

# What U.S. Imperialism

## means to me . . . Jim Stolzman of Sociology

**GAZETTE:** How did the Teach-in on the Americanization of Canadian Universities affect you, Mr. Stolzman?

**STOLZMAN:** In a word, deeply. It had two major affects on me. First, I would say that it affected me in the political sense. It was both hopeful and en-

couraging that Canadians wouldn't settle for becoming a colonial country, and that they wanted to shape their own destiny rather than be dependent on the States.

To me, it was a positive thing because I believe the best Canadians are the un-American ones. The fact that Canada was worried about Americanization was a positive sign of things to come.

Secondly, it forced me to reflect on my performance as an academic in a Canadian University and wonder how I could orient my courses to uniquely Canadian issues and topics. I realized the extent of my ignorance of this country. I know more about Latin America or Europe than about Canada. This is shameful. I feel that it is incumbent on me to become more knowledgeable about Canada. My ignorance hinders my effectiveness, plus it curtails what I can teach Canadian students about the issues foremost on their minds. Both form and content in what I teach are reduced because of my ignorance.

often hurts, and quite often good sociology amounts to an exposee of how society operates. Any society has a set of official ideas of reality which are promoted by the people in power. Sociology often casts aspersions on these official interpretations. Those with the most to hide are frequently in a position to muffle you or even to fire you.

I cannot stress the importance of academic freedom. In this respect, Canada has a much healthier atmosphere than the States. Scholarship ad ideas that don't jibe with the outlook of these powerful people are tolerated.

To be honest, sociology in the States would be suicide. Because of the increased pressures, one has to steer away from the truth, or else, masquerade it. This type of tension doesn't appear to exist in Canada. As long as your motivations are intellectual, one has the freedom in the classroom, to analyze political situations plausibly with little fear of being muffled. Thus, from my outlook, I feel that it is better to be under the paw of the monster than in its belly.

The political climate in Canada is much better than it is in the States. There isn't such extreme paranoia about ideas that happen to be left of centre as in the States. To be sure, leftist ideas are still in the minority, but at least they can be expressed more openly than in the States.

**GAZETTE:** You mentioned in class the other day that you intend to become a Canadian citizen. How and when did this come about?

**STOLZMAN:** I had decided before I left the States. I was disenchanted with the directions in which things were going. My first decision was that I no longer wanted to be an American. Having realized that, the next thing was to decide what options were open to me. Canada offered me the opportunity to do the sort of sociology that I wanted to do. With the War Measures Act and the actions of the Government lately, I am having some second doubts, but I do plan to become a citizen and to acquaint myself with Canada in my work and in my attitudes. Canada is a society that holds a promising future unlike the States. It has a chance not to grow into a carbon copy of the United States.

**GAZETTE:** What do you have to offer as a transplanted American?

**STOLZMAN:** As an American, I offer a basic understanding of the corporate system, i.e., imperialism (the monster). Canadian instructors are effective because they have a second-nature sense of Canadian issues. What I bring is a knowledge of the effects on a person living under this corporate system. One witnesses things in the States which are not felt half so acutely here. How the system works, what effects it can be expected to have on Canadian society — these are issues where my opinions may be of value, and where my American background may prove advantageous.

## Hi, Ho,

### I went to the Fair

by Glenn Wanamaker

Quick now, who was judged the best parti-coloured, best standard cock AND grand champion land fowl at this year's Atlantic Winter Fair? You don't know, eh dummies. O.K. I'll give you a little hint.

One word of its name is in this song title, "The Star Spangled Banner", and it also makes a lot of noise. No, it's not Spiro Agnew but I'll give you five points for being close — it was the Star Spangled Hamburg cock. Of course.

The above was found, strangely enough, in the Industrial complex of the fair, along with the usual cock-a-doo-dle-doo-ing roosters (I think they were roosters, they were cock-a-doo-dle-doo-ing anyway) and the very proficient rabbits.

On the upper levels I stumbled onto different booths and an impressive art display, as well as an 87-pound pumpkin.

And don't let me forget that unco-operative macaw! With prompting, he emitted one squawk . . . at me. Enough said, on to the Forum.

