



WB

WRITER'S BLOCK

*Students' magazine for
writing, film & literature*

22

COLOPHON

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Nora van Arkel
Robert Steltenpool

FINAL EDITORS

Isabel Harlaar
Ines Severino

CONTRIBUTORS #22

Laura Emily Dashood
Angie van Ek
Craig Gilliland

EDITORIAL BOARD

Yentl Dudink
Isadora Goudsblom
Isabel Harlaar
Ines Severino
Ruby de Vos
Joeri Vrouwenvelder

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ines Severino

Cover Photo Timo Steenvoorden

Layout Nora van Arkel

WB

Email writersblock@gmail.com
Facebook [tinyurl.com/agmkmpq](https://www.facebook.com/tinyurl.com/agmkmpq)
Website writersblockmagazine.wordpress.com

Writer's Block Magazine June-August 2014

WE

WANT TO
READ YOUR
WORK TOO

EMAIL US AT WRITERSSBLOCK@GMAIL.COM
YOU DO THE WRITING. WE GIVE THE FEEDBACK

Writer's Block is supported by

THE  STUDY ASSOCIATION FOR
ENGLISH STUDENTS AT THE UVA

CONTENT



THE LAST GOODBYE EDITORIAL

page 4



Q-TIPS POEM

page 4



SCHMIDT AND JENKO ARE BACK! REVIEW

page 6



ABSENTMINDED SHORT STORY

page 7



RUBY DE VOS'S BOOKCASE INTERVIEW

page 10



BEARS POEM

page 13



PRESERVATION POEM

page 14



CRAIG GILLILAND ARTWORK

page 15



FORGIVE ME IF I SKIP THE SEX SCENES ESSAY

page 19

THE LAST GOODBYE EDITORIAL

TEXT NORA VAN ARKEL AND ROBERT STELTENPOOL

The time has come for us to step down and for a new pair of editors-in-chief to take over. With great reluctance we let go of *Writer's Block*, a magazine that has been on our minds for these past two years. We have given up our weekends to finish the lay-out, faced death as we balanced freshly printed copies on the backs of our bikes. It has been an amazing two years with our great group of editors: we want to thank Ruby, Joeri, Yentl, Ines, Isabel and Isadora for all their efforts and enthusiasm. We can look back at times of fun during dinners and meetings and at times of hard work when trying to get things done before the deadline. We also look towards the future with joy. With great pride we present the two new heads that will lead the magazine in 2014-15, Yentl Durdink and Tessel Rijnveldshoek. Listening to what they have in store for the magazine in the next year fills us with envy and we have great faith in their abilities. Some fresh initiatives will also come to man the editorial board and others will move on to other occupations. We wish them the very best.

Let us not only wander into pasts and futures and forget the present issue: we have great material in store for you. In the following pages you can find a bookcase interview of one of our own staff, a few poems, a short story an essay about *Game of Thrones*, a film review on 22 Jump Street and a feature on a comic book artist. We hope you will enjoy the last this editorial board will serve to you! **WB**

Q-TIPS POEM

TEXT ISADORA GOUDSBLOM

i heard you last when you whispered in my ear
how lasting moments of regret can culminate
in feathers of tender
pillows and the wearing
of saggy clothes
still leaves
you bare

i didn't hear really/ don't
plugged my ears with compressed air
pushed all the wrong buttons
ready for takeoff and mind tightly shut.

i didn't hear you call my name
when my feet gently slipped away
from the dampness
the fog surrounding
your front garden
the sky quickened
grabbing my left arm and oh
you yelped

liquefied grace poured onto the crowds
where all i hear is "more!" and all i have is
the peculiar reasoning of a woman
swallowing silence
walking past railroads
listening to drained out memories.

senses you see / me right through
and the way words don't mean anything
except when written down until the
dried up ink is alone
so there's no need for
words in the air

but a whisper
to connect
our minds
with touch

even if
you don't
hear all
too much.

