

Chapter Four

The Third Form of Boredom: Profound Boredom as 'It Is Boring for One'

§29. Prerequisites for penetrating into the essence of boredom and of time: questioning the conception of man as consciousness, and the way in which the essence of boredom opens itself up in its depth.

Following our vacation, we shall now attempt to give a concise account of the overall context of our investigation. We wish to work our way into a particular philosophizing that moves in the realm of the essential, i.e., necessary questions for us today. We determined philosophizing as comprehensive questioning arising out of Dasein's being gripped in its essence. Such being gripped however is possible only from out of and within a fundamental attunement of Dasein. This fundamental attunement itself cannot be some arbitrary one, but must permeate our Dasein in the ground of its essence. Such a fundamental attunement cannot be ascertained as something present at hand that we can appeal to, or as something firm upon which we might stand, but must be awakened – awakened in the sense that we must let it become awake. This fundamental attunement properly attunes us only if we do not oppose it, but rather give it space and freedom. We give it freedom whenever we await it in the correct sense, by letting this attunement arrive and approach us, as it were, just as all proper awaiting, as in a human relationship between two people, is not something remote, but a possibility in which we can be nearer to the other who is awaiting us than if he or she were immediately in our proximity. A fundamental attunement of our Dasein must come nearer to us in this kind of awaiting. For this reason we can only ever encounter such a fundamental attunement of our Dasein in a question, in a questioning attitude. This is why we asked whether perhaps contemporary man has become bored with himself, and whether a *profound boredom* is a fundamental attunement of contemporary Dasein. To be able to maintain a transparency in this question, and to await in this question that fundamental attunement which does not first need to be produced, we must have the corresponding horizon for being open in this way, i.e., the essence of boredom must be clear to us.

To this end we attempted to bring the essence of boredom nearer to us through an interpretation of two of its forms, which in themselves stand in a relationship of becoming more profound and being more profound. Lastly, with regard to this we noted the distinctions between these two forms of

boredom and tried to grasp them under seven points. In the first and second points we characterized the structural moments of boredom: being left empty and being held in limbo. In the third, we determined the specific situation-relatedness of boredom. In the fourth and fifth, we characterized the specific kinds of passing the time that accompany boredom in each case, and how they relate to one another. In the sixth point, we tried to establish a distinction in the range of oscillation of the two forms of boredom. Finally, we specified the provenance and specific proximity of boredom to the ground of Dasein in each case. In this final, decisive, all-embracing respect we saw that the *first* form of becoming bored by something comes to meet us from the outside as it were, while the *second* points to the fact that boredom arises out of Dasein itself.

By establishing a distinction in depth we have also already indicated the *direction* in which boredom *becomes more profound*, though this is all we have done. We have not yet penetrated into the depths of its very essence.

Must we stop at this mere *preliminary indication* of the depth of its essence? In other words, can we now merely draw an indirect conclusion and infer further what the *concealed depths of boredom* might look like? Evidently we have certain possibilities of doing so. For we can see that the more profound it becomes, the more completely boredom is rooted in time—in the time that we ourselves are. Accordingly, we must as it were be able to construct profound boredom out of the essence of time conceived more profoundly. This is a clear task and one which can be performed—provided that we understand time itself in its essential depths. Yet we know precisely nothing concerning this. What we wish to do is the converse of this—as already emphasized repeatedly—namely *to press forward to the essence of time through our interpretation of the essence of boredom*. We do not wish to do so on account of any particular obstinacy on our part, but because the essence of time *cannot be illuminated at all in any other way*, i.e., it cannot be illuminated by our simply speculating about time and thinking up another concept of time. This is certainly not to say that the interpretation of boredom is the *only* way toward understanding original temporality. Presumably, however, it is *one* way, such as it must be, i.e., *such a way* as does not regard time as something we find within our consciousness or as a subjective form. It is a path on which, even *before* setting out and going along it, we have already comprehended that precisely the *essence* of consciousness and the *essence* of subjectivity must be put into question *in advance* in order to remove the chief obstacle preventing our access to original time. We must therefore take careful note that the conception of man as consciousness, as subject, as person, as a rational being, and our *concept* of each of these: of consciousness, subject, I, and person, must be put in question. And what must be put in question is *not* merely our *access* to consciousness in the Cartesian sense of the *method* of grasping consciousness,

but the *initial positing* of man as consciousness in general, or as a nexus of lived experience or the like—all this must be put into question if a path is to be cleared for us to penetrate into the essence of boredom, and together with it into the essence of time.

If we choose a path through boredom, then it must be a path that leads into the depths of boredom itself. Calculating these depths indirectly by way of inference will not help us in any way. Yet can we tear these *closed depths* of boredom from out of concealment? If this is to be possible, then it can happen only *if these very depths of the essence of boredom open themselves up*. This in turn is possible only if profound boredom *bores as such*, if this profound boredom attunes us through and through and thus puts us in a position to measure the extent of this boredom itself in its depths.

§30. *No longer permitting any passing the time as understanding the overpowering nature of profound boredom. Being compelled to listen to what profound boredom gives us to understand.*

Are we familiar with this profound boredom? Perhaps we are familiar with it. Yet we now know from what has already been said that the more profound the boredom, the more silent, the less public, the quieter, the more inconspicuous and wide-ranging it is. Correspondingly, our accompanying passing the time is less recognizable as such. Perhaps indeed there is no passing the time at all for this profound boredom. Perhaps this absence of any passing the time is distinctive of it.

The forms of boredom we have dealt with hitherto have already been characterized and designated as becoming bored by something in a particular situation, and as being bored with something on the occasion of a particular situation. And profound boredom? How are we to designate this? We shall try to do so, and shall say that profound boredom bores whenever we say, or better, whenever we silently know, that *it is boring for one*.

It is boring for one. What is this 'it'? The 'it' that we mean whenever we say that it is thundering and lightening, that it is raining. It—this is the title for whatever is indeterminate, unfamiliar. Yet we are familiar with this, after all, and familiar with it as belonging to the more profound form of boredom: *that which bores*. It—one's own self that has been left standing, the self that everyone himself or herself is, and each with this particular history, of this particular standing and age, with this name and vocation and fate; the self, one's own beloved ego of which we say that *I myself*, you yourself, we ourselves are bored. Yet we are now no longer speaking of *ourselves* being bored with . . . , but are saying: It is boring for one. It—for one—not for me as me, not for you as you,

not for us as us, but *for one*. Name, standing, vocation, role, age and fate as mine and yours disappear. To put it more clearly, precisely this ‘it is boring for one’ makes all these things disappear. What remains? A universal ego in general? Not by any means. For this ‘it is boring for one’, this boredom, does not comprise some *abstraction* or generalization in which a universal concept ‘I in general’ would be thought. Rather *it is boring*. This is what is decisive: that here we become an undifferentiated no one. The question is: what is happening here, what is happening in this ‘it is boring for one’?

If, however, in accordance with our earlier procedure, we look for an example, then we see that there is none to be found. Yet not because this boredom does not happen, but because when it happens it is not at all relative to a particular situation or particular occasion and the like, as in the first and second forms of boredom. The fact that it is boring for one can occur out of the blue, and precisely whenever we do not expect it at all; certainly there can also be situations in which this fundamental attunement irrupts, situations which are personally quite different with respect to personal experience, occasion, and fate. To cite one possible, but entirely non-binding occasion which has perhaps already been encountered by one or other of us, without our having explicitly noticed the emergence of this boredom and without our explicitly being annoyed of our own accord: ‘it is boring for one’ to walk through the streets of a large city on a Sunday afternoon.

