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Recollections of a former boredom scholar

I never intended to become a boredom scholar, and I was one for a very short time. When I wrote my small book in the spring of 1999, there was no such thing as a field called «boredom studies». This partly explains the somewhat eclectic selection of sources in the book. Why did I write it in the first place? Because I was bored, of course! I was bored by philosophy, but I was actually bored by everything – and especially bored by myself. The pent-up frustration almost ran out of my fingers so that it had resulted in a finished manuscript, *The Philosophy of Boredomy*, just three months later. The book was literally self-help. I tried to help myself to get out this affliction. I wrote it for myself, and it was published in Norwegian later that year almost by accident. When my book was published in English translation five or six years later, I thought that the book had already for the most part run its course. By then, I had moved on to completely different topics. We could say that I was «a boredom scholar» for approximately three months in the spring of 1999. And then I've just revisited the topic in two articles to correct two stupid mistakes that I made in the book. When I finished my strange little manuscript, I had gotten the sort of grasp of the phenomenon that I needed. I had in fact managed to help myself. And that also meant that I didn't feel a need to continue to study boredom. I could move on other frustrating topics..