SCHMIDT AND JENKO ARE BACK! REVIEW

TEXT INES SEVERINO

Being a big fan of *21 Jump Street*, I have been dying to see its brand-new sequel, which is oh-so cleverly named *22 Jump Street*. I went, I saw, and I laughed. Toying with the stereotypes of sequel movies, this film deconstructs the Hollywood blockbuster sequel format by continuously referring to itself, its predecessor, and the original TV-show in both lame puns and snappy jokes.

To give you an idea of what it's about, the official synopsis is: "After making their way through high school (twice), big changes are in store for officers Schmidt (Jonah Hill) and Jenko (Channing Tatum) when they go deep undercover at a local college. But when Jenko meets a kindred spirit on the football team, and Schmidt infiltrates the bohemian art major scene, they begin to question their partnership. Now they don't have to just crack the case - they have to figure out if they can have a mature relationship. If these two overgrown adolescents can grow from freshmen into real men, college might be the best thing that ever happened to them" (Sony Pictures Entertainment).

This film unsubtly plays with the "bro-mance" the partners share - with many plays on the word partner and all the possible double meanings their relationship could have. In my opinion, however, the plot could have lingered a little more on exploring university stereotypes. What made *21 Jump Street* so enjoyable to watch was the accuracy of how the many different high-school cliques were depicted. *22 Jump Street* also plays with stereotypes, but as a university student, I would have liked to see more of this. I would have been entertained

more by seeing how university students might have changed along the years into what they are like today.

To compensate for the time lost on mocking stereotypes, the sequel is far more action-packed. Schmidt and Jenko are older, they have more to offer and that clearly shows in the risks they take and the badassness of the bad guys they have to catch. Speaking of badassness, Captain Dickson (Ice Cube) is given more screen-time where he again verbally manhandles the clumsy pair whilst keeping the stone-coldest poker face a man can keep.

All in all, I would have to say that in order to fully appreciate this sequel, it would be nice to have seen the previous film. Do not expect a refined sense of humor and do not expect it to be better than the first. But it gets pretty damn close. What you can expect is a feel-good pizza movie that might make you cringe, but that will mostly make you laugh. Also, you can still somewhat enjoy *22 Jump Street* if you haven't seen the first film, but really, there is no excuse for you not to have seen either. **WB**



ABSENTMINDED SHORT STORY

TEXT ANGIE VAN EK

The Thofaezhal demon clan must have been the most annoying clan Finn had ever met. Sure, most demons were pesky, but Blanche and he had already banished this particular clan at least three times and still they kept coming back.

"I fucking told you so, Blanche!" Henry had shouted. "We should have just cut off their heads the first time we came across them. But no, fucking Finn doesn't condone violence so suddenly neither do you!"

Finn hadn't been present in the room for this fight between Blanche and Henry. He

had been transcribing some old texts in his library, but Henry's voice carried and he couldn't help but overhear.

Blanche's voice was quiet and soft, unlike Henry's, and Finn couldn't hear what she was saying. Whatever it was, Henry did not like it.

"Just fucking admit it, Blanche!"

A quiet murmur.

"Whatever. Keep lying to yourself. I'm done. We're over." A door slammed, and moments later Henry's car screeched out of the driveway. Finn later learned that a) that door was

now snapped in half and b) Henry did not come back.

This was inconvenient, as they would have to find another door and also another Hunter. And of course, Blanche was sad, which he never liked to see.

He found her sitting in the kitchen, hugging her knees, staring blankly ahead.

“Are you alright?” he asked. “Do you need a cuppa?” He strongly believed that tea could fix any problem. Then again, Finn was sometimes a little bit out of touch with reality. But Blanche appreciated the gesture, and nodded, cracking a smile. “Yes, thanks Finn.”

She watched him prepare the tea.

“Finn?” she asked after he switched the kettle on. “Are you aware that you are wearing two different shoes?”

He looked down at his feet. “Oh... blimey!” Blanche laughed.