Did you know that guinea pigs have tails that grow internally? Yup, and not only that, their nearest relation is the porcupine. Incidentally Blackie, the lady guinea pig, gave birth to five bouncing guinea piglets several days ago.

After viewing all the beautiful specimens of cow and horse flesh in nearby stalls, I ventured up to the area where the competitors and their horses were waiting to participate in various equestrian events. Feeling very important with pen and notebook in hand, I nonchalantly mingled with some of the more illustrious four-legged participants.

It was then that a two-legged participant approached me and asked if I would please hold her horse. She explained that she wanted to see the rest of the event.

"He won't give you any trouble."

My head nodded in involuntary acknowledgement. With the owner gone, I again tried the nonchalant approach.

"Nice horsie," I stammered, "nice horsie." Tom Thumb nuzzled his nose into my jacket.

"I must let him know I'm the boss," I thought as he began to take me for a

walk.

Mr. Thumb snorted, stared at me with his gigantic black eyes, and nuzzled me again. I smiled submissively. What a nice horsie!

A gambling booth was my next stop, and a very successful one too. How? Very simply though quite unintentional. I psyched out the "operators".

This particular game consisted of throwing a ball onto a large square which was painted with different coloured grooved squares. The batter had to pick the colour on which the ball would stop.

I pulled out my trusty pen and pad, thinking that recording my success or non-success might make an interesting sidelight to the story. Well, it seems an operator spotted me jotting down numbers after my second victory. I think he thought that I was trying to figure out the odds of the ball landing on such and such a colour.

He grinned at his friend and threw me the ball. I placed my quarter on green, tossed the ball, and watched greedily as the ball rocked gently onto the green square. I had them psyched. I knew it; they knew it. My confidence was restored. I might add, I cleared \$1.75.

Time for a little supper and then back to rinksides to watch more jumping events. The highlight of these events was the Junior Jumper Open in which three jumps were needed to find a winner. Alanna Palmer on Silk's Golden Satin finally earned the first prize loot.

In between all of this came the "World's Funniest Ford", driven by Count de Boxcar Young.

The most amazing thing about this act was the non-reaction of Countess Caboose, a canine perched peacefully on the back of the car. Despite the tremendous explosions of fireworks that left me shaking in my Hush Puppies, and the countless other startling stunts that occurred, this dumb dog sat calmly watching the smoke rise and the audience jumping in their seats.

And while we're on the subject of dogs, I'd like to close with this memo to two charming canine performers, Miss Fifi and her fiance, Mr. Quebec. You've got Miss Halifax and her strip-tease act beat any day!

**GAZETTE:** Will these reactions affect your courses this year?

**STOLZMAN:** Yes, and specifically my course on Stratification. If I am to be a Canadian academic, I need to learn about this country. I ought to gear my courses to topics of salience to my students. It's too easy to presume I'm still in America.

You know, there is very little difference between an American lecture hall and a Canadian one. It seemed natural to use American examples and textbooks here. I see now that this won't do. I must Canadianize my courses.

In stratification, I have made many references to the Black situation in the States. Even though everyone understood, I was, in effect, doing my bit to Americanize the students. I cannot forget about the Canadian inequalities just because some in America seem larger or make better examples. I plan to use what good Canadian textbooks I can find. After Christmas in 204, we will use "The Poverty Wall" by Ian Adams.

But, the problem is that Canadian sociologists have been traditionally influenced by Americans. Much of this American influence is found in their books. The Americans have long been the fashion-setters internationally in sociology. The discipline in sociology has been basically American, and I believe this American tradition to be bankrupt.

American sociologists are notorious for looking at trivial problems which lend to a qualitative analysis, but are timid about dealing with broader issues which aren't so simply analyzed. Americans don't try to look at things in a larger theoretical context.

I plan to make use of European texts by authors who have avoided this American influence. Still one cannot ignore the presence of American society in Canada. As was pointed out in the Teach-in, Canadian society is becoming more and more Americanized. One needs to know the nature of the animal you're fighting, and keep an eye on the consequences of Americanization of the Canadian economy.

**GAZETTE:** Why did you decide to come to Canada?

**STOLZMAN:** Sociology necessitates academic freedom. It is basic to the nature of sociology that the topics and ideas are politically sensitive. The truth