



UvA-DARE (Digital Academic Repository)

The Dusty Auditorium

Bracke, S.

DOI

[10.5117/TVGN2024.2-3.014.BRAC](https://doi.org/10.5117/TVGN2024.2-3.014.BRAC)

Publication date

2024

Document Version

Final published version

Published in

Tijdschrift voor Genderstudies

License

CC BY-ND

[Link to publication](#)

Citation for published version (APA):

Bracke, S. (2024). The Dusty Auditorium. *Tijdschrift voor Genderstudies*, 27(2/3), 304-305. <https://doi.org/10.5117/TVGN2024.2-3.014.BRAC>

General rights

It is not permitted to download or to forward/distribute the text or part of it without the consent of the author(s) and/or copyright holder(s), other than for strictly personal, individual use, unless the work is under an open content license (like Creative Commons).

Disclaimer/Complaints regulations

If you believe that digital publication of certain material infringes any of your rights or (privacy) interests, please let the Library know, stating your reasons. In case of a legitimate complaint, the Library will make the material inaccessible and/or remove it from the website. Please Ask the Library: <https://uba.uva.nl/en/contact>, or a letter to: Library of the University of Amsterdam, Secretariat, Singel 425, 1012 WP Amsterdam, The Netherlands. You will be contacted as soon as possible.

The Dusty Auditorium

The old man pacing
In front of the black board
His eyes locked on inner thoughts
His lips professing ancient truths

Your eyes –
Caught by the intricate dances
Of thousands of chalk particles
In beams of golden light

Aristotle – chalk screeched.
He paused and looked haughtily
Into hundreds of eager young eyes

“Human beings are rational animals”

In the rhythm of your pen
Scratching on the blank page
Of your pristine notebook
You heard him continue:

Mind you –
Not everybody at the time
was considered fully human
and the ancient thinker himself was not certain
if women possessed this rationality too

“And to this day, that question hasn’t been settled yet”

Laughter, release, complicity
Their ticket into the brotherhood of philosophy

A quick glance between the handful of young women
Before you lowered your eyes to the paper
Moving your pen, keeping the rhythm
And pressing your lips tight into a fine line
That might have been mistaken for a soft smile

It isn't that you knew he was wrong
In more ways than he could ever imagine
It's that you already were on your way
To unravel this shriveled love of wisdom
of the most violent, suffocating kind

It's that you already knew
That knowledge can remake worlds
That philosophy can be a song
That a classroom needs air

And that rationality cannot be left in the hands
Of those who have decided
that humanity and human beings
do not fully coincide.

Sarah Bracke
Hoger Instituut voor Wijsbegeerte,
KULeuven, 1991