Finn had always had the feeling Henry disliked him. Again, he wasn't that well versed in human behaviour as he was with demon behaviour, so he didn't pay much attention to it. They clashed a lot. Henry was annoyed at Finn's forgetfulness, because Henry always seemed to be tripping over abandoned cups of tea that Finn had forgotten about (Finn was upset with himself for that reason as well, he hated wasting tea). On the other hand, Finn disapproved of Henry's violent tendencies. If he could, Finn did his best to send the monsters they captured away to some hell dimension rather than kill them. Henry, being a Hunter, had been taught from the beginning of his life to just go for the kill. Just get rid of them, then there's no more trouble – that's how Hunters think about all of it. But that was no longer of im-

portance now that Henry had decided to leave them. Which was unfortunate, because Finn was more of a pacifist rather than a fighter and Blanche untrained, and the Thofaezhal demon clan was possibly still out for their heads. So they busied themselves with researching a more adequate way to banish them in case they needed it.

One day Finn came home from the shopping centre to get new office supplies. The reason it took him so long to notice that Blanche was gone was that he had lost his glasses. Of course, after an extensive hour of searching, he discovered that they had been on his head all the time. It was only then that he noticed the stench – and that the entire apartment had been turned upside down. Someone had been here. Something had been there.

More specifically, Thofaezhal demons. Not only were the Thofaezhals pesky, they were stinky as well, excreting a pungent smell that could linger for hours. This is why a layman might call them skunk demons. Fortunately, it made them easy to identify.

All this went through his head until he realised...

They have Blanche.

Before he knew it he was headed for the weaponry room, rummaged through the weapons Henry left behind and put a big axe in the backseat of his car.

Before he knew it he was driving to where he knew the Thofaezhals would be hiding. Or rather expecting him.

“I thought you would be here sooner,” said the Thofaezhal leader when he kicked down the door of an old rundown casino near the docks. Thofaezhals were known for their love of gambling as well as their love of fish. “After all, we have something of yours.”

“Where is she?” Finn growled.

“It's a she? You humans are such strange creatures.” The Thofaezhal laughed, his snake-like tongue licking his scaly lips. “Anyway, it's too late now. We already crushed it.” The other Thofaezhals behind him nodded.

First, Finn's heart sank. He was too late – if only he hadn't spent so long looking for his glasses...

Now Blanche was dead.

Blanche... dead.

It was then he realised how lost he would be without Blanche. How much better she made him.

How much he loved her.

It then hit him like a brick, clear as a day.

The reason she and Henry had broken up was because she loved him too. That's why Henry didn't like him – because he knew all along.

The laconic tone of the demon announcing that they had killed Blanche angered him even worse.

“You bloody bastards,” he spat. “You're going to regret it.”

“What are you going to do?” the demon widened his eyes in fake fear. “Banish us again?” He laughed, and his clan laughed with him.

Without thinking, Finn swung the axe towards the demon's neck. It slid through its flesh with ease, and his mouth turned into a wide “o” which would have been comical in a different situation, especially if his head wasn't now lying severed on the floor. Frenzy occurred. The clan started attacking him. A fraction too slow to pick up on it, Finn was met with a forceful blow to his face. The taste of copper entered his mouth and he was momentarily dizzy. Still, he waded into a demon closest to him and ducked as

a fist whizzed past him, then immediately launched into a spinning kick. He hit the demon's chest and it staggered back. One swishing moment later there was another head on the floor. His leg swept out towards another demon and connected hard with the creature's back. He bounced off the wall onto a poker table and Finn started toward him, but he was gripped from behind and then kneed hard into his stomach. He buckled over in pain and gasped for air.

“We're going to crush you like we crushed her,” one of the Bastadons growled.

This was a mistake. Finn gripped the axe tight and thought of Blanche.

Moments later, all there was were severed demon heads and a broken man holding a bloodied axe, never having felt so damn empty in his life before.

Finn slowly sank down on his knees. The sea of bodies did not give him satisfaction at all. It was all too late now. If only he had paid more attention, if only he had realized earlier... if only he...

“AT THE COPA, COPACABANA!”

His phone burst into life in his pocket.

Finn frowned, hesitated to pick it up. It didn't seem right at the moment. But the phone kept ringing so eventually he forced himself to.

