

Opinion

Editorial...

Yesterday for the 27th year in a row *Sports Illustrated* (SI) released its annual Swimsuit Issue. Never in these 27 years has a man wearing a swimsuit appeared in this issue. This implies that only men read this magazine, when in fact many women are featured in and read this SI.

One should also note that the monthly newsstand sales for SI average around 120,000 issues. The Swimsuit Issue normally sells two million issues at the newsstand, and we doubt that many women purchase this issue.

Isn't it ironic that there are 1,880,000 more "sports fans" for this one week in February? These sales aren't rivaled by either the Super Bowl, World Series, or college preview issues, the most popular sporting events in America.

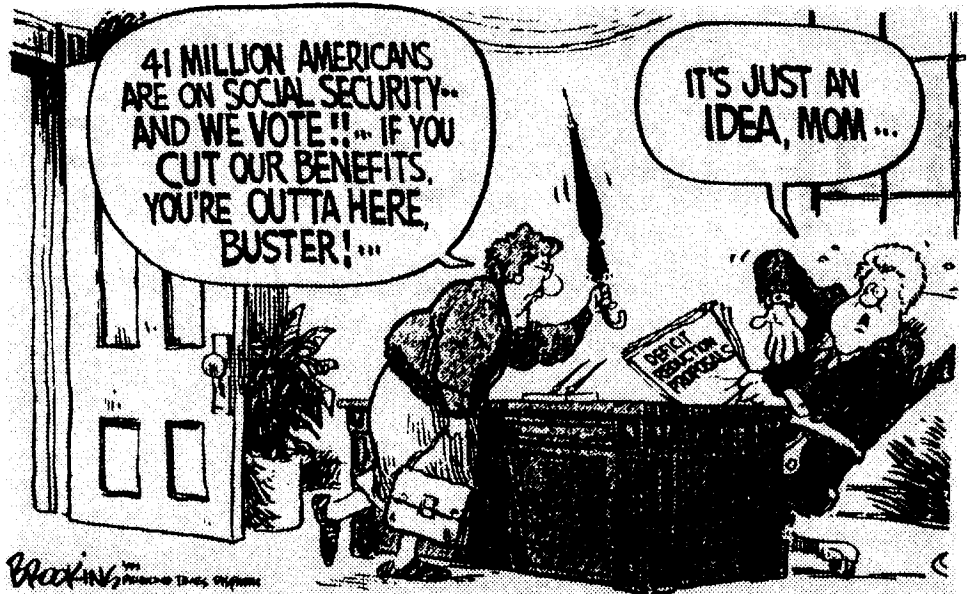
We seriously doubt that these people are actually interested in the hottest swimsuit styles, more like the women "wearing" them.

This is the single most talked about issue and SI receives more letters about this issue than any other one. It causes the most cancellations in subscriptions, but is a featured part of their television advertising and helps to bring in many new subscribers.

One would think that our society has matured enough to realize that this issue is nothing but a sales ploy that is anchored by the obvious fact that this issue is demeaning to women.

We are not trying to censor SI, but a magazine that caters to males and females, young and old, should not continue such an irresponsible lack of integrity just for profit.

Money doesn't grow on women.



From The Hip

A couple of weeks ago, I submitted my entry for From The Hip, but due to space constraints, it was bumped from the issue. I'll try to interject some points I had made then. Forgive me if they seem out of place. Terri, this is your cue to sing *Memories* by Barbra Streisand.

Is it me or does Frank Reich look like the guy from *Quantum Leap*? Couldn't you picture Reich in the shotgun, begging Al to get him out of there? "No Sam, according to Ziggy you're supposed to finish the game." In case you may have forgotten, the Bills were humiliated, 52-17.

Has it been that long? I can remember when the *A-Team* premiered following a Super Bowl. I can remember Joe Montana connecting with Dwight Clark, thus sending the 49ers to their first Super Bowl. It's not just sports either.

I remember exactly where I was when I heard that Elvis had died (calm down Joe, according to Living Colour he is dead). I can remember seeing endless footage of the Space Shuttle Challenger blowing up, President Reagan getting shot, the smoke rising from the Vatican following the death of Pope John Paul I, the wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana, President Carter, Begin, and Sadat signing the Middle East Peace Treaty, and the eulogy following John Lennon's death.

I can remember when *Open Arms* by Journey was number one on the charts. (It was the song of my 9th grade Prom.) *Come On Eileen* by Dexy's

Midnight Runners, *Down Under* by Men At Work, *Hungry Like the Wolf* by Duran Duran, and *Emotional Rescue* by the Rolling Stones....I can remember the videos, thanks to Martha Quinn & gang at MTV.

I can remember my first day at Allegheny College as a freshman seven and a half years ago. My dad, mom, sister, and I unloaded all my stuff from the car and somehow fit it into my dorm room in 101 Baldwin Hall. I can remember the feeling I had watching my parents and sister as they drove away on the way back to Lower Burrell, my hometown (which IS listed in the Greater Pittsburgh phone book, Joe, thus I say I'm from the 'Burgh).

Back then I was a photographer for Allegheny's yearbook; until the faculty advisor suggested that I become Photo Editor. It was awesome. I was a freshman telling upperclassmen what to do. Now look at me. I'm a senior telling underclassmen what to do.

Working at *the Collegian* is fun. In one week's time, I'll probably hear Terri or Loretta singing about buttonholes, see Joe and Gary firing darts all over the office, listen to Alice, I mean Alicia, swear and tell us that there is life in North East, and ask Matt which brother is to be featured in this week's issue. *I'm kidding Leah*. I don't mind taking pictures. That's the fun part. Personally, I'd like to thank the men's & women's basketball teams for their existence. If it weren't for them I never would've had any of my photos published. I'd also like to thank the little people, like Cia (I'm 5-4 and

taller than her, see last week's Happy Ad) and Colby Banker, for being photogenic. Every week it's the same routine in *the Collegian* office. Luckily it's not as time consuming as volunteering at the radio station.

I can remember three years ago when Greg Geibel, Lea Gotch, Robb Fredrick, Mark Owens, and Todd Irwin called the shots in this very office. For two semesters Vicky asked me to stop in *The Collegian* office, but to no avail. After having had my 35mm surgically removed from my hand after my freshman year, I constantly complained about the photos that were printed in the paper. All that, and the photo of Nicole and I at the Snowball still didn't come out right. Murphy's Law, I guess.

Being 25 and in college for the better part of eight years, I have learned this: college has been quite a learning experience, academically, socially, and emotionally. Even though I could've graduated on time in 1989, I've met a lot of people along the way that have changed me for the better, I hope. You know who you are. And if things go wrong it's all your fault. Just kidding.

According to my watch, I should be leaving soon for FREE WINGS (attention McBee) at the Brown Derby. I'm allowed my vices aren't I?

Arnel Balcita
Photo Coordinator, Pittsburgher, & "Cheesehead" according to Shirley Climpson

The Collegian

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Meets Customers Needs	1	2	3	4	5