs; the flute does not wail for the *angels' nostalgia*, and the organ does not grow *desperate ravings against the saints*. All these sounds resonate in Cioran's consciousness, who, paradoxically, does not apprehend the antagonism and beauty of Christianity. The expressionist harmonies in Bach's organ creations express the Man's cry and reconciliation with divinity, the flute - the sentimental retrieval, the violins - its nostalgia. These are feelings that Cioran never experienced, for he perceives the contiguity with God as the *anesthesia of humanity*, which relates it with its altered form. Moreover, for Cioran, the organ is an instrument that deciphers *God's inner turmoil*, breaks the rhythm of the human heartbeats, and goes beyond its boundaries to a place where Man acknowledges the ceasure and alienation from divinity. According to Cioran, what actually brings us closer to God is in fact the act of self-deification. By means of an egotism act Cioran retrieves the happiness that he once lost, an attitude which is stimulated at each direct contact with the Bachian musical art. Apart from it, he only acknowledges the *melancholies that precede and follow the sublime of the music*. Thus, affected by an inexorable decay, Cioran can only hope for the existence of an Edenic music.

For Cioran, Mozart's music is the official music of Paradise. He admits that his absolute collapse was contained by Mozart's music. The Rococo spirit is not associated with his music because, at the core of such musical creations, Cioran discovers the profoundness of serenity, he himself asserting that [whenever hearing this music, angel wings grow on his back]¹¹. It is utterly fascinating how Cioran succeeds to overcome through Mozart's music a retrogressive outlook of the Christian paradise unexpected dimension. He responds the bland vision with a perspective of immeasurable inner amplitude. What is the meaning of those *angel wings* if not that airy waft by means of which he has an extraordinary epiphany of beauty? An absolute, immaterial, serene and unstirred beauty, imbued with heavenly purity, of an amplitude void of any ostentatious approach, idolatrous addictions, which does not require constant divine communion, for it can always find refugee within its own inner world. It is a kind of beauty that never reveals to such egotist attitudes. Only by hearing Mozart's music, Cioran rediscovers the innocence of its childhood, its humbleness and sincerity, through which he becomes Christian, even if temporarily.

Mozart is the composer of divine grace, for the troubled nature of humanity does not find shelter in his art. He is constantly seduced by major tones, reason for which Cioran bestows upon him *a spirit in A major*, imbued by celestial purity, but *constantly tempted by the minor key*, so that the grace that it is being discussed is more often than not melancholic. It is a melancholy void of any feeling of guilt, as if art would be brought into the world by a spirit that knows nothing of penitence, whose upsurges find their driving force in the momentum of guilelessness and temptation to achieve perfection. Mozart's art does not feed on delusions, but interferes with the composer's artistic destiny as an acknowledgement of its own certainties. It is straightforward and knows no downfalls, deviations, hesitations guided by the intuition of a moral perfection which lies at the core of its ideal structure. This is the source of a profound feeling of Mozartian divine purity, to which Cioran renders a consolatory purpose and a moral constraint.

On the other, the Beethovenian art lacks Edenic intuition as it aspires to divine attributes. Divinity demands so much of the human tragedy that humanity comes to substitute the whole

concept of divinity. Beethoven glorifies God only when in ecstasy, while Bach even in humbleness. It is the very reason why Cioran separates the two titans of music, the first one being put into the shade of *tragic immanence*, while the second is part of *sublime transcendence*. The psychology of Beethoven's inner torments is illusory because he strikes roots for any emotional experience in a cosmic plan, his joy, his sorrow, his anguish reverberates at super-personal levels, take such amplitude, that these are no longer individual, but become generally human. He sees turmoil as a form of *speciae aeternitas*, which ensures a metaphysical emotion that actually foreshadows the expressionist pathology. This might represent the significance of the unyieldingly Beethovenian universe. Beethoven sinks in a sea of emotions, for he has learned how to survive. He is no longer seduced by their mirage, their vertiginous current, for he has gained spiritual vigor to float above a sea of unsuspected depths. In Beethoven's compositions, music only speaks of beginnings or endings; it embodies all that is chaotic rebellion in the cosmos so as to render it an elusory order.

Cioran righteously observes that Bach's music tends to become an *amount of political sorrows*. Even Wagner declines, at a given moment, his own creative personality. Therefore, in comparison with Beethoven, Brahms discloses *a less feeble egoism in sadness*, for he *abandons himself with piety in reverie*. When sound seems to outburst in a terrible explosion, Brahms claims a pathetic affection despite the stringency of his neoclassicism. Brahms is only a rough-spoken sensitive man, while Beethoven is the archetype of the outraged man whose [immanent heroism stimulates the passion for monumental appearances.]¹² In Chopin, however, the predilection for grace notes awakens the feeling of imperfection, which is the reason for its association with nostalgia, [we barely feel as Gods.]¹³ Subsequently, Cioran states that nostalgia cannot be separated by music, just as music can not be separated by death and death in infinity. There is the awareness that music is a metaphysical support for any ontology and a guarantee for any spirituality caught in the immanent subjective upheavals.