“Hello?” he asked shakily.

“Hey, I'm in the parking lot, where are you?” Finn stood completely frozen. The voice at the other end of the line was Blanche's.

“Uhm...I... wha...” he stuttered.

“FINN!” Blanche let out a heavy sigh at the other side of the line. “You forgot me at the mall again, didn't you?” **WB**

RUBY DE VOS'S BOOKCASE INTERVIEW

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHY INES SEVERINO

Ruby is one of our esteemed editors and the one responsible for the returning “Bookcase Interviews” you have seen appearing in our issues. For the last issue of the year, we thought it might be fun to see what she has on her shelves herself and how she would reply to the questions that are often asked to others. Since Ruby will be leaving the *Writer's Block* board after this year, we thought this might make for a nice goodbye.

Do you arrange your shelves in a particular way?

They used to be arranged in alphabetical order, but that was really annoying because I have multiple bookcases and whenever I would get a new book, it would take so much time reorganising everything. Also, all the books with ugly colours on their cover would for some reason always be next to each other, which bothered me. So at some point I re-arranged them all simply based on how I like the look of them. They aren't arranged by colour and sometimes ugly books are still next to each other, but it looks better now. But it is still quite random; I don't think there is a particular order. Right now, I like that I can throw the books wherever I want and not worry about it. I do worry that if I get more books than I have now, at some point I won't be able to find what I'm looking for. Because sometimes I do rearrange stuff and then I don't remember where I put a book.

Do you have specific genres for each bookcase?

No, it's really random. The only thing is that I put my schoolbooks together on one shelf and the really heavy hardcovers are placed together on a different bookshelf. Apart from that, it's entirely arbitrary. I do sometimes put the same

editions on horizontal piles, but that's also just because they have the same size and that stacks up nicely.

So do you judge books by their cover?

Hmm... Sometimes. Sometimes I spend more money on a book if it's really nice, but I sometimes also prefer a good edition with an introduction and notes to a crappy one. If there are multiple editions I enjoy buying the nicest one, but sometimes a really ugly book can be fun too, exactly because it is so ugly.

What genre do you prefer?

I think fiction. In theory I don't want to dismiss genre-fiction, but... okay, if you'd go to the American Book Center, I would always be on the top floor. That would be a good explanation of my taste in books, I think. I think it's literary fiction - whatever fiction means and whatever literary means.

Which books of that genre are your favourite?

There are two books that I reread every year. I don't know if they are my favourite books, but I do find myself returning to them over the years. They are *Wuthering Heights* and *Pride and Prejudice*. I read *Pride and Prejudice* for the first time when I was ten years old and it sort of has stuck with me over the years. I do find it frustrating, because it's presented as this 'love story', but, it's also - I mean, when I first read it of course I wanted to marry Mr Darcy - but it's also just very funny. It is really very funny and Miss Bingley is one of my favourite characters ever, she's so sad, she's so pathetic. I read *Wuthering Heights* every year and I find it hard to put into words why I love it so much. It's about people who are seriously messed up. Because I read it



every year and it's usually the first book I read in the New Year, it always kind of feels like coming home, which is really strange in a slightly disturbing way. It's a book you have to experience more than read. Every time I experience it, it seems like a new book.



What are you writing your thesis on?

It's not my favourite book, but I find it really interesting and I feel very connected to it now: *Ulysses*. My thesis is about the sexuality of the main character, Leopold Bloom, and how he sort of deals with his 'deviant' sexual desires. *Ulysses* shows what literature and language can do. The book can be very frustrating and annoying and there is one chapter that I want to kill, but there are various moments throughout the book where Joyce inserts these heart-breaking bits and they sort of hit you. I think the whole book is worth it just because of those particular moments and I also find it interesting what he does with language as a concept. The book is also very funny. With both *Pride and Prejudice* and *Ulysses* it's important to stress that even though they are known for either romance or difficulty, they're both really funny as well.

Who is your favourite author?

