

Why buy the cow when you don't own the means to pasteurize its milk?

Besides, cows take up a lot of room, and their resale value is significantly lower than magical beans. They also can't walk down stairs.

For cow-buying tips and more, visit **Gateway Opinion meetings Thursday's at 4 in SUB 3-04.**



**GATEWAY OPINION**  
Getting the milk for free since 1910

*Paul Lorieau's University Optical*



**Free vision test**  
with purchase of lenses or complete eyeglasses

4 3 3 - 5 5 0 0

Conveniently located at 11170-82 Ave Edmonton AB T6G 2L8



## STARVING STUDENTS NEED EXTRA CASH?

Belgravia school lunch program and after school care needs some responsible and fun individuals to provide support supervision for our lunch and after school program.

Belgravia is conveniently located south of Windsor Park, and just 6 minutes by bus from campus.

**EARN UP TO**  
**\$15**  
**PER HOUR**

There are various shifts available morning, noon, and after school. You can work shifts that will work with your classes. Earn up to \$15.00 per hour.

Please contact Rachel Selkirk (director) [rselkirk@shaw.ca](mailto:rselkirk@shaw.ca) or 660-BOSC (2672)

## Just for Halloween...

Forget smashing pumpkins... Let your Inner Werewolf out  
**Get Movin', Howlin' and Groovin' with Campus Recreation's Spooky**

## Spectacular Thriller Workout!

Learn all the moves and grooves Michael Jackson made famous with his iconic Thriller album, way back in '82 (when some of you were still in the crypt...)

To join the fun, "Beat It" to

Main Gym,  
Van Vliet Centre

**Wednesday**  
**October 31**  
**1210 - 1250**  
\$2 at the door



So come on P.Y.T.'s (Pretty Young Things) — sling on your killer Thriller outfit (yes, there are prizes for best costumes, Billie Jean), and come howl to the red hot retro beat of Thriller.

**"We Wanna be Startin' Somethin'..."**

All funds go to support the University of Alberta's United Way Campaign.

# If you're going to be a bigot, then have the guts to show your face



JONN KMECH

Leave it to fascists to inject a little humour into the staid process of democratic elections. During Monday's province-wide elections, members of the local chapter of the Aryan Guard demonstrated at Calgary's City Hall against Elections Canada's decision that allows Muslim women to vote while remaining veiled.

Donning ski masks and waving flags, the white supremacists clashed with anti-racism protesters who outnumbered them four to one, resulting in the Aryan Guard being forced to flee in taxis provided to them by police. One protestor, who wouldn't give his name or remove his mask, remarked, "I think people should reveal their full identity when they vote."

First of all, these have to be the most incompetent fascists I've ever seen. They should be protesting democracy itself, instead of the quirky intricacies of democracy. Also, the police had to get them taxis home—did they get a ride to this neo-Nazi rally from mom?

However, it does seem that they have a working knowledge of irony. Who knew that fanatics had such a witty sense of comedic subtlety?

Such a group's existence, though, points to a much more deeply rooted and disturbing problem within our society: white supremacists wearing masks. The government needs to

confront these bigots and tell them that if they're going to march against tolerance at the ballot boxes, they'll have to provide some form of facial identification.

At least Muslim women have a legitimate reason to keep their face covered due to their deeply held religious beliefs—even if veiled voting wasn't something that any of them asked for. But as far as hatemongers go, this shouldn't even be an issue.

**The government needs to confront these bigots and tell them that if they're going to march against tolerance at the ballot boxes, they'll have to provide some form of facial identification.**

White supremacists have absolutely no problem showing their face to other white supremacists—they just can't do so in public due to their deeply held, quasi-religious beliefs in racist propaganda. Also, in their particular case, the embarrassment and shame of other, unbigoted people finding out you're a cowardly racist.

All we'd need to do to alleviate this is hire another neo-Nazi as an election official to remove your balaclava behind a curtain. This will allow them to identify that you are, indeed, white, and a proponent of a cleansed Anglo-Germanic bloodline. You can then

elect to defile whatever synagogue or set aflame whatever cross you desire, ski mask and anonymity intact.

Elections Canada and the federal government need to work together to formulate an accommodating, multi-faceted policy on the facial coverings of segregationists. Yes, it's ridiculous and uncalled for, but it's unnecessary issues like these that our representatives in Ottawa must spend time bickering over in lieu of making actual progress.