Both the Wagnerian polyphony, as well as an infinite melody meets a felicitous replica in the *underground music*, which Cioran perceives with the sharp acuity of an avid music lover. In all verity, Wagner discards the Italian or French technical, ostentatious, melodious, superficial vocality, which he ranks as superficial coquetry, in order to place it against the universal anarchy of passions, the vertigo of the flights into consciousness, the anticipation of the abyss, the primordial status of the myth and the primacy of colors, sound alloys and chromatic harmonies. Wagnerian onomatopoeias are not mechanical copies of organic sensations, but exteriorize the profound existence of an artist, their emotional resonance and their ability to facilitate transmission and communication. It is their very substrate that Cioran notices, and this leads to his stating that Wagner pompously and greatly projects his nerves in an indefinite mythology.

Far be it from me to have said all there is about Cioran and the way he understands music. Far be it from me the idea that I deciphered all his suppositions about music. On the contrary, I am well aware that an otherness factor, despite the objectivity of my intentions, is still in-built in the text. To claim absolute objectivity is impossible. In order to better understand Cioran, you have to let some of his personality live within you, at least temporarily, and something that would not result in the absorption or total dissolution of the self. It is preferable to avoid the mechanical mimesis of the process, for it would cause nothing but awkward statements and alienation. Instead, one should be concerned of achieving an emphatic availability, whose dominant feature is the struggle for discovering the signs of loneliness and despair instilled within one's inner world. It is not easy to do so, as there are certain risks that one has to take into account. We resemble the man, who, in the desire to better understand a drug addict, gets a taste of this imbalance, so as to have the immediate experience of narcotics. Cioran is the psychologist of abysmal adventures, who finds his inner self in the experiences of our solitude; for I do not know a philosopher who so seduced by transcendence, refuses to partake of it. On a ludic whim entailed by his rational lucidity, Cioran toys with the arguments of his salvation, transforms inner religious experiences into a game of his own doubts, thus risking having our constitutive dimension repealed. In this *epoché* that settles upon everything we are at a given moment, we hope to have at least partial access to the internalness of

one of the fiercest atheists and effervescent mystics, which the twentieth century consigns to us in order to find deeper meanings in the foundations of our beliefs.

Notes

1. Emil Cioran, *Cartea amăgirilor*, Editura Humanitas, București, 1991, p.6.
2. *Ibidem*.
3. Isolde's aire from the third act, opera *Trista și Isolda* by Richard Wagner.
4. *Ibidem*, p.7.
5. *Ibidem*, pp. 174-175.
6. Emil Cioran, *Lacrimi și sfinți*, Editura Humanitas, București, 1991, p. 22.
7. Emil Cioran, *Cartea amăgirilor*, p. 197.
8. Emil Cioran, *Lacrimi și sfinți*, p. 42.
9. Emil Cioran, *Lacrimi și sfinți*, p. 79.
10. *Ibidem*, pp. 90-91.
11. Emil Cioran, *Cartea amăgirilor*, p. 87.
12. Emil Cioran, *Lacrimi și sfinți*, p.127.
13. Emil Cioran, *Cartea amăgirilor*, p.129.

Bibliography

1. CIORAN, Emil, *Amurgul gândurilor*, Editura Humanitas, București, 2008.
2. CIORAN, Emil, *Antropologia filosofică*, Pentagon - Dionysos, Craiova, 1991.
3. CIORAN, Emil, *Cartea amăgirilor*, Editura Humanitas, București, 1991.
4. CIORAN, Emil, *Lacrimi și sfinți*, Editura Humanitas, București, 1991.
5. CIORAN, Emil, *Pe culmile disperării*, Editura Humanitas, București, 2008.
6. CIORAN, Emil, *Sfârșitul care începe*, Pentagon - Dionysos, Craiova, 1991.
7. CIORAN, Emil, *Silogismele amărăciunii*, Editura Humanitas, București, 1991.
8. CIORAN, Emil, *Tristețea de a fi*, Editura Oltenia - Dionysos, Craiova, 1992.
9. KÖHLER, Joachim, *Friedrich Nietzsche & Cosima Wagner*, Editura Paralela 45, București, 2003.