I have a couple. I used to have no favourite authors, but rather favourite books. But the past three-four years I've started to read more en-

tire oeuvres. Not that I made it to the end of any of those. There are a couple of writers that I really enjoy: there's Virginia Woolf, and there is Margaret Atwood – although she has written so much and I don't enjoy everything that she has written. I like her early work and her historical fiction. I read *Alias Grace* recently, which I thought was really very good; I think that's my favourite by her. I also like Angela Carter who is a feminist writer who wrote from the 70s up until the '90s, I think. She once said in an interview something like 'My writing cuts like a steel blade at the base of a man's penis'. She's very funny and very second-wave. Carter uses lush language, which I find very enjoyable and very beautiful. Her most famous work is *Bloody Chamber*, which is a collection of short stories, a retelling of fairy tales and they are all quite sensual and strange and blunt and raw and it's very exciting. **WB**



Bear with me, you say,
But the last time you said
There was so much to bear
That we turned into bears
And ran to the forest
To bury our tears
And to hide from our fears
And to search for the honey
That bears seem to eat
In the hope that it might
Make our lives somewhat sweet.

/ PRESERVATION POEM

TEXT ANGIE VAN EK

I am done with deadly fires
disguising themselves as burning passion;
One day I will see it in the papers
ABANDONED FIRE DEVOURS CITY WHOLE
I will mourn because cities do not listen
Are they flames who cannot help themselves?

Or are they bullets past the point of no return?
Once fired, you cannot take back a bullet
Will you regret it? “the coroner could not find the exit wounds”
Do you not regret it? permanent damage

Even if my feet are on a battleground, I don't owe
a fight - nobody wants a
slow death.

I am done with these ocean waves taking human shapes
Don't let them touch you, don't let them drown
you – a solution is coming but it is slow
For all their toxic waste, let them fall apart

From time to time I need the sundown
and wait for a succulent morning
to sink my teeth into.

This is a take on the Eleventh incarnation of the well-known Doctor of the *Doctor Who* series. Using a photograph as reference, this piece was made with pencil, ink, and Photoshop.

CRAIG GILLILAND ARTWORK

INTERVIEW INES SEVERINO

Failing to remember a time without drawing, Craig Gilliland does what he loves the most: expressing himself and creating art. As a child, he says, he was influenced greatly by movies and comic books, but he mostly made original drawings. Some of the first major influences as a young boy were Simon Bisley's graphic novels *ABC Warriors*. “The ink work, the crosshatching, and the style Bisley reinforces with his pens still amaze me,” and after years of reading comic

books and developing and perfecting his style, Craig finds himself being influenced by many artists. One of these is Grant Richards: “His work is stunning and yet he is not very well-known,” Gilliland sadly remarks.

Like Richards and more of his peers, Craig Gilliland is a rising artist with much to offer. He will continue to use his art as a creative outlet, and even jokingly remarks “I'd swear I have OCD and I can't stop drawing”. His current



Concept artwork for a project titled X:892, where the reader follows the adventures of the hero - seen in the bottom right corner. In this scene, he finds himself in a stadium where he has to fight a massive opponent much like a gladiator would.

project is *Necromantical*, a 4-issue comic book series in collaboration with Stefano Cardoselli and Massimo Rosi. So far, only the first issue has come out and it sold out straight after its release. Craig's work for this project consists of coloring

and he is very excited to work on the rest of the issues, to plan out future projects *L.A. Pest* and *X:892* among other books, and to work more with *Boom Art Department*. **WB**



This is artwork for the American comic book *Evercross* by Bobic Alva and Kevin A. Johnson. Here, set in a paranormal Western town, you see an alternate death scene for the character Charlie.



FORGIVE ME IF I SKIP THE SEX SCENES ESSAY

TEXT ROBERT STELTENPOOL

For several months I have been immensely enjoying HBO's *Game of Thrones*. There is just one glitch in the experience. When I am confronted with the periodic sex scene I am overcome with a nagging feeling. What does the sex scene want from me? Let me clarify. When it is used as a plot device—commonly known as a “sexposition”—I recognize its merits. A momentary “break” in the action is used to provide background information to characters and plot. Usually the scene is introduced through a prostitute who knows nothing of the action and the male or female lead explains the action to her/him.