Evidently this profound boredom, if we follow our *methodological principle*, must in turn be temporalized in terms of *passing the time*, as something *against which* our passing the time can turn. Yet already in the more profound form of boredom, in being bored with, we met a relationship between passing the time and boredom in which this passing the time is limited to an evasion in the face of . . . , and in which struggling against . . . is given up. In the second form, boredom is accordingly that in the face of which we take evasive action. Now, however, in this ‘it is boring for one’, we no longer even attain this evasion in the face of boredom. Passing the time *is missing* in this boredom. Yet in what sense is it missing? What does this missing mean here? Missing in the sense that it simply does not happen, that we forget it, as it were, that we do not think of bringing it to bear against the emergent boredom? None of these. If no passing the time emerges here with respect to this boredom, then this must tie in with the character of *this* boredom. The absence of passing the time must be determined in part by boredom itself. Passing the time is missing, and yet we may very well think of it, but in such a way that we have already understood that all passing the time is powerless against this boredom, against this ‘it is boring for one’. We understand this from out of the boredom itself. In this ‘it is boring for one’ lies the fact that this boredom wishes to tell us something, and indeed not something arbitrary or contingent. This attunement to which we give expression in ‘it is boring for one’ has already *transformed*

Dasein in such a way that in our being transformed we also understand that not only would it be hopeless to want to struggle against this attunement with some form of passing the time, but that it would almost be something presumptuous to close ourselves off from what this attunement wishes to tell us. The passing the time corresponding to this boredom is not simply missing, but is *no longer permitted* by us *at all* with regard to this boredom in which we are already attuned. This no longer permitting any passing the time at all is demanded by the particular boredom itself. Thus here too, indeed precisely here, the manner and way in which passing the time *responds* to the boredom manifests the character of the boredom itself. To no longer permit any passing the time means to let this boredom be overpowering. This entails already understanding this boredom in its *overpowering nature*. This understanding of boredom, however, is not attached to this boredom from the outside, as though—before we cease all passing the time—we were observing it psychologically. Rather the ‘it is boring for one’—this ‘it is thus for one’—has in itself *this* character of *manifesting how things stand concerning us*. This attunement brings us ourselves into the possibility of an *exceptional understanding*. Attuning and being attuned have the intrinsic character of a making manifest, though this does not exhaust the essence of attunement. Generally we are not in a position to give this boredom a hearing, and this because we are indeed familiar with it as boredom, but generally identify it in one form or another with the more common, superficial kind of boredom. More accurately, in this attunement one is in such a way as to know that something is to be ‘said’ in and through such being attuned.

Whereas in the first case of boredom we are concerned to shout down the boredom by passing the time so that we *do not need to listen to it*; and whereas in the second case what is distinctive is a *not wanting to listen*, we now have a *being compelled to listen*, being compelled in the sense of that kind of compelling force which everything *properly authentic* about *Dasein* possesses, and which accordingly is related to *Dasein’s innermost freedom*. The ‘it is boring for one’ has already transposed us into a realm of power over which the individual person, the public individual subject, no longer has any power.

§31. *Concrete interpretation of profound boredom along the guiding thread of being left empty and being held in limbo.*

Thus here too, where—at a rough glance—passing the time is factually entirely absent, a look into the essence of this form of boredom is already possible from this perspective. Yet this is now to be taken only as preparation for the concrete interpretation of this third form of boredom along the guiding thread

of the two structural moments and their unity: *being left empty* and *being held in limbo*. We now know from our interpretation of the first and second forms of boredom that these structural moments are in each case transformed, that they are not rigid standards, not a fixed framework that we can lay at the basis of every form of boredom, but merely directives for catching sight of its proper essence in each specific case and determining it on its own terms, while running the risk that the form of being left empty and being held in limbo will now become transformed anew in this third case.

**a) Being left empty as Dasein's being delivered over to beings'
telling refusal of themselves as a whole.**

In this 'it is boring for one' we are not seeking to fill a particular emptiness—one that is at hand and that has arisen through a particular situation—by means of a particular being that is accessible in a particular situation. We are not concerned with filling a particular emptiness that arises for us out of particular circumstances; for instance, out of our arriving too early at the station. Here the emptiness is not the lack of any particular fulfilment. Nor is this emptiness a self-forming of that emptiness in which one's own proper self is left standing, in a being left behind which is accompanied by letting oneself go, and which, in itself, is indeed a letting oneself go with whatever offers itself. In this 'it is boring for one' we find no such letting oneself go with the particular beings in a particular situation, and yet in this 'it is boring for one' precisely the *emptiness* and *being left empty* are quite unambiguous and straightforward. But *what emptiness is this*, when we are not explicitly seeking any particular fulfilment and do not even leave our own self behind in this being left empty? What emptiness is it, when we do not become bored by particular beings, and are not bored ourselves either, as this particular person? It is an emptiness precisely where, as this person in each case, we want nothing from the particular beings in the contingent situation as these very beings. Yet the fact that precisely here we want nothing is already due to the boredom. For with this 'it is boring for one' we are not merely *relieved* of our *everyday personality*, somehow distant and alien to it, but simultaneously also *elevated beyond* the particular situation in each case and beyond the *specific beings* surrounding us there. The whole situation and we ourselves as this individual subject are thereby indifferent, indeed this boredom does not even let it get to the point where such things are of any particular worth to us. Instead it makes *everything of equally great and equally little worth*. What is this 'everything', and to what extent does it become the same for us? This boredom *takes us precisely back to the point* where we do not in the first place seek out this or that being for ourselves in this particular situation; it takes us back to the point where all and everything appears indifferent to us.

Yet this does not happen in such a way that we first run through individual things including ourselves, and then evaluate them in accordance with whether they are still of any worth to us. That is absolutely impossible. It is in itself impossible to accomplish such a thing, quite apart from the fact that it is factually not the case. This *indifference of things and of ourselves with them* is not the result of a sum total of evaluations; rather each and every thing at once becomes indifferent, each and every thing moves together at one and the same time into an indifference. This indifference does not first leap from one thing over onto another like a fire, so as to consume each thing; rather all of a sudden everything is enveloped and embraced by this indifference. Beings have—as we say—become indifferent *as a whole*, and we ourselves as these people are not excepted. We no longer stand as subjects and suchlike opposite these beings and excluded from them, but find ourselves in the midst of beings as a whole, i.e., in the whole of this indifference. Beings as a whole do not disappear however, but *show themselves precisely as such* in their indifference. The *emptiness* accordingly here consists in the *indifference* enveloping beings *as a whole*.

Before we ask how we must grasp this emptiness more closely and how, correspondingly, being left empty is to be determined, we shall summarize our interpretation of profound boredom thus far. We are considering a *third* boredom which is meant to bring us closer to the depths of the essence of boredom, not by way of a construction of boredom in terms of time (which must be possible in principle) but in the same way as with the previous forms. From the outside this looks as though we have simply compiled an arbitrary list of the variations of boredom in general. And yet we have already seen a certain criterion for connecting these forms: their becoming more profound. Continuing in the same direction, as it were, we are now attempting to consider a third form, which we encapsulate in the designation ‘it is boring for one’. ‘It’, ‘for one’—this already expresses the fact that in this instance there is not some particular boring thing there, but also the fact that we ourselves in a particular comportment familiar to us in our everydayness are not at issue either. It expresses the fact that what is individual about us ourselves and familiar to us recedes, and is made to recede in this way by boredom itself. This already means that in this boredom we do not carry out some abstraction, for instance, on the basis of which we generalize ourselves from a particular individual ego to a universal ego in general. Boredom in the form of ‘it is boring for one’ already approaches us more closely if we note that passing the time is missing from it. This being missing is no mere absence or forgetting of passing the time, but emerges from boredom itself by way of our here no longer permitting any passing the time in general. This means that we abandon ourselves to this boredom as something that becomes overpowering in us and which we understand in a certain way in this overpowering, without being able to explain it

while we are bored, or even wanting to explain it. Accordingly, we are not opposed to this boredom in any passing the time that seeks to drive it away, nor do we really evade it, but we experience a peculiar compulsion in it, a compulsion to listen to what it has to tell us. We experience our being compelled to enter the peculiar truth or manifestness that lies in this attunement as in every attunement in general. Yet from this association of passing the time with boredom, important though it may be in each case, we do not yet penetrate into the inner essence of the third form. We can succeed in this only if we consider the structural moments of being left empty and being held in limbo. Certainly, at the outset of the investigation these moments must be taken as completely non-binding, at the risk of their becoming transformed. Being left empty is here no longer the absence of a particular satisfaction through being occupied with something—we do not seek such a thing at all. Nor is it leaving one's own self standing, in the face of which we let ourselves go with something in which we become immersed. And yet all beings, not just this one or that one, stand in a strange indifference, not as though all beings were lined up in sequence, but all at once.

