

## Instead of a CV

Dear Sir/Madam

I was born somewhere sometime and am still alive and kicking. I was only 20 when I left my parents' home, found a small room in mahala and dreamed of never leaving my home town. Then, it all happened.... I am partly dyslexic and my glasses don't help me a lot, probably because they were made in my communist homeland and with them I can see only the bright future. Yes, I was born under a red, red star. And I wandered a lot. Compared to my mother-in-law I was lucky. She hardly ever travelled, but her house was in Austro-Hungary, in the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, in the Independent State of Croatia, in the Socialistic Republic of Yugoslavia, in the Serb Republic and now it is settled in Bosnia. After the war had broken out I received an invitation from London University - more a sign of solidarity than academic honour - to be their guest (fellow) for one semester, but I had the feeling that I was going to stay in the UK for much, much longer. I used to travel to many countries, I did not buy much so I had no reason to fear customs. But then I felt a bit uneasy: a smuggler who is smuggling himself.

After a while I started looking for a job. In the local Job Centre they didn't need philosophers, except those of pizza-delivery orientation. I was also thinking - because of Voltaire and Wittgenstein for different reasons - to turn to gardening or to become a night porter, but that definitely wasn't my vocation. So, I ended up at University once again. C'est la vie. I didn't like school, especially languages. I spent my whole life in different schools as a pupil, student, assistant, lecturer, professor. I was never eager to travel but I travelled a lot and learned several languages (I speak my Bonglish fluently now). I never liked a so-called "warm current" in philosophy and I became one of a kind...

I was temporarily in different countries, a temporary refugee, a temporary visiting fellow at Universities. Temporary, temporary, temporary... Luckily enough, life is temporary too. Or so I hope. References: two people whom I talk about more often than anyone else, although I'm permanently in dispute with

them, are Plato and Nietzsche, but they can't provide me with any letter of recommendation. At least, not for the time being. Monsieur Descartes is not of relevance in this matter, for my dictum is: I am not, therefore I think. As you certainly know, philosophising is a lonely job. My loneliness is a combination of my individualism and the influence of cheap westerns. As an essayist of successfully unpublished books in English, a foot soldier in a philosophical army with an inclination toward desertion, the poet of a long, unwritten poem which is hidden in my essays, a writer who sometimes believes that he would end his days in one of his texts (although aware of the fact that the last text wouldn't be written by me but by my doctor), all my adult life I have been interested in only three questions (Being, Aesthetics and God), questions I am thinking of not only on my Philosophische Weg from my flat to Tesco's but which came to me even in my dreams, and now, after thirty years of reflection I finally understood those questions. And I hope against hope to find an answer, risking not getting any, but why stop now when I am losing in the game in which there is no winner or loser...

As I already mentioned in so many words, of all my other interests, film is possibly the greatest. Some of my favourites, like *The Third Man*, I have seen more than 100 times and watched it even during turbulent times, when I dreamed of waking up by a cuckoo-clock, rather than by the cannonades of an ever-promised-and-never-to-materialise Renaissance. Or, how about Spielberg. Which of his film quotes do I prefer now? One from the Polish Jewish émigré mouse who sings on his way to the US "No cats in America" or the other one, "E. T. phone Home"? My home? I clearly remember my first lesson in English. I still see it (present simple) or am seeing it (continuous). And it is only Monday today...

Sincerely Yours

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