This is not what annoys me. I think the creators of *Game of Thrones* came up with an innovative method to provide much needed moments of exposition in an intricate multi-layered narrative. When we subtract its explanatory function, however, its remainder continues to puzzle me. One might say that my discomfort is caused by a certain repressed element within these scenes. It clearly focuses on female nudity—in particular breasts and buttocks. What is absent is pretty obvious, and I will not refrain from naming it: it lacks dicks both hard and timid. Yet, I think such reasoning—a repressive hypothesis in which certain elements of masculine sexuality are considered taboo—is flawed, and not only because other factors play an important role, such as U.S. censorship requirements.

To further think through the misguidedness of this type of reasoning I would like to turn to Michel Foucault's *The History of Sexuality*, in which he debunks the theory of the repressive hypothesis. In short, the repressive hypothesis is the idea that through the 17th to the mid-20th century sexuality was repressed. Instead, Foucault argues that

[r]ather than the uniform concern to hide sex, rather than a general prudishness of language, what distinguishes these last three centuries is the variety, the wide dispersion

of devices that were invented for speaking about it, for having it be spoken about, for inducing it to speak of itself, for listening, recording, transcribing, and redistributing what is said about it: around sex, a whole network of varying, specific, and coercive transpositions into discourse. Rather than a massive censorship, beginning with the verbal proprieties imposed by the Age of Reason, what was involved was a regulated and polymorphous incitement to discourse. (34)

Although Foucault never extended his analysis to the latter half of the twentieth century, he alerts us to an important problem in thinking that sex is continually becoming more “free” after the sexual revolution of the 1960s. Another striking element that I want to implement in my discussion, is Foucault's emphasis on the efficient nature through which an “apparatus...produc[es] an ever greater quantity of discourse about sex” (23). The impression that Foucault gives of a mechanical reproduction of sex discourse seems an apt description of television series like *Game of Thrones*, which are engaged in promoting a specific image culture of sex.

On a certain level I admire the brutal efficiency with which sex is put on the screen in *Game of Thrones* and at the same time it terrifies me. To give an indication of the scale of its production I have decided against close analysis and present a collage of images instead. A presentation which I believe is reasonably fair, since I have gone through all four seasons and made screenshots of the every sex scene (I really did that). What you see on the next page is roughly half of all the screen grabs I have made. One of the first things I noticed when going through all the episodes is that what I saw was not really sex, but what I would call the “body shot.” The “body shot” is a strange replacement for the idea of sex, since in most cases the less important character is undressing while the lead is still dressed and busy



with his “exposition,” that is, talking about what he is or about to do. The viewer’s attention in these scenes is almost wholly taken up by the male or female body that is presented in its perfect form. In the collage you can see how the “body shot” is implemented in about half of the images.

These “body shots” look like moving playboy(girl) canvases, where the audience has to completely incorporate what Laura Mulvey described as the “male gaze.” An extreme version of the “body shot” can be seen in the image on the bottom left, where Ygritte takes off her clothes while Jon Snow is still quite overdressed for the occasion. What do I find annoying in such a scene? The fact that something is taken from me that is important: my capacity to read against the grain, my agency as an observer to notice details, plot elements, and scene transitions. Through the “body shot” my gaze is transfixed on the perfect torso (perfect by modern standards), and the image culture urges me to admire its features. At a certain stage during my progression through a season, I became so upset at the helplessness that the image culture produced in me that I groped for a way to regain my agency. I noticed that, yes, there was a bar at the bottom of the video screen, and by moving it I could skip the scene altogether.

Another feature that these “body shots” share is their stylized and sanitized aspect. Not a drop of sweat is seen as Littlefinger’s prostitutes are taught the art of lovemaking (first on the left at the fourth row). Semen, dirt, and sweat; these material aspects seem to have no place in the sex scenes of *Game of Thrones*, whether it is in a cave, dirty brothel, or tent. In addition, everybody is properly dehaired, or trimmed, which is rather surprising given the preindustrial setting.