Yet, can we then still speak of a *being left empty* when we ourselves after all belong to these things that have become indifferent? If we ourselves belong to these things that have become indifferent, then it is surely a matter of indifference whether we are satisfied or left empty. After all, being left empty is always possible only where there is some claim to being fulfilled, where the necessity of a fullness exists; it is not the indifference of emptiness. Yet if beings as a whole stand in an indifference, then *everything* indeed, even this being left empty, is indifferent, i.e., impossible. Certainly, and it is for precisely this reason that we say: it is boring *for one*; not for me as me, but for one, and that means for one as this particular Da-sein. Yet this determinacy of Dasein is not connected to the petty I-ness that is familiar to us. The indifference of beings as a whole manifests itself for Da-sein, but for Da-sein as such. This means that through this boredom Dasein finds itself set in place precisely before beings as a whole, to the extent that in this boredom the beings that surround us offer us no further possibility of acting and no further possibility of our doing anything. There is a telling refusal on the part of beings as a whole with respect to these possibilities. There is a telling refusal on the part of beings for a Dasein that, as such, in the midst of these beings as a whole, comports itself toward them—toward them, toward those beings as a whole and their now telling refusal—and must comport itself toward them, if it is indeed to be what it is. Dasein thus finds itself delivered over to beings' telling refusal of themselves as a whole.

Being left empty in this *third form* of boredom is *Dasein's being delivered over to beings' telling refusal of themselves as a whole*. In this 'it is boring for one' we find ourselves—as Dasein—somehow left entirely in the lurch, not

only not occupied with this or that being, not only left standing by ourselves in this or that respect, but as a whole. Dasein is now merely suspended among beings and their telling refusal of themselves as a whole. The emptiness is not a hole between things that are filled, but concerns beings as a whole and yet is *not* the *Nothing*.

b) Being held in limbo as being impelled toward what originally makes Dasein possible as such. The structural unity of being left empty and being held in limbo as a unity of the expanse of beings' telling refusal of themselves as a whole, and of the singular extremity of what makes Dasein possible.

And yet, this 'it is boring for one'—from whatever depths it may arise—does not have the character of despair. This being left empty as being delivered over to beings' telling refusal as a whole does not singularly dominate Dasein, it alone does not constitute boredom, but in itself it is *associated with* something else, as we know formally: with a *being held in limbo*, together with which it first constitutes boredom. Without an essential transformation of itself, in which it leaps over into another attunement, this profound boredom never leads to despair.

It is now a matter of seeing how, in boredom, being left empty is associated with this other structural moment. Yet once again we may not simply presuppose this association on the basis of what has gone before. It is rather a matter of seeing this association of being left empty and being held in limbo anew and from out of the essence of this boredom itself. Therefore—almost as though we knew nothing at all of the second structural moment—we must ask: To what extent is the specific being left empty of this third form of boredom in itself associated in general with something else? Boredom and its being left empty here consist in being delivered over to beings' telling refusal of themselves as a whole. What lies in the fact that there is a telling refusal on the part of beings as a whole with respect to the possibilities of doing and acting for a *Da-sein* in their midst? All telling *refusal* [*Versagen*] is in itself a *telling* [*Sagen*], i.e., a making manifest. What do beings in this telling refusal of themselves as a whole tell us in such refusal? What do they tell us in refusing to tell? It is a telling refusal of that which somehow could and was to be granted to Dasein. And what is that? The very *possibilities* of its doing and acting. The telling refusal tells of these possibilities of Dasein. This telling refusal does not speak about them, does not lead directly to dealings with them, but in its telling refusal it *points to them* and makes them known in refusing them. Accordingly this telling refusal on the part of beings as a whole merely indicates indeterminately the possibilities of Dasein, of its doing and acting, it merely tells of them indirectly and in general. This indeed corresponds to that which

is indeterminate and which moves us whenever we know that it is boring for one. Beings as a whole have become indifferent. Yet not only that, but simultaneously something else shows itself: there occurs the dawning of the possibilities that Dasein could have, but which are left unexploited precisely in this ‘it is boring for one’, and as unexploited leave us in the lurch. In any case, we see that in telling refusal there lies a reference to something else. This reference is the *telling announcement* [Ansagen] of *possibilities left unexploited*. If the emptiness of this third form of boredom consists in this telling refusal on the part of beings as a whole and if, correspondingly, being left empty consists in being delivered over to this, then being left empty nonetheless has in itself a structured relation to something else on account of the reference contained in such telling refusal. In accordance with what has gone before, we may here presume that this *telling, this pointing to the possibilities left unexploited* which lies in such a refusal itself, is ultimately the *being held in limbo* that belongs to such being left empty.

Yet what does the *telling announcement* of unexploited possibilities of Dasein which is contained in this telling refusal have to do with being held in limbo? Above all, however, let us recall that while interpreting the *two* previously discussed forms of boredom we in each case discovered a specific *time-relatedness* in the structural moment of being held in limbo; not only that, but precisely the moment of being held in limbo in each case opened up a perspective upon the time-like essence of boredom. In the first form, it was being held up by the dragging of time, in the second, being set in place by standing time. And here in the third form? Even though the telling announcement of refused possibilities has to do with the specific being held in limbo of this third form, there is nothing to be found here of time. Just as in general this third form of boredom has nothing of an explicit time-relatedness in itself—neither a dragging of time nor the spending of a determinate time that we leave ourselves. One is rather almost tempted to say that in this ‘it is boring for one’ one feels timeless, one feels removed from the flow of time.

It indeed seems like this, and it would be wrong to cover over somehow this aspect of remoteness from time in this boredom, or rashly to misinterpret it for the sake of a particular theory. Yet we must certainly recall what has gone before, and only if we do so will the meaning of our previous discussions fully take effect.

We recall that each time we attempted to penetrate into the time-structure of boredom, we were forced to recognize the fact that we cannot get by with the ordinary conception of time as a flowing away of now-points. At the same time, however, we saw that the closer we come to the essence of boredom, the more obtrusive its rootedness in time becomes, which must reinforce us in the conviction that boredom can only be comprehended in terms of originary temporality. Now that we are attempting to work our way forward into the

essential depths of boredom, there is nothing at all to be seen of time—just as though we were blinded by the nearness of the essence of boredom. It is indeed so, and not merely here in this particular attunement of boredom. In all interpretation of what is essential in every field and area of Dasein, there comes the point at which all knowledge and in particular all learned wisdom is of no further assistance. No matter how avidly we scrape together what people before us have said, it is of no avail if we cannot summon the energy for simply seeing what is essential—precisely at the point where it seems as if there is nothing more to see or to grasp. And so it is now. On the one side, we have a certain insight into the character of profound boredom, yet nothing of time or the time-structure of this boredom. On the other side, we have some knowledge of the temporal essence of boredom as such and thus an expectation that the time-character of precisely this profound boredom will leap out and confront us in a major way.

Given this state of affairs, there remains only one option: to continue along its own lines the interpretation we have begun, without regard to the initially concealed temporal essence of this—and precisely this—third form of boredom, instead of giving up our interpretation and forcibly dragging in the time-structure externally corresponding to those forms of boredom discussed earlier.

