

# Intro to Philosophy

*by* Ed Higgins

We now live in post-Postmodern Absurdist fear of course, says our smiling Prof. That's the price we pay he tells us: because of all those existence-precedes-essence philosophers in our text who may have put you to sleep while reading this week's assignment. He's often jokey like this. Most of us laugh politely, those who aren't dosing through late afternoon Intro to Philosophy 127B from our balding, bearded forty-something Ph.D. philosopher professor—with the shadow of middle-age mortality shuddering his ennui loins. Half the students in our class suspected Dr. Contingency, as I like to call him, is banging the smiley, brainy, svelte blonde who always sits in the front row. And often lingers after class for clarification on some dense arcane point or other. But then half the males in our class have their hormonal phenomenological essence squirming every time Jennifer walks up to her regular front row seat. Meanwhile, I'm my usually brain-blinked self with my afternoon eyes clicking like dual metronomes overdosed on caffeine. My pendulum swinging eyes nonetheless alight on the perfect complement to my own raging phenomenological hormones. Two rows over from where I sit is Susan. She, too, seems equally bored with Heidegger-et-Kierkegaard-et-Dr. Contingency; she yawns but not too obviously. We exchange smiles. So now I'm ontologically hoping she's wondering if I might be her existential quantification for the coming weekend. Lust's expression of ultimacy, as I smile over at her again, anticipating some deep theoretical chat when class lets out.