You might interject at this point by saying that bodily fluids are all over the place in the show, and you are right. They are extremely prevalent in its bloody and gory scenes. One may wonder what the absence in one area (sex) and its overabundance in the other (violence) signifies. Let me compare it to the intrinsic logic that porn has developed for itself. The money shot is

essential since porn actors do not get a full fee if they cannot produce the “pop-shot” (one of the variants of ejaculation). Porn directors even have extras on call to solve the problem may it arise. The drive towards some form of climax to the sex scene is strangely absent in *Game of Thrones*. Part of the problem lies in the fact of what cannot realistically be shown in a non-pornographic work. Yet the division between clean sex and dirty war is striking. I want to make a further suggestion. At certain times it seems that the drive towards climax has been displaced and comes to fruition in scenes of violence. Sex scenes are often coupled with especially gory scenes. One may think for example, of Oberyn, whose bisexual nature, and his inclination to diverse sexual pleasures is given much attention. He is never quite fulfilled though, or at least his sexual gratification is never shown to the audience. What was shown, in excruciating detail, is the ending to his fight with The Mountain (Gregor)—a gory climax to his sexual needs.

Oberyn’s character also allows me to give credit to the show for its attempt to present diverse forms of sex. Gays and bisexuals get plenty of room and even Varys is revealed to be an asexual in season four. This is an important moment in television, as it is, to my knowledge, one of the first asexual characters. I hope we hear more from him, since it still remains hard to imagine what an asexual wants within heteronormative lines of thinking.

Yet these redeeming elements do not remove my annoyance. The question is still stuck in my mind. What, then, do these sex scenes want from me? They want me to enjoy these “body shots,” and participate in an image culture in which the observer must ogle perfect curves, emaciated torsos, and prim breasts. The “body shot” wants to arouse. But for this to happen I must accept the male gaze, be passive, and enjoy. I do not want to be passive, and I am afraid that in the final season I might have to skip some more scenes. **WB**

WB

---WANTS TO
READ YOUR
WORK TOO---

EMAIL US AT WRITERSSBLOCK@GMAIL.COM

YOU DO THE WRITING, WE GIVE THE FEEDBACK

POETRY

COLUMNS
MAX. SIX HUNDRED WORDS

REVIEWS
MAX. SIX HUNDRED WORDS

WB

ESSAYS
MAX. TWELVE HUNDRED WORDS

ARTWORK

SHORT
STORIES
MAX. TWELVE HUNDRED WORDS




THE STUDY ASSOCIATION FOR ENGLISH STUDENTS AT THE UVA

What you can expect:

BOOK CLUB STUDY TRIPS TO ENGLAND/IRELAND
/SCOTLAND GREAT DISCOUNT ON BOOKS
1ST YEARS-WEEKEND PARTIES NO OBLIGATIONS
STUDENT'S MAGAZINE DRINKS AT IRISH
PUB EVERY 2 WEEKS STUDY GROUPS
ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE MEMBER WEEKEND
HIGH TEA CAREER DAY LITERARY FESTIVAL

CHECKLIST GOOD START OF YOUR STUDIES:

- ☐ PARTICIPATE IN THE INTREEWEEK
- ☐ BUY YOUR BOOKS WITH AN 18% DISCOUNT
- ☐ JOIN THE 1ST-YEAR WEEKEND
- ☐ GO TO THE INTRODUCTION DAY AND FIRST DRINKS (AUGUST 26TH)
- ☐ BE IN TIME FOR YOUR FIRST CLASS

FIND ALL THE INFORMATION YOU NEED AT SV-ETC.NL  FOLLOW US ON
FACEBOOK.COM/SVETCETERA TO GET THE UPDATES FOR ALL OUR EVENTS (!)
EMAIL US WITH QUESTIONS AT STUDIEVERENIGING.ETC@GMAIL.COM  OR
VISIT US AT OUR  OFFICE AT BUNGEHUIS 5.12 SPUISTRAAT 210