We grasped being left empty in this third form as being delivered over to beings' telling refusal of themselves as a whole. This telling refusal is in itself—not by chance, but corresponding to its essence as telling refusal—a telling announcement of the unexploited possibilities of Dasein, which finds itself there in such being delivered over in the midst of beings. In such telling announcement of refused possibilities there lies something like an indication of something else, of the possibilities as such, of the unexploited possibilities *as* possibilities of Dasein. This telling announcement which points toward . . . thus goes together with such telling refusal. It is now a matter of determining this more closely. For only in this way will we bring to light the specific being held in limbo of the third form, and indeed in its relation to being left empty. Now if this telling announcement which points toward the possibilities of Dasein goes together with such telling refusal, then the specific character of this telling announcement, and thus of the being held in limbo which we are seeking, will also be determined by the specific character of the telling refusal of beings as a whole. Wherein does what is peculiar to this telling refusal consist?

It is boring for one. It is not *this* or *that* being that we are bored by. It is not we who, on the occasion of this particular situation, are *ourselves* bored—rather: *it* is boring *for one*. It is not this or that being within easy reach in this particular situation which tellingly refuses itself, but rather all those beings which precisely envelop us in the situation recede into an indifference.

Yet not only all beings in whatever specific situation we happen to be in, wherever this ‘it is boring for one’ arises, but rather the ‘it is boring for one’ itself explodes the situation and places us in the *full expanse* of whatever is in each case manifest *as a whole* to this specific Dasein as such, in each case has been manifest, and in each case could be. There is a telling refusal on the part of beings as a whole, and this in turn not merely in one particular respect, in our looking retrospectively at something particular, or in the prospect of something particular that we wish to undertake with these beings. Rather these beings refuse themselves as a whole in the said *expanse* in every *respect*, altogether in *prospect* and in *retrospect*. In this fashion beings become indifferent as a whole.

For whom then? Not for me as me, not for me with these particular prospective intentions and so on. For the nameless and undetermined I, then? No, but presumably for the self whose name, status and the like have become irrelevant, and which is itself drawn into indifference. Yet the self of Dasein that is becoming irrelevant in all this does not thereby lose its determinacy, but rather the reverse, for this peculiar impoverishment which sets in with respect to ourselves in this ‘it is boring for one’ first *brings the self* in all its nakedness *to itself* as the self that *is there* and has taken over the being-there of its Da-sein. For what purpose? *To be that Da-sein*. Beings as a whole refuse themselves tellingly, not to me as me, but to the Dasein in me whenever I know that ‘it is boring for one’.

Dasein as such, i.e., whatever belongs to its potentiality for being as such, whatever concerns the possibility as such of Dasein, is affected by the telling refusal of beings as a whole. What concerns a possibility as such, however, is whatever *makes it possible*, that which lends it *possibility* as this very thing which is possible. Whatever is utmost and primary in making possible all possibilities of Dasein as possibilities, whatever it is that sustains Dasein’s potentiality for being, its possibilities, is affected by this telling refusal of beings as a whole. This means, however, that those beings refusing themselves as a whole do not make a telling announcement concerning arbitrary possibilities of myself, they do not report on them, rather this telling announcement in such telling refusal is a *calling* [Anrufen], is that which properly makes possible the Dasein in me. This calling of possibilities as such, which goes together with the telling refusal, is not some indeterminate pointing to arbitrary, changing possibilities of Dasein, but an utterly unambiguous pointing to *whatever it is* that makes possible, sustains, and guides all essential possibilities of Dasein, that for which we apparently have no content, so that we cannot say what it is in the way that we point out things present at hand and determine them as this or that. This strange lack of content to whatever properly makes Dasein possible should not disturb us, or rather we may not eliminate what is disturbing about the lack of content belonging to this ‘it is boring for one’, if we are

at all in a position to let this attunement ‘it is boring for one’ oscillate in us over the entire expanse of its oscillation. The telling announcement that points toward that which properly makes Dasein possible in its possibility *impels us toward the singular extremity [Spitze] of whatever originally makes possible*. It is boring for one. Being held in limbo is rendered more extreme in a singular manner in the direction of whatever originally makes Dasein possible in the midst of those beings thus manifest as a whole, and this corresponds to the full expanse of beings in their telling refusal of themselves as a whole, those beings in whose midst we find ourselves disposed. It is boring for one. To such coming to be left in the lurch by beings’ telling refusal of themselves as a whole there simultaneously belongs our being impelled toward this utmost extremity that properly makes possible Dasein as such. We have thereby determined the *specific being held in limbo of the third form: being impelled toward the originary making-possible of Dasein as such*.

Both, this complete *expanse* of beings in their telling refusal as a whole, and the singular *extremity* of whatever makes Dasein as such possible—both at the same time in their own unity become manifest as what is at work in Dasein whenever it must tell itself: It is boring for one. Expanding into the enveloping limit of beings as a whole in the manner of intensifying the extremity of Dasein in the direction of what is originally singular in whatever makes Dasein itself possible—this is the being bored, the boredom that we mean when we say that it is boring for one. This *leaving empty that takes us into an expanse* together with a *holding us in limbo that intensifies extremity* is the originary manner in which the attunement that we call boredom attunes us.

§32. *The temporal character of profound boredom.*

We have now elaborated both structural moments of the third form of boredom and made them visible in their structural unity. We were able to accomplish this without reference to time. Neither time as it drags nor the standing time we leave ourselves in being bored plays any role here. Above all, it is quite evident in this ‘it is boring for one’ that the clock does not play any part. Looking at the clock here loses all meaning. Yet even taking time or having no time are without any significance here. And yet, however far removed we remain in this boredom from using the clock at all, it is also a matter of indifference whether precisely now when it is boring for one we have time or have no time. However unconcerned we are about time in whatever way—we are just as close to it, and in this ‘it is boring for one’ we move just as deeply within the essence of time. For reasons that will shortly come to light, we must restrict ourselves for now merely to indicating what is time-like in this third form of boredom. Certainly it is necessary here that we direct all our powers

of concentration toward the whole phenomenon, in order to catch sight of the temporal character of this profound form of boredom.

a) Being entranced by the single threefold horizon of time as the temporal character of being left empty.

There is a telling refusal on the part of beings as a whole. They recede into an indifference. Everything is worth equally much and equally little. Beings withdraw from us, yet remain as the beings that they are. All beings withdraw from us without exception in every respect [*Hinsicht*], everything we look at and the way in which we look at it; everything in retrospect [*Rücksicht*], all beings that we look back upon as having been and having become and as past, and the way we look back at them; all beings in every prospect [*Absicht*], everything we look at prospectively as futural, and the way we have thus regarded them prospectively. Everything—in every respect, in retrospect and prospect, beings simultaneously withdraw. The *three perspectives* [Sichten] of respect, retrospect, and prospect do not belong to mere perception, nor even to theoretical or some other contemplative apprehending, but are the perspectives of all *doing and activity* of Dasein. This simultaneous totality of perspective in which Dasein constantly moves—even if one perspective is obscured or clouded, even if another is one-sidedly favoured—the simultaneity of these three perspectives proceeds to distribute itself into *present, having-been, and future*. These three perspectives are not lined up alongside one another, but originarily simply united in the horizon of time as such. Originarily, there is the *single and unitary universal horizon of time*. There is a telling refusal of all beings simultaneously in ‘what’ and ‘how’ they are: *as a whole*, as we put it. This now means: *in one originarily unifying horizon of time*. This ‘as a whole’ is evidently possible only insofar as beings are enveloped by the single yet simultaneously threefold horizon of time. This horizon of the whole of time which is fully disclosed in this way must be at work if it is to be possible for there to be a telling refusal of beings *as a whole*.

Yet from this it merely becomes clear that time ultimately participates in making possible the manifestness of beings as a whole, but not in the telling refusal of beings as a whole. In such a way time in the end participates everywhere that beings as a whole manifest themselves—which after all does not necessarily have to happen by way of a telling refusal. We gain nothing from this indication concerning the horizon of time. In other words: an essential relatedness of this third form of boredom to time is by no means manifest via this route. At most we have a long since familiar piece of self-evidence in accordance with which, whenever we wish to unite all beings, past, present, and future in one, we require precisely the horizon of time in all three directions.

