Boutheina Ben Abdallah Prof Steegmann

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10:53 a.m. I walk into the dark classroom. Usually not many are here this early. 5 people including me are in the room, most come later throughout the class. The professor hadn’t arrived yet, and every few minutes one or two people would walk in. Some used the front door while others used the back. All the boards on each wall were blank, with a single projector in the front. I spotted two clocks, one of which was broken while the other in the back of the room worked normally. Not very interesting, but I suppose that was all that could be said for a philosophy class. Everyone was either on their phone or with laptops open on a random tab.

At 10:59 the Professor walks in, usual iced coffee in hand with a black backpack over one shoulder. He pulls up the projector and opens a laptop. Young guy, probably a few years older than us, with long stringy brown hair and wearing a blue plaid sweater with a random black t-shirt underneath. At first glance, you wouldn’t really think of him as a teacher, just your average white boy. The laptop he pulls out is covered in assorted stickers on the front. With a chill demeanor, he puts his feet up on desk and asks students how their day went, making light conversation before class starts, then more students come in.

Most people usually don't pay attention, or barely hang onto what he is saying. Two or three people in the front will most likely ask or answer questions during the class period. We’re all somewhat tired I assume, this probably being everyone’s first class at 11am, we all have our responsibilities and morning routines and want to get through this as quickly as possible. More people might participate and come to class if there were pictures/objects/decor to brighten up the mood, or even a PowerPoint to copy notes from. Some will bring Dunkin drinks as they enter the class. There are 12 people in the room now, few are making eye contact with the teacher as the majority are looking at either their computer screen or phone. After brushing over past assignment details and outlining the lesson, he sits on top of the desk.

I usually sit at the very back close to a charging outlet. 7 rows, 6 columns, I estimate around 42 desks, most empty as students are scattered around the room. My row is empty, save for one person two desks to my right, and another person one desk in front. A relatively normal-sized classroom, maybe a bit bigger than some I've seen. Clear lack of enthusiasm at the lecture, towards the front students stare in front of them and try to make it look as if they are following along with the lesson, while some are typing away at documents most of the time for other classes. On Mondays the lecture is on zoom, more people attend as it isn’t in-person, although few people ask questions in the chat/out loud. Many possibly take advantage of the professor’s easygoing attitude/use as an excuse opt out of lectures/slack off on assignments, and while I do feel bad, I can’t blame them.

I sympathize with the professor because he seems like a nice guy but for the life of me, I can’t follow a single word he’s saying or make sense of them. Throughout the class, I find myself increasingly lost and without a clue as to what the professor is talking about. He mentions some random words. Posteriorize? A posteriori? Synthetic posteriorizing something or other…I have trouble picturing this word in my head. I can tell the professor loves what he does, and tries his best to explain it to us, and if I was a philosophy “nerd” or “geek”, I might be more alert and less sleepy like most of the others in the room. The front door is now closed but the back door remains open. The majority of the students are looking down, writing, or typing/staring at screens.

“Educating the mind without educating the heart is no education at all”, Aristotle once said. Although I’m sure he meant well, in terms of philosophy, I don’t think my mind, nor my heart find this subject interesting. Normally I don’t really keep up with the professor’s rambling about philosophical concepts like day and time. If I had the energy, I probably would pay more attention in this class, but both the readings and monotonous lectures make me bored. Using simpler terms would help in grasping the lesson. I glance towards the time; 11:45, 30 minutes till class is over, I reluctantly think. The professor asks if we understand and launches into another explanation. I'm not quite sure what he means about appearance and forms. The snap of a soda can from the hallway distracts me from whatever he is drawing on the chalkboard. A Crayola crayon box on the desk that was not there before captures my curiosity. Class pans out with him making a few jokes and asking questions, with little to no response.

As soon as the professor mentions that unless there are any questions, we are free to go, students start reaching for their bags and getting up from their seats to leave. I empathize as it means freedom at last. Somebody thanks the professor and leaves, thus concluding *Introduction to Philosophy* today.