So far, their strategy simply doesn't hold water. Two pieces of identification plus a written declaration that you're fighting the hidden Zionist conspiracy won't suffice here. One might think that displaying the swastika tattoo on your Adam's apple or your Imperial Grand Wizard badge, would provide ample evidence that you hate blacks, Jews, and Muslims, but until advanced retinal scan technology becomes available, we'll have to see your face to identify you by the hollowness in your eyes.

The same protestor who wouldn't remove his mask explained, "I might lose my job because these people are vicious when it comes to that kind of thing." Indeed, if the police hadn't intervened to save the Aryan Guard, that increasingly vicious mob of anti-racists could have gotten away with all manners of horrible, violent actions against them—such as hanging them from trees or dragging them down a gravel road tied to the back of a speeding pickup truck. The police may have even joined in, beating those bigots to death with nightsticks, or "accidentally" shooting them dozens of times. Yes, it's fortunate for these white supremacists that we don't live in an era where such hateful ideologies still exist.

## Iveson campaign an inspired bit of election magic

Students and alumni alike joined the bandwagon, and their hard work paid off



GRAHAM LETTNER

Well you did it, Don. You made a monster Monday night victory, and now you're Mr Iveson, Edmonton City Councillor for Ward 5. That's right, Man About Town has become Man About City Hall.

But, wait there's more—much, much more. Your efforts in electioneering have, once and for all, proven that democracy is the ticket for bright, motivated, educated university types to subjugate whole city districts to our capricious will. Or, in your case—since you're a bit more level-headed—the ticket to turn Edmonton into the city Edmontonians deserve.

But before you get used to hangers-on gushing and fawning over you, vainly trying to secure a spot on the City of Edmonton payroll, I have a bone to pick. It's pertaining to comments you made in the *Edmonton Journal* on Tuesday, 16 October just mere minutes after being crowned councillor. The offending comments are: "We said we were going to run hard and run smart, and that's what we did. It wasn't me, it was the team."

Well, shit, Mr Iveson, I think that last sentence qualifies as both bald-face lying and overstating the obvious,

all in under eight words.

You're the former head of the SU's advocacy department, affectionately known as "Biz" from your years managing the Gateway's biz, and the owner of a smile and a wink that make mothers' hearts melt. I'm sorry to burst your false modesty bubble, but dozens of volunteers don't pull out all the stops for some nobody. It was definitely you.

**The reality that university students and graduates can haul democratic ass is on its way to becoming a master's thesis.**

Of course, it was also the team, the campaign team full of cherry-picked university grads and more than a few undergraduates poached from their studies. Which brings me to the crux of all this: it would very much appear that our university campus is a farm team for democratic dynamism.

First, armed with design skills honed in the recesses of FAB—or during time spent arranging copy for the campus newspaper—there was real talent turning out smart, sharp campaign lit. They crafted a smorgasbord of signs, flyers, and handbills that turned enough heads to cause a minor chiropractic crisis.

Second, there were the logistical wizards who perfected their craft over the spreadsheets and flowcharts of

undergraduate management classes. They didn't just run a tight ship, they sailed the HMS Iveson through the rough waters of the volunteer seas, keeping things on a frugal budget and still having enough left over for celebratory champagne.

The political science majors were put to work strategizing over real-life, real-time problems, putting Hobbes and Locke to work in the world of municipal politics. English majors took messages and spun them into stories that resonated with voters—they also made damn sure it was never accidentally *it's*, and vice versa.

The quasi-varsity athletes pulled on their running shoes—or, in one case, in-line skates—and took off door-to-door dropping thousands of flyers in mailboxes all across Ward 5. The social butterflies of today and yesterday took their charisma, firm handshakes, and articulate vocabularies to the streets to do the grassroots door-knocking that gained Iveson votes house by house.

If you haven't caught on yet, Don, you and your team married university talent and democracy and made it tick. The reality that university students and graduates can haul democratic ass is on its way to becoming a master's thesis.

Don, you led a perfect campaign, knocked off an incumbent, and—judging from the photo on page B3 of Tuesday's *Journal*—you definitely got the girl. But you also gave university students and alumni the opportunity to see just how far our skills can go towards making democracy a reality.