Never yet, however, has the case been heard of in philosophy where a bland triviality did not conceal behind it the abyssal difficulty of the problem. In the present instance there is not merely *one* problem, but an entire dimension of such problems.

Let us concede for a moment—in as rough and approximate a fashion as we now understand it—that the full horizon of time is the condition of possibility for the manifestness of beings as a whole, quite irrespective of how beings as a whole behave and announce themselves here, whether they are given in telling refusal or in some other way. What does it mean here to say that time is a horizon? One can relatively easily indicate such a thing, and yet it is hard to say what horizon means here, or how this—namely functioning as a horizon—is possible in terms of the essence of time.

Yet even if these questions are posed and worked out in a legitimate manner—which is by no means the case—even then we are not finished with our problem but only at the very beginning. For this does not yet decide whether the temporal horizon participates only in the manifestness of beings as a whole, or also in the fact that there can be a telling refusal of beings as a whole. If the latter is the case, then this means that the temporal horizon is in each case playing a role in every manifestation of beings as a whole, not only in general, but precisely with respect to each specific kind. Yet this then entails that the temporal horizon can play a role in manifold ways which are still entirely unfamiliar to us, and that we do not have the slightest intimation of the abysses of the essence of time.

How do things stand concerning this *horizon of time*, which as it were surrounds beings as a whole? Past, present, future—are they like the arrangement of scenery on a stage, the scenery that stands around beings and thus forms the space in which beings can play their roles? Horizon—is a horizon like the wall of some vessel whose walls have nothing to do with the contents, cannot and do not want to do anything to the contents other than embrace and enclose them? How do things stand concerning this horizon of time? *How does time come to have a horizon?* Does it run up against it, as against a shell that has been placed over it, or does the horizon belong to time itself? Yet what is this thing for, then, that delimits (ὀρίζειν) time itself? How and for what does time give itself and form such a limit for itself? And if the horizon is not fixed, to what is it held in its changing? These are central questions, yet—as we can easily see—ones that concern the essence of time in general, which essence we cannot and do not wish to discuss now off the cuff. Nonetheless, however, we ought now to provide some indication concerning the extent to which the telling refusal of beings as a whole and all that belongs to them in the essence of the third kind of boredom, *the extent to which the being left empty and being held in limbo* of this form of boredom are bound up with *time*. We cannot escape this task; we must show that and how this specific

being left empty as such and thereby the being held in limbo pertaining to it are possible in terms of the essence of time and it alone.

It is boring for one. This entails being left empty and being delivered over to beings' telling refusal of themselves as a whole. In such an attunement, Dasein is in no way able to obtain anything from beings as a whole. Beings as a whole withdraw, yet not at all in such a way that Dasein is left alone. Beings as a whole withdraw, this means: Dasein is indeed there in the midst of beings as a whole, has them around, above, and within itself, yet cannot give way to this withdrawal. It cannot—the attunement attunes in such a way that the Dasein which is thus attuned can no longer bring itself to expect anything from beings as a whole in any respect, because there is not even anything enticing about beings any more. They withdraw as a whole. Yet this *withdrawal* [Entzug] of beings which announces itself in them is possible only if Dasein as such can no longer go along with them, only if it is entranced as Da-sein, and indeed as a whole. Precisely this temporal horizon, therefore, which holds beings as a whole open and makes them accessible in general as such, must simultaneously bind Dasein to itself and entrance it. It is boring for one. This attunement in which Dasein is everywhere and yet may be nowhere has its own peculiar feature of entrancement. *What entrances* is nothing other than the *temporal horizon*. Time entrances [*bannt*] Dasein, not as the time which has remained standing as distinct from flowing, but rather the *time beyond such flowing and its standing*, the time which in each case *Dasein itself as a whole* is. This whole time entrances as a horizon. Entranced by time, Dasein cannot find its way to those beings that *announce* themselves *in the telling refusal of themselves* as a whole precisely within this horizon of entrancing time.

It is boring for one. Entranced, and yet accustomed to being acquainted and concerned only with beings and indeed with this or that being in each case, Dasein finds nothing, in the telling refusal of these beings as a whole, which could “explain” this entrancement to it. It is from here that there stirs what is enigmatic and concealed in the power that envelops us in this ‘it is boring for one’. For in this attunement, after all, we do not usually philosophize about boredom or in boredom, rather—it is boring for one. Instead, we leave this concealed entrancement its power.

It thus becomes apparent that *being left empty* is possible only as our *being entranced by the temporal horizon as such*, in which entrancement of Dasein beings can withdraw from Dasein and refuse themselves to Dasein. For the Dasein that is entranced, the emptiness of this telling refusal as a whole arises on the side of beings. This entrancement of Dasein must—and this is the peculiar sense of this attunement—precisely leave such emptiness its undiminished leeway and space in which to play. What is entrancing in this attunement is not the determinate time-point at which the specific boredom arises; for this

determinate ‘now’ sinks at a stroke; the sign of this is that we do not worry at all about the clock and suchlike. Nor is that which entrances, however, a more stretched ‘now’, such as the span of time during which this boredom persists. This boredom does not need such things at all, it can take hold of us in an instant like a flash of lightning, and yet precisely in this instant the whole expanse of the entire time of Dasein is there and not at all specifically articulated or delimited according to past and future. Neither merely the present nor merely the past nor merely the future, nor indeed all these reckoned together—but rather their *unarticulated unity* in the simplicity of this unity of their horizon all at once.

**b) Being impelled through the entrancement of time toward the moment of vision as the temporal character of being held in limbo.
The temporal unity of being left empty and being held in limbo.**

It is boring for one. What we thus—and indeed not by accident—explicitly attempt to clarify with great effort and elaborateness is there in the attunement in a straightforward simplicity, yet in such a way that if this boredom were to arise and we were to let ourselves be attuned through and through by it, we could give it a more animated oscillation if we really understood it. Yet from what has been said we do not yet understand it, not yet entirely—because thus far we have brought only the temporal nature of one moment, that of being left empty, closer to us. We know, however, that in this telling refusal of beings as a whole there lies our being impelled toward the extremity of that which makes Dasein possible as such.

Time is that which, in this boredom, strikes Dasein into time’s entrancement. Through such entrancement it gives beings as a whole the possibility of a telling refusal of themselves to the Dasein that is entranced, i.e., the possibility of holding before Dasein as it were, as unexploited, the possibilities of its doing and acting in the midst of these beings and with reference to them. This entrancing power of time is thus that which is properly telling in refusal. This means however at the same time, according to what we said earlier, it is that which also calls and tells of what is properly refused, i.e., what is uncircumventable if Dasein, in keeping with its possibilities, is to be what it can be and as it can be. What entrances in telling refusal must at the same time be that which gives [something] to be free in its telling announcing and which fundamentally makes possible the possibility of Dasein. What entrances at the same time disposes over that which properly makes possible, indeed this *entrancing time* is itself this *extremity* that essentially makes Dasein possible. The time that thus entrances Dasein, and announces itself as thus entrancing in boredom, simultaneously announces and tells of itself as that which properly makes possible. Yet whatever that which entrances as

