Weighing in on handies and blowies

Since the days of Plato and Aristotle, many have been debating one eternal question: can a handjob every measure up against a blowjob? As Descartes once said, “I think, therefore I like oral.” The Gateway staff have taken upon themselves to settle this centuries-long debate once and for all.

Justin Bell

For years a friend and I would debate the validity of the handjob. He was offended that a young lady would refuse to put her lips on his genitals, while I made the point that he’s big, she’s blon. To me, the idea that someone would turn down any sort of sexual advance is near heretical. If a woman is willing to touch my crotch, I’d like to spur her to action.

What my friend didn’t see, or possibly refused to acknowledge, was the long game. While he’s off refuge handjobs, I’m packing up goodwill, allowing readers hands access to my nether regions, trying to make a little out of a lot.

My game-plan involves ingraining myself with my lady friend during three, four, or even 10 nightmarish sessions of skin kissing, hoping that my pretty face and good nature will allow me to escape the lubricated halls of her mouth. One day — I promise myself— one day I will feel the soothing salve of a genital tongue bath.

His argument was that if she’s down there already, why worth she just part her mouth on it? I see the tight, just a second, just to see how it feels. The debate initially ended with an abrupt admission from my friend that maybe blowjobs aren’t the be-all-end-all of the “W” world. But I knew his capitulation in the great 10-10 debate. He’s married and I’m still settling for day-after-p篝paper.

Brad Cherry

Blowjobs are to men as flowers are to women — they’re great gifts for the first time. There are very few men who have the resolve to refuse their silent partner watching from the most powerful men in the world, like former U.S. President Bill Clinton, all the way to the average teenage boy engaging his first oral encounter, blowjobs have made their rounds around the sexual world like girls competing in a rainbow room.

I’m not saying handjobs don’t necessarily have their place. They do. Whatever better to spice up the Twilight movies than a birthday flower-knuckle shuffle from your partner in the back of a movie theatre? Well, actually finishing the evening with a fine display of female tenderness and there’s nothing better than this foreplay staple to rinse your pink trumpet for some lengthy love-making.

Yes, there have been some issues with clean-traps, STIs, braces, and the occasional mishandled load resulting in a week’s worth of matching circles to your eye patch, but what’s the deal? These days some may call it dirty, other call it degrading, but you definitely have to apply the individual’s who can decreed a huge bang with a deepthroat.

In the end, anyone can touch your dick, but it takes a special trust to put your penis in someone’s mouth.

Ashleigh Brown

If a matter of circumstance or practice, it seems the obvious conclusion.

The BURLAP SACK

This year first-year students were given a chance to try their hand at the on campus with a new, useless Orientation Committee calledSurviving My School (SMGS). For 3 hours minutes, stu- dentswere expected to “live in a year of student life” figuring out more than a fleeting glance of campus, yet while expecting them to remember that thousand more any pieces of information.

And while having volunteer opportunities in the area for helping them in their recruit- ment drive is a good idea in principle, what happened was that participants viewed orientation activities collection time a time to learn about the services.

What SMGS turned out to be was an exercise of what one was trying — how do we waste as much time as possible? Someone somewhere had extra budget money and threw together this silly of an orientation activity.

Students treated it like something to get done rather than a learning opportu- nity, and the volunteer facilitators gave them little reason to take the whole thing seriously. This is unfortunate, after all. God forbid we ever treat like we care about the leaks they now see.

Justin Bell

The Burlap Sack is a semi-regular feature where a junior journalist who never had a chance to put on a sack and be Herndon riducled in print. No sack bating is actually administered.