such, namely time, announces and tells of as something in fact refused; what it precisely holds before us as something that has apparently vanished; what it gives to be known and properly makes possible as *something possible* and only as this, as something that *can be given to be free*; what it *gives to be free* in its telling announcing—is nothing less than the *freedom of Dasein* as such. For this freedom of Dasein only is in Dasein's *freeing itself*. The self-liberation of Dasein, however, only happens in each case if Dasein *resolutely discloses* [sich entschließt] itself *to itself*, i.e., discloses itself [sich erschließt] for itself as Da-sein. To the extent, however, that Dasein finds itself disposed in the midst of beings, as in each case this Dasein with this its time in the unity of its threefold perspective, Dasein can resolutely disclose itself only if it brings these beings together into an extremity, only if it resolutely discloses itself for action here and now in this essential respect and in this chosen and essential possibility of its self. This *resolute self-disclosure* of Dasein to itself, however, namely in each case to be in the midst of beings what it is given to be in its determinateness—this resolute self-disclosure is the *moment of vision* [Augenblick]. Why? Dasein is not something present at hand alongside other things, but is set in the midst of beings through the manifestness of the full temporal horizon. As Dasein it always already maintains itself in this threefold perspective. As that which rests in time it only is what it can be if in each case at its time—and that simultaneously means in each case here and now, with reference to these beings that are precisely thus manifest—it is *there* [da], that is, opens itself up [sich aufschließt] in its manifestness, that is, resolutely discloses itself. Only in the resolute self-disclosure of Dasein to itself, in the moment of vision, does it make use of that which properly makes it possible, namely time as the moment of vision itself. The moment of vision is nothing other than the *look of resolute disclosedness* [Blick der Entschlossenheit] in which the full situation of an action opens itself and keeps itself open. What time as entrancing accordingly keeps to itself, and in keeping it to itself simultaneously announces and tells of as something that can be given to be free, giving it to be known as possibility, is something of that time itself; it is that which makes possible, which that time itself and it alone can be: the moment of vision. *Dasein's being impelled into the extremity of that which properly makes possible* is a being impelled *through entrancing time into that time itself*, into its proper essence, i.e., *toward the moment of vision* as the fundamental possibility of Dasein's existence proper.

It is boring for one. In this, the time that entrances as a whole announces and tells of itself as that which is to be ruptured and can be ruptured solely in the *moment of vision* in which time itself, as that which properly makes Dasein possible in its actions, is at work. Thus we see, albeit only roughly, that on the basis of this entrancement of the temporal horizon as such and of the moment of vision that is also announced in this telling refusal, precisely this

unity of being left empty and being held in limbo in the third form of boredom is *determined* through and through by the *essence of time*.

What we here designate as ‘moment of vision’ is what was really comprehended for the first time in philosophy by Kierkegaard—a comprehending with which the *possibility* of a completely new epoch of philosophy has begun for the first time since antiquity. I say this is a possibility; for today when Kierkegaard has become fashionable, for whatever reasons, we have reached the stage where the literature about Kierkegaard, and everything connected with it, has ensured in all kinds of ways that this decisive point of Kierkegaard’s philosophy has not been comprehended.

We have attempted to explicate the *temporal character of the third form of boredom*. We can conclude from all that has been said hitherto that here we encounter a limit to this investigation, and that therefore the investigation necessarily has a peculiar difficulty compared to all our earlier ones. There are two reasons for this difficulty. The first lies in the essence of this boredom itself, insofar as this boredom conceals its temporal character in a distinct sense, or in any case conceals it to all appearances; secondly, the reason for the difficulty in carrying out the demonstration we have set ourselves lies in the way in which we pose our question and in the nature of our path, which leads via boredom to time, without our having in advance adequately assured ourselves of the essence of time; in other words, the path leads straight into the dark, without our having a light that could illuminate the path before us. Despite this we must, in following the inner necessity of our approach, attempt to follow this path to the point where we reach a limit.

We attempted to explicate the character of time along the guiding thread of the structural moments already familiar to us with reference to this ‘it is boring for one’. The outcome here was that being left empty is related to the telling refusal of beings as a whole. Beings can only refuse themselves as a whole if they are somehow manifest as such, i.e., as a whole. The possibility of the manifestness of beings as a whole lies in the temporal horizon itself opening itself in accordance with all its dimensions. Yet the temporal horizon is not simply some neutral container that envelops these beings as a whole, rather it itself participates in the telling refusal of beings by the fact that as such, namely as the time of Dasein, as its whole time, it entrances Dasein, entrances it namely insofar as Dasein is attuned through and through by this boredom, this ‘it is boring for one’. The temporal horizon entrances Dasein so that it can no longer pursue those beings in whose midst it finds itself disposed at all times, so that it neither sees nor seeks any further possibility at all of concretely reflecting about itself within these beings in whose midst it is set in place. It is not beings that properly refuse, but time, which itself makes possible the manifestness of these beings as a whole. What properly refuses is simultaneously that which announces merely itself in turn, as that which gives

Dasein the possibility of making itself concretely possible as this Dasein in each case within and in the midst of beings as a whole. The temporal entrancement that becomes manifest in this ‘it is boring for one’ can be ruptured only through time. Only if the temporal entrancement is ruptured do beings as a whole no longer refuse themselves, i.e., only then do they give up their own possibilities, make themselves graspable for each specific Dasein and give this Dasein itself the possibility of existing in the midst of beings in one particular respect, in one particular possibility in each case. The temporal entrancement can be ruptured only through time itself, through that which is of the proper essence of time and which, following Kierkegaard, we call the moment of vision. The moment of vision ruptures the entrancement of time, and is able to rupture it, insofar as it is a specific possibility of time itself. It is not some now-point that we simply ascertain, but is the look of Dasein in the three perspectival directions we are already acquainted with, namely present, future, and past. The moment of vision is a look of a unique kind, which we call the look of resolute disclosedness for action in the specific situation in which Dasein finds itself disposed in each case.

I have attempted to determine the essence of the moment of vision and its rootedness in the essence of temporality, in the essence of Dasein itself, in *Being and Time*, §65. Certainly you cannot understand these paragraphs in isolation, without appropriating the whole work in its inner construction. I refer to it, however, as an external aid for dealing with this problem, which is not solved there but merely grasped in its nucleus as it were.

It is boring for one. *Entranced in the expanse of the temporal horizon* and yet thereby *impelled into the extremity of the moment of vision* as that which properly makes possible, that which can announce itself as such only if it imposes itself compellingly as something possible—this is what occurs in such boredom. It happens in accordance with its essence neither in such a way that we are merely blindly abandoned to this entrancement, nor such that we can grasp the moment of vision, but in such a way that we are told of *both*—simultaneously in telling refusal and telling announcement. Both—which are not two, but one—this is *the one* unitary phenomenon in which we, or rather the Dasein in us, oscillates out into the expanse of the temporal horizon of its temporality and thus is able only to oscillate into the moment of vision pertaining to essential action. This oscillating in between such expanse and such extremity is our being attuned, this boredom as attunement. The expanse of the entrancing temporal horizon is neither recognized as such, nor specifically grasped at all, yet nonetheless it manifests itself in this entrancement that remains indecipherable. The extremity of the moment of vision is neither chosen as such, nor reflected upon and known. It manifests itself to us as that which properly makes possible, that which is thereby intimated as such only in being entranced in the direction of the temporal horizon and from there,

intimated as what *could* and ought to be given to be free in Dasein's proper essence as that which makes it most intrinsically possible, yet now in the entrancement of Dasein is not thus given.

To this extent, and only to this extent, the temporal character of this third form of boredom may be illuminated on the path on which we have set out. This means that a limit to our path does now indeed become manifest here; our path becomes more and more difficult because our view ahead is more obscure. Here 'temporal character' does not simply mean that boredom is among other things also determined by time, but means that the *full structure of this boredom is made possible through time itself*; time itself—which has now become more enigmatic for us when we think of the horizon of time, its expanse, its horizontal function—among other things as entrancement—and finally when we think of the way in which this horizon is connected to what we call moment of vision.

§33. *The essential meaning of the word 'boredom' or 'Langeweile': the lengthening of the while in profound boredom as the expansion of the temporal horizon and the vanishing of the extremity of a moment of vision.*

And yet—precisely now, starting from our interpretation of this third form of boredom, we can *give the word boredom, 'Langeweile', a more essential meaning*. In boredom, *Langeweile*, the *while* [Weile] becomes *long* [lang]. Which while? Any short while? No, but rather that while whilst Dasein is as such, the while that measures out that tarrying awhile [*Verweilen*] which is allotted to Dasein as such, i.e., the while whilst it is to be in the midst of these beings, in confrontation with them and thus with itself. It is this whole while—and yet a short while; and so every Dasein in turn is a short while. This while of Dasein, i.e., its own time, is at first and for the most part concealed from Dasein, as what it simply uses up as it were, or else makes itself aware of in an inappropriate manner when it reckons with this while, calculates it in advance for itself, just as though Dasein itself were a business. In boredom, and indeed especially in this form when 'one is bored', this while of Dasein becomes long. This does not mean that the short time of Dasein appears longer. Human Dasein can become essential in terms of the brevity of objective time, and it can remain inessential even if it reaches seventy years old or more. With this time what is at issue is not the time of the clock or chronology, but the *lengthening* or *shortening of time proper*. For what is at issue is fundamentally not the quantitative measure of the shortness or length of endurance in which a Dasein is. That the while becomes long means that the horizon of whiling—which at first and for the most part shows itself to us, if at all, as that of a present, and even

then more as what is now and today—*expands itself into the entire expanse of the temporality of Dasein*. This *lengthening of the while* manifests the while of Dasein in its indeterminacy that is never absolutely determinable. This indeterminacy takes Dasein captive, yet in such a way that in the whole expansive and expanded expanse it can grasp nothing except the mere fact that it remains *entranced* by and toward this expanse. The lengthening of the while is the *expansion of the temporal horizon*, whose expansion does not bring Dasein liberation or unburden it, but precisely the converse in *oppressing* it with its expanse. In this expanse of time it oppresses Dasein and thus includes in itself a peculiar indication of its *shortness*.

The lengthening is a *vanishing of the shortness of the while*. Yet just as with length, we are not thinking shortness as quantitatively short duration, rather the *vanishing* of shortness is the vanishing of the sharpness and *extremity of a moment of vision pertaining to action and existence that is in each case determinate*. This vanishing of this shortness, of the extreme nature of a moment of vision, in the lengthening of the while precisely does not make the moment of vision vanish, however; rather only the possibility vanishes here, whereby the possibility of whatever is possible is precisely intensified. In vanishing, the *moment of vision* still presses itself upon us as *that which is properly and tellingly refused in time's entrancing*, as the properly authentic possibility of that which makes possible the existence of Dasein. We thereby see how in boredom this expanse and shortness, both rooted in time, spring in turn in their peculiar connectedness from the specific way in which the temporality of Dasein is, or rather temporalizes itself.

§34. Summary 'definition' of profound boredom as a more incisive directive for interpreting boredom and as preparation for the question concerning a particular profound boredom in our contemporary Dasein.

Thus we may say, in summarizing our whole analysis at the stage we have now arrived at: *Boredom is the entrancement of the temporal horizon, an entrancement which lets the moment of vision belonging to temporality vanish. In thus letting it vanish, boredom impels entranced Dasein into the moment of vision as the properly authentic possibility of its existence, an existence only possible in the midst of beings as a whole, and within the horizon of entrancement, their telling refusal of themselves as a whole.*

This intrinsic structure of the 'it is boring for one' can thus be formally expressed in a definition. Yet even this definition, which has arisen from a more penetrating interpretation, does not tell us much if it is taken as an assertion in which something is supposed to be established, instead of as a

more incisive directive for interpretation, i.e., one more laden with questions, namely for an interpretation which unexpectedly has left itself behind and brought the Dasein it has interpreted to the verge of the attunement to be interpreted, yet has never directly transposed it into this attunement itself. What we have always explicated one-sidedly in this interpretation—the two structural moments and their structural articulation—now proves not to be false, but presumably to be over-emphasised. It proves to be something that we will correctly understand only if we comprehend boredom in terms of the *unity of its essence*, if we comprehend that which is structurally linked in terms of the *linkage belonging to this structural link*. We may not piece together or produce the attunement out of what has been said, but on the contrary must, in being attuned, create the full transparency for our being attuned, so that when we are attuned in this way, such transparency will radiate out of the unity of the attunement in its structure while remaining within it.

Yet even if we were to admit this definition of boredom as a definition in the usual sense, it would still have to be said that it was read off too one-sidedly from the third form of boredom, and thus is by no means universal enough to fit all forms, such as the two discussed initially. This is how it seems. We must concede that we have borrowed this definition from the third form of boredom. Yet at the same time we must recall that the third form of boredom is not an arbitrary form of boredom, but with respect to the first and second form is the more profound, i.e., at the same time the more essential. Only where we succeed in grasping the *essentiality* of something do we come close to its essence, but never if we concern ourselves in the first place with finding the most universal possible essence that fits all forms, i.e., the emptiest, as the sole and proper essence. If *philosophy is knowledge of the essence*—and this is what it is in the correctly understood sense—then its possibility is grounded in the first instance, and decisively where everything is concerned, in the essentiality of its questioning and in the power of its questioning to be essential. This is not a matter of method, but one of engagement [*Einsatz*] and of the *possibility of engagement pertaining to a philosophizing existence*. The dimension of decidability in these questions, whether they are essential or not, lies in philosophizing itself. This means that we can neither decide about the essentiality of questioning and thus about the outlook and scope of essential knowledge of the essence in some prior methodological recommendation, nor in some belated philosophy about philosophy, but only in philosophizing itself. Commensurate with the innermost relatedness of all essential action as a whole—be it art, philosophy or religion—what is true for the poet is true of philosophy: the poet should create, not talk.

Thus here once again we have already—as everywhere—talked too much *about* philosophy. We are never sparing enough with such talk about philosophy, never active enough *in* philosophizing. Only if we experience its essence

from out of philosophizing itself will we become intimate with the essence of philosophy. Yet we will not experience this by reading or reviewing philosophical literature, but only by making the effort to philosophize. This must bring us to the point where we can understand a philosopher better than he understood himself. This does not mean, however, that we should rebuke him and point out to him which precursors he is dependent upon, but that we are in a position to concede him more than he himself was in possession of. If someone does not summon up the inner freedom as a philosopher to be such a person to whose essence it necessarily belongs to be better understood than he understands himself—then philosophy has passed that person by, in spite of all philosophical erudition. Philosophy is only there to be overcome. Yet it can only be overcome if it stands in the first place, and can be overcome all the more essentially the more profound the resistance is that it summons up through its being there [*Dasein*]. Overcoming, however, does not occur through refutation in the sense of demonstrating mistakes and things that are incorrect. Whether we regain this intrinsic freedom of philosophical confrontation and discussion, to what extent it can ever be realized at all in any given era: this no one can say objectively. Yet that does not release us from the effort of comprehending this and drawing attention to it in the correct way, i.e., always indirectly.

Yet why are we pointing precisely now to such a thing, i.e., to the problem of the essentiality of philosophical questioning, at this stage where we have apparently more or less reached a conclusion in our interpretation of the essence of boredom? We do so in order to prevent it appearing as though we had now—absolutely, as it were—illuminated boredom in itself; and in order at the same time to indicate in a positive manner and in advance that the *characterization of the essentiality of the third form of boredom itself depends upon a hitherto inexplicit philosophical engagement* that we may not evade. For this reason we may not take this interpretation to be a piece of knowledge that we now have at our disposal, with whose aid we can perhaps more or less skilfully answer the question of what boredom is, but must take it merely as preparation for the fact that the analysis of this attunement gives us the readiness to ask after a *particular boredom of our Dasein*. We are not to initiate any speculation about boredom, but must guide our interpretation of boredom hitherto into a readiness to see a profound boredom of our Dasein, or not to oppose it, insofar as it is. It was therefore necessary to recall this character of philosophizing which we mentioned in our introductory lectures in another respect.

The fact that we orient our definition of the essence of boredom toward its essential form is not a narrowing of this definition, but the converse—it creates the very possibility of comprehending the genuine context for these transformations of boredom, for a transformation that is not some arbitrary, free-

floating changing of forms, but bound to the occurrence of Dasein in which boredom in each case arises in such and such a way and thereby clings to the surface or finds its way back into the depths. Thus we cannot, for instance, simply apply the acquired definition to the first or second form, as though these were two special cases of the third as the universal instance. Accordingly, if such an illegitimate attempt to apply the third form to the first and second should fail, we may not conclude from this either that the definition of the third form is therefore wrong. Yet even if we avoid such an external coupling of the three forms discussed, it is still difficult enough to bring the definition we have attained of the third form into any sort of context at all.

However the main obstacle which prevents our being able to see at first the original and essential context of the three forms is a *prejudice*, and indeed one that is implied and constantly reinforced by our own discussions of the three forms hitherto. It is a matter of identifying this prejudice.

In our interpretation of boredom we set out from a superficial boredom, as we put it, from becoming bored by something. From this boredom we allowed ourselves to be drawn back to more and more profound forms. Becoming more profound was characterized according to various moments. All this made it seem as though the more profound boredom developed factually in this way—as though the first were the cause of the second and as though the second passed into the third, as though ultimately the third form arose from the first. Yet precisely this is not the case. So little does the first form of boredom pass over into the third, by passing through the second for instance, that on the contrary the first form precisely holds the others down and keeps them at bay, in particular the third. The characteristic unease of the first form of boredom and the peculiar passing the time that accompanies it is not some mere psychological side-effect of this boredom, but belongs to its essence. This entails that in such becoming bored by something the human being who is bored—without explicitly knowing it—wants to escape from the ‘it is boring for one’, i.e. (as we now see more clearly), to remove him- or herself from the possibility that the Dasein in him or her will become manifest and begin to oscillate in the third form of boredom as characterized, i.e., in its expanse and in its becoming more extreme. To put it another way: in the first form of boredom there is still a faint reflection, although not recognized as such, of the possibility of profound boredom that is not understood. The first form of boredom as such can indeed never pass over into the third, yet conversely, the first is itself presumably still rooted in the possibility of the third, and comes from the third form of boredom with respect to its possibility in general. The first form is neither the cause, nor the reason or point of departure for the development of boredom into the second and third forms, but vice-versa: the third form is the condition of the possibility of the first and thereby also of the second. *Only because this constant possibility—the ‘it is boring for one’—lurks*

in the ground of Dasein can man be bored or become bored by the things and people around him. Only because every form of boredom comes to arise out of this depth of Dasein, although we initially do not know this depth and even less pay attention to it—only for this reason does it seem as though boredom came from nowhere at all. For this reason the forms of boredom are themselves fluid: there are manifold intermediate forms in accordance with the depth from which the boredom arises, more accurately: according to the depth which man grants his own Dasein. For this reason the second form of boredom has a peculiar *intermediate position*. Being bored with . . . can become a becoming bored by . . . , it can become an ‘it is boring for one’. Yet this does not at all mean that the second form of boredom causes the others as such. If it seems as though this form passes over into one of the others, then it indeed only seems so. In truth and fundamentally a corresponding transposition of man’s existence always occurs in advance here—either toward the surface and into the realm of his busy activities, or into the dimension of Dasein as such, that of existing proper. We cannot in this context discuss the more precise relationship pertaining to the origin of these three forms, nor does this task belong to this lecture course.

Hitherto we have dealt with boredom in various forms. We have even dealt with a profound boredom, with one form thereof, but we have not at all dealt with what is decisive, *with the boredom that today perhaps determines our Dasein here and now*. Everything up to now can only be the opening of the tunnel, as it were, which we must enter in order to see what is occurring in our Dasein today and in order to comprehend this meaning as the *fundamental meaning of our Dasein*—not because we are intent upon an anthropology or philosophy of culture, but as that which opens up the proper questioning of philosophizing for us. Our next question is thus faced with the task of taking this step from the provisional elucidation of the essence of boredom to the peculiar kind of demonstration of the possibility of the fundamental attunement of a profound boredom in *our Dasein*.

§35. *Temporality in a particular way of its temporalizing as that which properly bores us in boredom.*

Because, however, the origin of boredom and the original relationship between the various forms of boredom remain and must remain completely concealed from our everyday understanding of this attunement, our everyday consciousness is also governed by uncertainty as to what properly bores us, as to what *that which is originally boring* is. At first it seems that what bores us are boring things and people and suchlike. It would be wrong and at the same time unfruitful to want to eliminate this strange illusion. In the second form of

boredom, that which bores us manifests itself as time in its standing. It is now no longer the things surrounding us, nor one's own person that bores us. What bores us is time. It is what specifically leaves us empty and holds us in limbo. Certainly it is the time that we have left ourselves, the time which still remains fixed in the form in which we think we know it in the everyday, the time with which we reckon. Yet now in the third form of boredom what leaves us empty in the manner of entrancing us is the time of Dasein as such, and what holds us in limbo and impels us is this time in its possibility as moment of vision, the temporality of Dasein itself with reference to that which is essentially proper to it, and indeed in the sense of the making possible of Dasein in general: *horizon and moment of vision*. What bores us in profound boredom, and thus—in accordance with what we have said earlier—what is solely and properly boring, is *temporality in a particular way of its temporalizing*.

What is boring is neither beings nor things as such—whether individually or in a context—nor human beings as people we find before us and can ascertain, neither objects nor subjects, but *temporality as such*. Yet this temporality does not stand alongside 'objects' and 'subjects', but constitutes the ground of the possibility of the subjectivity of subjects, and indeed in such a way that the *essence of subjects* consists precisely in *having Dasein*, i.e., in always already enveloping beings as a whole in advance. Because things and people are enveloped by temporality and permeated by it, even though it is temporality in itself which properly and singularly bores us, the legitimate illusion can arise that things are boring, and that it is people themselves who are bored.

How this illusion comes about, why it is necessary and legitimate, to what extent things and people can thus occasion and evoke boredom—all this can only be made transparent once we stand within those central questions that are to arise for us as fundamental metaphysical questions by way of a fundamental attunement of boredom.

§36. *The ordinary assessment of boredom and
its suppression of profound boredom.*

How unfamiliar the essence of boredom and its origin remains and must remain to our everyday understanding is attested by the *ordinary assessment of boredom*. Boredom in the ordinary sense is disturbing, unpleasant, and unbearable. For the ordinary understanding all such things are also of little value, they are unworthy and to be condemned. Becoming bored is a sign of shallowness and superficiality. Whoever sets a proper task for his or her life and gives it content does not need to fear boredom and is secure in the face of it.

Yet it is hard to tell which is the greater in this morality—its hypocritical self-assuredness or its banality. However none of this—the fact that ordinary understanding makes such judgements about boredom—is accidental, but has its reasons. One decisive reason for misunderstanding boredom is the *failure to appreciate the essence of attunement in general*, not merely of boredom as a particular attunement, and this in turn goes back to an apparently self-evident and absolute conception of Dasein. Moods are something that awaken pleasure or displeasure in us, something to which we have to react accordingly. Boredom is unpleasant once and for all, a condition to be eliminated.

Here we fail to appreciate two things: [1.] that attunement in itself makes manifest, namely makes manifest Dasein itself in the way that it is and finds itself disposed alongside itself and alongside things; [2.] that it can do this only if it arises from the ground of the essence of Dasein, in a way that is for the most part withdrawn from Dasein's freedom.

Yet if such a thing as boredom is understood in the ordinary sense, then it is precisely the *dominance of this understanding that suppresses profound boredom* and itself constantly contributes to keeping boredom where we like to see it, so that one can pounce upon it within the field of the busy activity of Dasein in its superficiality. Here we see that a certain conception of feelings and suchlike is not as harmless as we think, but has a decisive and essential say in their possibility, their scope, and their depth.